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VOLUME X

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THE CENTENARY OF PAINE'S "AGE OF REASON."

BY MONCURE D. CONWAY.

IN THE opening year 1793, when revolutionary France had beheaded its king, its wrath next turned upon the King of kings, by whose grace every despot claimed to reign. But eventualities had brought among them a great Quaker heart—Thomas Paine. He had pleaded with the revolutionists for the king's life, thereby incurring the stroke of their bloodshot eye. And when the king was slain, he set himself to deal with their rising fury against the King of kings. His entreaty for Louis XVI. had been "Kill the king, but spare the man," and now he pleaded, "Disbelieve in the King of kings, but do not confuse with that idol the all loving Heart of the universe." To Paine Atheism appeared the overthrow of a universal Fatherhood on which rested universal Brotherhood. On this theme he had written from time to time during many years, and immediately after the execution of the king (January 21, 1793) he gathered up his materials and gave them to a fellow-deputy, Lanthenas, to translate into French. This earliest *Age of Reason* was printed in French in March, 1793, about the time when the priesthood was finally overthrown in France. It was just at the high tide of insurrection against the entire Past, but the worst element of the Past was still so active that a man was as likely to lose his life for a theoretical variation in his anti-theological doctrine as formerly for a slip in Athanasian metaphysics. Lanthenas at once submitted his translation of the *Age of Reason* to the powerful Robespierrian, Couthon, who was offended by it, possibly because Paine had a fling at the "Goddess of Nature." The orthodox who have denounced the *Age of Reason* are in succession to Couthon, as cruel a murderer as ever lived. Couthon's frown suppressed the book, and Paine states that his life was endangered. "I endangered my life in the first place by opposing in the Convention the executing of the king, . . . and endangered it a second time by opposing atheism."

But Paine did not accept Couthon's verdict on his book. He got back his manuscripts, and waited for a calmer moment when he could prepare a more perfect book. The Terror, however, waxed in fury. On October 31, 1793, the Girondins were executed, and

their American comrade, Paine, was warned that he would soon share their fate. Thereupon he set himself to gather in some literary form his manuscripts on religion, and worked on them until the night after Christmas. He had not completed it six hours when, at three in the morning, he was arrested in his house, No. 63 Faubourg St. Denis. On his way to prison he managed to deposit his *Age of Reason* with Joel Barlow. It was printed by Barrois at the English Press in Paris, and at once published in London, Philadelphia, and New York.

Ten long months Paine was thus immured, hearing nothing of his book, or of the controversy it had excited. His old friend James Monroe, afterwards President, having arrived as Minister in Paris, secured Paine's release, November 4, 1794. He found Paine more dead than alive, from cold and semi-starvation, which had brought on a terrible abscess in his side. Mr. and Mrs. Monroe took him to their own house, and tenderly nursed him, but there was little prospect that he could recover. The abscess continued the cruelty of his gaolers; though in the house of kindness, he was still a prisoner, facing death. The invalid then first read the replies to his *Age of Reason*, and in Monroe's house he wrote the really epoch-making work—Part Second of the *Age of Reason*. This first appeared in London on October 24, 1795, a fact that recalls Milton's saying that when God has any new revelation to make he first reveals it to "His Englishmen." But Providence seems to employ doubtful agents. While Paine was carrying his book through the English Press in Paris, some rogue stole some unrevised proofs, and copied parts of his manuscript, and disposed of these to a London publisher, W. D. Symonds. On seeing the advertisement Paine wrote to a London printer:

"Sir,—I have seen advertised in the London papers the second edition [part] of the *Age of Reason*, printed, the advertisement says, from the Author's Manuscript, and entered at Stationers Hall. I have never sent any manuscript to any person. It is therefore a forgery to say it is printed from the author's Manuscript; and I suppose is done to give the Publisher a pretence of Copy Right, which he has no title to.

"I send you a printed copy, which is the only one I have sent to London. I wish you to make a cheap edition of it. I know not by what means any copy has got over to London. If any person has made a manuscript copy I can have no doubt but it is full of errors. I wish you would talk to Mr. [? Symonds] upon this subject, as I wish to know by what means this trick has been played, and from whom the publisher has got possession of any copy.

"PARIS, December 4, 1795. T. PAINE."

The cheap edition (one shilling) appeared, January 1, 1796, published by D. I. Eaton, who described himself as "printer to the supreme majesty of the People." Poor Paine had fewest of those "Rights of Man" which he proclaimed. His iron bridge patent was disregarded after his outlawry for the *Rights of Man* (1792) by the bridge across the Wear (while he was in prison in Paris, and was unable to make any reclamation of his stolen literary property). Symonds's edition distributed its errors through England and America. Fortunately few of the clerical errors affect the sense. The worst are in the Preface, where instead of "1793" the misleading date "1790" is given as the year at whose close Paine completed Part First, —an error that spread far and wide, and was fastened on by his calumniator in America (Cheetham) to prove Paine's inconsistency. In the same Preface occurs this sentence: "The intolerant spirit of religious persecution had transferred itself into politics; the tribunals, styled Revolutionary, supplied the place of the Inquisition; and the Guillotine of the State outdid the Fire and Faggot of the Church." The rogue who copied this little knew the care with which Paine weighed words, and that he would never call persecution "religious," nor connect the guillotine with the "State," nor concede that with all its horrors it had outdone the history of fire and faggot. What Paine wrote was: "The intolerant spirit of church persecution had transferred itself into politics; the tribunals, styled Revolutionary, supplied the place of an Inquisition; and the Guillotine of the Stake."

Since the publication of my *Life of Paine* I have made an interesting discovery concerning the *Age of Reason*, which I have not yet published. I stated in that biography that although the work as we now have it was written in the last months of 1793, and finished within six hours of his arrest (December 27), he had written in the beginning of the year a work of the same title, which was translated into French by Lanthenas, but suppressed because it gave offence to Couthon. I have sought in vain, in the National Library at Paris and elsewhere, for this early translation; but it struck me lately that the translation by Lanthenas dated 1794, *Le Siècle de la Raison*, might be simply his original translation with a new title-page. This

led me to compare the latter with the English work, with the result that my guess is fully corroborated. Several of Paine's paragraphs, footnotes, and sentences are unknown to Lanthenas; and on the other hand in the hurry of writing at the close of the year, with the guillotine blade suspended over him, Paine omitted several sentences and clauses which his readers will be glad to find recovered in my forthcoming edition. I may say for those not familiar with Lanthenas's translations that he was too much of a literalist to interpolate anything. I will now give several of the more interesting restorations which I have been able to make by the help of Lanthenas's French translation, placing in brackets the altered or additional words:

"Every national church or religion has established itself by pretending some special mission from God communicated to certain individuals. The Jews have their Moses, the Christians their Jesus Christ . . . the Turks their Mahomet; [as if it were not of the very essence of the ways of God to be equally open to all men]."

"As to the theology that is now studied it is the study of human opinions and of human fancies concerning [the Supreme Intelligence]. . . . It is not the least of the mischiefs that the Christian system has done to the world that it has abandoned the original and beautiful system of [natural] theology, like a beautiful innocent, to distress and reproach, for the hag superstition."

"The solitary idea of a solitary world, rolling or at rest in the immense ocean of space, gives place to the cheerful idea of a society of worlds [whose very movement is the first awakening and first instruction of reason in man]."

"Every principal art has science for its parent, though the person who mechanically performs the work does not always, and indeed but very seldom, perceive the connexion; [and although owing to the ignorance which modern governments have diffused, it may to-day be very rare that such persons even give a thought to such things]."

"He (Jesus) preached most excellent morality, and the equality of man; but he preached also against the corruptions and avarice of the Jewish priests. . . . The accusation which those priests brought against him was that of sedition and conspiracy against the Roman government, . . . neither is it [impossible] that Jesus Christ had in contemplation the delivery of the Jewish nation from the bondage of the Romans. Between the two, however, [was taken the life of this virtuous reformer and revolutionist, too little imitated, too much forgotten, too much misunderstood]."

Perhaps Couthon was angered by these last words of Paine's tribute to Jesus,—"trop peu imité, trop

oublié, trop méconnu." No equal tribute to the human Jesus can be found in any orthodox, theological, or religious English or American book of the last century.

It was considered a sort of sin to "know Christ after the flesh." Early in the last century Dean Swift remarked that considering that their religion was based on the union of divinity and humanity, it was wonderful how little of either there was in it. Of thought there was little in the pulpit till Paine's book waked it up. In looking over old files of the London *Morning Chronicle* I observed along with the first advertisements of the *Age of Reason* an advertisement to the clergy that G. Kearsley, 46 Fleet Street, had for sale a good stock of manuscript sermons in a "legible hand."

Before leaving the French translation I may mention that, unlike our English version, it is divided into chapters, whose headings I translate: "The Author's Profession of Faith"; "Of Missions and Revelations"; "Concerning the Character of Jesus Christ, and His History"; "Of the Bases of Christianity"; "Examination in Detail of the Preceding Bases"; "Of the True Theology"; "Examination of the Old Testament"; "In What the True Revelation Consists"; "Concerning God, and the Lights Cast on His Existence by the Old Testament"; "The Effects of Christianity on Education, with Proposed Reforms"; "Comparison of Christianity with the Religious Ideas Inspired by Nature"; "Advantages of the Existence of Many Worlds in each Solar System"; "Application of the Premises to the System of the Christians"; "Of the Means Employed in all Time, and Almost Universally, to Deceive the People"; "Recapitulation."

The English version contains, however, several paragraphs and sentences not in the French book. Instead of Addison's version of the 19th Psalm, "The spacious firmament, etc.," Lanthenas has substituted a poetical version of the same Psalm by Jean Baptiste Rousseau.

* * *

Among the large number of replies to Paine's *Age of Reason*,—thirty-six works are catalogued in the British Museum, but there are many it does not possess,—not one, so far as I have observed, has noted a very remarkable omission in Part I. So eager and hungry were the theologians to get at the heretic that they appear to have passed by a statement of the scientist, which they might plausibly have fixed on as a proof of ignorance. In Paine's astronomic episode, wherein he anticipates Herschel's theory of the fixed stars, he nevertheless entirely ignores Herschel's discovery of a seventh planet. In Paine's enumeration of the planets, they are still six, and the names are

given. When the book was published, Uranus had been more than twelve years discovered. Astronomy was Paine's favorite science; he had studied it under Ferguson; and it is not for a moment to be supposed that he had not joined in the universal applause of Herschel's discovery. The omission of any reference to the new planet plainly shows that the astronomic parts of the *Age of Reason* (Part I.) were printed from manuscripts written before the year 1781. Had it been possible for the prisoner to revise his proofs, the omission would no doubt have been corrected, but it is now an *erratum* that adds meaning to his prefatory words: "It had long been my intention to publish my thoughts upon religion, but I had originally reserved it to a later period of life, intending it to be the last work I should undertake." The omission of Uranus is a witness that Paine had been working out his religion during the American Revolution, just as he had been working out steam-navigation,—a practicable method of which he had invented years before the first steamer was launched by Fitch, who attests Paine's precedence.

Paine's theism is indeed traceable to a period long anterior to the American War. Had it been generally realised that his mind was not sceptical, but eminently constructive, historians might have found in his remarks concerning the Quakers, in the earlier part of the last century, among whom he was educated, very instructive testimony as to their views, which were much the same as those of the American "Hicksites." A remarkable confirmation of Paine's witness concerning the early Quakers has recently come from an unexpected quarter—Russia. A sect there, "the Dukhobortsy," is in collision with the government, and Tolstoi has sent to the London *Times* (October 23) an account of the sect, which sprang up in the last century:

"The first seeds of the teaching called 'Dukhoborcheskaya' were sown by a foreigner, a Quaker, who came to Russia. The fundamental idea of his Quaker teaching was that in the soul of man dwells God himself, and that He himself guides men by His inner word. God lives in nature physically and in man's soul spiritually. To Christ, as to an historical personage, the Dukhobortsy do not ascribe great importance. . . . Christ was God's son, but only in the sense in which we call ourselves 'sons of God.' The purpose of Christ's sufferings was no other than to show us an example of suffering for truth. The Quakers, who in 1818 visited the Dukhobortsy, could not agree with them upon these religious subjects; and when they heard from them their opinion about Jesus Christ (that he was a man) exclaimed, 'Darkness!'. . . 'From the Old and New Testaments,' they say, 'we take only what is useful,' mostly the moral teaching. . . . The

moral ideas of the Dukhobortsy are the following: All men are, by nature, equal; external distinctions, whatever they may be, are worth nothing. . . . Amongst themselves they hold subordination, and much more, a monarchical government, to be contrary to their ideas."

Here is an early Hicksite Quakerism carried, apparently from England, to Russia long before the birth of Elias Hicks, who recovered it from Paine, to whom the American Quakers refused burial. Although Paine arraigned the union of Church and State, the principle of that union was based on a conception of equality based on the divine sonship of every man. This faith underlay equally his burden against claims to divine partiality by a "chosen people," a priesthood, a "monarch by the grace of God," or an aristocracy. Paine's "reason" is only an expansion of the Quaker's "inner light"; and the greater impression, compared with previous republican and deistic writings, made by his *Rights of Man* and *Age of Reason* (really volumes of one work) on the century that has followed, can only be explained by the apostolic fervor which makes him a spiritual successor of such men as George Fox and John Wesley.

The evidence afforded by Paine's omission of Uranus among the planets that a large portion of Part I. was written in early life, led me to compare it closely with Part II. There are indications of much progress. The deism of Part I. is substantially Newtonian, though invested with a fervor unknown to the earlier deism. God is the Supreme Intelligence; he is displayed in the visible universe; and his highest gift to man is reason,—by which, as Kepler said, man thinks God's thoughts after Him. But in the second part, the whole written in 1795, theism rests on a new basis. He finds God revealed "in the works of the creation, and by that repugnance we feel in ourselves to bad actions, and disposition to do good ones."

It is interesting to compare with this Kant's famous aphorism: "Two things fill my spirit with ever new and increasing wonder and reverence the more often and fixedly thought contemplates them,—the starry heavens above me and moral law within me." The *Critique of the Practical Reason*, in which Kant's sentence appears, was printed in 1788, seven years before the sentence of Paine. But Kant was an unknown and untranslated man when Paine wrote, and it is an impressive fact that to these two devout men, in the solitude, the ethical basis of theism was almost simultaneously reflected in the universal order.

In Paine this new theism marks the turning point of freethought from the old *a priori* method of earlier deism. Edmund Randolph, first Attorney-General of the United States, ascribed the tremendous impression made by Paine's pamphlets during the American

Revolution, to his unexampled power of carrying with him both educated and uneducated. His *Age of Reason*, which he insisted on bringing out in a cheap form, was taken very seriously by the most learned men of his time, Priestly, Wakefield, Watson (Bishop of Llandaff), etc. But its cheapness, leading to a vast circulation, brought on its prosecution: it was made the flag under which a thirty years' war for freedom of the press was fought by humble people; and although these won the victory, and the book could not be suppressed among them, it was in a sense suppressed among scholars,—scholarship being a sort of aristocratic privilege. This is why we now find such writers as Lecky, Leslie Stephen, and Huxley ignoring Paine. There is still an impression that he was merely a very able but rather ignorant member of the working class. Paine was, on the contrary, a learned man. He studied astronomy with Ferguson, mathematics with Martin, physics with Bevis and Franklin; he was a founder of the Philosophical Society in Philadelphia; and the University of Pennsylvania, under influence of the ablest scholars in America, conferred on him the degree of Master of Arts.

The memory of Huxley is dear to me, but it is impossible to pass by his casual comment on the eighteenth century freethinkers that "there is rarely much to be said for their work as an example of a grave investigation," and that they shared with their adversaries "to the full the fatal weakness of *a priori* philosophising." Huxley does not name or mean Paine, of whom he plainly knew nothing. Had he read the *Age of Reason* he would have realised that it was Paine who turned from the *a priori* method and really founded the Huxleyan school. He took up the late Professor's method; he refused to say that a miracle is impossible; he went through the Bible and judged each alleged miracle critically on its own merits, to an extent sufficient to estimate the value of the books. Huxley has unconsciously repeated Paine's rules of evidence, his arguments concerning the resurrection of Christ, and other points. In the *Age of Reason* may also be found the theory of a "Christian Mythology" afterwards worked out by Bauer and Strauss, and the first attempt to recover a human Jesus after the method of Renan.

It was indeed this inauguration of the critical and historical method which caused all the warfare over Paine's book. The clergy were compelled to go into the contradictions of the Bible, and make such concessions as to the additions, interpolations, and accidents that had befallen the book said to be written by the Holy Ghost, that infallibility was punctured, and the *Age of Reason* let in to decide what was and what was not the word of God. It was these concessions which inaugurated the Broad Church. That ration-

alistic wing, as well as Hicksite Quakerism, are monuments of Paine's *Age of Reason*. Prosecutions began soon after its publication, and many poor booksellers were imprisoned for years, and their families ruined. And during all that time the only pulpit from which a protest was uttered was that which the present writer has the honor to occupy,—South Place Chapel. The brave preacher was William Johnston Fox, then (1819) a believer in supernatural Christianity. But now his humble successor lives to witness not only a Paine Exhibition such as we are preparing at South Place, but such a celebration of this centenary as that of the conservative leader in the House of Commons (Balfour) who has declared in his *Foundations of Belief* (along with many superficial things) that Christian believers in "inspiration" have no right to deny the same to the great Oriental teachers. The Centenary was also celebrated, to the very month, in the Church Congress at Norwich, October 10, when Professor Bonney, F. R. S., Canon of Manchester, read a paper in which he said:

"I cannot deny that the increase of scientific knowledge has deprived parts of the earlier books of the Bible of the historical value which was generally attributed to them by our forefathers. The story of creation in the Book of Genesis, unless we play fast and loose either with words or with science, cannot be brought into harmony with what we have learnt from geology. Its ethnological statements are imperfect, if not sometimes inaccurate. The stories of the Fall, of the Flood, and of the Tower of Babel, are incredible in their present form. Some historical element may underlie many of the traditions in the first eleven chapters of that book, but this we cannot hope to recover. . . . The Gospels are not, so far as we know, strictly contemporaneous records, so we must admit the possibilities of variations and even inaccuracies in details being introduced by oral tradition."

This was said to an exceptionally conservative congress of the English Church. Every statement in it is in Paine's *Age of Reason*, and that the Canon was not taken to prison for publishing Paine's book, may be ascribed to the political and religious leaven mingled by Paine with the constitutional and theological meal of this nation, and its steady working through a hundred years.

Fanatics portrayed Paine as dying in agonies of remorse for writing the *Age of Reason*; but every sentence in it which excited their wrath was written in the presence of hourly expected death. It was Paine's solemn bequest to mankind, for whose welfare his life was a martyrdom. The world can never have another Paine. History does not repeat its apostles. They sum up a past, but the spirit they individually derive from it is an evolutionary force, and develops a larger

life in which their own testimony is absorbed. Should another religious apostle arise he (or she) will be far removed from Paine's gospel in form, but deep within that leader will be the transmitted blood and passion which wrote the most religious book written in the last century—*The Age of Reason*.

THE MONISM OF AUTOCOSM.

(Posthumous Article.)

BY THE LATE ROBERT LEWINS, M. D.

Corpus sanum = Mens sana.

PERMIT me to attempt a plain going exposition of the above named system of monistic materialism in the pages of *The Open Court*—an organ of public opinion, which, spite of our radical difference on this vital point, I regard as almost unique in its candor and zeal for truth. I regretfully say radical difference as our objective is so divergent; mine being to eradicate religion altogether from the blinded minds of vain man, as he has hitherto provisionally postured on earth—that of *The Open Court*, and I presume *The Monist*, though not so conspicuously posted up in the latter, to bolster up what I must from my scientific and neological, up to date platform term this hereditary disease—Goethe's *ewige Krankheit*—by these agencies, which to me, as to Napoleon on the occasion of the *Concordat*, seems what vaccination is to *Variola*. For the stamping out of bovine pleuro-pneumonia there seems no remedy but the slaughter of the infected victims. But for what I must call the dire contagion of religion—of the adoration of a Supreme Omnipotence, manifesting Himself as the "Author of Nature," with all its cruelties and *designed* torture chambers which, as Epictetus *inter alios* states, surpass all those of the most malignant earthly tyrants—science and reason provide a less drastic remedy. I say *designed* tortures, since the whole system of sentient existence, as we can now see more clearly than any former generation of the sons of men from our recent more comprehensive grasp of Nature's imperfections in the domain of biology, seems to show that the watchword of the latter is not only "Devil take the hindmost" but "Devil take all but the foremost," which is the real interpretation of the leading principle—the "survival of the fittest"—in modern, to say nothing of ancient, evolutionary natural science.

Alfonso the Wise of Castile is credited with saying that, if the Ptolemaic astronomy was correct, he himself could have given "God Almighty" hints which would have manifestly been for the better. But of animated nature this reproach still stands intact. Indeed, in my youth, I have often heard reflecting clinicians, not particularly gifted with thinking-power, echoing, quite as a matter of fact, the arraignment of the "wise," but practically unsuccessful Spanish

ruler, who like that "wonder of the world," the Emperor Frederick of Germany, patron, if not author, of the irreligious work *De Tribus Impostoribus*, if such a work exists, viz., Moses, Christ, and Mohammed, was not distinguished, but the reverse, for wise or prudent policy in practical public affairs. And how simple and apodictic the panacea for this inverted and perverted rule of life! Banish from theory and practice the arrogant claim of what Balzac terms *la recherche de l'Absolu*, fall back, or rather forward, on relativism, and the Sphinx-enigma is solved. Each man who does this, i. e., realises the "*volte face*," is "converted" from a Darius into an Œdipus, and to him the "painful riddle of the universe" is no longer a mystery. He then sees that behind or under every larva or mask only his own features are present. "*Ge-fühl ist Alles*," as even Dr. Johnson allowed of free will when he said: "We feel we are free and that's enough"—not that we do so feel when out of gear (health). Then we feel bound, like Prometheus, to the iron pillars of necessity, but that only connotes the fact that perfect corporeal sanity, including of course that of the *sensorium*, and not the glorification of an "if existent," unreachable God, or nature, is man's "chief end," or be all and end all. Hygiene, i. e., supreme culture of mind and body, becomes thus the surrogate of provisional and obsolete religion.

The Calvinist poet, Cowper, holds that the "un-devout astronomer is mad." La Place, and his French colleagues in ideal physics, were of exactly the opposite opinion, as the former great geometer curtly expressed to Napoleon by the formula: "I have no need of that [viz., a divine] supposition." This view does for physiology what La Place did for astronomy, what Lavoisier did for chemistry by his antiphlogistic theory, which first constituted a quantitative science and fully changed it from alchemy. What animistic dualism terms the "soul," which is only Anglo-Saxon for life—as *pneuma*, *psyche*, and ghost is for gas—represents in physiology what phlogiston does in chemistry—a mischievous heresy to which no one in past ages clung more childishly than Dr. Priestly himself, the discoverer of oxygen gas, named by him *dephlogisticated air*, opposing thus the antiphlogistic theory of combustion and calcination, which, as above stated, changed alchemy into chemistry with results which were so brilliant and immediate. A like effect would be sure to follow the abolition of God, the "soul," or "spirit" in the domain of biology. Then reason, the judge even of revelation, as Bishop Butler states, would have free verge and play with results I feel language too weak to express as regards their benignant action on our as yet derelict race.

Civilisation is but spurious, and social and political institutions unstable, while society and authority,

as amply demonstrated by history, and never more than in our own *fin de siècle* age, persist in effete mental anachronisms.

Make self God, or *vice versa*, and the day and all days are *our own*. We lose nothing, and gain everything, by the exchange. As immortality, like every thing and every nothing else, is only a *feeling*, infinity becomes even a more vivid sensual reality than before. The "rising from the dead," which, I presume, even Dr. Carus holds to be the most grotesque of nightmares, is of course impossible. But the sense of it, which is its true essence, still continues to exist in every pulse-beat; time and eternity, space and immensity, being one and the same. Between them no real solution of continuity is logically conceivable.

IDENTITY IN CHANGE.

In Reply to Mrs. Hopper's Question, Can There Be a New Christianity?

THIS world of ours is a world of changes, but the transformation that is taking place proceeds by degrees, and we are sometimes at a loss to know whether or not we can retain the same name for a thing that has become radically new.

The character of a man may change, and yet he retains the consciousness of his identity, and is regarded as the same person. The change of personalities rarely, if ever, implies a change of name. The same is true of ideas, of philosophies, of moral aspirations, of religions.

Thus, Platonism finds its expression in the books of Plato. Nevertheless, we had, when new problems arose, a new formulation of Platonism which is commonly called Neo-Platonism; and as to the Platonism of Plato, he may have changed his views after writing his Dialogues. We know that he burned all the books which he had written before he had become acquainted with the philosophy of Socrates. Thus Plato destroyed the old Platonism and replaced it by a Platonic Socratism.

Kant's writings show traces of his mental evolution, and Professor Windelband of Strassburg, one of the best-known Kant-investigators, distinguishes four phases of Kantism in which we find a decided change of front. Who, then, is the real Kant in Kant's own books, and what is genuine Kantism?

After Kant's death his criticism soon gave way to Hegelianism, officially protected as a kind of Prussian State-philosophy; but when the natural sciences overthrew the card houses of the various *a priori* constructionists, German philosophers resumed the study of Kant, and created a movement which is commonly called the Neo-Kantian school. Neo-Kantianism, however, is no longer pure Kantism: it is a new phase

of Kantism, which Kant himself would have been obliged to adopt on finding changed conditions and new requirements.

The Darwinian theory was formulated by Darwin, but when after Darwin's death new issues arose, Darwinism was restated, and we now distinguish between the Darwinism of Darwin and the Neo-Darwinism of some of his followers.

The Mohammedanism of to-day is different from that taught by Mohammed, and the Christianity of to-day is even more different from the teachings of Jesus of Nazareth. Nevertheless, both retain their names, as much as a learned professor, with all his titles and honorary degrees, retains the name which, as a tiny baby, he received from his parents soon after his birth.

By Christianity we understand, not so much the doctrines of Jesus Christ, as the whole movement that was created through the aspirations of his life.

Christ's Christianity consisted in his devoting himself entirely to the mission of preaching that the kingdom of heaven was near at hand; and the kingdom of heaven, according to his utterances preserved in the synoptic gospels, was a kind of communistic society, the members of which gave up all self-assertion and surrendered their property, together with worldly pursuits, leading a life of perfect chastity and self-abnegation. The first Christian congregation at Jerusalem preserved these traits of Christ's ethics, but when Christianity was transferred to Greece, the ideal of brotherly love was retained, while the socialistic principles, which were found to be impracticable, were abandoned, and the spirit only of Christ's movement was retained. With every new conquest Christianity developed new features and entered upon a new phase of its evolution. Thus, the development of Christianity among various and widely distant nations involved a differentiation leading to schisms. Roman Christianity differed considerably from Greek Christianity, and still more from the religion of the Christian Copts and Abyssinians.

When Christianity spread over the North of Europe, it became Teutonised, and the Christianity of our churches contains more ingredients from our Saxon ancestors than most Christians of to-day are aware of.

The Christianity of the United States shows distinctive features which are absent in Europe but are so prominent and apparent that they are noticeable even in Roman Catholics. The Roman Catholics of Europe are different from the native Roman Catholics in the United States; and it is probable in this age of rapid exchange of thought and mutual intercourse that American Christianity will considerably affect European Christianity.

The Christianity of the Armenians still preserves

many features which have long been abandoned by both European and American Christians.

The Christianity of the Saxon races, the North Germans, the Dutch, the English, and their kin, preserves the combative nature of their pagan ancestors. Luther is a character in whom the impulse that came down to him from the carpenter's son of Galilee is strangely combined with the war-spirit of Beowulf and the liberty-loving spirit of Arminius.

If we invented new words for every change that took place in an evolution of an idea, we should have to invent new words constantly, and our dictionaries would swell to an enormous size. Experience has taught us to preserve the identity of a name, even where radical changes have taken place, if only the historical connexion be preserved.

And there is a good reason for it! Ideas are not nonentities. They are not mere sounds. They are living impulses as much capable of growth, adaptation, and transformation as are plants and animals. They have been embodied in words which are preserved in books, and are exemplified in moral conduct which impresses and influences the growing generation. Ideas are spiritual organisms, and as such they are subject to the same laws of growth and change as all organisms.

As to the final destiny of religions, it is apparent that religions, by following the injunction of accepting the truth without compromise, whatever the truth may be, must ultimately come to one and the same conclusion. Every religious progress must be an approach towards the common ideal of all religions which will be a religion based upon the laws of existence traceable in the psychical, social, and physical facts of experience.

Rituals and symbols (nay, even names) may vary according to taste, historical tradition, and opinion; but the essence of religion can only be one and must remain one and the same among all nations, in all climes, and under all conditions. P. C.

"BUDDHIST MORALITY."

WE READ in the *New-Church Messenger* the following communication, a Christian's reply to an unjust accusation of Buddhist morality:

"EDITOR OF THE MESSENGER:—Under this heading the *Messenger* of October 16, 1895, prints the following article:

"Recent and more careful inquiry into the teachings of Buddhist books and the life in Buddhist Pansales, or monasteries, 'reveals much that seems very evil in the spiritual light of the Scriptures. It is said the *Vinaya Pitika* was partly translated, but English publishers would not print it for fear of prosecution for disseminating obscene literature. Broad and liberal views are proper up to a certain extent, but they must not be spread out thin enough to whitewash one of the most iniquitous systems of belief in the world in spite of certain beautiful and highly moral passages, which, like pearls in a sewer, are found in its literature.'

"...When this 'recent and more careful inquiry' was made,

is to me a mystery, for I have read every recent work on the subject, and there is nothing in the character of the Buddhist populations from Japan to Ceylon to justify such cruel charges, for they are uniformly described by travellers as honest, chaste, truthful, gentle, generous, and temperate. That there are evils connected with the monastic system is doubtless true, and it may be that the informant of the writer was justified by something he may have seen in some Buddhist monastery, but Father Huc, who travelled more extensively than any one else ever has in Buddhist countries and spent much of his time in monasteries, found no such state of things.

"As to the Vinaya Pitika—there are a large number of books under this name, all purporting to give the life and teachings of Buddha, with illustrations and explanations, and all substantially agreeing as to the life and teachings, but differing widely in the explanations; but among them all there is but one book under this name that will justify the statements in this article, and that is one which the Dipavamsa, a connected history of Ceylon for twenty-three hundred years, says was the production of a heretical sect, which, as this history declares, 'proclaimed a doctrine against the faith' and 'comprised other sutras and another vinaya'; of which Professor Beale says: 'The sections illustrating the Paragika and other rules are of a gross and offensive character.' This with other facts convinced that distinguished scholar that this account of its origin was correct.

"It would be as just to quote the book of Mormon as giving the moral tendency of the teachings of Christianity as to quote this heretical production written many hundred years after the death of Buddha as showing the moral tendency of his teachings. But aside from all this, it is a practical denial of the paternal care of the Father of us all to claim that He has for twenty-five hundred years left the great majority of his common children to grope their way with no light to guide them but the fitful phosphorescence from a great moral sewer, and no faith to cheer them, but 'the most iniquitous system of belief in this world.'

"But what are some of the pearls in this moral sewer?

"First, the great doctrine of the universal brotherhood of man, which swept from all Buddhist countries both caste and slavery with all their attendant cruelties and horrors. Thus the commandments:

"Thou shalt not kill.

"Thou shalt not steal.

"Thou shalt not lie.

"Thou shalt not commit adultery.

"Thou shalt not taste any intoxicating drink."

"But to me more remarkable than all these rules of life to regulate the outward conduct is the fact that the most fundamental and constantly enforced of Buddha's teachings was that love is the only power to regenerate man. That we must overcome evil with good, and hatred by love, was not only taught and practiced by him, but was illustrated and enforced by some of the most beautiful discourses that ever fell from human lips.

"I will close this article by what I regard as another pearl in the teachings of Buddha which I give in my own language, and would especially commend to all New Churchmen as not only obedience to the great law of charity, but as teaching the highest possible, practical wisdom to those who are desirous for the spread of the heavenly doctrines.

"Revere your own, revile no brother's faith,
The light you see is from Nirvana's sun,
Whose rising splendors promise perfect day.
The feeble rays that light your brother's path
Are from the self-same sun, by falsehoods hid
The lingering shadows of the passing night.

HENRY T. NILES.

CORRESPONDENCE.

CAN THERE BE A NEW CHRISTIANITY?

To the Editor of The Open Court:

I wish to ask a few questions which have been suggested to me by your article in *The Open Court* of December 12, entitled "The Doctrine of Resurrection and Its Significance in the New Christianity." What is the definition of the word Christianity? One in authority defines it as "The religion of Christians; the system of doctrines and precepts taught by Christ." Now what I wish to know is: how can any one, consistently, use the term "New Christianity"? If the men who lived at the time of Christ, and those who were, a little later, taught by his Apostles, were not able to formulate a creed or record, accurately, what Jesus taught, is it consistent to suppose that after two thousand years men can do so? For surely there are no better intellects to-day than were possessed by the Anti-Nicene Fathers.

If one does not believe nor practice what is taught by the religion of the Christians, by what right can he consistently call himself a Christian?

If the light shed around by scientific research makes Christian views untenable, what right have thinkers to reconstruct their religion, throwing out what they choose, and keeping what they wish, and then call their belief the "New Christianity"? Why not reconstruct Mohammedanism by striking out its inconsistencies, and what we call its immoralities, and then call it the New Mohammedanism?

It would be composed of practically the same precepts and teachings as the New Christianity.

The quotation which you give of the close of Rev. Haweis's article would lead one to infer that the Christ ideal was a false one, and that helps to prove that the ideal was of human conception and therefore faulty. Would not the separation of the ideal Christ from the real Jesus be a better solution of the question?

Would any religion that had received a name on account of its distinctive features be able, "with all reverence towards the past," to "accept the truth without compromise, whatever the truth may be?"

Such a religion would be a different religion from that defined by the word Christianity, and would demand a new name if those holding it wished to be consistent. If you think I have any reason for asking these questions I would be pleased to receive answers.

RACINE, WIS.

MRS. GEO. H. HOPPER.

THE OPEN COURT.

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PHILOSOPHIC SOCIALISM.

BY HUDOR GENONE.

THE adage, "to give a dog a bad name," has no better application than can be found in the abused, vilified, and misunderstood word, "Socialism." The avowed Socialists are to a very large extent men of small means and less influence. They are mostly men usually occupied with bread-winning in those arduous vocations which leave little time for the luxury of deep learning. They are—many of them—bright, "brainy" men, but men of few and narrow ideas, one-sided, men of segments, not circles, to their intellectual development.

They are mostly good talkers, rather than practical doers, generally "infidels," rather than followers of any creed or religion, and, to a great extent, foreign born.

All these inhibitions have had their natural tendency to discredit their testimony to the advantages that are claimed for co-operation as a substitute for competition, and to the great mass of respectable, law-abiding, practical citizens socialism is regarded as nothing but a new and noisome economic cult, now dreamy, but liable, perhaps, if encouraged, to prove dangerous.

The socialist and the anarchist have been ranked together, and among almost all are regarded as alike visionary and as alike disturbers of the peace.

Curious as it may seem, socialism and anarchy represent exactly opposite poles of thought; they are as widely divergent in their theories of economics as the agnostic and Puritan are in the region of religion. Anarchy means individualism,—absolute nihilism of law; socialism means the dominancy of law,—the sinking of self in business (as now in government) in the State.

The average man of business has little time to chase to their lairs the countless rapacious ideas which steal up unawares, and seem to him nothing but vexatious marauders, anxious only to filch some of his substance.

This sober, sensible, average man of business has probably read Mr. Bellamy's book, and his notions on the subject are a vague compound of chimerical pictures, in which underground chambers figure, and

credit-cards, and restaurants, where Chinese, negroes, and Hottentots dine on terms of social equality with perhaps himself as waiter.

Now socialism may continue to be, as it now is, rejected of men; but to be despised of them it ought not to be, since in theory it contains, not only possibly the germ of a nobler and better civilisation, but certainly that vitality in affairs whose principles have evolved our present great advancement.

As an animal, man is essentially social; his first condition was patriarchal, then tribal; in both communistic. The institution of private interests was a sport upon the flower of evolution, which survived because selfishness made it fittest to survive; and now, after the lapse of centuries of custom, these private interests have expanded into what we call vested rights.

The progress of civilisation tended more and more to emphasise this principle of selfish individualism. The beneficent religion of Jesus, at first bringing about a revival of the early communism, essentially altruistic, yet in a few centuries became debased by the dominance of an ecclesiastical system as rigid as the Pharisaic Judaism it supplanted.

The selfish principle of single individual soul-saving, contrary as it is to the pure and perfect Christian Gospel, naturally aided and comforted its companion system of single individual goods saving, till these two companion evil spirits culminated in the middle ages in a debauched and degraded Church and in the countless castles of robber-barons blotting the fair face of Europe.

Well might these be called "Dark Ages," when nothing but might made right, and the population of the world was divided into two great classes—slaves and freebooters.

How slowly the people grew towards emancipation history's painful pages tell. Gradually the spurious assumption of divine right in kings has become vested, more or less, in the people. Arduously religion has become purer and purer, and through many vicissitudes the condition of labor has been ameliorated. Freedom in these several lines has gone on since the days of Magna Charta and the mendicant friars, broadening down from precedent to precedent, but always,

increment after increment, the vested privileges of the few have given way to the eternal rights of the many.

Wherever a number perform a service for all which might be performed by each for himself, the service becomes social in its nature. Wherever a community agrees to delegate any power to its government not strictly limited to the preservation of peace and order to the extent of its delegated functions, that government becomes socialistic.

Examples of the simpler sorts of socialism are found primarily in the natural family and in communities in sparsely settled districts, where all unite for the individual weal in "bees," house-raising, and logging. A firm is socialistic, a corporation much more evidently so, and in all the various departments of government, wherever a departure is made from the necessary powers which sustain order there is a phase of socialism, whether in this country it be federal, state, or municipal.

In the national administration several departments are of this character: the Post-Office, the Patent-Office, and the Department of Agriculture are radical departures from the prime purpose of government; they are business institutions conducted for the benefit of the entire people, and by the duly qualified representatives of the people.

It was only after the spirit of free principles had thoroughly permeated the populace that these innovations began to take shape. Since the day that the village blacksmith Wat Tyler stood before King Richard on London heath, leading his motley crowd of villeins "against the Lord's anointed, because his ministers had made him odious," from time to time the rabble have risen with always one battle-cry upon their lips—equality.

To him who has mastered the philosophy of history, and who understands the nature of mankind, equality for the human race must always appear what it really is—the baseless fabric of a dream.

Equality is not equity, and it has been only the ignorance of the masses that ever believed a process of levelling to be practicable. And yet, little by little, the functions of government have become enlarged, growing continually with the growth of freedom.

There are those who denounce socialism who are yet themselves recipients of governmental assistance to which custom has so reconciled them that they fail to perceive the source, and, drifting with the current, become themselves partakers of motion till they have lost the sense of motion.

The social agitator is one who seems never to lose the sense of motion; he is all action,—nerves, muscles, all the energies of both body and brain ever in a state of vigorous oscillation. His eyes are keen as

a hawk's to see iniquity, and his imagination alert as a romancer to detect the remedy. The individual ought not to be obliged to do what the State can do better. Let the individual do what he can do for himself better than the State can do for him. On these two theories hang all the ideas and wishes of the radical socialist.

Difficulties have no terrors for him, and from his lexicon has been erased the word impracticable. It is one thing to approve of collectivism as a philosophical principle to be wrought out patiently generation after generation, and quite another to be a radical collectivist and shriek co-operation continually and always.

In this city of New York we have an example of the beneficence that flows from an enlightened enlargement of the privilege and power of the municipality. The Croton water, led into the city by huge aqueducts and ramifying everywhere to innumerable faucets and hydrants, serves, as perhaps no other single artificial influence does, to conserve the public health, and to each individual's needs adds comfort, and to comfort luxury.

Yet the Croton water is a socialistic function of the city government. It was established only after years of arduous effort, and against the most strenuous opposition. Many, many years ago a few far-seeing capitalists, actuated perhaps as much by philanthropy as self-interests, sought to give their native city the benefit of an adequate supply of pure water. The former system of pumps and wells had become grossly unfitted for use in the crowded sections, and the remedy was sought in a system of conduits. It was, I believe, the Bronx river in Westchester county which was contemplated as the source of supply. For this work of utility—a great one in that day—a charter was the first requisite, and this Aaron Burr, then an attorney in New York, procured from the legislature.

With that acumen for which this celebrated man is noted there was incorporated in the charter a simple financial provision by which the company organised under it was enabled to do a general banking business. At this day the water-works corporation is still in existence. Any one who chooses can supply himself with fresh water from its pump, but this is kept solely to comply with its charter, for it now exists as a great financial institution—the Manhattan bank on Wall street.

There are those, seeing the inestimable benefits flowing from a community of effort for the common weal, who believe that the principle of governmental control, so successfully applied in the two instances we have noted, can be extended till perhaps, not encroaching upon, but rather benefiting individual lib-

erty, it shall comprehend many if not all of the necessities of life.

Some say that it is only a question of degree and not of kind; only a question of time, opportunity, and development till the same centralisation which now gives us a splendid, strong, coherent, and effective system for the transportation of various kinds of mailable matter shall be extended so as to include, not only letters, printed matter, and small parcels, but all sorts and conditions of merchandise, and eventually all transportation—express, freight, and passenger.

Some say that if the sweet waters of the Croton can be so readily and cheaply provided for our citizens, why may not this principle be extended to other matters equally essential to mankind. What inherent obstacle is there to the provision of light—gas or electricity, of heat for warmth or cooking, of ice, milk, meat, vegetables, groceries, dry goods, all the multitudinous matters that civilised man requires, and which could doubtless be provided better, easier, and quicker by united than by individual effort?

It is, I think, safe to say that there is no inherent obstacle. As for the difficulties that must beset progress on these lines they are easy to conceive. In the past, rightly studied, may be found samples of the future. The magnificent system of the Federal Post Office did not spring, like Minerva, fully equipped to life. The difficulties confronted by Franklin in this country and Rowland Hill in England have not even yet been overcome, and it was not more than ten years ago in this very city that private enterprise yielded to the mandate of the law and ceased to convey letters for a consideration.

Was the putting down of these private posts in any sense an encroachment upon individual liberty? Not at all, but rather an enlargement, since it gave greater freedom, ampler opportunity, and better service to that enterprise established by the people and for the people.

The mandate of the law would have been quite ineffectual without the greater potency of public opinion.

Another object lesson the people have before them of the efficacy of consolidation: within the last thirty years private business methods have seen a complete revolution; the old time slow, plodding ways, by which business men, under stress of competition, engaged in affairs always more or less limited in their scope and operations, have given place in large measure to an entirely new system whereby a few are enabled to seize, control, and direct vast industries, on so great a scale and with so strong a hand as virtually to put down all opposition and eradicate to a great extent competition in their respective lines of trade.

It is needless to amplify upon the method by which this has been accomplished. The principle of the "trust" in all its manifold ramifications is becoming

daily more and more the potent factor in the world of business.

The success of the Standard Oil Company is perhaps the best known of all these combinations. There a few able, energetic men, directed by the masterly intellect of a Rockefeller, gradually united into one vast mechanism the many small concerns, till now in the production of crude mineral oil, its refinement and distribution to the trade, it constitutes one single corporation, big enough to overshadow and bold enough to defy a rival.

It is not with the moral results of this sort of concentration that we have to deal; but to point it out as an example of the mode of operation by which unity takes the place most effectually of variety in action.

The powers of such a corporation could never have stood as they have, practically unimpaired by the law, if they had not been employed upon the whole beneficently. Had not the price of kerosene been so materially reduced, as it has been by the Standard people, they would have been legislated out of existence long ago. But with an acumen, not the least of the brilliant thoughts of these men, they made oil cheap; they called it the light of the people, and the people love to have it so. If the principals in this consolidation made their hundreds of millions, the little consumer saved his goodly percentage on the gallon. If iniquity it was, the people have been willing and active coparceners in it.

Of all the suggestions looking towards municipal control of our requirements none has taken more definite shape than that which looks to the manufacture and distribution of gas by the cities. This has been tried in Philadelphia and some other cities, not always with the best or even with very good results. And yet it is a matter of general notoriety that it might be accomplished if popular desire sustained the movement.

In New York it is notorious that the owners of gas plants are more effectually entrenched than in any other city of the country. In the case of the Consolidated Gas Light Company alone there is a capital stock of about thirty-five millions, worth at present market prices over fifty millions. The officers of this immense corporation are very shrewd, always alert, and rarely unable to carry any point in the legislature. Some years ago, in the face of a very active and pronounced demand, a general disposition to use kerosene (which item brought some of the Brooklyn companies to the verge of bankruptcy) and the encroachments of the electric systems, they were compelled to reduce the price to \$1.25 per thousand cubic feet. They struggled against this reduction, claiming that it would seriously cripple them. How much they were crippled may be observed from their increased

rate of dividends, and the rise in the price of the stock of nearly 100 per cent. in ten years.

It is believed that the entire gas plant of this company, works, holders, mains, service-pipes, and all, could be duplicated to-day for a very small fraction of its capital, and gas made by the city and delivered to consumers at a cost not to exceed twenty-five cents per thousand, which would amply suffice for every charge.

It is needless to say that the change from corporate to municipal control of the gas-works is not imminent. There are too many stockholders, and these are too rich and too influential; the political parties are too evenly matched, and above all the sentiment of the community too staunchly conservative, for any such attempt to succeed. The people of the city of New York, frightened at the spectre of socialism, will continue probably for many years to come to hold tenaciously the old gas companies in their position, and to pay roundly when the gas bills come in out of their pockets for the privilege of peace.

It is not the purpose of this paper to delineate or even indicate the practical process by which the expansive principle now dormant in almost every branch of industry shall be awakened. It is enough that the principle is demonstrated. It is no part of its purpose to reply seriatim to the countless objections that spring to their feet. That the future civilisation of the world must expand, if at all, upon the lines above indicated, is but to state a truism as infallible as cause and effect, as certain as the calculations of a trajectory when the elements of motion are given. Reform has always come in just one way: the philosopher has thought, the fanatic struggled and raved, and, finally, and often through long and sometimes bloody effort, the common sense of the people has asserted itself, and by their representatives embodying the practical genius of an epoch the results have been attained.

As in the past it came slowly, so it must be in the future; but in civilisation the factor of collectivism will continue to increase, and of individual and wasteful competition to decrease, till the daily grind of heartless and overburdened existence shall be displaced by a stable system, essentially mechanical, yet freeing men from the thrall of mechanism, leaving room and time and an increasing desire for a broader and an enduring individual liberty. This is the socialism of evolution, destined to development as an applied art of the science of religion.

THE HOLY SPIRIT, THE FEMALE OF THE GODHEAD.

BY FRANCIS JAY.

At the outset, I wish to give credit for this thought. The idea itself was first received from the Rev. Mr. Schultz of Royersford, Pa. Others I know who have

hinted at it, or have believed in it directly. A pupil of the Mount Morris German Baptist Bible School, Ogle Co., Ill., in an essay on the Holy Spirit, called Trinity the "Heavenly Family." The Rev. J. T. Myers of Oaks, Pa., I find, has entertained this view of the Trinity for years, but does not remember of having received it from any human source. While these persons are not widely known, yet their views show that this idea is not confined to myself alone. Although the doctrine itself, the seed-thought, is not original with the writer, the following development of it is almost, if not entirely, so.

Let us now turn to revelation to see how this view of the Holy Spirit is supported. We do not profess to be able fully to treat our subject, but hope to be able to awaken thought which may stimulate to further inquiry and lead to fresh discovery.

Let us first look at Genesis i., 27. "So God created man in his own image, in the image of God created he him; male and female created he them." Mark you, the first clause states that man was created in the image of God, and the second one emphasises this fact. The third clause is a striking statement "male and female created he them." Man was created in the image of God, they were created male and female. Now, if there are not male and female in the Godhead, how could man, created male and female, be created in the image of God? Note how this point is also brought out in Genesis v., 1, 2. We shall now venture another assertion: *the full image of the Godhead was not perfected in humanity until Adam and Eve had offspring.* Father, Mother, Offspring—God the Father, the Holy Spirit, and the Son—constitute the eternal nature of God. Our first point then is this: Man was created in the image of God; he was created male and female; hence, there are male and female in the Godhead. The place of Father and of Son in the act of generation is readily seen; the place of the female alone remains to be filled, and the Holy Spirit is the only remaining person to fill it.

The second reason for ascribing femininity to the Holy Spirit is that the Hebrew word, *ruah*, is feminine. The office of brooding in Genesis i., 2, is that of the female among fowls. She hatched out, as it were, the life of the earth, and then, like the old cluck, protected it with Her outspread wings. "She was the mother of all living." Genesis iii., 20.

Next, we come to the "rib story." God the Father is the one person of the Godhead who is independent and who may be said to stand alone; the existence, the origin of the other two persons are ultimately traced back to Him. So with humanity, which is created in the image of God. Adam was first created and was alone. The Spirit is God according to an eternal procession. When Adam was without an help-

meet, "the Lord God caused a deep sleep to fall upon Adam, and he slept: and He took one of his ribs, and closed up the flesh instead thereof; and (of) the rib, which the Lord God had taken from man, made He a woman, and brought her unto the man. And Adam said, This is now bone of my bones, and flesh of my flesh: she shall be called Woman, because she was taken out of Man." Genesis ii., 21-23. "For the man is not of the woman; but the woman of the man." I Corinthians xi., 8. The "rib story" is, therefore, a concrete setting forth of its great antitype in the Godhead, the eternal procession of the Spirit. The longing of Adam for a companion is a concrete setting forth of a similar longing of the Eternal Father. Eve is a type of the Holy Spirit.

Let us now turn to the New Testament, Luke i., 35. "And the angel answered and said unto her, The Holy Ghost shall come upon thee, and the power of the Highest shall overshadow thee: therefore also that holy thing which shall be born of thee shall be called the Son of God." First, the Holy Spirit takes up Her abode (I use the feminine possessive) in the Virgin Mary; then the "power of the Highest," the Father, overshadowed her, representing the generative act, which the Father eternally performs with His Spirit, now, however, the act takes place in the womb of the Virgin, that she may give a human nature to the Divine Eternal Offspring, consequently that "holy thing," which was born of her, was called the Son of God. The Holy Spirit did not impregnate the human ovum in the Virgin with divine life. Both the Spirit and the Virgin were receptive. The first principles of life come from the male. The first principles of the life of Christ came from the Overshadowing Highest, the Father, as He hovered over both the Virgin and the Spirit, who now lay in the womb of the Virgin—two females, as it were, submitting to the generative act, each contributing of her substance to the fertilising substance of the Father for the formation of the New Being, who has hitherto been the great enigma of science and religion. The Spirit's office in bringing Christ into the world was that of a female.

We might draw arguments from the nature of the Spirit. She is gentle like a dove. She comforts like a mother. She leads the little babe in Christ into all truth. She *abides ever* with the believer. The father and the sons wander abroad, but the mother abides ever in the home, beautifies it, and keeps it in order. So the Saviour says that He will send us the other Comforter, the Spirit, who shall *abide with us forever* (John xiv., 16); and we may rest assured that the Heavenly Mother will instruct us and make us all beautiful within. Then still further, the sin against the Holy Spirit. A son may go beyond the influence of father and brethren and still be reached by mother.

Among wicked men her influence always lasts the longest. Woe unto the man whose heart no longer warms at the mention of that name! Woe unto the soul that can no longer be moved by the gentle wooings of the Holy Spirit! Such a one is in danger of eternal damnation.

The Bible, nature, and reason, all proclaim that there is a female in the Godhead; and the heart cries out for a Heavenly Mother with tenderest longing: "Oh, God, my Mother!" We speak of mother as one of the dearest names to mortals given. On earth we have a father, brethren, a mother; in heaven we have a Father, an Elder Brother; in that perfect home is there lacking a Mother? The heart cries, "No! no!! no!!! In a perfect home I must have the name of MOTHER!"

THE DOGMA OF THE TRINITY.

WE TAKE pleasure in publishing in the present number a short article on "The Holy Spirit, the Female of the Godhead," which comes to us, signed with a *nom de plume*, from one of the theological seminaries of this country and is written by a man who is apparently still in the bondage of a literal belief in the Christian dogmas. The article commands a peculiar psychological interest in so far as it reveals to us modes of arguments that were used in the days gone by, when in the times of early Christianity the various dogmas began to assume the rigid forms which they now possess. The pseudonym author of the article is not aware of the fact that the proposition which he makes is not new, but very old. His conception of the Trinity preceded that other conception which is now recognised as the orthodox view accepted by all Christian churches and formulated in the Athanasian *Quicunque*. No wonder that the article is unacceptable to such Christian publications as have not as yet fully freed themselves from Christian paganism. Those who have not as yet received the light of the new dispensation (which is the faith in a religion based upon the eternal laws of existence, such as can be found and stated by inquiring into facts with scientific methods) are naturally unwilling to be confronted with instances of atavism, which, however, crop out in our religious life as naturally as in the domains of biology.

How serious our well-meaning author is, can be learned from his letter, in which he says of his article:

"Some five months ago this same article was sent to *The Sunday School Times*. The thoughts were gleaned, and it was returned. In like manner it was sent to *The Outlook*, which was too modest to print it. If thoughts lately seen in print were gotten from this article, it is a case of literary theft; if they were original with the writer of them, it shows that God is bringing this truth to many minds. And this fact is a further proof of the truthfulness

ness of the doctrine. . . . This was written several months ago, and the writer has developed the subject much further than it is developed here. He would be glad to give these advanced views later. He is ready to meet the jeers and scoffs of those who walk only in the beaten paths. The expounders of God's word, according to the Lord Jesus, are to bring out new things, as well as to review the old, from His treasury."

We publish this passage on the fate of the manuscript at the request of the author,¹ and did not fail to inform him about our own views on the subject, which we proposed to publish in a separate article alongside of his.

The doctrine of the trinity of God does not occur in the New Testament, and was unknown to the early Christians. Nevertheless, it is deeply founded in the Greek conception of Christianity which identifies the Messiah with the Logos that was in the beginning. The Unitarians, like other dissenters from the old traditions of the Church, took the letter of the dogma seriously, and thus regarded it as either implying a tritheism or an irrational proposition which, in contradiction to the multiplication-table, made three equal to one. But even so orthodox an authority as Neander was plain enough on the question. After stating that the only passage in the New Testament which alludes to the Trinity by speaking of the three that bear witness (in 1 John, 5) is an interpolation, he set forth the triple relation in which the world is conceived to stand with God, as "its ground, mediator, and goal; or as the Creator, Redeemer, and Sanctifier of mankind, which triple relation exhausts the entire God-cognition of Christianity."² And truly this idea that God is, firstly, the eternal condition of existence, its law and *raison d'être*, secondly, the ever-progressive evolution and manifestation of the eternal law, its living revelation, as it appears in the rationality and moral aspiration of thinking beings; and thirdly, as the ideal, i. e., the goal to be reached, or the purpose that rational life sets itself, is so deeply founded in the nature of things that other nations, like the Hindus, developed the same ideas. That the Christian Trinity should be a mere imitation of the Brahman Trinity is not probable, but we can trace it back to Plato, who says:³

Ὁ θεὸς ἀρχὴν τε καὶ τελευτὴν καὶ μεσὰ τῶν ὄντων ἀπάντων ἔχων.

"God holds the beginning, the end, and the middle of all things."

The doctrine of the Trinity was worked out by the Church gradually, and it is natural that several attempts were made in formulating it, which in the end had to be rejected by the sober-minded as conveying

¹ He writes in a postscript: "If you publish this article, I want you to place at the head of it the second paragraph of this leaf."

² See *Allgemeine Geschichte der christlichen Religion*, Vol. I., p. 314.

³ Quoted by Neander *ibid.* from Plato *Legg.* IV., ed. Bip., Vol. VIII., p. 185, as an old saying, *παλαιὸς λόγος*.

ideas that would lead to a gross anthropomorphism; and not the least interesting conception of the Trinity was that which represents the three in one as God the father, God the mother, and God the child. In this conception, which appears first in the Old Testament Apocrypha, the second person of the Trinity is not called the Logos or Word, but the Sophia or Wisdom, which latter is a feminine noun in Greek, being in this respect comparable to the Sanskrit term *vdch*=word.¹ The author of the book, "The Wisdom of Solomon," says:

"I called upon God, and the spirit of wisdom came to me.

"All good things together came to me with her, and innumerable riches in her hands.

"And I rejoiced in them all, because wisdom goeth before them: and I knew not that she was the mother of them.

"And being but one, she can do all things: and remaining in herself, she maketh all things new: and in all ages entering into holy souls, she maketh them friends of God, and prophets.

"For God loveth none but him that dwelleth with wisdom.

"In that she is conversant with God, she magnifieth her nobility: yea, the Lord of all things himself loved her,

"For she is privy to the mysteries of the knowledge of God, and a lover of his works."

Among the synoptic Gospels we find that Luke, who is more familiar with Greek thought than Matthew and Mark, personifies the Wisdom of God, and speaks of her in similar terms to those of the author of the Wisdom of Solomon. He says:

"Therefore also said the wisdom of God, I will send them prophets and apostles, and some of them shall slay and persecute:

"That the blood of all the prophets, which was shed from the foundation of the world, may be required of this generation."

The doctrine of the Father, Mother, and Child Trinity of God possesses many beauties which are absent in the more abstract conception of the three male persons of the deity; and yet it has been rejected by the Church. The reason is apparent, and any unbiassed reader of the article on "The Holy Spirit, the Female of the Godhead" will discover it. If the dogma be understood in the letter (as was the fate of all dogmas during the period of their crystallisation), its absurdity is more apparent than in the other form of the trinitarian doctrine, which should not be conceived as a purely male trinity, but as a trinity in which all allusion to sex has been dropped.

The evolution of science is a slow process, and so is the evolution of religion. Religion, such as it is taught by many of our religious leaders, is still in the mythological stage in which symbols are taken in their literal sense, and abstractions are regarded as substances or concrete entities. But as astrology contained the seed of astronomy, and alchemy is a prophecy of chemistry, so the old dogmatism is a promise

¹ On *vach* (a feminine noun) denoting "λόγος or word," see Professor R. Garbe's article "The Connexion between Indian and Greek Philosophy," *The Monist*, Vol. IV., No. 2, pp. 191-192.

which is sure to find a noble fulfilment in the cosmic religion of mankind, based upon the catholicity of scientific evidence, which is man's faith in the moral import of exact truth.

P. C.

CORRESPONDENCE.

"THE OLD SHOEMAKER."

To the Editor of *The Open Court*:

In your paper of September 19 is a noticeable article, "The Old Shoemaker," by Miss Voltairine de Cleyre.

It was the descriptive part which first struck me, wonderfully realistic, a most striking picture, reminding me of Maupassant. But with the description of the old shoemaker the truth ends—the real.

Who is the great Visitor?—Death? Why could not the "frightful old woman" have expected such a One? On the contrary, she must have expected him every day.

And what was the dignity of the Unknown? There is no dignity in Death; there is dignity only in Life.

What Miss de Cleyre calls dignity, is fear,—the old spiritualism. The old shoemaker looks alive, but is dead. Where has he gone? Where will he go?—To "Freedom." Freedom of the body;—the soiled soul loses its dress and commonplace, and passes upward smiling to the Transfiguration.

How does it pass? If free why does it go to be transfigured?

How is the crust crumbled to an "impalpable powder"? The body is no powder. It is not even dead; it is alive, full of the activities of innumerable organisms.

What is the "white, fine, playing flame" which passed upward? There was no such thing. There was no passing upward. The weight of the old shoemaker's body would hold it down.

A drunken old shoemaker was dead. There was no dignity in it, no freedom in it, no transfiguration in it. As the shoemaker was poor and miserable, drunken and quarrelsome, it was a good thing for him to die.

What does the "heart of the long, life long watches of patience" mean? What was the patience, and what was the heart of it?

What is the "perennial ascension of the great Soul of Man"? What is a soul any how?

The fact is such writing has no real meaning, but through its vagueness appeals to the love of mysticism in the common mind.

It helps this out by the use of capitals—"Mighty One"—"Stranger"—"Face"—"Visitor." These acting on the imagination through their size, have an awing effect upon the ordinary mind—simply the effect of a Big Name.

Such writing aims to obscure the truth and to continue beliefs which are no longer beliefs to intelligent persons, because they are incompatible with the observations of real knowledge—those beliefs which make the old-time nurse look to see the spirit ascend on the last expiration of the dying person.

Why all this effort in *The Open Court* to dress up Death in cast off clothing,—to make it figure as the passage to Transfiguration—Freedom—Purity, and so on? Really it is an admission that spiritualism is a necessity to human happiness, even endurance of life.

Nonsense. While we live,—we live. Death ends all to us. This rubbish about souls passing into Freedom or into the Soul of Man is no consolation.

The consolation in Death is that *we are Not*.

We do not regret Life because we do not know Life any more. We are done—gone away—blown out like a flame.

But Life remains. Those who live,—enjoy, hope, strive,

love,—live. Let the living turn away from the dead as having longer personality; turn away to the Living.

The picture of the "Old Shoemaker" is a vivid piece of writing; it has a dramatic interest; but no spiritual interest, no moralising interest; no pathos, but the pathos of disgusting human nature.

No transfiguring Visitor in capitals came to him at all; but the same death that comes to every organic being. No transfiguring Visitor—but the police, the commissioner of the poor, the Potter's Field, naturally dispose of the body. It is perhaps an example of what G. Ferrero calls "Arrested Mentation" when an otherwise intelligent writer tries to make out that in such an ending death brought—Death—an ennobling change to the worn out human brute.

"The soiled soul passes up smiling to the Transfiguration." The fact is the smile was probably a relaxation of the muscles at the moment he ceased to feel pain, dispelling the habitual scowl his features must have worn, as he is said to have "gaped horribly when he breathed."

No fine writing can make death an agreeable thing. All of us would prefer continuing existence indefinitely if we could. But we cannot. Reason then urges us to make an examination of death as it is, and to familiarise our minds to it so as not to have it give us unnecessary anxiety. We must learn not to shrink from death. If dismissing reason,—in other words reality, we choose to believe in Transfigurations into the Soul of God, or the Perennial Soul of Man, very well. But otherwise, as Dr. D. G. Brinton declares, "every one ought to be familiarised with the sight of blood, the pangs of disease, and the solemn act of dying. Death and Pain should not be concealed; they are the greatest of all educators, for they alone teach us the highest value of Life."

Live as long as you can. Avoid Death. For there is no Transfiguration with a big T after that. And if you go into the "Perennial Soul of Man," depend upon it, it will be before Death, not after.

Since writing the enclosed I have read in the same number Miss de Cleyre's explanation of her article, and though it extenuates her intention to write the old spiritualism, it is otherwise as great nonsense as the article itself—what does "the painless life welcome the animated good" mean? J. W. GASKINE.

[*The Open Court* does not admit that spiritualism is a necessity, but it advocates the spirituality of man's soul which in spite of death is preserved from generation to generation. Death is in itself nothing but the ceasing of the life-activities in an organism; and being the close of a life, wiping away much of that which should be discarded forever, but often leaving untouched the better part of our aspirations, who will deny its pathetic solemnity? Death does not end all to us as Mr. Gaskine declares; for "man passes away" (as goes the Buddhist saying) "according to his deeds," which implies that as a man acted during his life-time so his soul will continue as a living and efficient factor in the further development of life upon earth.—Ed.]

THE STORY OF ADAM.

To the Editor of *The Open Court*:

Professor or Rev. Mr. Low's view of the story of Adam and its relation to the Christian system is rather inaccurate. (See his article in No. 433 of *The Open Court*.)

In Genesis Adam appears first as an innocent man, though not a fool. This was true of Mr. Low once, and of all men, so far as we know.

So far the story fits us all. Genesis shows Adam as meeting temptation, his first temptation. Somewhere, at some time, Mr. Low and every other man met his first temptation.

Adam did not resist his first temptation. He yielded to it and fell, as did Mr. Low and all men, so far as we know them.

If Mr. Low denies that he ever yielded to temptation, I will gladly make exception in his case.

Adam yielded. His character after that was different from what it was before. He then manifested guilt, shame, fear, and dishonesty. The same is true of all men, so far as we know, after their fall. The story of Adam outlines the moral history of the human race. Man has lost something. Man does need something. God, in the Gospel, offers something which man needs. I do not mean a "conventional" Gospel, but the Gospel of Christ as given in the Bible.

Begging Mr. Low's pardon, I am respectfully,
J. R. BARNES, Pastor Cong'l Church, Woodburn, Ill.

[The Rev. J. R. Barnes, in criticising the Rev. Mr. Low's view of the story of Adam, replaces his brother's interpretation by his own, and appears to believe that his view is the historically correct and orthodox conception. The Rev. Mr. Barnes's interpretation is already adapted to modern views, but it deflects from the path of tradition, and the dogmatism of this doctrine has given way to a moralising rationalism. It is in this shape unquestionably more appropriate for church sermons than the old view of the story. The Rev. Mr. Low, Rector of St. Paul's Episcopal Church of Almonte, Canada, seems to be better informed in theology than his Congregational brother, the Rev. J. R. Barnes.—EDITOR.]

BOOK REVIEWS.

SOUL-FRAGRANCE. By *Hannah More Kohaus*. Chicago: F. M. Harley Publishing Company. Pages, 170.

An unassuming little book, the cover neatly ornamented but print and paper showing signs of crudeness, reminding one of books "printed by the author." The little volume contains poems, some good, others mediocre. The authoress is especially unhappy where she harps on the string of Christian piety. As, for instance, in the poem "Ere Long," where she says:

"You shall see the King in his glory,
And hear his gentle voice speak;
Shall feel his breath on your forehead,
His kiss of peace on your cheek."

There are other poems which show decided talent, fervor, and broad sympathy, and even philosophical comprehension. For instance, she is at her best in the poem "Which?" on pp. 72-73:

"I am in love with Love—God-Love,
And I would fain
Entwine it in my heart of hearts.
For righteous gain.
I am in love with Good—All-Good,
And I will feed
My soul upon its substance sure,
With lavish greed.
I am in love with Truth—God-Truth;
E'en now I feel
Its potency omnipotent
All ill to heal.
I am in love with Light—God-Light,
And now through me
It shall reflect the God-derived
Divinity.
I am in love with mind—God-Mind;
In it I see
The Wisdom, Power, Intelligence,
That is for me.
I am in love with Peace—God-Peace;
It bathes my soul
With waters tranquil, pure, and sweet,
Which makes me whole.

And I will love; love more and more,
Drawing to me
The all of Love that is contained
In Deity.

Then will I permeated be,—
Dyed with its dye,—
Until I know not which is Love,
Or which is I."

The poem, "I Am," on page 134, is in a similar strain:

"I am stronger than my fears,
I am wiser than my years,
I am gladder than my tears,
For I am His image.

I am greater than my pains,
I am richer than my gains,
I am purer than my stains,
For I am His image.

I am grander than my names,
I am broader than my claims,
I am nobler than my aims,
For I am His image.

I am better than my deeds,
I am holier than my creeds,
I am worthier than my needs,
For I am His image.

I am truer than I seem,
And more gracious than I deem,
And more real than I dream,
For I am His image.

I have naught with death or birth;
I encompass heaven and earth;
Measureless my power and worth,
For I am His image.

He whose image thus I bear,
And whose likeness I shall share,
All His glory will declare,
Through the 'I'—His image."

These are gems of true poetry, and we hope that they will survive in the general struggle for existence that is waged in the literary world.

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OUR CLEVELAND CHRISTMAS.

BY MONCURE D. CONWAY.

TO-DAY—Christmas Day—England is at peace. The choirs are chanting ancient anthems of peace on earth, good-will to man, amid hearts calm in the consciousness that the year now closing has witnessed increasing efforts of their country to promote peace at home and abroad, to relieve suffering within its borders, and to stay the hand of cruelty abroad. The thunderbolt launched by the President upon this government, while it was engaged in negotiations with Venezuela, has evoked no thunderbolt in reply, nor even ruffled the temper of the nation. Americans here have been treated with the same kindness that has always been extended to them. English credit has not been disturbed; not a failure has occurred; a few speculators may have suffered, but British securities have even been enhanced in value. The President's thunderbolt has fallen on his own subjects—for are we not subjects of a man who by a stroke of his pen can destroy our resources, break down our credit, make our country a laughing-stock, make us hang our head with shame? Our lips are closed, for we cannot criticise our sovereign in a foreign land; but our faces can be read; and we cannot escape the humiliation of meeting eyes that silently sympathise with us for the disgrace they know we are suffering.

Our country has chosen out of its sixty millions one man to be placed above all other Americans. The President is presumably the flower of our race, the culmination of American wisdom and virtue. Through him America has (theoretically) spoken. With what result? Monarchy has been denounced, and every monarch sits more easily on his throne. There is not one among them—neither king, emperor, czar, nor sultan—who could dream of exercising half the arbitrary power now proved to be lodged in the hands of this President of a professed republic. Where is the monarch whose single word could cost his people a thousand million dollars? In America alone. One hundred and three years ago the crowns of Europe formed a league to crush the new-born republic of France. They might have saved themselves the trouble. A popular superstition of leadership led to the enthronement of personal autocrats,—Marat, Robespierre, Napoleon,—

who out-tyrannised every crowned tyrant, and gave the nations object-lessons in the despotism that may disguise itself as "republicanism" which strengthened every throne. History is now repeating itself. The people of Europe, really republican at heart, are now shown that an American president is not only a *König im Frack*, as the Germans say, but a potentate in whom usurpation is privileged. The President is sworn to maintain the Constitution and laws. His executive powers are defined and limited by a written Constitution. But there is nothing in the Constitution, nothing in any law, about the Monroe Doctrine. Nay, at this very moment, Congress dare not attempt to frame that "Doctrine" in a law, for it would become a Bedlam of clashing theories and policies. But under his technical right to propose measures to Congress the President enjoys the right to insult other countries, to ruin the credit and finances of his country, and to promote selfish or partisan ends. This privilege of usurpation renders him, even if a well-meaning man, an easy tool of corrupt "rings." The uneasy feeling which still prevails in the business centres of Europe continues because of a suspicion that the President has not suspicion enough, and that he is being "buncoed" (to use a police phrase) in this matter. I remember, just after President Cleveland had appointed an unfit man to a high office, asking one of his (Cleveland's) political supporters how it happened. He answered that a small clique in a certain city had "buncoed" the President, who received hundreds of letters from all parts of the nation urging the appointment of that individual. The letters, posted in the different States, were all written by a few persons in one city. I know not if this be true, but it is evidently possible, where great power is entrusted to one man, that some clique, for instance, some Venezuelan or gold-hunting "ring," may from one small den of conspiracy have the chieftain overwhelmed with jingo letters from all parts of the country, which he may be dull enough to regard as expressing public feeling. The White House is so morbidly sensitive to public opinion that designing letters are considered there. A letter written under a feigned name to President Johnson,—a letter of merest personal spite against Motley, while Minister at Vienna,—led to such a pres-

idental insult to the historian that he resigned his post.

Whatever may be the invisible agencies seeking to involve us in war, it is certain that no conspiracy of crowns against the United States, were such conceivable, could in many years have damaged us as much as our President has in a day. A leading Paris journal, influential in the commercial world, says: "It must be recognised that the United States is not a safe country to deal with." It is an impression that has not grown up in a day, though it has received its definite stamp and currency in a day. And it will outlast the occasion that elicited it: it will last as long as the American presidency.

For some time now our beloved but misgoverned country has been unconsciously mounting as if on a stage a succession of tableaux which tell more effectively on the eye of the world than all tall talk about free institutions tells on the ear. Let me mention some of the contrast between the talk and the facts.

Representative Government: exhibited in the equal legislative power of small with large populations (e. g., Delaware with New York); this preservation of the rotten borough system, long extinct in England, forming a non-representative Senate able to impose tariffs and money-bills on the people.

Self-government: the absolute helplessness of all branches of the Government to pass any measure whatever if a half dozen senators conspire to prevent a vote being taken, by talking against time.

Independence: the sovereign right of a State to appropriate the property of its citizens and repudiate payment, without amenability to any suit, because of its sovereign majesty, which can "do no wrong,"—an irresponsibility unknown in any European State.

Equality: the helplessness of our national Government to protect its citizens from being disfranchised, lynched, or even burnt alive,—a large photograph of the late Texas burning being now shown in the cities of Europe.

Separation of Church and State: illustrated by exemptions of church property, which increase the taxes of all citizens; also of chaplains salaried in violation of the plain letter of the Constitution.

Religious Liberty: exhibited in the Sabbatarian chains of New York and other communities; and the bibliolatry in public schools.

Republican Institutions: a president insulting a constitutional monarchy, in which no king or queen has for two centuries attempted anything so monarchical as the said president's manifesto.

Such is the "Republic" which European peoples have been beholding on the stage of the New World, and it is a delusion to suppose that any monarch has an interest, *qua* monarch, to interfere with it. The

"republican" propaganda in Europe has been arrested by the American exemplifications. Thirty-two years ago, when I first visited England, there was a large and bold republican party and organisation, aiming to "Americanise" English institutions. The House of Lords was to be superseded by a Senate, the throne by a presidency, and so forth. In the course of one generation all that has disappeared. The English people have in that time secured institutions quite as free, and quite as representative, as those of an American State, but no one claiming the title of "republican" is left. This is the effect of the above tableaux,—the incompetency, repudiations, inability to protect personal liberty, displayed by our federal government across the Atlantic. And at the same time there has been a steady growth and increase of friendship for Americans. Their learning and literature have been more highly appreciated, their scholars have been honored by English universities, and their citizens have been welcomed in the best English society. They have paid a compliment to Americans in the blank incredulity with which Cleveland's outbreak and Olney's billingsgate have been received, and their calm expectation of the truer American voice, which did not disappoint them.

And is this not what is going on in America also? Do not Americans of culture and refinement feel that they are not really represented by the political jockeys at Washington, whose "legislation" from one four years to another looks only to win in the presidential finish? Greedy partisans, trust-rings, silverites, lobbyists, may not pause in their eagerness for the stakes to see what the world sees, but are there not gentlemen who have still that decent regard for the opinion of mankind, to recall the Declaration of Independence, which can recognise the outrage that has been done?

Good heavens! Think of the ruler of a great nation insulting another nation, and then appointing a commission to find out whether he may not be wrong and the other nation right! The whole thing could have been examined just as well before as after the affront, and the ruinous smashing of his own furniture. Are Americans so ignorant as to be deluded by antiquated cries and names? If so, they are far behind European intelligence. European nations are not very fond of England, in most cases because of her freedom, but they can all discover the contrast between an imperial President proclaiming war for nothing, and a constitutional Prince returning, by permission of a ministry, the message of peace and goodwill.

Serious people in America should think of these things. They will hear the truth from any European. The English people, who really love Americans, will never run the risk of offending their susceptibilities by

criticising our institutions. Even Mr. Bryce covers over his comments with so much sugar that his work has an effect of flattery. In other countries the opponents of republicans are quite willing to have American politicians continue to render European populations increasingly content with their old-fashioned systems, which are steadily brought into harmony with their needs and aspirations. Under such conditions Cleveland's and Olney's spread-eagle screams have a droll sound of proceeding from some President Rip Van Winkle who went to sleep during our Revolution and supposes George III. still on the throne of England. But Europe sees King George to be on the American throne. And it is to be hoped that enough Americans recognise that indisputable fact to make his White House Majesty's—or shall we write it *Mad-jesty's*—suicidal fulmination a point of departure towards a real Republic.

If Americans would leave off inoculating school children with errors, by teaching them from ignorant school-histories, which dwell on the follies of an insane king and an extinct England as if they were still characteristic; if instead of this our children were taught something about our own faults, our presidential robberies of Mexico, our oppression of negroes and Indians, we might see a rising generation able to deal with the organic faults which have rendered such things impossible.

But even now one may hope that the intelligence of our people, assisted by the financial victims, will institute an inquest, and inquire whether their pre-scientific last-century Constitution, even with all its patches (several that make the rents worse) is worthy of them. The Constitution, even when made, was acknowledged to be a makeshift; it was framed under urgency of danger, it had to compromise with slavery, with colonial jealousies, and with monarchical superstitions. The mongrel instrument has necessitated a long reign of slavery, culminating in civil war; it has given us a succession of monarchs of whom very few can bear the light of true history; it has seen the achievements of the nation's martyrdom saved from overthrow by a drunken traitor, Andrew Johnson, only by a congressional violation of the Constitution; and it has lived to witness the Cleveland Christmas.

How long is our so-called Republic to be in this puerile condition of subserviency to a man? If American thinkers, scholars, patriots, rise to this occasion, the close of this century will witness the end of the outworn Constitution; a national convention is now the only possible compensation for the humiliations and disasters which the antiquated instrument has cost us; we have a right—nay, mankind have the right—to see a real American Republic greet the dawn of the twentieth century.

THE MONROE DOCTRINE IN 1895.

BY PROF. E. D. COPE.

IN A republic every citizen has a vote, and as the majority of votes are cast, so the policy of the government is directed. Opinions control votes, so every citizen is more or less responsible for any influence which his opinions may have. In matters involving serious consequences, every conscientious man must endeavor to reach such opinions as will make for the good of the world, and contribute to its progress, so far as the material in his possession enables him to do so.

In the dispute with Great Britain over the Venezuela boundary we have had a great deal of expression from all quarters, some hasty, some careful; some cool, and some excited. In the following paragraphs some of these opinions are passed in review, and an attempt is made to sift wheat from chaff. The writer permits himself to do this, not because of any especial qualification for the task, but because he endeavors to look at the subject rather more coolly than some of those who have contributed to the discussion.

Senator Lodge in the United States Senate, and Dr. J. B. McMaster, Professor of History in the University of Pennsylvania, in the columns of the *New York Times*, have given us a concise history of the Monroe Doctrine up to date. These documents show to those not already familiar with the facts, that however private opinions may have differed on this question, the government of the United States has maintained it consistently as a definite policy from 1823, the date of its promulgation, to the presidency of James Buchanan inclusive. And it is also well known that it was maintained by President Lincoln in the year 1865 with reference to the French occupation of Mexico. President Cleveland in maintaining it in the year 1895 is therefore only continuing the policy of the United States for the last seventy-two years. Under these circumstances Congress has unanimously supported the President.

In endeavoring to carry out this policy with reference to the supposed attempt on the part of Great Britain to seize territory belonging to Venezuela, successive administrations have been for about eighteen years endeavoring to secure from the former country her consent to a commission to arbitrate the question. Our proposition has been peaceable, but Great Britain has rejected it. She has refused to furnish to our government the opportunity of going over with her the evidence for and against her claim. She takes the position, *ex cathedra*, that the Monroe Doctrine does not apply in this case. Nothing remained to our government then, but that it should make the investigation alone, and so President Cleveland asked Congress for a commission, a request which was immediately

granted. The President has now appointed the commission.

The English people and press have been much agitated over the action of the President and Congress, ascribing various motives to him often far from the true ones. They have however discovered that there is such a thing as the Monroe Doctrine, and that it is the settled policy of the United States to maintain it. A good many people in the United States, however, have taken alarm at the possible results to follow from the course of the President and Congress, and are uttering through the newspaper press and otherwise, more or less vigorous objections to it. These objections come under three heads. First, that the present case of the Venezuelan boundary is not related to the Monroe Doctrine; second, that the Monroe Doctrine is itself untenable. These are rational grounds of objection which are bound to be met. There is, however, a large third class of irrational objectors, who are evidently actuated by feelings of sentiment, etc., and which may be briefly referred to here first.

We are reminded that the tract of land in dispute is small (say equal to the State of New York), and that it is not worth quarrelling about. The size of the territory is, however, quite irrelevant in a matter of principle. Moreover, it is extremely fortunate that the tract is not larger or more important, as in that case the recognition of the Monroe Doctrine, if applicable, would be less readily admitted. We are reminded also that the inhabitants are of a race inferior to the English, and not related to us by ties of blood, as are the latter. But this also is irrelevant. Should the English at any future time outpopulate the Spanish stock in any South American country, they could, since the form of government of the latter is republican, acquire control of it by constitutional methods. This would be a good thing for the world, and the Monroe Doctrine would in no way obstruct the result. If the forms of government in South America were monarchical or aristocratic as those of Europe, this result would not be so readily attained; witness the position of the English inhabitants of the Transvaal. We are also told that the Monroe Doctrine has never been recognised as international law. This is no reason, however, why it should not become so. Whether it should become so or not will depend on its inherent merits or demerits. If it is important for good reasons that the United States should maintain it, we will endeavor to introduce it into the Laws of Nations. I will consider its merits later on.

The weak objection that the British will not respect the result of the deliberation of the Commission appointed by President Cleveland, is also irrelevant. That nation has its administration to thank that the

Commission is not international in character. Moreover, the Commission was not constituted for the purpose of furnishing Great Britain with information, but for furnishing it to the government and people of the United States. If any information is conveyed to Great Britain on the subject it will not be by the Commission, but by the government of the United States. An objection more feeble in substance, though vehemently made, is that the form of the President's message was not conciliatory. But all parties will forget the matter of form, when they get to considering the questions involved, in a serious and rational frame of mind. This is the burden of the published letter of Professor James of Harvard University, which vigorously condemns the President, while admitting that his contention is a just one. Neither the American nor British nations will sacrifice themselves to a matter of form, as Professor James seems to think both will now surely do. If as Professor James believes the President's message is inflammatory, it behooves him, and all of us not to be too ready to be ignited by it to too active combustion.

We may now consider whether the Venezuelan boundary question, as it is now before us, comes within the scope of the Monroe Doctrine. To this question the answer must be, that we do not certainly know. It is to ascertain the truth of this matter that the Venezuelan commission has been appointed. Until the commission has reported the facts all confident assertions are premature. But it is to be understood that the action of the United States will be in accordance with its findings. This brings us to the question as to whether the Monroe Doctrine is a policy which this country does well to sustain, even at the risk of armed conflict.

This, the ultimate question, which is the root of the whole matter, must be approached with due modesty, in view of the truth of the general proposition that any form of government is good, if administered with due regard to human rights. It is also true that any form of government administered without regard to those rights is bad. There are faults inherent in the republican form, as there are in the monarchical or oligarchical. With the exception, however, of a few citizens of our larger cities, Americans are generally of the opinion that a republican form is better than any other, because it contains within itself the conditions for an administration more in accordance with human right than any other, and is therefore more likely to be so administered. Of course, those Americans who do not believe that our form of government is the best cannot be relied on to sustain the Monroe Doctrine. In support of their contention these citizens join with foreigners and point to the rule of Tammany and its chiefs, Tweed and Croker,

and to the corruption of municipal rule in some other cities. But both our internal and external critics forget that the large cities are the centres of concentration of the offscourings of Europe; of people who are the legitimate product of the European system, whose existence in Europe furnishes the *raison d'être* of absolutism. New York and Chicago especially, with their forty-five per cent. foreign population, cannot be regarded as representative American cities. Europeans generally mistake the sentiment of New York for that of the United States. They should, however, remember that the disloyalty of that city at the opening of the Civil War had no appreciable effect on the opinions of the country, and did not delay the suppression of the rebellion by a single day. The disloyal expressions recently heard there will disappear with equal rapidity. The New York *World* represents nothing American, and it was a lamentable minimisation of the effect of the good intentions of the Prince of Wales, that he should have been inveigled into sending a friendly despatch to the American people through its scandal-stained columns. It was a mistake quite as bad as his adoption of friendly relations with Richard Croker, the Tammany boss, who represents nothing but what Americans detest and despise. Perhaps, however, it gives a hint of the natural affinities between persons who belong to privileged classes in all countries.

The gist of the objections to the European systems of government is that they are, excepting that of France, much too largely administered by and on behalf of privileged persons and classes, and not sufficiently on behalf of the people. In the government proper of England, this condition is rather less conspicuous than in the continental systems; yet their aristocratic social system rules the British people with a grip quite as effective as any autocracy could do. The stratigraphy of the Englishman's mind is notorious, and while the English claim to be the freest people of Europe, many of them are saturated with an idea of human relations thoroughly false and unjust, and as oppressive and suppressive in its way as the military despotisms of the Continent or of South America. As a whole, the aristocratic systems of Europe are not so far removed from the products of our semi-European municipal systems as might at first sight appear. We have seen how the Europeans who live in them permit themselves to be governed by Tweeds and Crokers, *et id omne genus*. Is there any reason to doubt that were the American element absent, this class of robbers would soon become the legitimate aristocracy of those cities, and administer their governments perpetually by hereditary right? Such is at all events the history of the origin of most of the personnel of the aristocracies of all countries.

Their privileged position is due either to unwilling or complaisant submission of the great bulk of the population to the robberies and pretensions of their ancestors or themselves.

The difference between the systems of America and Europe is this: that in this country we call a spade a spade, and stealing we call stealing. In Europe the robberies of the most enterprising robbers have been legitimised, and have become a part of the system under which the people live. Thus have arisen established royal families, nobilities, and churches. Under this system enormous sums of money are taken from the people and spent on persons either of no or small utility. The greater part of the land is possessed by but few people. Thus fifty thousand persons out of England's thirty-six millions own nearly all the land. In an aristocratic country a man's family is as unsafe as his purse, not through the prevalence of rape, but because of the enormous leverage offered by false social standards. And the serious part of all this is that it cannot be changed without a stupendous expenditure of blood and treasure. In a republican system, on the contrary, when evils creep in we can remedy them if we choose. The men who feel privileged to rob us we send to jail or drive from the country, sooner or later. And we do it with more or less ease as the percentage of European population is less or greater. Boss Tweed never accumulated as much money as have most European monarchs, and no American official ever possessed a tithe of the wealth of some of the English dukes.

In a word, the aristocratic and monarchical systems of the world are a crystallisation and establishment of the system of robbery of which we so much complain in our municipal governments, and they are tolerated by the same inferior class which constitutes a large part of the population of Europe. They represent an inferior stage of human organisation, but one which it is probable is only temporary. It is probable that the people of several European countries are not yet adapted to a republican form of government, while it is equally probable that some other countries are ready for it. But will the governing classes step down and out with a good grace when the time arrives, or must each of those countries have its revolution after the manner of the French? We cannot tell.

Meanwhile let us save as much of the world to republicanism as we can. We probably need for our own existence that we shall sustain as far as possible the efforts of mankind to liberate themselves from the permanent rule of privileged classes. These classes hate America and everything American. They would suppress us if they could. We have no quarrel with the liberals and republicans of Europe, but unfortunately, except in the case of France, they do not con-

trol their governments. It is absolutely necessary that we encourage every republic, however rudimental may be its republicanism, in order that the republics of the world may acquire sufficient weight to enforce toleration and peace. In this lies our interest in the South American republics. Now that the last monarchy has left that continent, the Western Hemisphere is devoted to republicanism, and in a short time the aggregate of its peoples will be so great as to secure them from molestation from any quarter whatsoever. No matter if some of them be more or less turbulent; their condition is full of hope. Their systems are not crystallised and everything is possible to them. In Mexico we have an illustration of the progress on which Spanish America has entered. Excellent schools abound and industrial enterprise is active. The fine arts are cultivated with more success than in the United States. The calm and industrious Mexican Indian has quite as often improved as injured the Spanish immigrant race.

Besides the extreme importance of preserving all America for the republican form of government, still another reason exists why the Monroe Doctrine is of great moment to the Western Hemisphere. The peculiar geographical positions of the peoples of Europe, their histories and policies which have grown out of them, are totally foreign to the American peoples. The relations of the European nations are complex, and are liable to become strained or hostile at any time. We cannot enter into their affairs and we desire that their mutual quarrels shall not involve us in any way. This they will surely do if they are permitted to partition South America as they are doing Africa and Asia. We must insist on the doctrine of mutual non-intervention. Of course we cannot interfere in cases where just causes of grievance exist, excepting to insist that indemnities paid by American to European countries shall not consist of land. Thus the Corinto affair did not come within the scope of the Monroe Doctrine because no attempt at territorial seizure was made.

Finally it remains to dispose of one more objection to the Monroe Doctrine as a live policy of our Government. It is alleged that we must become involved in the revolutions of South American countries, and in their wars with Europe. A rational view of the Doctrine makes it clear that this is not the case. The sole practical application of this Doctrine is the restraint of European countries from acquiring territory and hence political power in America, and it extends to nothing else.

The maintenance of the Monroe Doctrine is of great importance to the future of republican institutions, not only in America, but throughout the world. It is especially the function of the United States to

lead in this great reform, and we should not shirk the responsibility which is clearly ours. No better opportunity than the present can well be thrown in our way. Europe is tied up with her mutual antagonisms. England cannot leave the Hellespont and India unguarded, and Germany cannot leave the Rhine provinces open to France. For Italy and Spain we care nothing, and Russia is not interested, for she has Asia on her hands. Why should we hesitate? We have not hesitated, and it will be to the honor of President Cleveland and his administration, and of this Congress, that they have accepted the responsibility. Let us hope that before another change in the Government takes place, Cuba will be added to the republican system of the United States.

The preceding pages express the thoughts of the author as to the principles involved in the Venezuelan dispute. As usual, besides the irrelevancy of much that has been said and written on the subject, a certain amount of bad feeling has been injected into the discussion. This is to be greatly deprecated, as it is the worst form of irrelevancy. The judgments on the part of some men of civilised races on other nations and races do not differ from those of savages. Because some Englishman has done wrong, or has been rude to us, therefore all Englishmen are hateful. A German hates a Frenchman, because a very few Frenchmen precipitated a war with Germany. A Frenchman hates all Germans, because the war ended unfavorably to the interests of France, etc., etc. Nothing is more absurd than national likes and dislikes. As an American, the present writer has learned to admire and respect men of all nations. Englishmen are at least as deserving of these sentiments as the people of any other nation. We should restrict our hostility to the man or the class of men who affront or injure us, and it is safe to say that for all of our disputes with England we are chiefly, if not entirely, indebted to the privileged or aristocratic class. We can expect nothing else from them, as our system is a standing proof to the world that a nation may be successful and happy without a class corresponding to theirs. If we oppose them even to the point of arms we should remember that we are contending for a principle, rather than to gratify a feeling of hostility to a people, the great majority of whom are desirous of remaining friendly to us, and to whom we are bound by many ties that make for peace.

THE SIGNIFICANCE OF THE MONROE DOCTRINE.

THE history of the Monroe Doctrine, which is admirably set forth by ex-Gov. Gustav Koerner,¹ is one thing, and its significance as a political maxim another.

¹ See *The Open Court*, No. 294, pp. 3623-3625.

The latter may be a misconception of the former; nevertheless it exists and we must reckon with it.

What the Monroe Doctrine is in the minds of the people has been sufficiently shown by the official acts of President Cleveland, which have (and there cannot be the slightest doubt about it) the moral support of the great majority of our citizens. The Monroe Doctrine means that the United States should pursue the policy which President Monroe proclaimed in his annual message of 1823. President Monroe said:

"We owe it to candor and to the amicable relations existing between the United States and the allied powers to declare, that we should consider any attempt on their part to extend their system to any portion of this hemisphere as dangerous to our peace and safety. With the existing colonies of any European power we have not interfered, and shall not interfere; but with the governments which have declared their independence and maintained it, and whose independence we have, on great consideration and principles, acknowledged, we could not view an interposition for oppressing them, or controlling in any other manner their destiny by any European power, in any other light than as a manifestation of an unfriendly disposition towards the United States."

The Monroe Doctrine is no international law; it is simply an aim or plan of policy pursued by the United States. It is not based upon a treaty with any of the powers, nor is it a pledge to interfere with the peaceful or hostile relations that may originate between the South American republics and any one of the European governments. The fact is that Napoleon III., taking advantage of our weakness during the Civil War, attempted to create an empire after the pattern of European monarchies in Mexico, and had the Confederacy of the Southern States succeeded in gaining and in maintaining their independence, what would have become of the United States and its broad and humanitarian ideals?

As soon as the Civil War was over the government of the United States openly declared its intentions to invade Mexico unless the French troops were withdrawn. The United States had as little business in Mexico as they have now in Venezuela, but they cannot remain indifferent to the introduction of monarchical or aristocratic principles of government into either continent of the two Americas. Considering the complications that may arise in the course of time, they have unequivocally and openly declared it to be "dangerous to their peace and safety," and those powers who care to preserve the amicable relations with them must respect this declaration.

Such is the Monroe Doctrine as it lives in the souls of a great number of American citizens, and in this sense must be interpreted President Cleveland's policy, who after the cool refusal of his offer of arbitration in the Venezuelan question, proposed in his message the appointment of a commission to definitely settle the

claims of England. Now the questions arise, (1) Is the Monroe Doctrine based upon international justice? (2) Is it a wise policy? and (3) Would it be right to risk a war on account of a dispute between England and Venezuela, concerning a territory of comparatively little value?

As to the justice of the Monroe Doctrine we must remember that it is not a question of law but of policy. It is a question of power, not of right or wrong. The United States have abstained from any interference in the politics of the European powers, because they do not wish to be implicated in their affairs and hope thus the better to preserve for themselves their own sphere of influence. The United States certainly have the right to pursue a policy as much as any other State, and they may, as much as England or any other country, set a limit to their ambition, and may declare how far they mean to extend the sphere of their pretensions. This has been done in the Monroe Doctrine, and it was done at the suggestion of a great English statesman, who should have foreseen that the ghost could more easily be raised than laid. The Monroe Doctrine is at least as right as the hoisting of the English flag in a new territory; nay, it is unquestionably more right, for it is not based upon the intention of conquest, it is nothing but a proclamation of sympathy with the preservation and integrity of our American sister-republics, and a hint that we would be willing to assist them in case of any "intervention for the purpose of oppressing them or controlling in any manner their destiny." This is the intention of the Monroe Doctrine, and as such it is known in England as the policy of the United States of America, for even so thoroughly an English work as the *Encyclopædia Britannica* says (XXIII., p. 762):

"The 'Monroe' Doctrine has remained the rule of foreign intercourse for all American parties."

The Monroe Doctrine does not imply that the United States are pledged to go to war whenever an American republic should get into trouble with a European power; it leaves the United States a free hand to decide whether or not in each particular case it would be wise to interfere, but it declares openly and without reserve on which side our sympathies will be.

Whether or not it would be wise to press the Monroe Doctrine at the present time and against so formidable a naval power as England is a question of politics which I do not wish to discuss; it certainly teaches us that in order to meet all emergencies we should preserve the financial credit of the nation. American securities have fallen on account of the war rumors, but they rose again, although slowly, and would have risen more quickly if our currency were not endangered by the shortsighted debates and dubious attitude of our Senate. The financial question is a great issue in it-

self and has directly nothing to do with the Monroe Doctrine, which latter simply means, and will always mean, whether or not the United States are willing to fight for the ideal of preserving America (so far as it is not in the hands of European powers) for independent American republics.

At any rate, if England encroaches upon the territory of any one of the American republics, she ought to know what to expect, and has no right to complain about a president of the United States who simply pursues the well-known traditional policy of his country.

This is an impartial statement of the situation, which in our opinion is radically misrepresented by our esteemed contributor Moncure D. Conway, whose denunciations of President Cleveland appear to lack all foundation. There is no jingoism in President Cleveland, nor is he the tool of rings and political jockeys. His good-will toward England and his love of peace cannot be doubted. His decisive stand in the Hawaiian question proved that he can turn a deaf ear to the temptation of extending the territory of the United States, but if for that reason the English government imagined that he would abandon all attempts whatever at pursuing a foreign policy, allowing the traditional aspirations of his country to die out, they were gravely mistaken in him.

As to Mr. Conway's wholesale attack upon American institutions, we submit that every good American citizen knows how far we still are from having attained the ideal of a truly republican administration. There are grievous diseases in our body politic, but he who denies that much progress, although it may be slow, has been made and is still being made, is not familiar with the state of things on this side of the Atlantic. England certainly cannot, nor can any one of the European nations, boast of being free from faults. The faults of England are partly the same as ours and lie partly in other fields. The text-books of history officially used in the schools of England and other European countries are not less falsified than those of the United States. Was there never a sudden rise or fall of securities consequent upon the actions of European prime ministers, such as Bismark, Palmerston, and others? If the President's sympathy with the wrongs which he cannot help supposing a weak little State has suffered from the hands of powerful England, be an affront, what shall we think of Emperor William who, a crowned monarch himself and a grandson of the Queen of Great Britain, could not refrain from congratulating the president of a small republic in the interior of Africa for having again repelled the encroachments of English usurpation? The Boers are anxious to remain Dutch Boers, and object to being governed by an English gold-mining com-

pany and their officials. Much may be said in favor of either side, the Boers and the English; nonetheless, both questions, that of Transvaal and that of Venezuela, are not simply monarchy versus republic, but independence versus intrusion. However, there is this difference, Emperor William yielded to an outburst of sentiment, while President Cleveland obeyed the call of duty as understood by himself and by the nation that he represents.

The new nation that is coalescing here from the various ingredients of European countries, is more than five-sixths Teutonic and almost half Anglo-Saxon. No wonder that we have a deep-seated feeling of kinship toward England, as also toward Germany and other European countries; but this feeling of kinship can only be preserved on the condition that our national ideals and aspirations are respected.

And we have the confidence that both the English Government and the English people will respect them, so much so that President Cleveland has as yet found it unnecessary to make preparations for war.

There is certainly no need of defending President Cleveland for upholding the Monroe Doctrine. The question was simply whether or not the nation would stand by him; and the Senate as well as the people were not reluctant with their endorsement.

The endorsement of Cleveland's policy by the nation came not in the form of chauvinistic outbursts but in the quiet determination of being willing to take the consequences, whatever they might be. P. C.

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BUDDHISM IN ITS CONTRAST WITH CHRISTIANITY, AS VIEWED BY SIR MONIER MONIER- WILLIAMS.

AMONG the authors who have written on the subjects of Brahmanism and Buddhism Sir Monier Monier-Williams, Boden Professor of Sanskrit at Oxford, is one of the most distinguished and prominent authorities. Not only are his Sanskrit Dictionary, Grammar, and Manual standard works of philological scholarship, but also his translations exhibit the genius of a poet who can re-think and re-feel the ideas of bards who lived in ages long past and uttered thoughts which it is difficult for us to comprehend in their original significance. There can be no doubt but Sir Monier Monier-Williams's books on Brahmanism and Hinduism and on Buddhism give us most reliable and instructive information concerning the two great religions of India, and I confess that their study has proved to me extremely profitable. But one point challenges my opposition; it is, not that he writes from the standpoint of a Christian, for he has not only a right, but is even under the obligation to do so; nor is it that his works possess the character of contributions to Christian apologetics, a mission which is implied in the duties of the Boden professorship held by him: it is that he narrows Christianity to the dogmatic conception of the Anglican church creeds, and establishes on this ground distinctions which, if tenable, will not, as Sir Monier believes, lift Christianity above Buddhism, but, on the contrary, would give the first place to Buddhism and annul all the claims that Christianity may make to catholicity.

Professor Williams openly states that he has "depicted Buddhism from the standpoint of a believer in Christianity" (p. ix), and when delivering in 1888 his Duff-Lectures which form the nucleus of his book on Buddhism, he expressed his "deep sense of the responsibility which the writing of these Lectures had laid upon him and his earnest desire that they may by their usefulness prove in some degree worthy of the great missionary whose name they bear."¹ Even the title of the book announces that Buddhism is treated "in its contrast with Christianity."

After these statements we are prepared for an *ex*

parte exposition of Buddha's doctrines which, however, considering the antagonistic attitude of Sir Monier Monier-Williams is as just and fair as can be expected. The book is valuable on account of its author's unquestionable ability in selecting and marshalling his materials in a masterly way, but it is marred by repeated attempts to belittle Buddha, "who," Sir Monier says, "if not worthy to be called the 'Light of Asia,' and certainly unworthy of comparison with the 'Light of the World,' was at least one of the world's most successful teachers." In spite of Buddha's alleged unworthiness to be compared with Christ, Sir Monier compares the two constantly; he does so in spite of himself, and all Christians do so and cannot help doing so, because the comparison forces itself upon every one who familiarises himself with the lives of these two greatest religious leaders of mankind.

Professor Williams is undoubtedly anxious to be just toward Buddha, but we cannot help taking him to task for a certain animosity which is shown in occasional distortions of the accounts of Buddha's life and doctrines. Thus he says, when Buddha preached to his disciples, his sermon "was addressed to monks," while "that of Christ was addressed not to monks but to suffering sinners" (p. 44), as if the disciples of Christ were not in the same predicament as the monks that followed Buddha; for Christ's disciples, too, had forsaken their homes in order to devote themselves exclusively to the salvation of their souls. The term "monk" smacks of a Roman Catholic institution that has become odious in Protestant countries. On the other hand, the word "sinner" expresses a self-humiliation popular in certain Christian circles only, but offensive to those who believe in the dignity of man. Albeit, whether monks or sinners, both the disciples of Buddha and Christ were salvation-seeking men.

An actual misrepresentation, prompted by an unconscious disdain for Buddha, lies in the following passage:

"The story is that Gautama died from eating too much pork (or dried boar's flesh). As this is somewhat derogatory to his dignity it is not likely to have been fabricated. A fabrication, too, would scarcely make him guilty of the inconsistency of saying 'Kill no living thing,' and yet setting an example of eating flesh-meat."

¹Quoted literally, only changing "me" into "him."

The fact is, that according to the common and probably reliable tradition, Buddha's last meal consisted in dried boar's meat and rice given him by the smith Chunda of Pava; and we must not forget the advanced age of the great Shakyamuni, whose life at the time of his death was four score years. I have been unable to discover any report which states that Buddha ate "too much," but there are reports stating that the meat was not fit to eat. Whatever the condition of the meat may have been, it is certain that while the great majority of Buddhists abstain from meat, Buddha taught that salvation could not be obtained by abstinence from meat alone but by purity of heart. Professor Williams probably remembers the *Amagandha-sutta* which sets forth that evil habits, wicked deeds, and impure thoughts defile a man, but *not the eating of flesh*—a declaration seven times emphasised in the refrain of the verses 4-10.

Accordingly, there is no inconsistency in Buddha's eating meat, yet as to the statement that Buddha ate "too much," we can only say that it is an unjustifiable accusation which we confidently hope Professor Williams will expunge from eventual future editions of his book. Buddha probably often enough ate disgusting food on his wanderings through the country of Magadha, for he was not always the guest of kings, but more often a recipient of the hospitality of poor villagers—a fact which is not only in itself probable, but is actually mentioned in various Chinese accounts of Buddha's life, as, for instance, in the *Fo-Sho-Hing-Tsan-King*. Considering the hot climate of India, too, it is not improbable, that the meat Buddha ate for his last meal was tainted. Such in fact is the report of the *Mahaparinibbāna Sutta IV.*, 19, where we read:

"Now the Blessed One addressed Chunda, the worker in metals, and said: 'Whatever dried boar's flesh, Chunda, is left over to thee, that bury in a hole. I see no one, Chunda, on earth nor in Māra's domain, nor in the Brahma's heaven, no one among Samanas and Brāhmanas, among gods and men, by whom, when he has eaten it, that food can be assimilated, save by the Tathāgata.'

"'Even so, Lord!' said Chunda, the worker in metals, in assent, to the Blessed One. And whatever dried boar's flesh remained over, that he buried in a hole."

In the face of death, and suffering from the pains of the consequence of his last meal, Buddha reveals a nobility of character, which shows that he was not only great, but also amiable. When Buddha felt that his end drew near, he said:

"Now it may happen, Ānanda, that some one should stir up remorse in Chunda, the smith, by saying, 'This is evil to thee, Chunda, and loss to thee in that when the Tathāgata had eaten his last meal from thy provision, then he died.' Any such remorse, Ānanda, in Chunda, the smith, should be checked by saying, 'This is good to thee, Chunda, and gain to thee, in that when the Tathāgata had eaten his last meal from thy provision, then he died. . . . There has been laid up by Chunda, the smith, a karma

redounding to length of life, redounding to good birth, redounding to good fortune, redounding to good fame, redounding to the inheritance of heaven, and of sovereign power.' In this way, Ānanda, should be checked any remorse in Chunda, the smith."

While Buddha rejected the idea of obtaining salvation through abstinence from flesh food, he certainly did not encourage the slaughter of animals for the sake of making food of them. Thus a great number of Buddhists abstain from eating fish and meat; but there are some Buddhists (I refer, for instance, to the Shin-Shiu, the largest sect of Japan) who do eat fish and flesh, and they are recognised as good Buddhists as much as Lutherans may be called good Christians.

There is no need of picking out all the passages in Sir Monier Monier-Williams's book on Buddhism which appear to be dictated by a partisan spirit favoring a dogmatic conception of Christianity and apt to prove offensive to the followers of Buddha. I shall, therefore, limit my critical remarks to the last chapter of the book, entitled "Buddhism, contrasted with Christianity" (pp. 337-563).

Professor Williams says: "Christianity is a religion, whereas Buddhism, at least in its earliest and truest form, is no religion at all." And why not? Because

"A religion, in the proper sense of the word, must postulate the existence of one living and true God of infinite power, wisdom, and love, the Creator, Designer, and Preserver of all things visible and invisible. It must also take for granted the immortality of man's soul or spirit. . . . Starting from these assumptions, it must satisfy four requisites: (1) it must reveal the Creator, (2) it must reveal man to himself, (3) it must reveal some method by which the finite creature may communicate with the infinite Creator, (4) it must prove its title to be called a religion by its regenerating effect on man's nature."

We must add that Professor Williams apparently understands by God and soul the traditional conceptions of dogmatic Christianity; and his faith in God and soul is a mere "postulate," for in the realm of experience no trace can be found of either. Thus our knowledge of both must be attributed to a special and supernatural revelation. The word "reveal" in the passage quoted is intended to be understood in the narrow sense, as opposed to the revelations of the senses and of science.

What a poor comfort is the belief in a postulated and specially revealed God! A postulated God is distant and hidden—even to the sages of the most enlightened pagans. We are informed that what they, the "unaided," know of noble and elevating truths is a mere natural product of their investigation; it is at best what any scientist can discover by the usual methods of scientific inquiry. Their God, it appears, can only be the God of the Religion of Science, who is the divinity of existence, the eternal condition of man's rationality, the standard of all truth, and the authority

of right and justice; but not a metaphysical ego-deity whose existence can only be known by an act of special revelation.

We must add that, in our opinion, the God of dogmatism is not the God of the Israelitic prophets, nor of Paul, nor of Christ. The founders of Christianity were as broad as Socrates, as Lao-tsz', and even as Buddha—though Buddha was the broadest of all. They proclaimed no *Quicunque*; the condition of salvation which they held out to the poor in spirit resembled closely the Dharma of Buddha, but not the Thirty-nine Articles of the Anglican Church, nor the confession of faith of any other Christian church. It would take too much space to reprint any one of them, be it the Augustana of the Lutherans, or the Thirty-nine Articles of the Episcopalians, or the Westminster Confession, or the decrees of the Tridentinum, or a papal bull, perhaps the famous bull of Innocence VIII., issued in 1484, which brought the terrors of the witch persecutions down on Europe.¹

There is none of these but contains the most irrational and even barbarous and immoral propositions proclaimed in the name of God and professing to be the true and orthodox interpretation of God's revelation. Compare any one with Buddha's Dharma, which is briefly condensed in the famous stanza:

"To abandon all wrong-doing,
To lead a virtuous life
And cleanse one's heart.
That is the religion of all Buddhas."

Buddha's religion is very much like that of Christ, but it differs greatly from the Christianity of Christian dogmatism. Christ requests men to have *faith* (i. e., Hebrew *amunah*, firmness of character, or Greek *πίστις*, faithfulness or fidelity), which is a moral quality implying steadfast confidence; the churches demand *belief*, i. e. taking something for granted. We cannot live without faith, but we can very well exist without belief, for we can be faithful in the performance of our duties, the correctness of which we may be able to know and understand. In fact, whenever belief is necessary, it plays a mere temporary part, for we must strive with might and main to replace it by knowledge.

Measured by the standard of Professor Williams's religious ideal, (which, being the Christianity of belief, not of faith, starts, as he expressly states it, from "assumptions," and is based upon a "taking for granted,") Buddhism is no religion at all. For, says he of Buddhism:

"It failed to satisfy these conditions. It refused to admit the existence of a personal Creator, or of man's dependence on a higher Power. It denied any eternal soul or Ego in man. It acknowledged no external, supernatural revelation. It had no priesthood—no real clergy; no real prayer; no real worship. It had no true idea of sin, or of the need of pardon, and it con-

demned man to suffer the consequences of his own sinful acts without hope of help from any Saviour or Redeemer, and indeed from any being but himself."

Now, as I understand Buddhism, all these drawbacks are its greatest glory; and if there is any truth in Christianity, Christianity also must possess these very same features.

Professor Williams says on page 14:

"Buddhism—with no God higher than the perfect man—has no pretensions to be called a religion in the true sense of the word."

Remember that Christ was crucified on the charge of blasphemy. If the dogmas of Christianity have any meaning at all, they proclaim this central truth of all genuine religion, that the Deity is revealed in humanity; God is nothing more nor less than those eternal conditions of being which beget man—i. e., the rational and morally aspiring being. Christ is God's equal. God is the Father, Christ is the Son; and the Son and the Father are one. In a word, the significance of Christianity is that God reveals himself in the perfect man. The ideal of human perfection is identical with true divinity.

Buddhism developed the idea of Amitâbha Buddha, personifying in him the omnipresent conditions of enlightenment. There is no God higher than Buddha, and there is nothing greater in God than that which produces the ideal of a perfect man.

But Buddhism denies the existence of "a soul or ego." Very well! Did Christ ever teach that the soul of man is his ego? If the belief in an ego-soul were one of the essential ingredients of "a religion in the proper sense of the word," Christ should have enlightened us about it. He did nothing of the kind, and this being so, we must begin seriously to doubt whether Christ ever taught a religion in the proper sense of the word. Indeed if Buddha's doctrine of the soul is nihilistic and pessimistic, we must say the same of St. Paul, for he declares that he himself has been crucified with Christ, and that not he himself, i. e., Paul, liveth, but Christ liveth in him.

As to prayer we can only say that Christ did his best to abolish "real prayer," (that is, prayer in the sense of begging) by instituting for it the Lord's prayer, which is no prayer in the proper sense of the word. Christ said: "When thou prayest thou shalt not be as the hypocrites are; . . . when ye pray use not vain repetitions as the heathen do, . . . your father knoweth what things ye have need of, before ye ask him." The Lord's prayer, accordingly, is a prayer which contains no prayers whatever; the fourth supplication, "give us this day our daily bread," appears as a request, but considered in the context of the whole Sermon on the Mount, we find that Christ emphasises the word "this day," which must be interpreted as noth-

¹The bull is known by its initial words: "*Summis desiderantes affectibus*,"

ing else than the injunction "Take no thought for the morrow!"

The same is true of the fifth supplication, "Forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive those who trespass against us." The burden of these words lies in the clause introduced by "as," which again is no prayer, but contains a vow.

The Lord's prayer is not so much addressed to God who "knoweth what things we have need of," but to the person who wants to pray. It is no begging, but a self-discipline. It satisfies a craving which is natural in weak-hearted persons, in adult children, but unworthy of a man. In the form of a prayer, the Lord's prayer abolishes "real prayer." It teaches man no longer to pray, or to attempt to change the will of God, but to change the will of the praying person, by saying "not my will but God's will must be done." "Real prayer" is a heathenish notion implicating the heart in hypocrisy.

If there is any philosopher of weight who can be called Christian it is Kant. Educated by pious parents, and himself deeply religious, he preserved of the faith of his childhood as much as possible; and hear what he says about prayer:

"To expect of prayer other than natural effects is foolish and needs no explicit refutation. We can only ask, Is not prayer to be retained for the sake of its natural effects? Among the natural effects we count that the dark and confused ideas present in the soul are either clarified through prayer, or that they receive a higher degree of intensity; that the motives of a virtue receive greater efficacy, etc., etc.

"We have to say that prayer can, for the reasons adduced, be recommended only subjectively, for he who can in another way attain to the effects for which prayer is recommended will not be in need of it.

"A man may think, 'If I pray to God, it can hurt me in no wise; for should he not exist, very well! in that case I have done too much of a good thing; but if he does exist, it will help me.' This *Prosopopöia* (face-making) is hypocrisy, for we have to presuppose in prayer that he who prays is firmly convinced that God exists.

"The consequence of this is that he who has made great moral progress ceases to pray, for honesty is one of his principal maxims. And further, that those whom one surprises in prayer are ashamed of themselves.

"In public sermons before the public, prayer must be retained, because it can be rhetorically of great effect, and can make a great impression. Moreover, in sermons before the people one has to appeal to their sensuality, and must, as much as possible, stoop down to them."

The Buddhist prayer is of the same nature as the Lord's prayer, in the sense in which we conceive it and as Kant would have interpreted its purport. It is no longer a prayer in the proper sense of the word; it is a vow. Like the Lord's prayer, the Buddhist vows teach men to take refuge in religion, and that is more than any "real prayer" can ask or do for us.

Professor Williams says (p. 544), "the main idea implied by Buddhism is intellectual enlightenment."

With all deference to Professor Williams's knowledge of the significance of Buddhist doctrines, we must beg him to omit the word "intellectual." Buddha's idea of "enlightenment" (in contradistinction to Christian dogmatism) certainly includes "intellectual enlightenment," but it is first and last and mainly an enlightenment of the heart.

Professor Williams says:

"What says our Bible? We Christians, it says, are members of Christ's Body—of His flesh and of His bones—of that Divine Body which was once a suffering Body, a cross-bearing Body, and is now a glorified Body, an ever-living, life-giving Body. Hence it teaches us to honor and revere the human body; nay, almost to deify the human body.

"A Buddhist, on the other hand, treats every kind of body with contempt, and repudiates as a simple impossibility, all idea of being a member of the Buddha's body. How could a Buddhist be a member of a body which was burnt to ashes—which was calcined,—which became extinct at the moment when the Buddha's whole personality became extinguished also?"

Here we have a new Christology and a new Christian dogma which demands Christians "almost to deify the human body." The passage to which Professor Williams refers (1. Cor. vi., 15-20) cannot be interpreted in the sense that Christians "are members of Christ's body—of His flesh and of His bones." For in that very passage we read:

"He that is joined unto the Lord is one spirit."

Further says Paul:

"O wretched man that I am, who shall deliver me from the body of this death." (Rom. vii., 24.)

The New Testament treats the body as forfeited to death; and there is certainly truth in this view, although it has been wrongly interpreted in Christian asceticism and monk morality. As to Buddha, it is well known that while he did not seek the pleasures of the body, he spurned asceticism as a wrong method of seeking salvation. Whenever Buddhists retained mortifications they did so in violation of the most unequivocal injunctions and of the historically best assured traditions of Buddha's Dharma. As to "the Body of Buddha," Professor Williams overlooks here the well-known Buddhist doctrine that Buddha's body is the Dharma. When Buddha died, his bodily life was dissolved into non-existence, but not his doctrine. His individuality was gone, but not the enlightenment of his Buddhahood. We read in "The Book of the Great Decease" (Chap. VI., 1):

"Now the Blessed One addressed the venerable Ānanda, and said: 'It may be, Ānanda, that in some of you the thought may arise, "The word of the Master is ended, we have no teacher more!" But it is not thus, Ānanda, that you should regard it. The truths and the rules of the order which I have set forth and laid down for you all, let them, after I am gone, be the Teacher to you.'"

Further Professor Williams says:

"The Buddha had no idea of sin as an offence against God

(p. 546). Nor did the Buddha ever claim to be a deliverer from guilt, a purger from the taints of past pollution. . . . On the contrary, by his doctrine of Karma he bound a man hand and foot to the inevitable consequences of his own evil actions with chains of adamant. He said, in effect, to every one of his disciples, 'You are in slavery to a tyrant of your own setting up; your own deeds, words, and thoughts in your present and former states of being, are your own avengers through a countless series of existences.'

"If you have been a murderer, a thief, a liar, impure, a drunkard, you must pay the penalty in your next birth . . . your doom is sealed. Not in the heavens, O man, not in the midst of the sea, not if thou hidest thyself in the clefts of the mountains, wilt thou find a place where thou canst escape the force of thine own evil actions. Thy only hope of salvation is in thyself. Neither god nor man can save thee, and I am wholly powerless to set thee free."

Buddha teaches that the evil consequences of error, sin, and wrongdoing cannot be escaped; but the passage to which Professor Williams refers is incomplete without its counter-truth, that good deeds, too, will not fail to bear good fruits. Buddha teaches:

"As the welcome of kinsfolk and friends awaits him who has been abroad and is now returning in safety: so the fruits of his good works greet the man who has walked in the path of righteousness when he passes over from the present life into the hereafter."

To quote the one without the other would be the same as if some one cited from the New Testament the words, "He who does not believe shall be damned," and forgets to add the counter proposition, "He who believes shall be saved."

In Professor Williams's opinion, Christianity is superior to Buddhism, because it is said actually to relieve the believer from the consequences of sin. He continues:

"And now, contrast the few brief words of Christ in his first recorded sermon. 'The spirit of the Lord is upon Me, because He hath anointed Me to preach good tidings to the poor; He hath sent Me to proclaim liberty to the captives, and recovering of sight to the blind, and the opening of the prison to them that are bound.'"

Buddha would never have said, "the spirit of the Lord is upon me," (which is a peculiarly Hebrew expression,) and it is very improbable that Christ would ever have thought of saying anything like it. As to the substance of this proclamation, Professor Williams will be aware that both Buddha and Christ promised to give liberty to the captives, the recovery of sight to the blind, and the faculty of comprehension to the deaf.

Professor Williams sums up:

"Yes, in Christ alone there is deliverance from the bondage of former transgressions, from the prison-house of former sins; a total cancelling of the past; a complete blotting-out of the hand-writing that is against us; an entire washing away of every guilty stain; the opening of a clear course for every man to start afresh; the free gift of pardon and of life to every criminal, to every sinner—even the most heinous and inveterate."

Captain C. Pfouder, a resident of Japan, who has made a study of Japanese Buddhism, says on the sub-

ject of the doctrine of atonement, viewing it from a purely practical standpoint:

"It is all too true, and more the pity it is that it is so, that the converts (nominal) to Christianity are largely natives whose conduct is such that by the general opinion of foreign residents such converts are not the most desirable class to employ. The true Buddhist has ever in mind the fear of punishment hereafter for misdeeds, not to be lightly atoned for. 'The naughty little boy who is always ready to say he "is sorry," if he is assured that this will obtain forgiveness,' has no counterpart in true Buddhism; and the too easily purchased pardon of Christian mission teaching is viewed as a danger, from the ethical standpoint, by the educated and intelligent Asiatic."

If the essence of Christianity consists in the hope of an entire washing away of every guilty stain and getting rid of the consequences of our evil deeds, we can only hope that the civilised nations of mankind will abandon Christianity. Buddha's doctrine is certainly grander and, what is more, truer than this hollow doctrine of a salvation of the guilty by the death of the innocent. Buddha, when speaking of sacrifices, rejected the idea that blood can wash away sins, and when he regarded himself as the saviour of man, he meant that he was their teacher. He claimed to have pointed out the way of salvation and to have removed the cataract from the eyes of the blind, but he expects every one of his followers to exert himself when walking on the path.

A man converted from sin is saved in the sense that henceforth he will walk in the right direction; his character is changed; he turns over a new leaf, but he cannot annihilate the past and the consequences of his former karma.

The dogma of the vicarious atonement through Christ's death is a survival of the age of barbarism; for it is based upon the savage's idea of religion which represents God as an Apache chieftain who, when offended, thirsts for the death of somebody and must be pacified with blood.

He who believes it necessary to "postulate" the existence of a metaphysical *âtman*-God in addition to the real God, whose presence appears in the facts of experience, and of a *purusha*-soul in addition to the psychic realities of our life, will naturally regard the extinction of the illusion of "the thought 'I am,'" (i. e., the error of the existence of an individual ego-self) and of an individual God-being, as dreary nihilism and "morbid pessimism." Professor Williams says:

"What is Buddhism? If it were possible to reply to the inquiry in one word, one might perhaps say that true Buddhism, theoretically stated, is Humanitarianism, meaning by that term something very like the gospel of humanity preached by the Positivist, whose doctrine is the elevation of man through man—that is, through human intellects, human intuitions, human teaching, human experiences, and accumulated human efforts—to the highest ideal of perfection; and yet something very different. For the Buddhist ideal differs *toto cælo* from the Positivist's, and consists

in the renunciation of all personal existence, even to the extinction of humanity itself. The Buddhist's perfection is destruction."

The Buddhist perfection consists in the complete surrender of the illusion of an ego-self; and Professor Williams meant to say that the Buddhist's perfection should, from his standpoint of a believer in an ego-self, be regarded as tantamount to destruction; for he knows very well, and happily says it too, that it is not so. But so little does Professor Williams understand the positivism of Buddha's doctrine, that he regards Buddha as inconsistent, because, instead of proclaiming the ideal of destruction, or surrendering himself to quietism, Buddha rouses himself and his followers to energetic work and sympathetic usefulness.

Professor Williams says:

"In fact it was characteristic of a supreme Buddha that he should belie, by his own activity and compassionate feelings, the utter apathy and indifference to which his own doctrines logically led."

According to my comprehension of Buddhism, Buddha need not in his ethics belie his own doctrines; for his ethics are an immediate consequence of his doctrines. Should not Professor Williams first suspect his conception of Buddhism, before he imputes to so profound and clear a thinker, as Buddha unquestionably was, a gross inconsistency on the main issues of his religion?

A few days ago I received a booklet entitled *Happiness* which is a comparison of Christianity with Buddhism from a Buddhist standpoint. It is ostensibly written by a Buddhist who presents a friend and co-religionist with the impressions he receives during a sojourn in England. In spite of its crude make-up the booklet is cleverly designed and makes some good points which are decided hits on a literal belief in dogmatic Christianity. Salvation is defined by this Buddhist author as "The destruction of ego or of the misery of existence." He adds: "I find that they [the Christians] always think we mean the destruction of existence itself and not of the misery." Concerning the Christian idea of salvation he says: "They imagine they go to their heaven, ego and all; throwing their blackest sins on the shoulders of their God."

The Buddhist and Christian conceptions of religion are contrasted as follows:

"Ours. Destruction of *Ego* by knowledge, gratitude, and love; the practice of which is intense happiness.

"Theirs is more the worship of *God*, chiefly for the forgiveness of sin, as if such forgiveness were possible, without suffering; whilst ours is the destruction of the evil itself."

When speaking about the doctrine of atonement, our Buddhist author says:

"This strange idea arises I think from their notion of a despotic and capricious *God*, who forgives or condemns in a moment without reason, yet, at the same time, with this unmerciful *God*

there is no forgiveness—the debt of sin must be paid with innocent blood, though it involve the sacrifice of his own innocent son."

Several paragraphs are devoted to prayer which with Buddhists is "contemplation and self-examination." Speaking of the Lord's prayer our Buddhist critic says:

"You would think Him [the God of the Christians] an incompetent being, when they set Him a good example—'Forgive us . . . as we forgive.' But if He followed their example He would rarely forgive them.

"Again, you would say they were praying to some evil spirit, when they beg him not to lead them into temptation."

The Buddhist and Christian conceptions of Hell are tersely condensed in these statements:

"Ours. The effect of obedience to *Ego*, here and hereafter, while it lasts.

"Their Hell is like their Heaven, a place—not a state—where the identical earthly bodies of nearly all humanity will be tormented in actual fire for ever; to no purpose, except to satisfy the vindictiveness of their Creator, whom they call the 'God of Love.

"They do not see that it is the *Ego* that tortures, and not *God*; that he cannot torture, and has no Hell."

These quotations show how easily a religion is misrepresented, but we are sorry to say that the great mass of Christians justify the above criticism by actually believing in the letter of their dogmas. We trust that there is a nobler Christianity than Christian dogmatism, but Sir Monier Monier-Williams regards the belief in the atonement of sin by the innocent blood of Christ, the efficacy of real prayer, the reality of an ego-soul, and the existence of a personal and miracle-working God-Creator, as the essence of Christianity.

In a summary of his comparison of Christianity with Buddhism, Professor Williams says:

"Buddhism, I repeat, says: Act righteously through your own efforts, and for the final getting rid of all suffering, of all individuality, of all life in yourselves. Christianity says: Be righteous through a power implanted in you from above, through the power of a life-giving principle, freely given to you, and always abiding in you. The Buddha said to his followers: 'Take nothing from me, trust to yourselves alone.' Christ said: 'Take all from Me; trust not to yourselves. I give unto you eternal life, I give unto you the bread of heaven, I give unto you living water.' Not that these priceless gifts involve any passive condition of inaction. On the contrary, they stir the soul of the recipient with a living energy. They stimulate him to noble deeds and self-sacrificing efforts. They compel him to act as the worthy, grateful, and appreciative possessor of so inestimable a treasure.

"Still, I seem to hear some one say: We acknowledge this; we admit the truth of what you have stated; nevertheless, for all that, you must allow that Buddhism conferred a great benefit on India by encouraging freedom of thought and by setting at liberty its teeming population, before entangled in the meshes of ceremonial observances and Brahmanical priestcraft.

"Yes, I grant this: nay, I grant even more than this. I admit that Buddhism conferred many other benefits on the millions inhabiting the most populous part of Asia. It introduced education and culture; it encouraged literature and art; it promoted physical, moral, and intellectual progress up to a certain point; it

proclaimed peace, good-will, and brotherhood among men; it deprecated war between nation and nation; it avowed sympathy with social liberty and freedom; it gave back much independence to women; it preached purity in thought, word, and deed (though only for the accumulation of merit); it taught self-denial without self-torture; it inculcated generosity, charity, tolerance, love, self-sacrifice, and benevolence, even towards the inferior animals; it advocated respect for life and compassion towards all creatures; it forbade avarice and the hoarding of money; and from its declaration that a man's future depended on his present acts and condition, it did good service for a time in preventing stagnation, stimulating exertion, promoting good works of all kinds, and elevating the character of humanity."

If Professor Williams's conception of Christianity must be accepted as true Christianity, Christianity will pass away to make room for Buddhism. Happily, Christianity is a living religion, that, having passed through the stage of metaphysical dogmatism, is still possessed of the power of regeneration, so as to approach more and more—though progress is sometimes slow—the ideal of a genuine catholicity. Those features which Professor Williams regards as the essential grandeur of Christianity, are a most serious defect; and their absence in Buddhism indicates that it is the more advanced religion. That religion only which has overcome the pagan notions of a special revelation, of atonement through blood, of wiping out the past, of the miraculous power of prayer, of the ego-consciousness as a kind of thing-in-itself, and of a creation out of nothing by a God-magician, can eventually become the religion of mankind.

For myself, I must confess that I never felt more like a true Buddhist than after a perusal of Professor Williams's description of Buddhism; for I am now more firmly convinced than ever, that our Church-Christianity can only become a scientifically true and logically sound religion of cosmic and universal significance, by being transformed into that Buddhism which Professor Williams refuses to regard "as a religion in the proper sense of the word."

Did you never read in the Scriptures, "The stone which the builders rejected, the same has become the head of the corner"? P. C.

GERALD MASSEY.

BY AMOS WATERS.

THE proverbial ingratitude of democracies, allied to the jealousies of the literary mutual-admiration society against eminent "outsiders," has been vividly illustrated in the later years of Gerald Massey, poet, Egyptologist, Shakesperian philosopher, and evangelist of the Higher Spiritualism. Hither and thither for Tennyson's successor the critics have cast, log-rollers have advertised their superior article, minor bards have self-consciously assisted the chorus of discussion with tongue-in-cheek: a serene conspiracy of silence has, all the while, concealed the very existence of Massey from court and people. To adopt the oblique sneer of Rudyard Kipling, Massey "does not advertise." Yet many of a former generation held his singing-voice as the sweetest in the land. Some observant ones held that the right of re-

version belonged, by way of separation, to Massey when Tennyson should resign his crown. The charge of plagiarism always singularly irritated the late Laureate. Yet, years before Tennyson penned three of his more famous war-songs—"The Revenge," "The Defence of Lucknow," and "The Charge of the Heavy Brigade," Massey conceived and published "Sir Richard Grenville's Last Fight," "The Relief," and "Scarlett's Three Hundred." The unique coincidence of lit and imagery convict the laggard, if more eminent minstrel, of "lifting" from the more obscure and original bard.

Gerald Massey was one of the pioneers of Chartism over fifty years backward, a colleague of the late General Trumbull whose pen embellished the pages of *The Open Court*, and of George Julian Harney, now of the *Newcastle Weekly Chronicle*. Apart from his poems *My Lyrical Life*,¹ Mr. Massey is esteemed for his *Secret Drama of Shakespeare's Sonnets*,² a brilliant plea against the revolting "autobiographical theory" of the sonnets, and a noble vindication of elevated drama against neurotic analysis. This "labor of love" is monumental in scheme and scope. His muse is universal, reaching all heads; his interpretation of Shakespeare appeals to cultured students. Yet his massive claim to be counted on the roll of heroic speculators is unquestionable, when we consider his contributions to the profounder aspects and results of evolution. In four mighty volumes,³ he writes as "an evolutionist for evolutionists" an attempt to recover and reconstitute the missing origins of myth and mystery, type and symbol, religion and language. In Africa he finds the birthplace, in Egypt the mouthpiece. He battles for evolution with original and aboriginal evidence rescued, whether truth or illusion, as audacious divers rescue portents from the perilous depths of mysterious seas. Herr Pietschmann with some truth said the *Book of the Beginnings* was "inspired by an unrestrained thirst for discovery"; a judgment which may suggest itself to all who weigh the stupendous mass of evidence accumulated by the author, during the dozen years of labor when, like Livingstone, he disappeared from public gaze.

Roughly outlined, Mr. Massey's contentions are that the black race is first and emerged in Africa, swarming thence into Egypt, this exodus being the precursor of language, religion, literature, and civilisation. He is not content as Captain Burton said, to allow the Sanskrit edifice to fall by its own weight but rides at it lance at rest. Every name, tradition, symbol, observance, is ingeniously traced to Egyptian origin. Occasionally conclusions are historically startling—such, for example, as the identification of the Arsuf ruling in the anarchic interval preceding the reign of Seli-Nekht with Moses. His key of Kamite typology is applied to type-names of places, rivers, caves, and hills in Britain, to demonstrate that the most ancient of these names are not Aryan nor Semite but are still extant in Africa. Root-words run through all languages, which points to unity of origin. The types and symbols preceding languages yet remain and the words they represent are held as valuable in evidence as archaic coins. This method is enlarged into such all-embracing conclusions, as that the true subject-matter of various scriptures is astronomical mythology converted—or perverted—into human history. Mythology is the mirror of prehistoric sociology, which reflects the minutest details of origins: the signs of gesture-language and typical figures, these becoming sacred in the course of time and passing into the fetishistic phase. In Mr. Massey's profound interpretation phallic foundations are disclosed with a curious and simple necessity, which subdues the "grin of the satyr in Greece, or the libidinous leer of the subject in its Italian phase." The final applica-

¹ Two volumes, Kegan Paul, Trench & Co.

² Same publishers.

³ *Book of Beginnings* and *The Natural Genesis*. Williams & Norgate, publishers.

tion of the whole method to the creed of Christendom concludes one of the most remarkable departures of modern speculation.

In *Ten Lectures*, now widely circulating, Mr. Massey in such subjects as "Lunilolary Ancient and Modern," and "Man in Search of His Soul During Fifty Thousand Years, and How He Found It," popularly reviews certain results of his researches and colors such results with ethics and humanitarian sentiments. The spiritualism that dawns on many pages is not the vulgar cult of the hired medium, but the affirmation of eternal soul against shallow and now discarded materialism. These lectures, when verbally delivered, attracted cultured audiences in America, Australia, and England.

THE UNKNOWN GOD.

BY WILHELMINE DARROW.

"I found an altar with this inscription:
'To the unknown God.'"

Know ye not Him,—the Unknown God,
To whom ye altars raise?
Know ye not Him?—every phase
Of life is attribute to Him.
His temples are the forests dim,
And blossoming verdure of the sod.

Know ye not Him, whose vestures flame the sky
In glory of the sunset's glow?
'Mid the shining heights of Alpine snow
His covenant, "the everlasting hills,"
Deep-voiced with many rills,
All Him proclaim,—the Priest most high.

Know ye not Him? His Written Word
To read, nor scribe nor cabala
From first to last of nature's law.
Who builds his faith, 'tis of his need,
But outward upward from that need
By growth of soul he shall know God.

So many lives the martyr's path have trod,
So many lives uncircumscribed by creeds,
Who hold the burden of another's needs,
Who Christlike bear for truth the cross,
For honor's sake dare suffer loss,—
These souls somewhere, some time, shall know their God.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE "DOITCHER'S" PURITANISM.

To the Editor of *The Open Court*:

Hardly any experiment is more hopeless than to tempt me to enter an *ex parte*, prejudiced court for instruction or justice. This last specimen number, for instance, has the Doitcher's view of puritanism, as you might catch it in a beer-garden, and goes on to flout the early settlers of the country as if it were the commonest certainty that other folk at that remote day were generally better informed and better behaved than they. The *New York Nation* seems to me a preferable Court. J. Nelson Trask.
New Salem, Mass.

[How fallacious we mortals are! The article referred to by our correspondent is written by Dr. Felix Oswald, one of the most zealous advocates of total abstinence in the world!—En.]

1 Watts & Co., publishers.

BOOK REVIEWS.

SECHS GESÄNGE AUS DANTE'S GÖTTLICHER KOMÖDIE. Deutsch und eingeleitet mit einem Versuch über die Anwendung der Alliteration bei Dante. By B. Carneri. Wien: Carl Koenig. 1896.

Mr. B. Carneri, the well-known author of books on evolution and the ethical aspect of evolution, one of those few great pioneers of progress who hailed Darwin and understood the import of his teachings before he was recognised by the world at large, presents us with a booklet containing six cantos of Dante's *Divina Comedia* translated into German and calling attention for the first time to the wonderful use which Dante made of alliteration. The frequency of the instances quoted by Carneri in his Preface, prove his theory beyond a doubt, and it shows at the same time the mastership of Dante, who was very far from playing with alliteration, but used it only as an enforcement to give additional strength to rhyme when emphasising certain ideas.

As to the translation of six of the most beautiful cantos (V., XV., XIX., XXIII., VI., XVII.) we have to say that they will be welcome to many who can appreciate the delicate sense of beauty of the translator. No doubt there are several very good and complete German translations. But Mr. Carneri has done his work with much love and has been successful in avoiding all harsh sounds and hiatuses. His booklet is a good introduction to those who know little or nothing about Dante's *Divina Comedia*, and it will be considered by those who know Dante a valuable contribution to Dante-lore.

P. C.

NOTES.

Messrs. Henry Holt & Co. have decided to publish an English translation of Guyau's *Irreligion of the Future*.

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THE DOGMA OF THE TRINITY.

BY THE REV. GEORGE J. LOW.

IN *The Open Court* of January 9 an article by the editor appears with the above caption. I agree with its main line of argument touching the fanciful views of the writer who signs himself "Francis Jay," which views remind one of the doctrine of "correspondence" propounded by Swedenborg. But as I am one of those whom the learned Editor characterises as "still in the bondage of a literal belief in the Christian dogmas," I desire to "give a reason of the hope that is in me" in the pages of *The Open Court*. I do so the more readily because it is an "Open Court"—open, I presume, to the defenders of the Christian faith as well as to its opponents; and also because it is "devoted to the Religion of Science." It will therefore, I am sure, give place to an endeavor to show that "the Catholic faith," of which the Athanasian *Quicunque* speaks, is a "faith in a religion based on the eternal laws of existence."

First, let one emphasise the distinction between "the Catholic faith" and the various theological and metaphysical systems deduced therefrom. "The Catholic faith" is a statement of certain objective facts, apart from our subjective belief in them. If the alleged facts are false, all our belief in them does not make them true; if they are true, all our disbelief does not render them false. We stake the whole Christian religion upon the truth of those objective facts, and say with St. Paul that "if Christ did not rise from the dead our faith is vain." (I Cor. xv., 17.)

We Anglicans, in common with the Roman Catholic and Greek orthodox churches, contend that "the Holy Catholic Church" (itself an objective fact) was founded in order to maintain and propagate "the Catholic faith." Whether we are right or not in our contention is not now the point at issue; I am simply stating the case. The Catholic faith deals with the two profound problems which have in all ages perplexed mankind, and which remain insoluble mysteries still. Those two questions are as to (1) the nature of the supreme being, and (2) the relation between God and man. The Catholic faith meets these two enquiries by propounding (1) the dogma of the trinity, and (2) the dogma of the incarnation. The

first of these, viz., the dogma of the trinity—with which we are at present solely concerned—is thus formulated in the *Quicunque*:

"The Catholic faith is this: that we worship one God in trinity and trinity in unity: neither confounding the persons, nor dividing the substance. . . . For like as we are compelled by Christian verity to acknowledge every person by himself to be God and Lord: so are we forbidden by the Catholic religion to say, there be three Gods or three Lords."

Such is the answer of the Catholic church to the question as to What God is. It does not solve the mystery of the supreme being; it does not pretend to do so: that is beyond the capacity of man, and beyond the realm of science as the greatest scientific minds have confessed. If the assertion is made: "God is a spirit," that does not solve the problem; for the question then arises; "What is spirit?—Is it matter?—Is it pure energy?—Is it a *tertium quid*?" Indeed, argue as we may on the lines of pure reason, we shall inevitably find ourselves at last entangled in Kant's "paralogisms" and "antinomies." But the theologian is no worse off than the philosopher in this respect. Mr. Herbert Spencer begins his grand system of synthetic philosophy by saying that he proposes to investigate the phenomena which are the manifestations of a certain power. In his opening chapters of *First Principles* he speaks most reverently of "the power that is manifest in the universe." At the end of his investigations he sums up his whole system in these well-known phrases, that among "all the mysteries which grow the more mysterious the more they are thought about," we are reduced "to the one absolute certainty: the presence of an infinite and eternal energy from which all things proceed."

If this is the last word of philosophy, then we may say that the infinite and eternal energy is philosophy's god. The theist, however, conceives of infinite and eternal energy (or power) *plus* infinite and eternal consciousness (or wisdom): for the idea of a mindless power evolving mind (whether on this planet alone, or in other planets here and there throughout the universe) is unthinkable to most of us. This infinite and eternal power and wisdom is acknowledged as God by

all theists of every kind; however "transcendental" or "immanent" or "anthropomorphic" their several concepts of God may be.

But the Christian's idea of God goes beyond this. Believing (whether right or wrong is not now in question) that this infinite power and wisdom has made a certain special revelation of himself, the Christian learns therefrom to add the third attribute of goodness. And the Catholic Christian also gathers from that revelation certain facts about this infinite power, wisdom, and goodness, which facts are embodied in the dogma of the trinity as formulated in the *Quincunque* as quoted above. (See also the first Thirty-nine Articles of the Anglican church.)

Now I am free to confess that if this dogma is opposed to scientific truth we must either give up the dogma or give up truth. If the authors of the *Quincunque* formulated "an irrational proposition which in contradiction of the multiplication-table made three equal to one"—then we must either concede that the alleged revelation was a false light, or we must be content to remain "irrational." But so far from this being the case, my contention is that the dogma of the trinity may be exhibited as "based on the eternal laws of existence," or in the words of Bishop Butler, that there is an "analogy between revealed religion and the constitution and course of nature."

Let us first clear the way by explaining certain terms. It must be borne in mind that the words "person" and "substance" have greatly changed their meaning since the *Quincunque* was first translated into English. The word "substance" connotes in modern language the idea of solidity, of material coherence; we speak of a "substantial" meal, or a "substantial" building, but in the language of the scholastics it meant just the opposite. By the "substance" of a man they meant his "ego," his essential being. So the word "person" formerly signified not only an individuality or concrete form, but also like the Latin *persona*, a presentment or phase. Indeed, in some respects the two words have changed places, as the following illustration may show.

Physiology tells us that the various particles of matter forming our bodies are in a constant state of flux, so that in the course of seven years all the material constituents of our bodies are renewed. Now suppose a young man returns to a place after an absence of seven years. His friends might say of him: "This is the same *person* we knew formerly, but his *substance* has changed": whereas, in former times they would have said: "Our friend's *person* has changed, but the *substance* is the same." It is only fair to bear this in mind in our discussion. But, indeed, whatever terms we use concerning the Deity—and what Mr. H. Spencer (*Retrospective Religion*)

terms "the All-Being" and "the Ultimate Reality"—must needs be inadequate. In speaking of things transcending human knowledge, we are forced, as Mr. H. Spencer says, to use "symbols," which must needs fall short of the reality. We simply do the best we can.

In the next place, let me briefly pass in review some of the latest inductions of science.

All phenomena are comprehended under two categories,—matter and motion,—as in the famous definition of evolution at the close of Chapter XVII. of *First Principles*. The word "motion," however, is now superseded by "force" or "energy." The doctrine of the indestructibility or persistence of matter has been long established. But it is only lately, comparatively, that the correlative doctrine of the persistence of force, or conservation of energy, has been received, and sundry phenomena duly ranged under their proper categories.

Under these circumstances, I ask of modern science, "What is light?" And science answers: "Light was formerly supposed to be a kind of subtle and impalpable matter; but it is now known to be force or energy." I ask again: "What is heat?" and again science replies: "Heat, like light, was once thought to be a kind of matter, and as such received the name of caloric; but it is now known to be force or energy." I ask a third time: "What is electricity?" And once more science replies: "Electricity, too, was till lately accounted as matter; we used to speak of the electric 'fluid,' but now that term is unscientific: for electricity is not matter, not a fluid, but force or energy." I then inquire: "Are these three, then, one and the same thing?" And science says: "No! Heat is quite distinct from light, and light from heat, and electricity from the other two: you must not *confound* these *persona*." And then I say: "Since each of these is distinct from the others, and yet light is energy, heat is energy, electricity is energy—are there three energies?" And science answers emphatically: "No! There is only one energy; one infinite and eternal energy, from which all things proceed!"

Strange, this paradox, this defiance of the multiplication-table! And stranger still, that one can take this theological formula, which the divines of fifteen hundred years ago gathered out of the Book of Revelation, and by merely changing terms can convert it into a scientific formula which philosophers have gathered out of the Book of Nature only within the last score of years or so!

Let us see how this theological formula would read, *mutatis mutandis*, as a scientific formula relating to light, heat, and electricity.

"For like as we are compelled by physical verity to acknowledge every *persona* by itself to be force or

energy: so are we forbidden by modern science to say, There be three forces, or three energies."

Now, I do not wish it to be understood that the God of our conception is identical with the physicist's energy. We do not worship blind, mechanical force: we do not conceive of the Supreme Being as a sort of automaton god. Still the analogy is very striking; an analogy, be it observed, undreamt of in Bishop Butler's days. And so we may well argue that "the eternal laws of existence," as interpreted by modern science, instead of showing up the Athanasian formula as nonsensical, have served to elucidate it, and warrant us in continuing "to acknowledge the glory of the Eternal Trinity, and in the power of the Divine Majesty to worship the Unity."¹

THE CATHOLICITY OF THE RELIGION OF SCIENCE.

IN COMMENT upon the Rev. Mr. Low's expositions, I would say that we, too, who believe in the Religion of Science, embrace the "catholic faith," not the Roman Catholic, nor the Greek Catholic, nor the Anglican Catholic faith, but simply and purely the "catholic faith." Catholic is that which is universally acceptable, that which no one can refuse to believe; it is objective and undeniable truth. And what is more catholic than science! Indeed, catholicity is the nature and characteristic feature of scientific statements in opposition to mere opinion, to hypothetical assumptions, to unfounded speculations and theories.

Mr. Low endorses this basic principle of the Religion of Science, for he says:

"I am free to confess that if this dogma [of the Trinity] is opposed to scientific truth we must either give up the dogma or give up truth."

There is no objection to explanations of the Trinity such as are suggested by our esteemed contributor, but we venture to submit that there are other modes of energy than heat, light, and electricity. There is mechanical motion, and, in addition, there are the vital forces which appear in physiological brain and muscle movements, being another mode of energy that is quite distinct and *sui generis*. Thus the simile is inappropriate, as it may also serve to explain a fourfold or fivefold unity. Mr. Low, following Mr. Spencer's philosophy, says:

"All phenomena are comprehended under two categories,—matter and motion,—as in the famous definition of evolution at the close of Chapter XVII. of *First Principles*."

Mr. Spencer, in the connexion referred to by Mr. Low, has forgotten to mention the third category, which is form; and it is the omission of this third category which renders matter and motion mysterious in Mr. Spencer's philosophy. Matter, Energy, and Form are three disparate entities, three universals, and yet they form an inseparable unity; each one be-

ing a definite reality and yet existing only through and in the two others. I do not say that this is the meaning of the Christian Trinity, I only use it as an illustration of what the fathers of the Church who formulated the dogma thought by a "trinity in one." And, in my opinion, this is a better explanation of the trinity of God than the enumeration of three modes of energy, for matter, energy, and form are exhaustive, as they comprise the three categories under which *all* the qualities of objective reality (not, however, the features of subjectivity) can be subsumed.

I am astonished to find that Mr. Low quotes Mr. Spencer in support of his catholic faith, for Mr. Spencer is its most outspoken enemy. And this is the difference between Mr. Spencer's and our opposition to the old faith. Mr. Spencer attacks the traditional catholic faith, because he objects as a matter of principle to any kind of catholicity, philosophical as well as religious—a position which, since Huxley, goes by the name of agnosticism, while we reject the traditional catholic faith, because we regard it, if literally understood, as pseudo-catholic; we do not deny catholicity as such; we are not negative; on the contrary, we uphold catholicity, and propose to preserve the sternness and definiteness of doctrine; but we attempt to discard the wrong metaphysics and religion, and to replace the symbol by a statement of facts.

Agnosticism denies the possibility of solving the main problems of existence; but any one who carefully and critically reads Mr. Spencer's *First Principles* will find that his agnosticism is simply due to a confusion of thought. Mr. Spencer confounds the issues of his arguments, and then complains about the unintelligibility of the subject. He is, however, easily comforted by the idea that the problem under consideration is too profound to be grasped by mortal mind. Thus a boy may stir the waters of the village pond and then declare that its depth is unfathomable.

We do not regard (as does Mr. Low) Mr. Spencer's philosophy as "the last word of philosophy;" nor can we grant that the question, "What is spirit?" is unanswerable, and that "argue as we may on the lines of pure reason, we shall inevitably find ourselves at last entangled in Kant's 'paralogisms' and 'antinomies.'" This, indeed, is exactly the work of *The Open Court*, to proclaim a new line of thought, which will supersede both the old dogmatism and the more modern agnosticism by propounding a new orthodoxy, which is the orthodoxy of provable truth. There is no true catholicism except the catholicism of science. Science is an exact and objective formulation of truth, and truth is the rock of ages upon which our religion must be built.¹

P. C.

¹ Collect for Trinity Sunday.

¹ The various problems touched upon in the present article have been repeatedly treated in *The Open Court*. On the nature of soul, mind, or spirit,

A SYMPOSIUM ON THE MONROE DOCTRINE.

NEVER has the editorial management of *The Open Court* been more severely criticised than during the last fortnight. We are in receipt of a number of letters which, although written in a friendly spirit, unambiguously condemn the publication of Mr. Moncure D. Conway's article "Our Cleveland Christmas." This very storm of indignation is to us the best evidence that the public upholds the President in his policy. And even such men as ex-Governor G. Koerner, who like Professor von Holst rejects the Monroe Doctrine, would not countenance Mr. Conway's propositions. As to the non-admittance of articles which present ideas that in our opinion are utterly wrong and offensive, I beg to differ with our friends. I believe that it is always best to let everybody speak out plainly what he believes. We may feel indignant when other people passionately express views that hurt our most sacred beliefs or dearest national ideals, or even contain personal insults, but we must remember that so long as we cannot listen to a passionate argument with patience, the illusion of selfhood is still upon us and we cannot as yet be judges in our own case.

We offer here a selection of expressions on the Monroe Doctrine, and at the risk of offending our patriotic readers again, we open our symposium with an unabridged communication from Mr. W. D. Lighthall of Montreal, representing a Canadian view of the question. Undoubtedly he says many things which will tempt many of our readers to take pen in hand for a reply, but I would suggest that not every argument need be answered, nor is it necessary to refute every one-sided or otherwise erroneous statement. I request our readers to look upon Mr. Lighthall's communication more as an expression of views that are held beyond our boundary line to the North than as a challenge for controversy.¹ It is always wise to keep informed about the views which large classes of people hold; for convictions are facts that have to be reckoned with in life.

The View of a Canadian.

In the article on "New Weapons of the United States Army" in last February's *Century*, the closing paragraph opens: "It is absolutely certain that the practice which has existed in this country of waiting for a declaration of hostilities before inaugurating defensive and offensive preparations can no longer be followed. 'We defeated England twice and we can do it again' is an oft-repeated boast that creates a pleasant tinkle in our ears. . . ." That this account of a boast and a desire is an accurate statement of a feeling

see the article, *What Is Mind?* (*Soul of Man*, pp. 23-24). For the statement that energy (be it scrutable or inscrutable) cannot be regarded as God, see *The Open Court*, No. 212, p. 2757, in a discussion of Professor Haeckel's religious conceptions. For a criticism of *First Principles*, see the editorial "Spencerian Agnosticism," in No. 212, p. 2931. Compare also the articles, "Are There Things in Themselves?" and "The Metaphysical α in Cognition" (*The Month*, Vol. 11, No. 2, p. 225, and Vol. V, No. 4, p. 510).

¹ We restrict our reply to Mr. Lighthall to the statement that it is *not true* that "the Union Jack never appears on an American street without insult."

in the average American breast has been proved by the recent outbreak of "the Cleveland war."² Concerning the feeling in question therefore, I trust the words I say, as a descendant of men who rendered unquestionable services during both the Revolution and 1812, will be recognised as necessary reflexions of a plain-speaking friend, and that the ozone in them will not be unacceptable to those who honestly desire a reasoned patriotism. What is the origin of this intense desire, then, to "defeat England," a nation profoundly friendly? Why is it that while the American flag can be, and has been, carried from one end to the other of the British Isles with acclamations, the Union Jack never appears on an American street without insult? From long inquiry on the subject I have come to the conclusion that it is a result of the manner in which popular and school-accounts of the Revolution are written. To that period of course the national pride rightly looks back as the epoch of the origin of American liberty. But in what antiquated and laughable forms is it dressed! A critical school of American history exists, but Justin Winsor, Mellen Chamberlain, Moses Coit Tyler and their like are too slow for these dime writers. "The British" of those days figure as a parallel to the Pawnees of the other branch of popular literature—a race of red-coated instead of red-skinned brutes and pusillanimous cowards: "the British" of to-day are pictured as still unchanged in melodramatic characteristic and institutions, and still preoccupied with, not the management of the affairs of their fourth of the human race, but with designs of "descending on New York" and reimposing "monarchy" on this continent; the liberal party, "that brilliant band of the friends of liberty" as they have been called, who in Parliament fought for the cause of the colonists as being one with that of the British masses, are included as indiscriminately in the condemnation together with all their actual and spiritual descendants; no "Tory" is allowed a conscience or an argument still less a regret in his confiscations and exiles; every patriot was a white-headed boy—a full-fledged Patrick Henry, a Paul Revere, and also a Buffalo Bill;—and every "patriot" of to-day is a descendant who inherits their wrongs, their glories, and their prowess. Is this an overstatement, I ask of any candid man? The form may vary, but the substance at least is what all my good little cousins were brought up upon.

Now two serious dangers exist in the state of things which such an education produces. One is the external danger of bringing upon the country the sufferings of a criminal war. Those who have made a study of the original facts of 1776 and 1812 know a little of what that means—and they know that "the oft-repeated boast" above mentioned, is a boast without foundation. In the war of 1776 the patriots did not "defeat England" in any such sense as to flatter vanity. The conclusive testimony of Washington was that "night does not more surely follow day" than that without the immediate aid of France, the cause was lost. In 1812 the war proclaimed by Madison, was, like the Cleveland one, for political effect. As everybody knew at the time, its actual object was the conquest of Canada, whose handful of inhabitants it was thought were defenceless while England was fighting Napoleon for the liberties of the world. The war ignominiously failed in Canada. American sea commerce was totally destroyed. Washington was captured. Several American armies and generals were taken. And the number of American prisoners was enormously greater than that of their opponents. Conveniently ignoring these trifling details, the Jingo historians, inheriting their facts from the Wooden Nutmeg Age, have clothed it with some sort of glory as "the Naval War" on account of about a dozen victories of ship over ship. Unfortunately common sense insists on pursuing the

² The protests of innumerable leading persons in favor of moderation and good-feeling have, it is true, shown that the best brains and hearts are for the most part exceptions but they are obviously a minority and more or less ahead of the generation as a whole.

inquiry deeper, and a table of guns, crews, and tonnage of the vessels concerned shows that these victories were due to the simple policy of building larger ships and equipping them with from a third again to twice, the number of crew and weight of metal.

The truth was—and here is the second and greatest danger, the internal one—that the war of 1812, unlike that of 1776, was a mean war, entered into from no sober thought nor high moral motive. Armies cannot stand up to defend frippery reasons against men fighting sternly for their homes and consciences. The same principle applies most seriously to the welding of a nation situated like the United States. Citizens whose ideal of nationality is an antiquated hatred or any other outcome of a history built upon vanity, illiberality, and the idea that impatience is freedom and rashness courage, are not the right cement for the huge regions and stirring elements of the republic. Habits cannot be confined to one set of actions. Readiness to rush into wars grows on the same bough as readiness to rush into rebellions: covetousness of foreign territory is the same appetite as covetousness by one class of the rights of another; political recklessness must produce not one but many political disorders; unfairness on the outside means like unfairness within; and the refusal to study history soberly must result in heavy losses in the making of history. Surely recent events have shown that this question of common-sense education in history is worthy of the careful attention of all, and particularly of the national patriot, who ought to hold the same principles in all countries.

MONTREAL.

W. D. LIGHTHALL.

The View of English Authors.

... The present is neither the time nor the place, nor are we the persons to deal with the crisis on its technical issues, but it should not be difficult for any of us as men and women of reading and imagination, not liable to be carried away by political passion, to understand the general bearings of the case on both sides. We, on our part, are prepared to understand that the United States, as the greatest nation in America, looks with proper jealousy on the extension of European powers of influence and territory on the American continent. And you, on your part, will not fail to realise that European powers in general, and Great Britain in particular, have never made any effort to enlarge their dominions on your continent at any time within the past hundred years.

There is no anti-American feeling among Englishmen, and it is impossible that there can be any anti-English feeling among Americans. For two such nations, then, to take up arms against each other would be civil war, not differing from your calamitous struggle of thirty years ago, except that the cause would be immeasurably less human, less tragic, and less inevitable.

We ask you to join us in helping to protect that future. Poets and creators, scholars and philosophers, men and women of imagination and of vision, we call upon you in the exercise of your far-reaching influence, to save our literature from dishonor, and our race from lasting injury.—Extracts from a circular of the Society of Authors, 4 Portugal Street, Lincoln's Inn Fields, London, W. C.

Thomas Jefferson's Letter to Mr. Rush.

[Here reproduced at the suggestion of E. P. Powell of Clinton, N. Y.]

"Our first and fundamental maxim should be never to entangle ourselves in the broils of Europe. Our second never to suffer Europe to intermeddle with Cis-Atlantic affairs. America, North and South, has a settled interest distinct from those of Europe, and peculiarly her own. She should therefore have a system of her own. While Europe is laboring to become the domicile of despotism, our endeavor should be to make our hemisphere that of freedom. One nation most of all could disturb us in this pur-

suit. She now offers to lead, aid, and accompany us in it. By acceding to her proposition we detach her from the band of despots, bring her mighty weight into the scale of free government, and emancipate a continent at one stroke. Great Britain is the nation which can do us the most harm of any one or all on earth, and with her on our side we need not fear the whole world. With her then we should most sedulously cherish a cordial friendship; and nothing would tend more to knit our affections than to be fighting once more side by side in the same cause. Not that I would purchase even her amity at the price of taking part in her wars. But the war in which the present proposition might engage us, should that be its consequence, is not her war but ours. Its object is to introduce and establish the American system of keeping out of our land all foreign powers; of never permitting those of Europe to intermeddle with the affairs of our nation. But I am clearly of Mr. Canning's opinion that this will prevent war instead of provoking it. Nor is the occasion to be slighted which this proposition offers of declaring our protest against the atrocious violations of the rights of nations by the interference of anyone in the internal affairs of another, so flagitiously begun by Bonaparte, and now continued by the equally lawless Alliance calling itself Holy.

"But we have first to ask ourselves a question. Do we wish to acquire to our own Confederacy any one or more of the Spanish provinces? I candidly confess that I have ever looked on Cuba as the most interesting addition which could ever be made to our system of States. The control which, with Florida Point, this island would give us over the Gulf of Mexico and the countries bordering on it as well as all those whose waters flow into it would fill up the measure of our political well-being. Yet as I am sensible that this can never be obtained, even with her own consent, without war; and its independence, which is our second interest, can be secured without it, I have no hesitation in abandoning my first wish to future chances, and accepting its independence with peace and the friendship of England, rather than its association at the expense of war and her enmity.

"I could honestly, therefore, join in the declaration proposed, that we aim not at the acquisition of any of those possessions; that we will not stand in the way of any amicable arrangement between them and the mother country. But that we will oppose with all our means the forcible interposition of any other powers, as auxiliary, stipendiary, or under any other form or pretext, and most especially their transfer to any power by conquest, cession, or acquisition in any other way. I should think it therefore advisable that the executive should encourage the British government to a continuance in the dispositions expressed in these letters by an assurance of his concurrence with them as far as his authority goes.

JEFFERSON."

E. P. Powell's Comments on Jefferson's Letter.

Here [in Thomas Jefferson's letter] we see clearly (1) that the proposition to create territorial stability on the American continents was of English origin; (2) that it recognised the *status quo* as permanent—except by the voice of the people of any State. (3) That it not only debarred the Holy Alliance from forcible interference; but it bound England and the United States to make no aggressions on their neighbors. (4) It was recognised as an advance in general international law; and we know that as such it not only settled the affairs of America but of Europe. From that date national aggression was held to be an international grievance, and has rarely occurred. (5) It was considered a movement in the behalf of peace, and not of war; and so it operated. It was a distinct alliance of the most stable elements of civilisation to hold the rest in restraint. (6) It did not in any way concern the settlement of boundaries; for the boundaries of South American States have never been fixable beyond question, except when rivers drew

the lines. Our own boundaries with Great Britain have been in dispute, and have been settled not quite to the satisfaction of either party.

Perfectly defined and absolutely distinct as the "American System" was, as the "Monroe Doctrine" it became in after years a very misty affair in the minds of the people. It reappeared as an excuse for the filibustering excursions of the Fifties. Pollard argued that "the object as well as the intention of the enforcement of the Monroe Doctrine in Central America would but be the legitimate one of a reversion of that country to its natural destiny. . . . We are sworn by a solemn declaration of policy and by the eternal oath of American liberty. One step towards the accomplishment of this destiny, one advance toward the rearing of that great southern empire, whose seat is eventually to be in Central America, and whose boundaries are to enclose the Gulf of Mexico, was the memorable expedition of William Walker to Nicaragua. It was to found in a glorious land of promise the institutions of the South, to extend them to other inviting countries of Spanish America, and on the doubly secured foundation of those institutions and of military ideas of government to build up the great tropical empire of America." A policy of peace and non-aggression was thus expounded into a policy of aggression and territorial enlargement.

The application of historic facts to the present relations of the United States and Great Britain is easily made by every reader. If it be our duty to establish an American protectorate over the two American continents the policy is our own, and should be weighed as such. It does not devolve upon us as a duty from any principle enunciated by Canning and Jefferson, or any position assumed by Monroe and Adams.

**The Memorial of the Representatives of the Religious Society of Friends.
To the President of the United States:**

We have participated with many others of our fellow-citizens in anxiety and regret at the threatened disturbance of amicable relations between our government and that of Great Britain, relative to the boundary dispute between the latter and Venezuela in South America. The efforts made by the Executive and Cabinet of the United States for months past to induce Great Britain to refer this question to arbitration meets with our cordial approbation and sympathy. We believe this is the true and Christian solution of all differences that may arise between either individuals or nations. . . . But we think our Government is liable to lose the firm ground thus assumed in its peaceful intervention between the contending parties by holding out a menace against one of them, that in case she did not accept our good offices in the mode we had prescribed, the United States would "resist by every means in its power, etc." . . . Wars, in many instances, owe their origin more to the offended pride of rulers on trivial occasions than to the invasion of the just rights or property of the combatants. . . . We feel that any occasion should be carefully avoided which might kindle the flames of animosity between two of the foremost nations of the globe, who are bound to each other by the ties of a common language and race, commercial intercourse, and Christian civilisation.

Signed by direction and on behalf of a meeting of the aforesaid representatives held in Philadelphia on the third day of the first month, 1896.
JOSEPH WALTON, Clerk.

A Letter from a Subscriber.

A strong impression rests on me that you made a mistake in admitting Mr. Conway's political screed, "Our Cleveland Christmas," into *The Open Court*. A delightful writer on many subjects; but like preachers generally, when they undertake to treat on political subjects, they expose the weak places in their make-up and talk nonsense. Such a paper as this is as much out of

place in a journal like *The Open Court* as garlic would be in a Charlotte Russe.

I always open my copy as soon as I reach my "den" after its arrival, and read everything in it without rising. Thence, through the week, occasional references give me the full flavor of all in it. Such an article as this of Conway's comes in like a crashing continuous discord in the rendering of a musical gem by a perfect orchestra or performer. If he will read Justin McCarthy's *History of Our Own Times*, since the accession of Victoria, he will find enough in the conduct of his beloved England to make him taste gall, without vilifying the American executive. Only the spirit of long patience can forgive him for writing and sending such an article to you. Your able review of the matter and caustic rebuke of him does credit to your head and heart; but unless you intend to turn *The Open Court* into a journal on national economics, there should have been no occasion for your reply, which hardly compensates for the admission of the article. . . . It is like profanity in a funeral sermon. You may have readers who will be in sympathy with it as to matter, time, and place; but scientific searchers after ultimate truths cannot be, and I think it will be unpleasant to many and acceptable to few. However, I will speak only for myself, on whom it jars with a painful sense of impropriety and injustice.

My great regard for you and admiration of your earnest and able work—grown into a feeling of friendship, although I never saw you—impels me to speak as I feel, but wholly in kindness.

C. H. REEVE.

Dean Craik's Opinion.

Christ Church Cathedral, Louisville, Ky.

To the Editor of The Open Court:

The admission into the columns of an American paper of an article so unfair, so partisan, and in truth so disloyal as that by Moncure D. Conway, in your issue of January 16, is entirely too much of an "Open Court" for me, and I return your subscription blank unsigned.

Even the temperate, fair, and just discussion of the same question by Prof. E. D. Cope, and your own repudiation of Mr. Conway's sentiments do not entirely clear you, in my judgment. Truly yours,
C. E. CRAIK, Dean.

From an Octogenarian.

To the Editor of the Open Court:

I write to thank you for your remarks upon "our mutual friend" M. D. Conway's "Our Cleveland Christmas." Like yourself I could not agree with Conway. You wrote as one to the manor born, while he as one that had forgotten that he was an American citizen. I cannot, however, but think that his criticisms are in some measure just—but, as I have said, I think you wrote wisely and well.

In all probability I shall not be able to read your paper many years longer, having passed my "Three score and twenty-two" years of life. Yet hope while I do live and possess my mental faculties, that I may have the privilege of reading the paper.

I trust you will excuse me for writing to you—I could not help doing so. Wishing you every success, I am sincerely yours,

M. G. WHITE.

Remarks from Ex-Governor Koerner.

Conway's article does not touch the real question, and his criticism of our institutions goes too far. But yet it cannot be well answered, when he denounces our system, by saying to England "You are another."

The only sensible article on the Monroe Doctrine is yours. But in your article there is, in my opinion, some misapprehension in regard to public opinion here. Nine hundred and ninety-nine

out of a thousand of our even intelligent people know nothing about the Monroe Doctrine.

I still consider it a duty to insist on a correct interpretation of the Monroe Doctrine. The Monroe Doctrine has not been followed all along. Just the contrary. Seward asked the French to withdraw, but based it by no means on the Monroe Doctrine, which he almost repudiated in his dispatch to Motley, and in a dispatch to me, when I was Minister to Spain, which I will take occasion to publish.

As Mr. Gilman of Hopkins University is one of the Commissioners, I have read carefully what he says about the Doctrine to some extent, in his biography of Monroe, written in 1883. He is mistaken in many respects, and as this is quite important, I may write an article for *The Open Court* on that subject.

G. KOERNER.

[The article referred to has been written and will appear in the next *Open Court*.—Ed.]

The editorial position on the Monroe Doctrine has been sufficiently stated in No. 338 of *The Open Court*.

P. C.

LITERARY CORRESPONDENCE.

BY AMOS WATERS.

Theism as a Science, by the Rev. CHARLES VOYSEY, B. A., Minister of the Theistic Church in Swallow Street, Piccadilly, is a book published by Williams & Norgate, London. Its author some thirty years back was an interesting personality in the movement of religious liberalism. The Vicar of Healaugh, a Yorkshire village, he was, nevertheless, exercising the minds of the orthodox throughout the land with a series of volumes entitled *The Sling and the Stone*, which embodied the best results of criticism in relation to revelation. The sensation caused by these publications was pronounced and led to the famous heresy trial at York in 1859, when the ecclesiastical tribunal pronounced for the expulsion of the intrepid enthusiast. Mr. Voysey preached his farewell sermon to his weeping flock on the vicarage lawn, the church doors being locked against him. An appeal to the Privy Council in 1870 was unavailing. Then it was that great things were expected of him. The promise was unfulfilled. Mr. Voysey now ministers to a small and select congregation who accept his deliverances as papal oracles, and his occasional volumes are discussed because of his interesting past. One secret of his failure has been in his jealousy of science, and his petulant ignoring of philosophy. His theism is personal and dogmatic with no aid from, or appeal to, the revelation of science.

Theism as a Science affirms the science of God. Reason, conscience, and love are held to unite in admission of evidence of one "superhuman Being ruling and ordering the complex forces of nature," who sits supreme as Lord and Governor of the universe. The argument of design is claimed to prove that mind and intelligence exist and work apart from, and independently of the human brain. The contemplation of a tree by a man leads up to the conviction that, as here are two different organisations, one higher because of intellect, emotion, and locomotion than the other, yet unable to create that other, so there an eye of mightier contemplation than the eye of man, an intellect and will transcending the human in greater measure than man is superior to the tree.

The argument from conscience is eloquently stated—"that voice which hushes our cry for pleasure, which will not endure a single selfish plea, but demands unquestioning obedience, and bids us fall down in the very dust before the Majesty of Duty—that voice, I say, we all in our secret hearts revere, whether or not we obey it as we should. At least we pay to it the homage of our inmost souls, and feel how great and grand it is to be its slave" (p. 54). Conscience, Mr. Voysey proceeds, conscience is the reve-

lation of what God is—for this power which compels a deliberate self-surrender brings us face to face with a Power which is absolutely transcendent over all nature, and reveals to our mind the existence of a spiritual world in and around us, to which the laws and forces of the visible world are subordinate.

Next Mr. Voysey deals with the mystery of evil—of death, pain, and sin, and appeals to our ignorance of the final purpose of God by way of reconciling evil with infinite love. Having sketched the plan of his reasoning we leave his book with a tinge of lament. Too much preaching—too little philosophy, else Charles Voysey would have been a fascinating and powerful influence in the councils of cultured liberalism.

* * *

In *The Ethical Problem*¹ DR. PAUL CARUS finely says: "There are sometimes dark moments in our lives when we do not know how to decide, and the decision as to what is right and proper may be very difficult. In such moments we should soar above the narrowness of the present life and look down upon our own fate from the higher standpoint of eternity. Let us in such moments imagine we had died; that we are no more, and that our lives have long been ended. While our bodies rest in the grave, our deeds, our thoughts, our words continue to influence humanity. The idea of eternal rest will calm our passions and soothe our anxieties. When such peace comes over our soul, then let us confess to ourselves what we wish we had done while alive" (p. 63).

This passage in its philosophy singularly anticipates a kindred deliverance in *College Sermons*² by DR. JOWETT, the late beloved Master of Balliol, only just published:

"The considerations which have been placed before you in this sermon relate chiefly to our earthly life, and yet they may receive correction and enlargement from the thought of another. For there is an eternal element even in worldly success, when, amid all the rivalries of this world, a man has sought to live according to the will of God, and not according to the opinion of men. Whatever there was of justice, or purity, or disinterestedness in him, or Christlike virtue, or resignation, or love of the truth, shall never pass away. When a man feels that earthly rewards are but for a moment, and that his true self and true life have yet to appear: when he recognises that the education of the individual beginning here is continued hereafter, and like the education of the human race, is ever going on: when he is conscious that he is part of a whole, and himself and all other creatures are in the hands of God; then his mind may be at rest: he has nothing more to fear: he has attained to peace and is equally fit to live or die."

In the person of Jowett saint and sceptic equally contended, and the literature now accumulating around his name and revered memory remarkably proves that the fervor of the new faith happily combines with the enthusiasm of the old morality to humanly attract all cultured souls. In Mr. Lionel Tollemache's sketch of *Benjamin Jowett*³ we are advised that Jowett once said of an orthodox apologist, "He is trying to pitch the standard of belief too high for the present age." In morality and ethics Jowett appealed to the age between its spirit of discordant incredulity and its remembered love of the spiritual. But no sooner had he convinced his pupils that success was desirable, than he disturbed that conviction with sceptical questioning, which led up to the loftier outlook visioned by himself and Dr. Carus in the passages quoted above. Thus the saint evolved from the sceptic. The balanced fascination of these two influences accounts largely for the love of those who knew him not, while the beauty of his soul, the power of his intellect, the brilliance of his wit, and his magnetic personal charm have made of his friends and pupils worshippers even when not disciples.

¹The Open Court Publishing Company.

²John Murray, publisher.

³Edward Arnold, publisher.

It was natural, after years of excessive praise, that the voices of reaction should assail the genius of GEORGE ELIOT. But the current republications of her works¹ is a confounding answer to the detractors. More ardent in critical scepticism and with an austere silence anent the primal and ultimate problems of life that was impossible to Jowett, George Eliot was yet the greater pleading influence for imperious laws of conduct. In a memorable passage Mr. R. H. Hutton tells how she once on the night of a rainy June at Oxford, passionately insisted how inconceivable was God, yet how peremptory and absolute was duty. Like a shining Sibyl in the gloom she withdrew the two scrolls of promise, leaving the third only awful with inevitable fate.

Yet in the higher if not in the vulgar sense, George Eliot proclaimed immortality as insistently as the devoutest exponent of monism. Witness her aspiration to "join the choir invisible of those immortal dead who live again in minds made better by their presence." Her scorn

"For miserable aims that end in self,"

and her rejoicing

"In thoughts sublime that pierce the night like stars,
And with their mild persistence urge man's search
To vaster issues."

imply the motto of Gustav Freytag's *The Lost Manuscript*,² i. e., "A noble human life does not end on earth. It continues in the minds and deeds of friends, as well as in the thoughts and the activity of the nation." And her reverence for every form of religion implies an underlying recognition of the Supreme but Impersonal Ideal, the God of scientific revelation acknowledged of monism and reverent agnosticism.

The new edition of her works has provoked Mrs. E. Lynn Linton to characteristic and jealous depreciation. According to the lesser, the greater woman was "so consciously 'George Eliot'—so interpenetrated head and heel, inside and out, with the sense of her importance as the great novelist and profound thinker of her generation, as to make her society a little overwhelming, leaving on baser creatures the impression of having been rolled very flat indeed."³

Mr. T. H. ESCOTT, M.A.—until recently editor of the *Fortnightly Review*—in a volume of reminiscences entitled *Platform, Press, and Politics*,⁴ amusingly sketches the order of procedure for visitors to the shrine of George Eliot:

"The etiquette dominating the premises sacred to her who wrote *Adam Bede*, and to him who tried to popularise Comte, was overpoweringly severe. The positivist himself, with an air of worshipping proprietorship, met his guests on the threshold, and with something between a nod and a sigh signified that here a hat might be left, there an umbrella deposited; or that yonder was a vase for receiving the votive flowers sacred to the goddess, which visitors often brought. Inside the chamber wherein SHE sat, a space was marked off, behind which the neophytes were not permitted to go. Initiated bystanders informed those resorting for the first time to the shrine, that only after probationary years could the rite of presentation, if ever, arrive. Pigott, the household's 'tame cat,' had of course long enjoyed this privilege. To a percentage of candidates it never came at all. Though they had seen the Sybil in her splendor, they were not permitted by her possessor to touch her garment's hem."

CORRESPONDENCE.

"THE HOLY SPIRIT, THE FEMALE OF THE GODHEAD."

To the Editor of *The Open Court*:

The article in *The Open Court* of January 9 upon "The Holy Spirit, the Female of the Godhead," is interesting, as the editor

¹ Messrs. Blackwood, publishers. ² Open Court Publishing Company.

³ *The Woman at Home*, September, 1895. ⁴ J. W. Arrowsmith, publisher.

notes, in showing how we are constantly reverting to old methods in working out our theological problems, though it be unconsciously. This idea of the Trinity is older than Christian theology. Philo, who was a Jew of Alexandria, born 20-10 B. C., makes use of exactly this conception in treating of the nature of the Deity. Long before his time it was common among Jewish writers to speak of God as a Father, the Father of men and of the world. (Isaiah, lxiii., 16; lxiv., 8.) In Job and in Proverbs and still more fully in Ecclesiasticus, and Wisdom, the wisdom of God is spoken of as a person distinct from God, and is always spoken of as a female, *sofia*, the Greek term for wisdom being feminine in gender. Philo carried this idea further. He not only speaks of God as the Father of the world, but he expands the metaphor of Fatherhood into that of a marriage. He conceives God as the Father and His Wisdom as the Mother, and says: "And she, receiving the seed of God, with fruitful birth-pangs brought forth this world, His visible Son, only and well beloved."

How far Philo owes his thought to Jewish sources, and how far to the conceptions of Greek philosophy, of which he was a student, I am unable to say. This conception of the Godhead was not uncommon in the time of early Christianity, and is to be found in some of the gnostic schools. While Philo used this trine metaphor, he was not a trinitarian; but it is evident that such expressions and conceptions paved the way for the subsequent trinitarianism of the Christian Church. However fast one may hold the dogma of the Trinity to-day, a study of the history of human thought shows it to be a development of one of the many attempts to explain the creation of the world, the presence of evil, and human redemption.

R. F. JOHNNOT.

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THE NEW X-RAYS IN PHOTOGRAPHY.

Professor Röntgen's Discovery.

BY THOMAS J. MCCORMACK.

WE HAVE just received from Professor Schubert, mathematician and physicist, of Hamburg, Germany, a remarkably fine photograph of the interior of a living hand, showing the exact outlines and processes of the different parts of the skeleton. This hand was photographed by means of the new actinic or fluorescence-producing rays whose power of penetrating opaque substances was discovered a few weeks ago by Professor Röntgen of Würzburg, or, since we have as yet no precise knowledge of their character, by means of what may be called the new *x*-rays. This term was used by Professor Röntgen himself, to express the unknown character of the new physical agent. With regard to the mechanical execution of the picture, Professor Schubert is justly proud that the members of the Hamburg laboratory have succeeded better than Professor Röntgen himself.

The hand in question, which the readers will find reproduced in the Supplement to this number, was photographed upon a plate enclosed in a small, flat photographer's box—the hand being held in front of the source from which the *x*-rays were emitted. Unlike the ordinary rays of light, the new *x*-rays in passing into new media are not refracted, that is bent aside from their course, but continue their way by rectilinear paths. They are, however, absorbed in varying degrees by different substances, and some opaque bodies are more transparent to them than others. Thus, in the cut in question it will be seen that the rays have passed through the fleshy parts of the hand but have been obstructed by the bony parts, and still more so by the ring which is plainly visible as a dark object encircling the engagement-finger. What are really photographed, therefore, are the *shadows* cast by the objects which the new rays strike. (We say "photographed," but we should say "*x*-ed." Professor Schubert speaks, in his letter to the editor of *The Open Court*, of the new things they are now *x*-ing in Hamburg.) The shadows are allowed to repose for a considerable length of time upon the ordinary dry plates of the photographer, and are then developed and fixed in the usual

manner. The wooden cover of the cassette, which protects the dry plate from the influence of the light, need not be removed in the new photography or *x*-igraphy, for Röntgen's *x*-rays pass unhindered through wood. Furthermore, no covering can protect the dry plates from the effects of the *x*-rays. To be protected they must be placed without the range of influence of the rays.

All substances are penetrable to Röntgen's rays, none are opaque to them; and in this quality rests the essence of the difference between the results of the new photography and those of the old. The photograph of a metal plate taken by Röntgen's rays distinctly shows *all* the bubbles, faults, and deformities which have been produced in its *interior* by casting or rolling. Generally, the surface of the body is not photographed, but only the denser parts in the interior, which are less transparent to Röntgen's rays. A photograph of a case containing a set of weights shows distinctly every brass piece constituting the set. The spirals and twists of a wire enclosed in a wooden box are exactly reproduced. Professor Schubert of Hamburg writes that they are successfully reproducing the contents of valises and travelling boxes. The figures and markings on the face of a compass in a closed metal box have been photographed with beautiful distinctness, although writing and printers' ink generally is very transparent to the rays, that is, *throws no shadows*, and, consequently, by an almost providential interposition in behalf of the peace and domestic security of the world, writing in a closed envelope cannot be photographed by the new physical agent. The range of application of the new method in surgery is evident, yet when we reflect on the stupendous results to which less significant discoveries have led, the impossibility of forecasting its effects in all practical and technical spheres will be obvious. And it may have in its way a no less important bearing on theory.

The facts constituting Röntgen's experiment and discovery, for the details of which we are indebted to an able article by Prof. L. Holtzmann in the *Weser-Zeitung*, are briefly as follows.

A long time ago Geissler and Gassiot had constructed closed tubes filled with rarefied gases, in the

ends of which platinum wires (electrodes) were soldered. In Germany these tubes are called Geissler's tubes. If the two platinum wires be connected to the poles of an induction-coil with sufficiently high differences of potential, the electricity will disrupt the gas and produce the familiar luminous phenomena.

Afterwards, Professor Hittorf attached to the electrode through which the negative electricity enters, a flat, tiny strip of metal. The electrode in question is called the cathode. If the gas be quite rarefied this strip remains almost perfectly dark, but right opposite the cathode, on the tube, a spot is visible which glows, according to the composition of the gas, with a yellow, green, or bluish light. This is the fluorescent spot. The appearance is exactly as if rectilinear rays proceeded from the cathode—themselves invisible but giving rise to the fluorescent phenomena wherever they strike the glass walls of the tube. A body within the tube intercepts these cathode-rays and throws a shadow on the walls of the tube.

In this country these tubes are known as Crookes's tubes. Crookes varied the experiments of Hittorf in a highly elegant manner, and propounded the hypothesis that the cathode-rays consisted of material particles emitted from the metal strip in rectilinear paths. This was the emission-theory of the cathode-rays. On the other hand, some German scholars, among them E. Wiedemann, were of opinion that the action which proceeded from the cathode was undulatory in character and bore some resemblance to the rays of light. What this means we shall see later.

This was the state of our knowledge when Röntgen planned his delicate fluorescent experiment. To be able to see the weak light which was expected, the room was carefully darkened. Even the Crookes tube which he used was enveloped in a casing of dark wood, impenetrable to the rays of the electric light or the sun. Near by was a screen which had been covered with barium platinocyanide, such as is commonly used in fluorescent experiments. This substance possesses the property of emitting a bright white glow, of *fluorescing*, when it is struck by violet light-rays or cathode rays.

This fluorescent screen, now, was immediately illuminated whenever the electricity was made to pass through the Crookes tube, although the latter was enclosed in an absolutely opaque casing, and was totally invisible to the eye. The conclusion was that the rays from the tube actually passed through the black casing, opaque though it was to ordinary light. The rays in question make no impression on the retina of the eye, that is, produce no sensation of light. Röntgen convinced himself that these rays did not proceed from the whole interior of the Crookes tube, but issued only

from that part of it where the interior glass wall was struck by the cathode-rays.

Now, if an object be placed between this spot and the screen, say a book of a thousand pages, a metal plate, or what not, a distinct, but not perfectly dark shadow of the body will be visible upon the screen. The conclusion is that Röntgen's rays pass through all bodies, even such as are impervious to light and cathode rays, but that they are weakened or absorbed in the same, and that in proportion to the thickness of the body penetrated.

Not only barium platinocyanide, but almost all fluorescent bodies, green glass, canary glass, quartz, may be excited to fluorescence by Röntgen's rays. One of their most remarkable properties is that their effects may be recorded upon the plates commonly used in photography. The character of the photographs taken have been explained above.

It is a significant fact that Röntgen's discovery was apparently due to an accident, and we may refer curious readers, who are desirous of tracing the influence of this momentous factor in research, to the article by Professor Mach in the last *Monist*.¹

* * *

The question now remains, What is the connexion of this new discovery with the rest of the body of physical knowledge? We must first premise a remark on waves, which are of two kinds—*transversal* and *longitudinal*. A stone thrown into water depresses the water, which rises again, and as each particle rises and falls, the wave is propagated along the surface. Because the line of vibration is *transverse* to the line of propagation, such waves are called transversal waves. They would be longitudinal, if the particles vibrated in the *same* direction with the line of propagation, as where an iron rail is struck on end by a hammer.

Now, light-waves, in the supposed ether, are transversal. All the discoveries in undulatory, or periodic, phenomena requiring the ether as their vehicle, can be explained on this hypothesis. The ordinary visible rays, the invisible ultra-violet and ultra-red rays, even the electric waves of Hertz, can be satisfactorily represented to the eye in this manner. They differ only in their wave-lengths, which vary from a few thousandths of a millimetre to several metres.

But longitudinal waves are also possible in this hypothetical ether, and their presence has long been suspected. They are not as easily generated, as will be apparent from the simplest observation of a mass of gelatine, to which the ether has been compared; but, given an enormous velocity of propagation, they can, nevertheless, be produced. Hence, the moment

¹ "On the Part Played by Accident in Invention and Discovery." January *Monist*, 1896.

it transpired that neither Röntgen's nor the cathode rays above mentioned presented the usual marks of transversality, the suggestion was immediate that the waves in question were the long-sought-for longitudinal undulations of the ether.

This opinion has been advanced by Röntgen with considerable reserve, but, as Professor Holtzmann shows, it has much in its favor. In both cases, the low period of vibration explains their common power of exciting fluorescence; their main difference being, that Röntgen's rays penetrate nearly all substances, whilst the cathode rays are absorbed in all substances and can be carried only short distances from the tube. The reverse property in Röntgen's rays would be explained by their great wave-length.

Apart from its manifest practical bearings, thus, the cardinal significance of Röntgen's discovery consists in its having made us acquainted with an *entirely new physical agent*, which, unlike the cathode-rays, is *easily accessible to physical manipulation*.

MR. GILMAN, ONE OF THE VENEZUELAN COMMISSION, AND THE MONROE DOCTRINE.

BY G. KOERNER.

FOR many years past have appeared in England as well as in the United States a number of short biographies of eminent men, divided into classes, as series of great statesmen, of great captains, of great authors, of great artists. In the series of great statesmen we find a well-written and very acceptable biographical sketch of President Monroe by Daniel G. Gilman, President of the Johns Hopkins University and now one of the members of the Venezuelan Commission.

Some, perhaps the most, of these biographies border upon eulogies and are comparatively worthless. Such is not the case however with that of Mr. Gilman, published in the year 1883. At the same time it is but natural that the author who selects as his subject a certain character, should choose one who appeals to his sympathies.

Mr. Gilman devotes to what is called the *Monroe Doctrine* a whole chapter. Now, it is very obvious that an examination and a consideration of that doctrine falls beyond the circle of duties strictly assigned to the Venezuelan Commission, but still considering how apt we are, often imperceptibly, to be influenced by formerly conceived ideas, that apparently have no direct connexion with the subject in hand, it may not be quite uninteresting to learn in what light Mr. Gilman looked upon the programme of President Monroe in his message of 1823.

Mr. Sumner (in his *Prophetic Voices*, p. 157) had asserted that the Monroe Doctrine proceeded from Canning, and that he was its inventor, promoter, and

champion, at least so far as it bears against European intervention in American affairs. Mr. Gilman takes issue on this point with Mr. Sumner, and, indeed, almost his whole chapter on the Monroe Doctrine is directed against Mr. Sumner's assertion. Mr. Gilman says (p. 156):

"Everything which illustrates the genesis of such an important enunciation is of interest, but very little has come under my eye to illustrate the workings of Monroe's mind, to show how it came to pass that he uttered in such terse sentences the general opinion of his countrymen. As a rule, he was not very skilful with his pen; his remarks on public affairs are not often quoted like those of Madison, Jefferson, and others of his contemporaries; there was nothing racy or severe in his style; nevertheless, he alone of all the presidents had announced, without legislative sanction, a political dictum, which is still regarded as a fundamental law, and bears with it the stamp of authority in foreign courts as well as in domestic councils."

We may remark here by the way that this political dictum has by no means borne the stamp of authority in foreign courts. The four powers, Russia, France, Austria, and Prussia, who had just at that time intervened in favor of legitimacy in the affairs of Piedmont, Naples, and Spain, to overthrow liberal governments, and had, at the instance of Spain, planned an intervention on the American continent, to assist Spain to reconquer her ancient colonies, which had declared their independence and successfully sustained it for more than ten years, those foreign powers certainly did not take the Monroe Doctrine as an authority binding upon them. They had invited England as early as 1822 to join them in this intervention, but Canning had, as Prince Metternich has told us in his *Memoirs*, *brutally* refused to make himself a party. He was anxious, for political and commercial reasons, to sustain those southern republics, and it was he who suggested to Mr. Rush, our then Minister at London, his wish that the United States should co-operate with him in thwarting the policy of the Holy Alliance, and would prefer that the United States should take the initiative. (See Richard Rush, *Memoranda of a Residence at the Court of London*, republished by his son.)

Now, the theory of Mr. Gilman is that the dictum of Mr. Monroe was none of his own, but that the idea of non-intervention by European powers was a purely original one of American birth, entertained as far back as 1780. "Indeed," Mr. Gilman says, "if it had been Monroe's own dictum or ukase, it would have been resented at home quite as vigorously as it would have been opposed abroad." He takes great pains to prove his theory "by a careful examination of the writings of the earlier statesmen of the republic, which," as he says, "will illustrate the growth of the Monroe Doctrine as an idea dimly entertained at first, but steadily developed by the course of public events and the reflexion of those in public life."

Space prevents our showing that nearly all the citations from those statesmen have not the slightest bearing upon the point made by Mr. Gilman. What can be made from the words of a letter directed by General Washington, January 1, 1788, to Thomas Jefferson: "An energetic general government must prevent the several States from involving themselves in the political disputes of the European powers"? As little can be proved by the words of Washington's celebrated farewell address, wherein he warns his fellow-citizens to keep aloof from entangling themselves in foreign alliances.

Similar quotations are presented by Mr. Gilman. Let us remember, however, under what circumstances the statesmen referred to by Mr. Gilman expressed their opinions from 1792 on to 1815. War was raging between England and France. Both belligerents violated our neutrality and almost destroyed our commerce, by their decrees and orders in council. France called upon the United States, in virtue of their treaty of alliance, to assist her against England. The French Minister and consular agents tried their best to arouse a feeling in favor of assisting France in this country. The sympathies of a majority of our people were for France. Parties were formed on this question, which bitterly opposed one another. John Adams, in his first inaugural address (March 4, 1797, see Gilman, *Monroe*, p. 165), in a few words characterised the situation at the time. He says:

"If control of an election can be obtained by foreign nations by flattery or menace, by fraud or violence, by terror, intrigue, or venality, the Government may not be the choice of the American people, but of foreign nations. It may be foreign nations who govern us, and not we, the people, who govern ourselves."

The strongest expression of the idea, so often heard, America for the Americans, is found in a private letter of August 4, 1820, of Jefferson to William Short. He says:

"From many conversations with Mr. Corea, appointed Minister to Brazil by the government of Portugal, I hope he sees and will promote in his new situation the advantages of a cordial fraternisation among all the American nations and the importance of coalescing in an American system of policy, totally independent and unconnected with that of Europe. The day is not distant when we may formally require a meridian of partition through the ocean which separates the two hemispheres, on the hither side of which no European gun shall ever be heard, nor an American on the other; and when during the rage of eternal wars of Europe, the lion and the lamb lie down together in peace. . . . The principles of society here and there are radically different, and I hope no American patriot will ever lose sight of the essential policy of interdicting in the seas and territories of both Americas the ferocious and sanguinary contests of Europe. I wish to see the coalition begun."

The passage is not so very clear. Brazil at the time was an empire nearly absolute, Canada was under strictly English colonial government, England,

Holland, and France had valuable possessions in this hemisphere. In fact these European colonies were three or four times as large as the United States. Mr. Monroe himself in his message has distinctly stated: "With the existing colonies or dependencies of any European power, we have not interfered and shall not interfere." No such coalition even in little Central and South American Republics, although several times attempted, has ever been formed, and the drawing of a meridian line between the two hemispheres was an impossible thing in every aspect, and Mr. Jefferson would never in any public document have indulged in this sort of dream.

It will be recollected that when Mr. Sumner spoke of Mr. Canning being the inventor of the Monroe Doctrine, he confined himself to the non-intervention clause. Nothing is said by him, as far as he is cited by Mr. Gilman, of the colonisation passage. That it must be admitted originated in the brain of Mr. Monroe, or rather, as we shall see, in the brain of Mr. John Quincy Adams. Much is said just now that England hailed the non-intervention declaration of Mr. Monroe with joy, that the English liberal press gave it its hearty approval; but Mr. Gilman does not seem to be aware that Mr. Canning expressed at once his great dissatisfaction with the other declaration, "that the American continents, are henceforth not to be considered as subjects for future colonisation by any European powers." He argued that Mr. Adams's enunciation rested upon false premises, that he had assumed that the whole continent was settled by civilised nations, that so far from that being the fact, the Central and Southern part of the continent was to a great extent a wilderness, traversed by roaming savage Indians without any fixed government, and that by immemorial usage such countries had always been considered fit subjects of colonisation by foreign powers, who took possession of the country either by negotiation with the various wild tribes, or by force. If I am not mistaken in one of his speeches, he openly repudiated the colonisation doctrine.

This reasoning seems to be justified. France took Canada, the Puritans the New England States, the Cavaliers the Virginias.

There is another important fact which seems to have escaped the examination of Mr. Gilman, that is to say, that the House of Representatives, when the message of Mr. Monroe was yet fresh in the minds of Congress, and when it seems that even at that time it had received by some a wrong construction, passed a resolution in 1824 to this effect:

"That the United States ought not to become a party with the Spanish American republics, or either of them, to any joint declaration for the purpose of preventing interference by any of the European powers with their independence or form of govern-

ment, or to any compact for the purpose of preventing colonisation upon the continents of America, but that the people of the United States should be left free to act in any crisis in such manner as their feeling of friendship towards those republics, and as their own honor and policy may at the time dictate."

Mr. Gilman might have referred to what Mr. Calhoun, one of the advisers of Mr. Monroe, and who in the Cabinet took most interest in the declaration, asserted most emphatically in regard to it, on the debate in the Senate on the question of the acquisition of Yucatan; that "the United States were under no pledge to intervene against intervention but were to act in each case as policy and justice required." This was the view of a statesman, which Mr. Calhoun undoubtedly was.

Mr. Calhoun is reported to have declared at a later period that the draft of the message submitted to the Cabinet and approved by it, did not contain the colonisation clause. That Mr. Adams put that in without the knowledge and consent of the Cabinet. The truth of this statement, if it was ever made, derives some force by the singular fact that the two clauses, which logically belong together, are found in widely different parts of the message. A resolution introduced by Mr. Clay, January, 1824, in the House of Representatives, deprecating European combinations to resubjugate the independent American States, and thus giving support and emphasis to the declaration in the message of December 2, 1820, was never acted upon.

Mr. Gilman, it seems to me, entertains the view that the Monroe Doctrine has become a part of international law, though he does not distinctly say so. It may be inferred from what he states at the commencement of his chapter on the Monroe Doctrine. "The one event of his presidency which is indissolubly associated with his name, is an announcement of the policy of the United States in respect to foreign interference on this continent. The declaration bears the name of the 'Monroe Doctrine.' As such it is discussed in works of public law and in general histories. It is commonly regarded as an epitome of the principles of the United States with respect to the development of American States." And again: "Mr. Monroe has announced a political dictum which is still regarded as a fundamental law and bears with it the stamp of authority in foreign courts as well as in domestic councils."

If thereby it is meant to interpolate the Monroe Doctrine into the International Law, I modestly but strongly dissent from this theory. What part the Monroe Doctrine played or rather did not play in the Mexican invasion by the French and the withdrawal of the French troops at our instance is quite an interesting theme, which, however, does not fall within the scope of the present article.

THE RESPONSIBILITY OF GOD.

ONE of the latest issues of the *Chicago Sunday Tribune* contains a sermon by the Rev. George T. Smith of Chicago, entitled "God's Responsibility to Man." The sermon is remarkable in more than one respect. It shows progressiveness in one way and a reactionary tendency in another. The author of this sermon recognises to some extent the identity of nature's God and nature's laws. He says:

"The laws of nature are true; they never lie. Nature is God's thought materialised. Reason and conscience are God's thoughts incased and individualised in man."

But at the same time the Rev. Mr. Smith regards God as a person, and certainly if God be a person there can be no question about it that he is responsible for his creation and the government of the world. St. Paul may be right that the potter is not responsible to the vessels he makes, because vessels are not sentient creatures; but if the vessels were sentient beings like men, the potter would be responsible for their fate. The Rev. Mr. Smith says:

"God is responsible by his nature not to outrage the highest, purest instincts of man. We may safely say He cannot do so, He cannot deny himself. . . .

"Then the judge of all the earth is responsible to man to do right. Abraham stood pleading for Sodom. 'Wilt thou slay the righteous with the wicked?' God consented to save the entire city if there were fifty, forty, or thirty, or twenty, or even ten, righteous men there, and he never stopped lessening the number till Abraham stopped asking.¹ He saved Lot; He tried to save his sons-in-law, but they would not hear. The Judge of all is responsible to man for just dealing. . . .

"God is our maker. He is responsible that we are made ignorant; that we have no burden laid on us beyond our strength; no duty imposed which we cannot discharge. . . .

"There are those who, by superior cunning, are able to prey on their fellow-men, who trample upon or evade the laws of men. For these judgment waits. The Judge will do right. Eternity will show that there is no gain in wrongdoing, no profit in stealing or gambling, though it be under forms of law. . . .

"God, our Father, is to provide for and to train his children into manhood. . . . The King of Kings is responsible for victory over foes too strong for unaided man."

The *Tribune* preacher winds up his sermon in the last paragraph as follows:

"There is no more responsible being in the universe than God, and full well does He discharge that responsibility. . . . He will deliver the righteous from every evil, and reserve the unjust to the day of judgment to be punished."

This is a strange sermon, a sermon that probably has never been preached before in any one of the Christian pulpits, yet it is a straw in the wind, it proves at least a partial progress: it proves that the clergy in America dare to walk in untrodden paths. If God were an individual being, a huge world-maker, He would indeed be (as the Rev. Mr. Smith says) the most responsible being in the universe.

¹ Gen. xviii.

The truth is that God is not an individual being at all. For God is identical with the irresistible majesty of the laws of nature, and especially with the moral law which is the condition of man's existence as a rational and moral being. God is not a law-giver, who, like a king, enforces justice. God may be compared to a law-giver, to a king, to a father, but He is no law-giver, no king, no father. He is God, and God is that which is irresistible; He is omnipotence itself. God is the eternal law of justice itself. He who breaks the law will smart under its curse; he who obeys it will enjoy its blessing. To attribute to God responsibility is an anthropomorphic conception of God, it humanises God.

A peculiar lesson is involved in the fact that Buddhism, the greatest non-Christian religion, which is distinguished for inculcating the noblest moral maxims, such as love of enemies, chastity, sincerity of heart, and charity toward all suffering creatures, knows nothing about God. Unfriendly critics have on that account branded Buddhists as atheists, and yet they face the same facts of life and have derived therefrom the same rules of ethical conduct. The main difference between Christians and Buddhists consists in the employment of different systems of comprehending and symbolising the facts of experience. Both religions, Christianity as well as Buddhism, recognise an authority for moral conduct. The former call it Christ, the latter Buddha. Christ reveals to Christians the will of God; Buddha teaches men enlightenment. There is this difference: that Christ appears as the son of God, and therefore his teachings must be accepted as revealed truth, while Buddha is a man, who after a diligent search at last obtained the highest wisdom, that will deliver mankind from evil. In Christianity the sonship of Christ vouches for the truth of Christ's message, while in Buddhism Buddha's enlightenment constitutes his Buddhahood. Now Buddha teaches that enlightenment is the same, and that all Buddhas teach the same religion, which consists in the abandonment of the vanity of selfhood, of all hatred and envy, and of lust, implying at the same time a far-reaching and unbounded love, which refuses none, not even those who hate and despise us, compassion with all those that suffer, and holiness. Enlightenment is a living recognition of the truth seen in its moral application to practical life, and truth is a summarised statement of facts, or rather the laws pervading the facts and constituting a comprehensive aspect of their eternality. And this essence of Buddhahood, the eternal laws, the recognition of which constitute enlightenment, has been formulated by the later Buddhists under the name of Amitābha, which means illimitable light, and is conceived as eternal, immutable, and omnipresent. It is the *Sambhōga-*

Kaya (the body of bliss) among the three personalities of Buddha, the other two being the *Nirmāna-Kaya*, the apparitional body of Buddha the teacher, and the *Dharma-Kaya*, the body of the law, which is Buddha's religion in its historical development.¹

The facts are the same in Buddhism and in Christianity; the modes only of formulating them in symbolical expressions varies. Both religions recognise an authority of conduct which, in a word, we may call "the ethical law of the universe, as manifested in the evolution of life."

According to Buddhist notions, every man is responsible for his fate, for every living creature is the incarnation of his karma. We are our own makers. We reap what we have sown. In this conception, every single creature is no longer regarded as an individual being whose fate begins with its birth and ends with its death. Every creature is regarded in its connexion with the whole world of life as the continuation of preceding life. Every creature is the result of the karma done in its former existences.

The aim of the Buddhist is to understand the law of life, and to act in agreement with it. Enlightenment concerning the problems of man's soul, implying the right attitude of mind with regard to our duties, constitutes Buddhahood. Thus, to the Buddhist there is no problem of a conflict between the existence of evil in the world and the goodness of Amitābha, the external conditions of Buddhahood. The existence of evil in this world is the result of our own doing. We are the builders of our own fate, and we must be our own saviours.

If a bridge breaks down under the weight of railroad cars too heavy for its construction, is the law of gravitation responsible for the lives that are lost in the wreck? According to the Buddhist conception the engineer is responsible. There is no Brahma responsible for our mistakes, or even our ignorance, but we ourselves are guilty of both. The constitution of life, and of the laws of life, are no secrets. They are open to all and can be investigated and obeyed, and if the bridge be constructed by an intelligent engineer, it will carry the passengers over the river to the other bank. He who understands his own being and the laws underlying the development of life will no longer throw the responsibility of his misfortunes on others, be they gods or men, but will, like Faust in Goethe's grand drama, seek salvation in helpful deeds that will live after him and preserve the bliss of his life in all generations to come.

P. C.

EVENTS OF TO-DAY.

It is possible that Mr. Gladstone's policy was weak because he allowed himself to be swayed by sentimental considerations and lacked the principle of energetic action. But Lord Salisbury's

¹Compare *The Gospel of Buddha*, pp. 225 et seq.

policy is worse; his policy leaves no room for sympathies with the wronged ones or the suffering, nor with noble ideals. He declares that England can do nothing to stop the massacres in Armenia because it might cost her some sacrifice. No word is lost about the moral aspect of the question; that is dismissed simply by referring to the Cyprus Convention, which "contains no trace of an undertaking to interfere in behalf of the subjects of the Sultan." This is Shylock's answer when the commonest regard for human life is expected of him; he says: "It is not in the bond!" Lord Salisbury may be right enough in his declarations that the Sultan has the best intentions, that he has recently accepted reforms and that the powers should have patience with him, because his "government is weak, wretched, impotent, and powerless." A hostile demonstration against Turkey might be the signal for worse atrocities. But if the Sultan is weak, why not offer the Sultan assistance. If the offer were made with sufficient seriousness and with honest guarantees of preserving the integrity of the Turkish empire, he would have no reason to refuse and could do so only if he did not care for the dispensation of justice and the restoration of order in Armenia. Salisbury fears a European war; he says: "If you do not act with the great powers, you must act against them." Why against them? Where is the logic of the great Premier? Why did he not say "without them"? Russia did not interfere, although it would have been her interest, and no European war would have resulted from Russia's interference. Since Russia did not interfere, the duty of interference devolved upon England, and if England had been isolated on account of her willingness to rescue their Christian brethren from the sword of assassins, if they had combined against her, she might have been proud of fighting for a righteous cause—which we are sorry to add could not be said of the opium war against China, of the Ashantee invasion, of Dr. Jameson's expedition, nor of the humiliation of Khama the Bamangwato chief.

Lord Salisbury declared that in his dispatch to Mr. Olney he had "supported the Monroe Doctrine as a rule of policy in strong and most distinct terms; but," he adds in his banquet speech, "what I stated in that dispatch I reiterate now, we mean the Doctrine as President Monroe understood it." That is all, the United States can expect. President Monroe said, that "with the [American] governments which have declared their independence and maintained it, and whose independence we have, on great consideration and principles, acknowledged, we could not view an interposition for oppressing them, or controlling in any other manner their destiny by any European power, in any other light than as a manifestation of an unfriendly disposition towards the United States." Lord Salisbury's actions did not agree with his words; but if he will act in the future in agreement with his words, his policy will encounter no trouble in the United States.

There is an Illinois State ordinance of 1818, prohibiting the opening of any business on Sunday, which has not been enforced for twenty-five years, and now on a sudden the State's attorney of La Salle County, Ill., secures a jury which swoops down upon the saloon-keepers of Peru and La Salle, indicting them for not closing their doors on the Sabbath. But the jury did not stop here, they indicted the Mayors of La Salle and Peru for "unlawfully, wilfully, knowingly, and contemptuously permitting the owners of certain dramshops to keep their places of business open on Sunday."

Mayor Matthiessen, who is now serving his fourth term, was elected by a large majority of the citizens of La Salle, and he has done more for the town by his good administration than any previous Mayor. When an electric-light company demanded exorbitant prices for street lighting, the Mayor donated a whole electric-light plant to the city. Through another generous gift, he made it possible that the town should own its own water-works, which

otherwise might have become the source of an unusually profitable revenue of a few private individuals at the expense of the community.

There are a few fanatic temperance men only who approve of the indictment, and even they do not dare to attack the Mayor's character, but only claim that the letter of the law must be obeyed. They expect that the Mayor shall prevent the citizens from drinking beer on Sunday, while the Mayor regards it beneath the dignity of his office to turn the policemen into informers and use them as spies.

There is no need of discussing the malignity of the indictment and its probable result; we mention the occurrence only on account of the principle involved of obeying or not-obeying the law. The Mayor promised to support the laws of the State; but he did not promise to enforce them, nor is that required of him, for the Mayor's office is not and cannot be a State institution. Further, these Sunday regulations are not laws, but ordinances; and lastly, the Mayor can be tried only for palpable malfeasance in office, but not for a mere neglect of trifles. We care little for the facts implied in the present case, especially whether or not it is an offence to sell a pint of beer on Sunday. The practical question at issue is, whether citizens elected to administrative offices must not only obey, but must also enforce the very letter of laws and ordinances, even of those which in their judgment are either impracticable or unjust. Is there not a higher norm than the letter of the law?

The question how to deal with laws that are impracticable or unjust in themselves has been repeatedly discussed by the late Professor Ihering of Göttingen, one of the highest juridical authorities. He says that the spirit of a law is its purpose.¹ The wording of the law is of secondary consideration, if but the purpose be rightly understood, and if the purpose of a law be irrational or unjust, a judge must interpret the law in the sense which it would have acquired, if the powers who formulated the law had seen its fallacy or unfairness. The problem of observing the laws is not so easy as it may at first sight appear to the unsophisticated mind of the inexperienced layman, for the trouble is that there are laws that contradict one another, and then magistrates have only the choice as to which law should be disobeyed, but it is sure that somewhere they must give offence.

What shall we do under these circumstances? Christ said: "The letter killeth, but the spirit quickeneth." The ethics of a blind obedience with their many shortcomings are good enough for an immature people; but we need a higher conception of duty. We have the right to expect of our magistrates that they shall be men who think and weigh and judge; and not mere legal machines. There is an old superstition that bad laws must be enforced so that they may be abolished. As if the people existed for the sake of the laws, and not the laws for the sake of the people! Shall we begin witch-prosecution and the burning of witches again simply that the old laws against witchcraft be abrogated?

Besides the shades of difference in the conception of a law are sometimes very slight, and the changes in the public sentiment of right and wrong are with few exceptions gradual.

He who understands the nature of evolution, not only in the domain of law, but also of religion, and in all other fields, knows that the world of thought is transformed by imperceptible changes which are effected, not by tearing down the letter of old formulas, but by giving them a new interpretation. Thus laws are abrogated only if they come suddenly into conflict with new and better, with broader and juster conceptions. As a rule, the judges themselves begin to interpret them more broadly and change their original meaning in agreement with the needs of the time.

We Americans have come to the conclusion that kings can

¹ See Rudolf Ihering, *Der Zweck im Recht*.

make no laws; but there is a superstition still prevalent among us that majorities can do so. Majorities can pass ordinances, they can for the preservation of peace temporarily enforce a certain way of administering the law, but they cannot make wrong right, or right wrong; and a true law—law in the highest sense of the word—can never be in contradiction to the principle of that which is right. There are many so-called laws in our country which are simply majority-decisions in the way of experimenting in legal affairs and trying for a while a certain policy, which is erroneously thought to be right. Laws that are morally wrong will not and should not find many supporters among the officers of a genuine republic. It might have been foreseen that it would be difficult to enforce a law such as the Fugitive Slave Law. Have not even judges, magistrates, and ministers of monarchies laid their heads on the block rather than obey a bad law? Did not Sophocles in his great tragedy "Antigone" proclaim to the Athenians that the unwritten law is above the law of kings and States?

Those who speak of the sanctity of the letter of the law demanding blind obedience to ordinances simply because they have nominally become law, are responsible for the prevalence of anarchism; for if a man be requested to suppress the voice of conscience, if he must cease to investigate and judge for himself as to what be right or wrong, he will soon come to the conclusion that all law is a heinous tyranny and the embodiment of oppression which robs man of the most essential dignity of his manhood.

We must take the risk of an occasional wrong decision or mistake of judgment in a man in office. Liberty carries its own corrective in the evils that follow its abuses. Liberty of conscience and liberty in the interpretation of the law for both the citizens and magistrates are an indispensable condition of the public welfare. Instead of giving way to licence, as some claim, the result will be that the significance of the law will be better understood and revered than ever.

This should be the order of authority of the ideas that sway an American citizen, if, as an officer of town, or state, or government, he has to decide for the people the legality of a certain ordinance or law; above all laws stands what Sophocles calls "the unwritten laws," what Christians call the will of God, what the philosopher finds to be the eternal moral relations of society. Upon these the founders of our republic meant to take their stand, and thus we are secondly bound by the formulation in which they laid down their views of right and justice, viz., the Constitution of the United States as interpreted by the principles contained in the Declaration of Independence. After the Constitution of the United States we are bound to consider the Constitution of our particular State, and after that come the ordinances of cities and townships—always provided that they do not collide with any higher authority, but are proposed solely for carrying out by detail regulations the great principles of law and justice which are the foundation of the whole structure of laws and ordinances.

CORRESPONDENCE.

"OUR CLEVELAND CHRISTMAS."

To the Editor of *The Open Court*:

Allow me to thank you in your columns, not only for publishing "Our Cleveland Christmas," in spite of personal disagreement, but for maintaining that "it is always best to let everybody speak out plainly what he believes." I think more highly than Mr. Conway does of our national Constitution; but I cannot admit that it is too sacred to be criticised. John Stuart Mill has proved the right of holders of unpopular views to be heard dispassionately. *The Open Court* could not, consistently with its title, exclude an article on account of its opinions, if it were de-

sirable otherwise. The Religion of Science is not going to revive the Inquisition in defence of any doctrine, even Monroe's. Has not that doctrine truth enough to hold its own in public discussion?

Permit me also to say that if Mr. Conway is mistaken in thinking that our country is losing ground in Europe on account of "repudiations," silver bills, and similar errors, he ought to be refuted, and not merely denounced. If there is any truth in this statement, we ought to treat him as we would a friend who helps us find out that we need a doctor badly. F. M. HOLLAND.

AMRITA.

BY CHARLES ALVA LANE.

Nay, Soul, thy span is not from womb to tomb:
Thine every when and where of space and years;
Thou art the past incarnate, and thine ears
Know not a prophecy of death. The doom
Of all deeds done thou art, and thou the womb
Wherein a dream of full omniscience bears
Forever toward the birth; for lo, Life rears
So vast a hope amid its mystery-gloom!

Yea, Soul, in thee the living past faces hence,
And fronts the future with a nascent god,
In sleepless toil amid the elements
Enkindling thought, and waking sense in sod:
The Infinite woos the outward: Life grows broad,
Subliming Nature to Intelligence.

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A living hand taken by Rontgen's X-rays in the Physical Laboratory of Hamburg. Reproduced through the courtesy of Prof. H. Schubert.

The plates on which the photograph was received were locked in a closed photographer's box, so that the rays had to pass both through the hand and the wooden cover.

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EUROPEAN OPINIONS ON THE SECOND PARLIAMENT OF RELIGIONS.

[The success of the projected Second Religious Parliament in Paris seems to be assured. Abbé Charbonnel has received a number of letters from leading men commenting upon his views set forth in an article published in the *Revue de Paris*. Among them there are only two that doubt the advisability of holding a Second Religious Parliament,—Mgr. Jauffret, Bishop of Bayonne, and Prof. Alfred Baudrillart. We offer our readers a translation of Abbé Charbonnel's letters as published in the *Revue Bleue* of Paris.]

LETTER FROM MGR. JAUFFRET.

[Bishop of Bayonne.]

Bayonne, October 24, 1895.

Sir—I do not approve of the projected Congress.

It seems to me that it is a concession to the doctrinal scepticism which is invading and to the notion now prevailing among the middle classes, that all doctrines are of equal value.

This kind of modified Christianity robs faith of its simplest and most fundamental motive of credence, which is the authority of the Church. It is a step backward toward the natural theology of the pagans.

The people will conclude that they have been led into error until now, not only concerning the rights of the Gospel, which must be believed in its whole content, but also concerning its efficacy, which belongs especially to the Catholic doctrine, which is the truth, to procure the welfare of society and of the individual.

I could call attention to certain expressions in your article, for instance, "the old confessional separations." Were these separations not established by our Saviour himself?

Nevertheless, I pay my respects to your unquestionable talents, your undoubted zeal, and the noble aspirations of your heart.

I confess that I shall be a little embarrassed to find myself opposed to the high dignitaries and renowned churchmen whom your letter names, and whom I both love and respect.

FRANÇOIS,

Bishop of Bayonne.

LETTER FROM P. BAUDRILLART.

[Priest of the Oratory and Doctor of Theology at the Catholic Institute at Paris.]

Dear Sir—I indeed admired very much the lecture which Mgr. Keane delivered at Brussels, and which I

have published in the *Bulletin Critique*, but if a Congress of Religions was quite legitimate in a country where many religions exist, I cannot be persuaded that it will be useful for us. I even believe, although something might be said against this objection, that the French are not sufficiently religious to support the enterprise without prejudice. Further, if the Catholics of America did well to take part in a Congress proposed by others, and which would have taken place without them, it seems to me that Catholics should not take the initiative in assemblages of this kind.

(Signed) ALFRED BAUDRILLART.

LETTER FROM PROF. C. DE HARLEZ.

[Professor at the University of Louvain.]

Louvain, November 1, 1895.

Honored Sir—You ask me for advice concerning the holding of a Second Religious Parliament in Paris, and in response to the confidence with which you honor me, I shall speak my mind with perfect frankness and simplicity.

If this Second Congress be exactly like the first, if the representatives of the Catholic religion can play in that grand European city the same rôle as in Chicago, it seems to me not doubtful that the results of the Second Congress will be good and even better than those of the first.

It is, therefore, necessary above all to take such measures that in our unfortunate Europe and under the influences to which France, and especially Paris, are exposed to-day, the Freethinkers shall not take the leadership of a gathering of religious people.

If, therefore, one could be assured of an amiable and orderly procedure at the meetings of the Parliament of Religions, and also that Catholicism would receive the place due to it, I could only join with my feeble voice those distinguished men who demand a new meeting of the Congress and a repetition of the touching scenes of which the American city was a happy witness.

Facts have proved that the Catholic religion has nothing to fear from these brotherly meetings, among which it does not make its appearance as a merely human religion like all the rest, but where it is revealed to many noble and sincere minds who do not know it, or have a wrong idea of it.

How powerful, how efficient is a simple exposition of our dogmas stated in the language of brotherly love! Who does not know the advice of the sweet Apostle of Chablais, of the great ecclesiastical Doctor, François de Sales?

"In order to convince and to convert dissenters, do not argue, but avoid all polemics. Polemics irritate and ruffle. Set forth your belief with simplicity and precision. If it be properly understood it will have a greater effect than all the artifices of dialectics."

Nothing is truer than this. Truth is beautiful in itself. Truth has charms which attract the heart. But she is often disguised and unknown. Tear down the veils, let her appear as she is! That is the first condition of a successful propaganda.

But where could one do it with more success than in a gathering which will unite all distinguished men and the priests of all religions under the sun? What a unique opportunity for sowing the seeds of the Gospel in non-Christian countries! What a grand opportunity to dispel prejudices which estrange from us both the worshippers of Oriental religions and the Christians outside the fold of the Roman Church! These prejudices, one does not know how, sometimes lead to contempt and even to hatred. Should we not joyfully seize the opportunity that offers itself to change them into sentiments of brotherly love?

And to a Christian who finds himself in a gathering of this kind, what a lesson will be the sight of a number of men entangled in errors, sometimes of the gravest kind! What a shout of gratitude rises in his heart towards the God of goodness who has protected him against this darkness and illumined him with light! What a burning desire is kindled in his bosom to communicate to his brothers in God this incomparable privilege which makes him the direct heir of the kingdom of heaven!

The mere sight of a Parliament of Religions ought to kindle the sentiments of thankfulness and love of God, of piety, of charity, of zeal for extending salvation to his unfortunate brethren, in the heart of a Christian. And is this not already a great achievement?

The Catholics who were witnesses of the memorable scenes at Chicago attest unanimously that there a wonderful movement originated towards a unity of faith, toward monotheism, and even toward the Gospel. At the same time, their hearts were pervaded by love and compassion for all honest souls deprived of the light of the true faith. But that this movement should persist and develop, it is, of course, necessary that the impulse should be renewed. Otherwise it would weaken and die out.

One can only wish to see a Second Parliament of Religions develop the happy results of the first. It

will help to hasten the moment when there will be only one flock and one shepherd, when all men will worship, not only with one voice as in Chicago, but with one and the same sentiment the heavenly Father, whose kingdom will spread over the whole earth, and whose will shall be done.

Could we but see dimly the dawn of this happy day!

C. DE HARLEZ.

LETTER FROM THE VISCOUNT DE MEAUX.

[Leader of the Catholic party in Belgium and author of "L'église catholique et la liberté aux Etats-Unis."]

Sir—I beg you to excuse the delay of my reply to the important and delicate question with which you have honored me.

The Religious Congress of Chicago, that extraordinary and unprecedented event, was a most happy occurrence. Christians, especially Catholics, ought to rejoice in it. We should not doubt it after the formal testimony of Cardinal Gibbons and Mgr. Keane. There was reason to fear such a union, and several Catholic bishops actually did fear it; but since it took place it would have been unfortunate if our church after the fashion of Mohammedanism and of Anglicanism had declined the invitation extended to her. It was good for her to be represented.

There the remnants of primitive religion, fragments of truth, dispersed among the non-Christian religions, viz., in the Asiatic cults, received the light. Their tendency to approach Christianity in the measure that they comprehended it, is manifest, and the Christian faith, particularly the Catholic faith, shone forth in a pure and brilliant light. Thus I could congratulate myself on having been one of the first in France in the *Correspondent* of January 25, 1894, to attract the attention of religious men to this event.

It remains to be seen whether it will be advisable to convene in France during the next Exposition a like Congress, whether the Catholics should inaugurate it, and in case they should not take the initiative, whether they should participate in it.

Two conditions determined the success of the Congress at Chicago, preserving both peace and liberty:

1. Controversy was excluded. The representatives of the various religions expounded successively their creeds and deeds, without attacking the creeds and deeds of others.

2. It was held in a religious atmosphere. The men that in America are called agnostics, and infidels, the same who in Europe are called Freethinkers, occupy little place in the society of the United States, they held still less in the assembly at Chicago, notwithstanding they were not excluded. In spite of the diversities of race and language, of doctrines and morals, the members of this cosmopolitan parliament

discovered among them certain principles and sentiments in common.

Will these two conditions be reproduced at Paris? It is difficult to expect it.

It will doubtless be hard for the French mind, naturally militant, to expound without discussion, to affirm a doctrine without combating the opposite doctrine. Even the suppleness of our language lends itself to thrust, to hostile allusions which provoke retaliation. In short, this momentous religious affair could easily degenerate into polemical discussions, and in a rapid space of time these would cease to be orderly, serious, and complete.

But above all, in the face of the various religions of humanity, what place would irreligion hold? If we close the door upon it European thought will not be presented in its entirety, and if we admit it what will it seek among the various cults, if not division? To what will it apply itself, armed with ironical disdain, if not to sow discord and thus help negation to prevail?

These, in my opinion, are the dangers of a project the grandeur and importance of which I otherwise do not underrate. I do not state these dangers without regret, for they prove the defects of our time and our country. They may not be insurmountable but they are formidable, and if the leaders of our Church in France do not consent to brave them I will neither blame them nor would it surprise me.

Could a Congress of Religions be held at Paris without being convened and supported by them? In such a case the duly authorised Catholics who would preside there would have to consider which would be heavier, the responsibility assumed by taking part, or by refusing to do so.

In a word, it devolves on the men who can judge of the religious condition of France, and the needs of souls there, not upon me, to answer such questions. All we can do is to agitate them, but not to decide them.

VICOMTE DE MEAUX.

LETTER OF M. BONET-MAURY.

[Delegate of the French Protestants to the Parliament of Religions at Chicago.]

Monsieur l'Abbé—You ask me to express by letter my opinion upon the question of a Universal Congress of Religions at Paris in 1900—a question which you presented in strong terms in the *Revue de Paris* of September 1.

My adhesion to the principle of such a Congress could not be doubtful, for I myself have become convinced of the happy result of the Parliament at Chicago, for the awakening of religious life, the establishment of interconfessional peace, and the influence

of missionaries on pagan nations. From all these points of view a like enterprise can only contribute to the advancement of the reign of truth, of justice, and fraternity upon earth. This is why I join you with all my heart.

However, I do not overlook the difficulties which the project involves. First, proud though I am to think that the capital of France should have been the place chosen for so noble a rendezvous, yet Paris seems to me to offer a less favorable soil for such a gathering than Chicago or any other American city, or a federal country like Switzerland.

In the United States the clergy are in closer contact with the people and associate more willingly with the movements of public opinion. In France the ecclesiastics are subject to a powerful hierarchy, and form a body much more closed to external influences. Moreover, in America, on account of the multiplicity of races and religions, there has for a long time existed a powerful spirit of tolerance, and the habit of co-operating in works of charity. In our country often disrupted, alas! by religious wars, or distracted by political revolutions, we are, on the contrary surrounded by a crowd of prejudiced and rancorous persons, to say nothing of the confessional hatred that opposes all approach. These obstacles, however, are not invincible. The existence in Paris itself of the League Against Atheism and of the Union for Moral Action, which counts in its ranks Catholics, Protestants, and Israelites, is a good augury for the success of a Congress of Religions.

The greatest difficulty, it appears to me, is on the side of the Catholic Church, which preponderates in France. Accustomed to treat dissenters as a factor that can be ignored, she would see a derogation of her privileges in any participation in a Congress of Religions.

There is a misunderstanding that first of all must be dissipated. The Congress at Paris, like that at Chicago, should not be a parliament or council where the different religions would give themselves up to controversy and discussion to decide which is the best among them. Each ought, according to its doctrine, to expound the solution which it is able to furnish of the moral and social problems which occupy humanity, and that without suppressing and also without criticising other solutions.

Further, the Congress will not be, as some appear to fear, "a crucible where all the religions will melt into an impossible unity, which will result in a universal religion." No, its rôle will be more modest. It will strive only, as did the organisers of the Congress at Chicago, to form the holy league of all religions against irreligion and against immorality; all cults to proclaim these two articles of evangelical faith: "I

believe in one God," and "All men are brothers," and then to adopt "Our Father" for the universal prayer.

The Pope, Leo XIII., with his breadth of mind and his almost prophetic foresight, has understood the high value of a new Congress and the impulse that it would give Christianity toward unity. He has pronounced a favorable opinion on the project. But he has reserved liberty of action for the Church of France. All depends, then, on the decision of her leaders. Perhaps they will comprehend what a powerful stimulant to faith and piety such a Congress may be—and then they will come to this Congress of all the religions, in which they are sure to obtain all the honors due to them, and where they can keep intact the liberty of their convictions. Or they will refuse to participate in such an assembly, and then they will carry the heavy responsibility of rendering the Congress impossible. To let escape the most beautiful occasion which will ever be presented to them to make glorious in the eyes of the pagan, the uninformed, and the incredulous freethinker, this Gospel and this cross of Christ to which has been promised the victory over the world!

G. BONET-MAURY.

LETTER OF CHARLES C. BONNEY.

[President of the World's Congresses held at Chicago in 1893.]

Dear Sir—Allow me to thank you for your admirable article which appeared in the *Revue de Paris*, upon "A Universal Congress of Religions in 1900." That project has given the greatest pleasure to us in America who remain faithful to the idea of a universal Parliament of Religions. We could but be highly gratified by the ability and eloquence with which you expound the project of repeating at Paris, at the time of the International Exposition which will open the twentieth century, the august and soul-stirring manifestation of Chicago in 1893. I am therefore ready to give you my best aid and counsel for the organization of the vast enterprise of which you and your friends have assumed the difficult task. I have great hopes that you may obtain the support of the government of your country, as well as of the great religious minds, and that your project, in spite of all obstacles, will achieve a triumphant success.

CHARLES C. BONNEY.

LETTER OF M. NEGRI.

[Editor of the *Perseveranza* of Milan.]

Milan, October 17, 1895.

Sir—I thank you sincerely for your polite letter, and I am happy that you approve of my manner of interpreting the grand idea proposed by you. I wish you with all my heart success in the accomplishment of your project, but I do not know enough of

the dispositions and forces of the religious people in France to foresee the result. In Italy, a movement such as yours would be received with indifference.

In Italy the religious sentiment, after the great crisis of the Middle Ages, has been stifled by irony and scepticism. The papacy of the Renaissance so amused Italy that it has killed all seriousness in religion. This is the reason why the discipline of Jesuitical orthodoxy is with us all-powerful. Public opinion follows it blindly from habit, and does not believe it worth the trouble to resist. Not finding in it the power to do so when religious questions are agitated, it reserves by a strange but human contradiction the liberty of complacently excommunicating itself in political questions.

But in France the condition of the religious mind ought to be very different and favorable to such an idea as yours. You will certainly have met with antagonism, but you work for the future. There is only one way to keep alive the religious sentiment in modern society, and that is to return to the pure source of the Gospel, passing by the rocky and barren mountains of dogmatic systems. The Gospel is eternally young. Can we say the same of all the parasitic plants which have overgrown it? And there is in the Gospel a principle of peace and unity in which future humanity may retrieve peace of mind.

I intend to follow with deep interest your efforts and work, and shall be happy to announce to my countrymen from day to day that you are approaching the realization of the noble idea which you have given to the world.

GASTON NEGRI.

LETTER OF M. ERNEST NAVILLE.

[The well-known scholar and author of *Le Témoignage du Christ et l'unité du monde chrétien*.]

Geneva, September 21, 1895.

Sir—I have just read your article in the *Revue de Paris*.

I hardly need tell you that I read it with great interest and emotion. One must have a very superficial mind not to accord serious attention to the Parliament of Religions at Chicago. I will present to the readers of the *Journal de Genève* your great project of a Congress of Religions at Paris, but it necessarily will take me some time to arrive at a clear opinion upon so grave a matter.

My ideas upon the unity of the Christian world are known to you, since you read my book, *The Testimony of Christ*, with a sympathy, the expression of which I appreciate. The unity of the Christian world raises other questions and claims, other investigations which I shall undertake in the near future with as much energy as is left to a man who will complete his eightieth year in 1896.

ERNEST NAVILLE.

THE RESURRECTION OF JESUS.

BY ATHERTON BLIGHT.

"Alles Vergängliche ist nur ein Gleichniß."

AMIEL said with profound significance, "Entanglement is the condition of life, order and clearness are the signs of serious and successful thought."

Robertson of Brighton, a very tower of liberal thought in his day, declared that most arguments are verbal arguments. Therefore it becomes the writers of *The Open Court* to define—to define as clearly as possible all their positions.

Coleridge warned us more than two generations ago that "when you do not understand an author, consider yourself ignorant of his understanding." It is in this spirit that I approach some of Dr. Carus's recent utterances in his most interesting weekly journal, *Are not Corvinus and Mr. Thurtell right in their accusations of ambiguity?* In *The Open Court*, December 12, 1895, Dr. Carus says: "The cardinal point on which the difference between the old and the new view comes out lies not in the fall of man, but in the resurrection of Christ. . . the soul of Jesus has become, and is even to-day, a living presence in the aspirations of mankind, . . the moral aspirations of Jesus must be impressed into the minds of men. He must be resurrected in every heart so as to become the dominant power of all impulses, the directive control in life, the ultimate motive of all actions."

Now if we turn to Lord Acton's introductory lecture at Cambridge upon succeeding Sir John Seeley in the chair of Modern History, we find that learned man and excellent Catholic, albeit of the Döllinger type, declaring that "the influence of Christ who is risen upon mankind whom he redeemed has increased and is increasing." Would our editor and the Cambridge Professor agree with regard to the character of the influence of Christ upon the world? Lord Acton consistently accepts the so-called supernatural standpoint of the churches. Jesus as Son of God, "very God of very God," having in very truth, as an historical fact, risen from the dead, influences and will forever influence mankind. But Dr. Carus has utterly overthrown the supernatural of the churches, and looks upon Jesus as a remarkably endowed Hebrew of humble parentage. Renan, in his charming *Souvenirs de l'enfance et de jeunesse*, says (I quote from memory): "I felt strongly at that time (1848-1849) that the Christ would come from Germany, not the person, the individual supernatural being, but the new spirit, the new era, the new burst of spiritual life would come from the other side of the Rhine." Is there not then just a little ambiguity in the way Dr. Carus holds on to the individual Christ? Has he not as a person become a little shadowy to many of us? Has he not become the symbol for the "great whatsoevers" of St. Paul?

Emerson said profoundly, "there are no such men as we fable," and again, "so many saints and saviours, so many high behaviors" accompany us through life. The late Professor Darmesteter's last hope and dream was that mankind would return to the glorious trumpet notes of the great Hebrew prophets, the burden of whose teaching is: "Let righteousness gush forth as water and justice as a never-failing stream." In conclusion allow me to quote somewhat at length from a notice of Matthew Arnold's letters in the *New York Evening Post*, which may have escaped the notice of your readers:

"We quote these passages because they show Arnold clinging with his whole soul to the Church and his Bible, and at the same time ready to throw overboard the doctrines and mysteries of theology, the mechanism of ritual, the miracles and thaumaturgy of Christianity; even ready to forego the positive belief in a personal immortality. . . The Church remains to him an ethical society,—a society for the propagation of virtue, the pursuit of righteousness,—but a society rooted in immemorial associations, and drawing its nourishment largely from a single book and a single exemplar of perfect life."

* * *

IN REPLY.

[Mr. Blight seems to consider the sentence quoted as a statement that refers exclusively to Jesus. The meaning of the passage, I hope, will be clear as soon as our readers bear in mind that immortality is a common attribute of all souls. What we said of the resurrection of Jesus holds good of every other man whose aspirations continue to sway mankind.]

By immortality we do not mean the resuscitation to life of the body of Jesus. That conception of Christ's resurrection has been surrendered even by pious and faithful theologians. A resurrection of the body has no moral significance, but so did Buddha among the ideal aspirations of a great leader into the hearts of men is of paramount importance.

There can be no doubt that Jesus of Nazareth, whoever he may have been, even if he had existed only in the imagination of his followers as a kind of artificial or ideal personality, has created a new atmosphere in the Western world from the influence of which no one can withdraw himself; and so did Buddha among the Eastern nations. Both Buddha and Christ pronounced certain ideals which impressed their disciples, who went out to preach them to others. Thus the movement spread over continents, and in every one who receives the message and is affected by its noble sentiment, the soul of the master who proclaimed it is resurrected. Christ lives in the Christians; Buddha lives in the Buddhists; Mohammed lives in the Moslems.

This is an immortality which is not diffuse, not a pantheistic dissolution into the All-life. It is the preservation of definite thoughts and distinct soul-forms; it is a transference of the most essential features of a man, which are impressed into the minds of others in the form of word-combinations embodying the characteristic traits of his great personality.

In this sense we say that Jesus is a living presence in mankind. For what is Jesus if not the sentiments which he taught? The spirit of Jesus lives in his words. The same is true of Buddha, and in this sense we may claim immortality for all men according to their deeds and thoughts, of Kant, of Goethe, of Washington, of Lincoln, and on a smaller scale, of every blessed soul that plodded through life, attending faithfully to the duties thereof.

Every moral being leaves a little heritage of blessings which is an indestructible treasure that no moth can eat and no thief can steal. A poor day-laborer's wife who in her motherly love patiently attends to the drudgery of innumerable annoying household trifles and struggles against odds, lives on not only in her children and children's children, but in all who are affected by her example.

Nothing that is good is lost; evil alone leads to destruction, for absolute evil is so bad that it cannot exist. Absolute evil involves impossibility of existence. Immoral conduct, if persisted in, will within three or four generations abolish itself; but the bliss of truth, sincerity, and noble deeds lasts forever.—ED.]

PROFESSOR BOYSEN AT CORNELL UNIVERSITY.

BY THEODORE STANTON.

BACK in the seventies, when I was an undergraduate at Cornell University, Hjalmar Hjorth Boyesen suddenly made his appearance at Ithaca as one of the professors in the German department. I was a member of his classes and soon became quite well acquainted with him outside of the recitation-room. The malady so prevalent among collegians—*cacoethes scribendi*—seized me at about this time, and during the Sundays of a month in my sophomore year I amused myself by preparing a little sketch of Boyesen at Cornell.

One evening last autumn, a few days after Boyesen's untimely death, I met at the New York Authors' Club, Mr. Howells, who, it will be remembered, was the "discoverer" of the Norse-American novelist. He asked me many questions about Boyesen's six years' sojourn at Cornell, which is, it appears, one of the less-known periods in his short career. It occurred to me, therefore, when, the other day I chanced upon the manuscript of my college sketch, hidden away with other papers in an old box, that it might

be interesting to give it a corner in your columns; for many of your readers must have known Boyesen through his numerous books and magazine articles. Here it is, almost exactly as it was written some twenty years ago:

"H. H." once expressed surprise that the author of "Gunnar" could find the atmosphere of Cornell University congenial. But like many others, who, form their opinion concerning this institution without visiting it, the gifted poetess does not know that there is that about the young, free University on Cayuga Lake which exactly chimes in with the fresh liberal soul of Boyesen. The grand scenery about Ithaca, the many-sided sermons at Sage Chapel, the equality of scientific and literary studies, the union in one faculty of men of letters and men of science, the mingling in the college world of a body of intelligent and cultivated women, a close association of students and professors, and everywhere a general spirit of freedom and independence,—all this produces an atmosphere not to be found perhaps in any other university centre in America, an atmosphere just suited to the intellectual lungs of the Norse novelist.

Boyesen the professor does not differ materially from Boyesen the author. An æsthetic nature, enthusiasm, refined humor and great breadth of mind crop out in his lectures as well as in his romances. To these important parts, so seldom found united in the teacher, is added that substratum of all successful instruction, scholarship. Besides a knowledge of the German language and literature and an imbibition of the Germanic spirit, due in part to membership in the great Teutonic family and in part to a residence at Leipsic University, Professor Boyesen is acquainted with other languages both ancient and modern, all of which are brought to bear on his interpretation of the German. It is this Germanic spirit and a mastery of English which enables him to transmit to his students instruction, artistically interwoven into the dry warp of the recitation, and gives a charm to Professor Boyesen's teaching which can be appreciated only by those who have listened to him.

Prof. Boyesen belongs pre-eminently to that very small class of teachers of languages who know how to make grammar secondary to the poetry of speech, so that when a pupil leaves him, he can give not only the principal parts of the irregular verbs, but he has become impregnated with what is much more valuable, a lasting love for German literature. The monotonous, sleepy, antiquated modes of teaching so universal in our colleges years ago and unfortunately still lingering here and there, find no counterpart in the varied, wide-awake, fresh method adapted by Professor Boyesen. He is all life and his enthusiasm is contagious. There is nothing narcotic in his lecture-room and his stu-

dents are never drowsy. If he pronounces the German before translating it, the laws of elocution are observed, and the true spirit of the passage given. When a word in the text suggests an idea, Professor Boyesen will suddenly rise from his chair, step from behind the desk and walking the floor or standing on the raised platform, will pour forth his thoughts, his speech at such moments often bordering on true eloquence, and his language always displaying force and grace.

In Schiller's "Wilhelm Tell," he will support with great ardor the superiority of the farewell scene between Tell and his wife, to that which follows between Rudens and Bertha. When he would define a lyric, in contradistinction to an epic poet, he employs this beautiful simile: "The lyric poet sings the emotions springing from his own breast; but the epic poet is like the broad river which reflects in its bosom the lofty mountains, branching oaks and tiny flowers that it winds among."

Professor Boyesen has a very refined poetic taste, a most æsthetic mind's eye. "Faust" interpreted by him is a rare treat. Grammatical questions give way to a consideration of the graces of the languages, the rhythm of the verse and the deep hidden meaning of the poet, while snatches from Goethe's life are dexterously thrown in here and there until the author himself becomes identified with his work.

Professor Boyesen possesses a large fund of humor and *esprit*. He never spoils his *bons mots* and anecdotes with too much filling, but leaves the imagination something to do. He hints at his points. Meeting one day a passage in "Faust" about the rendering of which the critics differ, he remarked, "'Faust,' like the Koran and some other good books, admits of various interpretations." Referring on another occasion, during the reading of the "Prologue in Heaven," to the suggestions which Goethe had received from the Book of Job, he observed: "It always seemed odd to me that the Hebraic idea of compensation for long suffering was a wife and seven children." After a spirited analysis of the character of Mephistopheles, Boyesen added: "He is a gentleman who would be well received in New York society, and in Boston he would be lionised."

Professor Boyesen's liberalism also displays itself in the lecture-room, but never in a way to offend the most conservative of his hearers. Though a zealous republican in politics, he is not a Jingo; though a reformer, he is not a fanatic; though an independent thinker in religion, he is not an atheist; and in literature and art, while a worshipper of the beautiful, he is not a defender of artistic immorality. Broad-minded but not extreme in any of his views, his lecture-room is pervaded by an air that strengthens, enlarges, and elevates the mental and moral nature.

The artistic faculty, by which I mean not only an innate love of the beautiful, but also a technical acquaintance with the fine arts, is possessed by Professor Boyesen in a large degree. This is due chiefly to his early association with artists, while a student at the University of Christiania, and to his study, at a later date of the great masterpieces in the picture-galleries of the European capitals. The grand scenery of his native Norway may have given in youth an artistic bent to his mind. But his critical knowledge of art was acquired as he sat beside the easels of his friends in the University town, or while roaming through the Louvre in company with Tourguéneff. Art had such a strong hold upon him at this time that he seriously thought for a moment of becoming an art critic. He has in his possession several oil-paintings which were given him as souvenirs of friendship, on parting with his Christiania companions, before sailing for America. Some of these pictures are of considerable merit, and one or two of the artists who painted them have now won a European reputation. But they are valued by their possessor quite as much on account of the pleasant memories associated with them as for their artistic worth.

In the South Building of Cornell University, high upon East Hill, is a small room commanding a fine view of Cayuga Lake to the north and the long valley to the south, in the north end of which Ithaca lies nestled. An oaken desk and chair, a dozen comfortable benches, five pictures in black walnut frames on the neatly papered walls,—such are the main features of Boyesen's lecture-room. Three of the pictures are photographs of portraits of Goethe, Schiller, and Lessing, another a scene from "Faust," and the fifth a small likeness of Tourguéneff, bearing his sign-manual, a gift from the Russian novelist to his Norwegian friend.

In "Cascadilla," the University dormitory building, Professor Boyesen has his private apartments. From his sitting-room a view can be had of the valley but not of the lake. On the walls are hung several Norwegian landscapes in oil, and two or three good engravings, studies from characters in German literature. Two busts of Goethe and Schiller, the former from the Trippel cast and the latter from the Da-necker, stand on the two bookcases, where is a good collection of American poetry, including several volumes of obscure poets. There is a set of Tourguéneff's writings, partly in French and partly in German, some of the volumes containing the author's autograph. I believe this is the only complete collection of Tourguéneff's works in this country. A set of Heine, Boyesen's favorite poet, is also found on one of the shelves. Many of the books are presentation copies from well-known authors of Europe and Amer-

ica. One shelf is filled with standard works on the literature of all countries, in various languages, forming, as it were, a universal history of modern literature.

BOOK NOTICES.

Macmillan & Co. are publishing *The Modern Reader's Bible* and we have before us one volume of the series, "The Proverbs," edited with introduction and notes, by Prof. Richard G. Moulton of the University of Chicago. As to the plan of the whole series Professor Moulton says in his introduction: "The Modern Reader's Bible does not touch matters of devotion or theology. Its purpose is to put forward Biblical works as portions of World Literature, with an interest of their own for every variety of reader. But if they are to be so appreciated, it is necessary that they should be stripped of the mediæval and anti-literary form in which our current Bibles allow them to be obscured." In agreement with this maxim Professor Moulton has revised that book of the Old Testament which commonly goes by the name of the "Proverbs of Solomon."

The reader will be greatly benefited by the explanation of the various poetical forms which are employed in this book and also by a few instructive hints concerning the philosophical evolution that took place in the wisdom literature of ancient Israel. Professor Moulton says:

"The earlier works, Proverbs and Ecclesiasticus, give us only Isolated Observations of life; these are reflected in brief proverbs, or in literary forms but little removed from proverbs, and each is entirely distinct and complete in itself. The further notion of the connectedness of all things is not ignored in these earlier books, but is looked upon as no subject for reflective analysis; the wise men approach the universe as a whole with feelings only of adoration, and the philosopher becomes a poet singing of this whole as 'Wisdom.' Ecclesiastes marks the point where, for the first time, reflective analysis has been turned upon the sum

things; the sudden responsibility becomes too great, and philosophy breaks down in despair. The word 'wisdom' now becomes confined for the most part to lesser achievements, or to the observing faculty; the universal is no longer a unity that can be adored, but a broken 'All things,' the attempt to understand which is 'vanity.' There is an advance from this position in the latest of the books of wisdom, the apocryphal Wisdom of Solomon. Here philosophy recovers its tone of rapture; the recovery is made, not by returning to the restricted area of observation, but by still further enlarging it. The Preacher had considered only this life; his successor recognises a life beyond the grave, and in immortality finds a solution of present mysteries. Whereas the Preacher had confined himself to the present, the new wisdom adds the past of history, and presents Wisdom as Providence. And a single passage—where however the topic is only raised, and not followed into detail—shows that this close of Wisdom literature extends its observation even from human life to external nature. Thus these four—Proverbs, Ecclesiasticus, Ecclesiastes, and Wisdom of Solomon—make a distinct progression of thought. And somewhere in this line of thought—it is needless to discuss exactly where—comes the remaining work of Wisdom literature, the Book of Job. Here again it is the universe as a whole which is under consideration, or at least, its leading problem, the Mystery of Evil."

The book is handy and the whole plan marks a great progress in the popularisation of Bible literature. The text is that of the revised version.

Readers interested in the pathology of mind will find a very able and instructive article in the July *Alienist and Neurologist*

(1895) by Dr. James G. Kiernan, discussing the question whether Carlyle was insane or not. Dr. Kiernan, as an alienist and student of literature, decides the question in the negative.

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ENGLAND AND AMERICA.

BY MONCURE D. CONWAY.

THE article of Prof. E. D. Cope (*The Open Court*, January 16) fills me with dismay. I cannot help trembling for the outcome of our discussions, when a man of culture can be misled into such statements as, for instance, the following: "In endeavoring to carry out this policy [Monroe Doctrine] with reference to the supposed attempt of Great Britain to seize territory belonging to Venezuela, successive administrations have been for about eighteen years endeavoring to secure from the former country her consent to a commission to arbitrate the question. Our proposition has been peaceable, but Great Britain has rejected it." Could that assertion be supported by verifiable facts it would have a tremendous effect on English opinion. Professor Cope may have access to documents unknown to the rest of us, but one might suppose they would be known to the Secretary of State, and that he could hardly have omitted reference to them while making out his indictment of England in July last. Eighteen years! According to Mr. Olney's history our Government's first communication to England on the subject seems to have been made ten years ago, and it was not a proposal for arbitration at all, for both England and Venezuela desired arbitration: the dispute was between their respective schemes of arbitration, and on this our Government offered England its "mediation." It was only eight years ago that we even mentioned arbitration to England, and then not specifically: the desire was expressed "to see the Venezuelan dispute amicably and honorably settled by arbitration or otherwise." (My italics.) England is given no reason to suppose that we preferred "arbitration" to a settlement "otherwise." And where does Professor Cope find our proposal of a "commission"? The dispute between Venezuela and England being between their different plans of arbitration, our Government in 1890 assured Great Britain of its "neutrality" on the question, and proposed a "conference" between the two disputants and herself. The breaking off by Venezuela of all relations with England made the acceptance of that plan difficult, and though in July, 1894, the United States proposed arbitration it did not take the ground that Eng-

land should surrender its restricted plan of arbitration for the plan of Venezuela; nor was it urged as a matter of political importance to the United States. Professor Cope would have been nearer the mark had he said eighteen months instead of eighteen years, but even that would convey an erroneous impression, for it was only at the close of last summer that the Venezuelan scheme of arbitration was insisted on, and connected with our United States "Doctrine" and policy. Whether this new attitude might not have been effective had it been courteously stated, who can tell? But it was a demand accompanied by menaces and claims that rendered acceptance impossible, e. g.: "That distance and three thousand miles of intervening ocean make any permanent political union between a European and an American State unnatural and inexpedient will hardly be denied." Thus England finds a specific scheme of arbitration, selected by her opponent, suddenly adopted by our President, and instead of being proposed "peaceably," put as an angry demand, to which, apart from its dictatorial character, emphasised by our Commission, she cannot yield without agreeing that her tenure of any territory at all in the New World is "unnatural and inexpedient."

It will be observed that Professor Cope's unsubstantiated assertion that the President's message, whose "inflammatory" character he does not deny, was preceded by about eighteen years of "peaceable" endeavors to secure England's consent to a commission for arbitration, is not a mere incidental point in his article: it is fundamental, and it is vital; it should either be withdrawn or proved by the Professor. For on this really rests his whole position, that the Monroe Doctrine is possibly involved, and that this is the real issue with England. On this ground he slights Professor James's reproof of the unconciliatory form of the executive action, and says, "all parties will forget the matter of form when they get to considering the questions involved, in a serious and rational frame of mind." But the more seriously and rationally the matter is considered, the more plainly does it appear that in this as in many other cases form and substance are one. By the form in which our administration has put the matter upon England, the interests of Vene-

zuela have been supplanted, and the Monroe Doctrine buried away, under a totally new issue, viz., whether England has any right at all to her American colonies, any of them, or whether she is to administer her affairs under our presidential suzerainty, with fear and trembling? It is the "serious and rational" consideration of the situation which has gradually revealed the formidable fact that the English government has been thus left no freedom of initiative.

The editor of *The Open Court*, in his able article on the Monroe Doctrine, quotes President Monroe as saying, "With the existing colonies of any European power we have not interfered, and shall not interfere"; but our executive makes it a condition of acceptance of arbitration that she shall admit her American connexions "unnatural and inexpedient." Her consent to arbitration she could not now offer without proclaiming that fear induces her to yield to menaces of a strong power what she had denied to a weak one. Did those who put the matter in that "form" intend that the dispute with Venezuela should, in the language of our Secretary in 1888, be "amicably and honorably settled by arbitration"? What language could have been devised by Secretary Olney to *prevent* any acceptance of our demand that should not involve a total, timid, and dishonorable surrender by England? It appears incredible that the President should have deliberately meant to force upon England the alternatives of surrender under menace or war, or that he could be so ignorant of English history as to imagine that the alternative of national humiliation would be even conceivable. "The President of the United States," said the Rt. Hon. John Morley in his speech yesterday, "might have known that to claim the right of the United States Government to enforce any settlement that they might choose in any dispute between Great Britain and any South American Government was a demand to which no country with ordinary self-respect could be expected to listen." Did the President, then, really expect it?

This raising by our Government of an issue entirely distinct from the Monroe Doctrine renders the situation so grave that surely public teachers should weigh their words strictly; and I must submit, Mr. Editor, that in speaking of Lord Salisbury's "cool refusal of his [the President's] offer of arbitration in the Venezuelan question," you might fairly have added that it was rather an alternative proposal of arbitration. This alternative offer by the Premier might surely have been courteously dealt with before the President's thunderbolt-message was launched; and if this limited arbitration had been agreed to it could hardly have failed to elicit the facts which our Commission is seeking, and bring to light anything untenable in the claims of Great Britain even to lands settled by her subjects.

Even after Secretary Olney's insulting despatch, Lord Salisbury reminds him that Her Majesty's government have "repeatedly expressed their readiness to submit to arbitration the conflicting claims of Great Britain and Venezuela to large tracts of territory which, from their auferious nature, are known to be of almost untold value."

To your historical remark that the Monroe Doctrine originated in "the suggestion of a great English statesman" it may be added that it has never been repudiated by an English statesman, and that Lord Salisbury, while reminding our Government that it is not international law, expressed his adhesion to Monroe's principle, "that any disturbance of the existing territorial distribution in the Western hemisphere by any fresh acquisitions on the part of any European State would be a highly inexpedient change." (Lord Salisbury was too polite to remind us that the Doctrine is not even American law, and that until it is framed in exact law it is open to any administration to commit our country to any perversion of it that the current jingoism may invent.) Yesterday the Premier reiterated emphatically his concurrence with Monroe, and his leading ministers have as publicly done the same. An opposition leader, the Rt. Hon. John Morley, proclaimed Thursday: "There is no longer any dispute as to the usual acceptance by Great Britain of that Doctrine. Mr. Balfour, Mr. Chamberlain, Sir Michael Hicks Beach—have all said in the frankest way, that leaves nothing to be desired, that they accept that Doctrine. . . . The Americans may take it for certain that to that Doctrine there is no demur in anybody's mind in this country."

To the question of the applicability of the Monroe Doctrine to the Venezuelan dispute, Professor Cope answers "we do not certainly know," and until we do "all confident assertions are premature." Let the Professor read again Mr. Olney's despatch, and say whether it was not premature to insult England, to put words into her mouth never uttered, to accuse her of bullying Venezuela because it was weak, and all the while without knowing whether England is not in the right. It may be said that this was because England refused the particular extent of arbitration which we desired; but that is a *petitio principii*: the Commission may decide that she was right in refusing arbitration concerning lands which she says were in her possession before Venezuela existed. All of this knowledge might have been searched out as well before Mr. Olney's "confident assertions" as after them. Was it not "premature" to demand of England a different kind of arbitration from that she offered, and to demand it with menaces, when we are not even yet certain that she is not right? The United States would not submit to arbitration anything she deemed

vital, nor would we submit to have our right to accept or refuse arbitration determined for us by another power. If the foreign power is apprehensive that the issue on which arbitration is declined is an issue vitally affecting itself, it has an equal right to decide for itself, but it has been the usage among civilised nations to make their inquiries and reach their conclusions before making accusations that may prove unfounded, or warlike proclamations that deprive peoples of free will, and may have to be either revoked with shame or fulfilled with both shame and crime.

I have pointed out one momentous statement by Professor Cope (whom I esteem) which appears to require substantiation or withdrawal. There are others that might be questioned, but I must limit myself to a comment on his remark that the "privileged classes" in England "hate America and everything American." Now it is the privileged classes that find most to admire in American institutions. Several noblemen, among them Lord Salisbury and the late Lord Tenynson, have particularly applauded parts of our Constitution, and proposed to adopt especially our method of preventing hasty changes in the organic law.

I do not know whether Professor Cope has visited England or not, but I have resided here many years, and have mingled with all classes, and my confident testimony is that America has not one single enemy in England, and that friendship for America and for Americans is a chief characteristic of this people, pervading every class of society. And if among the thousands of loyal Americans resident in England there is one who would testify otherwise, I have never heard of him.

MR. CONWAY ON THE VENEZUELAN QUESTION AGAIN.

BY PROF. E. D. COPE.

MR. CONWAY'S criticism of my article on the "Monroe Doctrine in 1895," in No. 438 of *The Open Court*, shows how easily a man's environment may color the view which he takes of questions which involve the personal element. He finds that the fault in this dispute does not rest with the people among whom he lives, but with the government of the United States. He also believes, apparently, that the aristocratic caste of Englishman is friendly to the United States and to Americans. He says that our Government has not been negotiating with that of Great Britain for eighteen years, but for ten years only; and that it proposed arbitration at a still more recent date, having proposed *mediation* in the earlier stages of the discussion.

I find the difference between mediation and arbitration to be unimportant in this connexion. They are practically identical, and the relation of the affair to the Monroe Doctrine is the same in either case.

Nor do I think that the difference between ten years and eighteen years of refusal to listen to our suggestions on the part of the British Government is sufficient to seriously affect the situation. The plain fact remains that Lord Salisbury refused consistently for many years to submit the question to an arbitration or mediation, and professed to regard the relations of Great Britain to Venezuela in the matter, as not coming within the scope of the Monroe Doctrine. This transparent subterfuge was properly rebuked by our administration. For all that appeared nothing but the vigorous language of the President and Secretary of State, would have roused Lord Salisbury from his indifference, and awakened him to the fact that the Monroe Doctrine is not a mere form of words. A good many other people were awakened at the same time, and among them Mr. Conway. The awakening was somewhat rude, but it seems to have been necessary.

As to the friendship of the privileged classes of England for Americans, I supposed that the reader would understand that the "hatred" to which I referred is not of the personal sort. We may hate the institutions of a country without personally hating the people. It is a common form of mental obliquity to suppose that hatred of a man's ideas necessarily signifies hatred of him personally. Englishmen hate Americans personally for the same reasons that Englishmen hate each other, where they are so unfortunate as to entertain such sentiments; and Americans do the same, *mutatis mutandis*. I do not believe that there is any international hatred between the two English-speaking nations. But to suppose that the aristocratic caste in England has any friendship for American institutions is to think in the face of history, of experience, and of common sense. I suppose that many Americans who, like myself, believe our form of government is in the main the best, have, like myself, many warm friends in England, and much admiration for particular Englishmen and certain English institutions.

A LOST SENSE.

BY S. MILLINGTON MILLER, M. D.

THE Curator of the Burlington Fine Arts Club of London, England, recently received a consignment of exquisite lacquered ware from Japan. Upon searching through his treasures to find if there was anything newer, or more fascinating than usual among them, he lighted upon a quantity of lacquered boxes from six inches to a foot square, and when he opened one of them he found a veritable surprise in store. They were samples of the Japanese "Game of Perfumes." The lacquering had been done by the great Japanese artists of the eighteenth century, Komats, Kajikawas, and Shunshos.

The incrustrated illustrations on the covers of these boxes referred mostly to mediæval tales of Japanese chivalry, such as the Oriental scholar discovers blazoned through the romances of *Genji Monogatari*. The contents consisted of tiny receptacles full of fragrant wood of various descriptions; of a minute brazier; of a silver spatula; and of a silver-plated mica platter. There were also a few pieces of carefully prepared charcoal, and a very considerable number of daintily designed counters accompanying each box—each corresponding in name to a certain one of the perfumes to be burned.

The game was thus begun. One of the incense-bearing jars was emptied of a small part of its contents (by means of the silver spatula) on to the silver-plated mica platter. A piece of charcoal was then inserted in the brazier and lighted, and while it was burning the silver platter containing the incense was suspended by its handle over the flame until the fumes of incense permeated the air.

The point of the game (which could be participated in by any number of people who could sit around the table comfortably) was to guess the name of the perfume consumed, choose out the counter corresponding to it, and put it in its proper place on a checker-board, which also accompanied each box.

It is clear that the Japanese were more skilled in distinguishing odors than the inhabitants of modern western lands.

Incense was first brought into Japan by Buddhist missionaries in the sixth century. They came, no doubt, from any one of the various Tatar Lamasaries in Thibet, or beyond. The earliest mention that I can unearth from Japanese literature of this "incense game" occurs in the tenth century, among the *Genji Monogatari* romances already referred to. It was not, however, until the close of the fifteenth century, which marks the most flourishing era of the Japanese renaissance that this "incense game" was most in vogue. It was at this period in Japanese history that the olfactory sense or the sense of smell was raised to the level of a fine art.

In searching for a similar condition of affairs in other parts of the globe, I find that Didron, the French archæologist, describes in one of his works a Brittany peasant who came to Paris with a cabinet of drawers ingeniously devised which he called a "perfume harmonium." He intended to give a concert of odors therewith, but the intelligence of that gay capital was not sufficiently advanced to afford him a remunerative audience; he was generally daubed as a crazy man, and went home with considerable experience and very little money.

The evidences of the wide existence of a taste for odors in ancient civilisations is patent in many direc-

tions. The early people of the globe seemed to regard the gods who had gone before them as even more amenable than themselves to this kind of pleasure. We all remember the thick clouds of flesh-smell from the burning sides of the oxen which were thought to appease the hunger of the gods in Homer's "Iliad" and "Odyssey." And Milton gives the custom an even hoarier antiquity when he speaks of the delights of travellers when

"Off at sea north-east winds blow
Sabeian odors from the spicy shore
Of Araby the blest."

The blind poet also tells in this same "Paradise Lost" how well pleased Satan was with the odorous sweets of Paradise, and how Asmodeus was driven from the spouse of Tobit's son by fishy fumes.

The prevalence of incense burning in all ages of the Roman Catholic Church and the costly and ancient thuribles still extant, as relics of the early universality of the custom, are known to the public at large. At the present day, outside of church ritual it is only in the toilet of women that the art lives.

But the subject has an exceedingly interesting physiological bearing. The sense of smell is only vestigial in man at the present day. And yet such an eminent physiologist as Michael Foster points out in the last edition of his work on physiology that the olfactory nerves, or those nerves which carry the sense of smell to the smell-centre in the brain (behind the fissure of Rolando) have the most direct connexion with their centre of any of the sensory nerves in man, or, in other words, that the nervous system in man is so constituted as to carry such olfactory sensations by an unusually direct course to the brain.

The "end organs" of olfaction are the hair cells on the mucus surfaces of the nose, which present very much the same appearance as the hair-cells in the cochlea of the ear, as the organ of Corti in the internal ear, and as the "rods and cones" in the retina. All of these end-organs of sense bear a very close resemblance, in extreme miniature of course, to the arrangement of some great minster organ. All of them are evidently intended to produce their effect, not by a single stroke or impulse, of sense; but by a harmony thereof. So that the poor Brittany peasant who laid all his plans to lead in bondage the noses of a Parisian audience was either far ahead of his time, or else very far behind it.

Certain drugs produce faintness or dizziness, when held to the nose and inhaled, and others, such as nitrite of amyl and hydrocyanic acid kill by the intensity of their olfactory effect upon the brain-centres. Death is caused by paralysis of the heart. This is another proof of the new physiological fact that every sense-centre in the brain is connected, not only with the higher intellectual centres, but also with the motor

centres in the cortex of the cerebrum. Anything, therefore, which has an annihilating effect, so to speak, upon any one centre of sense is as the arms of Samson, which pulled down the whole temple on his head with the crumbling of two of its pillars. In fact, the better conception we have of the idea that the brain consists of an endless number of cells (with different functions), connected with each other by an endless number of nerve-fibres or wires (all of which are conductors only), the better we will be able to understand the *raison d'être* of that much misunderstood organ.

In the lower vertebrates, and by this I mean in all those animals which have a backbone, but which are lower in the scale of evolution than man, the size of the olfactory lobes in the brain is inordinate. They form the very fore front of the nervous system in all such ascending types. It is only in the "heir of all the ages" man that these lobes are masked by the cerebral convolutions in which he transacts his distinguishing function of the association of sensation and thought. Even in man himself the nerve (consisting of its bundle of myriad fibres) which carries the sensations of smell to his brain, is nerve No. 1 in the cerebral spinal system of nomenclature.

When we descend to the dog, the whole face of the case changes, and we find, in hunting-dogs particularly, a vast preponderance of olfactory lobes over the rest of their brain. What would such a dog be without his *flair*? All of which goes to prove, what I have elsewhere insisted upon, that the brain of the dog, as well as that of the idiot and of the normally intelligent child, are all capable of an endless amount of development. Development dependent upon two things only:—the period of brain-growth at which the process of artificial education is begun, and the length of time allowed to the educator in which to perfect his task.

If the hunting-dog's sense of smell has been developed to such a marvellous extent that he is able to remember the smell of his master's hat, and extract it from a pile of rubbish were it has lain for ten years, it becomes a by no means impossible thought that a similar amount of time and care spent in developing a dog's vocal chords and increasing the number of cells in his centre of speech, would enable him to talk with those whom he serves so well. Just as the child, deaf and dumb at birth, whose vocal chords and speech centres are not a whit better developed than those of the dog, learns after six or seven years' education to use that speech centre and those vocal chords as well as the rest of us.

And if men in olden times did derive an ecstasy of sense from the deft mingling of odors—the harmony of odors—there is no reason in the world why a special education of smell-centres equivalent to that which

is given to the deaf and dumb child should not render what is now practically a lost sense, a source of the highest emotional pleasure to its possessor.

No one doubts that a man can think. A great many people do hold that a dog cannot. But when I tell them that it has been shown beyond a peradventure that crows can count as high as five or six, that nightingales can do almost as well, and that Professor Lubbock taught one dog to find the square root of certain numbers, and another dog to tell him (not by his voice, but by choosing out cards) when he wanted food and when he wanted drink and when he wanted to go out and run—when all these facts are understood, I hope that we shall come to believe that man is not such an exclusive being after all, compared with his dumb servants, and that if we only gave them a chance they might exceed our wildest imaginings in the way of mental improvement. If mental improvement rendered them no less true to their master, what invaluable friends we might make of them.

Helen Kellar, the deaf, dumb, and blind girl, who has been rendered famous by the triumph of special sense-development over her infirmities, and is now completing her education in a private school for the deaf in New York City, shows an unusual development of the sense of smell. The gentleman who is instructing her tells me that she is always conscious of the presence of another person, no matter how noiseless his entrance into the room in which she is at the time being. He explains this knowledge by the acuteness of her sense of smell. She is able to detect presence by odor.

Another case of much the same kind is now living in the person of a man who resides in one of the towns on the Hudson River in New York State. He is deaf and blind, and uses his sense of smell to recognise and distinguish those with whom he comes in contact.

Upon first introduction he takes hold of the hand of the person so presented and sniffs at it with his nose, just as the dog seems to gather with his sensitive nostrils and store in his mind every scent that is in the breeze.

Having thus firmly established the identity of the odor peculiar to this individual, the man in question is able to recognise the person when he or she passes in the street at moderately close quarters.

This manifest possibility of the extreme development of the sense of smell reminds me of the famous James Mitchell, whose case is reported in medical works. This boy was born blind and deaf, and lost very early in life the finer qualities of his sense of touch, as well as of his general sensation. But to make up for this universal affliction, he developed in time a *flair* equal in many respects to that possessed by the best breed of pointers and setters. Each per-

son that he met was individualised in his memory by odor, and he was able to draw sharp distinctions in this way between various people. Nay, more, from their odor it became possible for him to form excellent opinions of their respective character. The olfactory centres in this boy must have been unusually developed.

CHARLES GUTZLAFF ON BUDDHISM.

SPEAKING of Christian critics of Buddhism, we must not forget to mention the Rev. Charles Gutzlaff, a German missionary to China, who enjoys an undeserved reputation for scholarship among people unacquainted with his writings. His two-volumed work, *China Opened*,¹ is full of the grossest errors, which are scarcely pardonable in an illiterate man who lived only a short time in the Middle Kingdom. Note only this tremendous mistake: Speaking of Confucius, who, as is well known, was not an original thinker or author, but a conservative preserver of the wisdom of the sages of yore, Gutzlaff says:

"Antecedent to him, China does not appear to have possessed any men of genius; or if it did possess them, both themselves and their works have long passed into oblivion."

As though Fu Hi, Yü the Great, Wu Wang, Wen Wang, and innumerable other sages, among them Lao-tsze, who were born before Confucius, had either not existed or passed into oblivion! The Shu King is a collection of songs, all of which are older than Confucius.

Other blunders, such as attributing to Confucius himself the well-known classic on filial piety, which is written either by Tsang-tsze or by a scholar belonging to the school of Tsang-tsze, are scattered throughout Gutzlaff's book.

Gutzlaff pretends to have read books of which he knows very little. In explanation of Lao-tsze's term *tau* (reason, logos, path), he says:

"Commentators differ as to the meaning of this word. We cite the opinions only of the two most celebrated of them. According to the best author, *Tau* is the art of governing a country; but another observes, that the *Tau* is shapeless, or invisible, and maintains and nourishes heaven and earth. It is devoid of affection, but moves the sun and moon; it is nameless, but contributes towards the growth and sustenance of all creatures. It is something undefined, to which it is difficult to assign a name, which however may be called *Tau*, for want of a better."

Gutzlaff does not name these "two most celebrated commentators," for it is one of his habits never to quote authorities or to give references. But any one who ever glanced through this short booklet could not have overlooked that these "opinions" are simply loose and inaccurate quotations from Lao-tsze's *Tao-teh-king*.

Mr. Meadows, Chinese interpreter in H. M. Civil Service, in his book, *The Chinese and Their Rebellions*, is not too severe on Gutzlaff, when he says (p. 376):

"Probably few men have excelled Dr. Gutzlaff in the capacity for rapidly inditing sentences containing a number of propositions not one of which should be correct. In fact all his labors are characterised by a superficiality, a lack of thorough research, and a profusion of unfounded assertion."

Gutzlaff's opinions on China and Buddhism would certainly not be worth mentioning if he were not sometimes regarded and quoted as an authority whose statements are willingly accepted on account of his supposed scholarship and long residence in China.

Gutzlaff devotes a long chapter to religion; speaking of Buddhism, he says:

"The life of the founder of this idolatry is enveloped in so much mystery, that his very existence has been doubted by some, whilst others have presumed, that there lived and taught, at different periods, various persons of this name."

"His name greatly varies according to the countries where his tenets have been received. Thus we have it pronounced *Budha*, *Budhu*, *Budse*, *Gautama*, *Samonokodam*, *Fuh*, or *Fo*, etc., all designating one and the same individual."

As if the title *Buddha*, the Enlightened One, were a name, and of the same kind as "*Gautama*"! Gutzlaff continues:

"He inculcated mercy towards animals, prohibited the killing of any living creature, and enjoined good-will towards all mankind. His disciples wrote down these instructions, which, inclusive of the commentaries, amounted to two hundred and thirty-two volumes. The writer has perused several of them in the Siamese Pale, and if ever any work contained nonsense, it is the religious code of *Budhu*."

Siamese can only be the language spoken in Siam, and *Pale* (or as it is now commonly spelled *Pali*) is the vernacular spoken in the kingdom of Maghada in *Buddha's* time, which has become the classical language of Buddhism. What Siamese *Pali* may be, no one except the Rev. Mr. Gutzlaff knows.

Gutzlaff continues in the next paragraph, "his [*Buddha's*] own uncle rose against him," probably meaning *Devadatta*, his cousin. He further says:

"The most superficial observer will discover in this system some resemblance to a spurious kind of Christianity. If we do not admit that the human mind will always have recourse to the same follies, we may presume that these ceremonies were borrowed from the Nestorians of the seventh century, a period which exactly coincides with a great reform in the Tibetan system of *Budhuism*.

"The providence of God, in permitting so many millions blindly to follow this superstition, is indeed mysterious. We can only adore where we are unable to comprehend. Yet, amongst all pagans, the *Budhuists* are the least bigoted. They allow that other religions contain some truth, but think that their own is the best, and the most direct road to heaven. Amongst the myriads of idols they worship, there are no obscene representations, nor do they celebrate any orgies."

We do not doubt that Chinese Buddhism is full of distortions and superstitions, but even here we find

¹ London: Smith, Elder, & Co. 1838. The author's name is spelled "Gutzlaff" in the English edition. The German spelling is "Gützlaff."

still preserved the purity, the breadth, and the moral earnestness of the great founder of the Religion of Enlightenment.

The Buddhistic description of Hell, as given by Gutzlaff on page 224, differs from the old-fashioned Christian Hell only in unimportant details, and the injunction to repeat the refuge formula, *O me to Fuh!* on all occasions for the sake of "having Fuh both in the mind and in the mouth," is quite analogous to the constant repetition of the Lord's Prayer, which is practised in all Christian countries. The worship of Fuh, as prescribed by various sects, is neither more nor less pagan than the worship of Christ among Christians. Gutzlaff quotes from a Buddhist work, the title of which he does not name, the following passage:

"Let each seek a retired room, and sweep it clean; place there an image of Fuh, every day burn a pot of pure incense, place a cup of clean water, and when evening comes, light a lamp before the image. Whether painted on paper, or carved in wood, the figure is just the same as the true Fuh; let us love it as our father and mother, venerate it as our prince and ruler. Morning and evening, let us worship it with sincerity and reverence, fall prostrate before it like the tumbling of a mountain, and rise up with dignity like the ascent of clouds. On leaving the room, report it [bid it farewell]; returning, let us give notice [greet it]; and even when we travel, at the distance of five or ten le, let us act as in the presence of our Fuh."

Among other extracts from "native works," Gutzlaff quotes the following passage:

"The laws of Buddhism are boundless as the ocean, and the search after them is as little tiresome as that after precious stones. He who has transgressed them ought to repent; he who never acted against them may silently ponder upon them, and thus know the purity of exalted virtue."

Happening to know this verse as a formula in common use among the Chinese and Japanese Buddhists, I can from memory point out a few gross mistakes in Gutzlaff's translation, without even having at present the original at hand. It must read about as follows:

"The religion of Buddha is as boundless as the ocean. The search after it is more remunerative than that after precious stones. He who has transgressed Buddha's injunctions ought to repent. He who has never sinned, may in silence ponder upon them. Thus he will comprehend the purity of exalted virtue." P. C.

HOW NEW DISCOVERIES AFFECT THE WORLD.

It is interesting to watch the attitudes of different people when a new discovery has been made. Some belittle it, others claim to have known it long ago, and still others let their imagination revel in wild speculations. Thus *Nature*, the well-known English journal of natural science, after publishing a short note (in No. 1368) stating what Professor Röntgen *claims* to have done, publishes (in No. 1369) an article which begins as follows:

"The newspaper reports of Professor Röntgen's experiments have, during the past few days, excited considerable interest. The discovery does not appear, however, to be entirely novel, as" etc., etc.

Further, we read in other reports that Röntgen's discovery is due to mere accident. This is true, for Röntgen makes this statement himself. There is an element of accident in all discoveries, but it shows the stamp of genius to comprehend the importance and novelty of an accident, and to trace the law which underlies its appearance.

It is peculiar to find a great number of people who have discovered the Röntgen rays before Röntgen. But as soon as their claim is investigated it vanishes in thin air. We mention as an instance an essay by Dr. Heinrich Kraft of Strassburg, which appeared in one of the greatest Frankfort journals, and was reprinted and quoted in others.

Dr. Kraft claims that his countryman, Reichenbach, had anticipated Röntgen in his discovery of the "od," made in 1845, which, however, by Du Bois-Reymond was branded as one of the dreariest aberrations of the human brain and as a worthless fable. And what is this "od"? It is an all-pervading energy which ought not to be mixed up with light, heat, magnetism, or electricity. Not finding an odometre or an oscoscope, Reichenbach relied upon the information received from so-called sensitives, but as the sensitives are few and the non-sensitives many, says Dr. Kraft, Reichenbach was ridiculed and his last hope, that of being recognised by Fechner, failed. Thus he died a martyr to his convictions; but Röntgen, thirty years after his death rediscovers his "od" and makes it known to the world under the name of "x-rays." As the "od" permeates all solid substances, even rocks and metals, so the x-rays pass through wood, walls, books, and the human organism, and for this reason Dr. Kraft declares that Röntgen's great merit consists in having found an intensifier of the "od," and an oscoscope. The Röntgen rays, he concludes, ought to be called "od-rays."

Every one who knows anything about the actual facts of Röntgen's discovery, will object at once that Röntgen's x-rays have nothing to do with, and do not prove the reality of, an all-pervading substance such as Reichenbach describes his "od."

But what will the spiritists and their kin say of the new invention? They appear to be a little slow in utilising the new discovery for their purposes, but they will do so without fail. They will find explanations for the appearance and disappearance of psychic effects, of spirit photographs, of telepathy, and of all the various miracles with the investigation of which they are engaged. In a word, the Röntgen rays will soon be famous among them as the paths upon which the spirits walk.

CORRESPONDENCE.

"THE MONROE DOCTRINE."

To the Editor of The Open Court:

Why not open the door of your *Open Court* and keep it wide open, in fact remove the hinges, the door, and permit all to go in and out while the "Court" is open. I do not care to mount the platform, the "bench," if you please, I will speak from the floor, and to the effect if you will permit, that wiser words were never written than the caustic, timely, true analysis of the American State by Mr. Conway. I read his article, "Our Cleveland Christmas," with interest and approval. The two following were not relished by me, particularly so the effort by the editor.—with pardon and the kindest regard for him. Mr. Conway, in my opinion, builds for a noble State for man, enduring temples of justice. May his voice again and again be heard in your much esteemed *Open Court*.

I. A. LANT.

TARRYTOWN, N. Y.

To the Editor of the *Open Court*:

You will see by reference to what I sent you, that I did not say Jefferson's letter was to Mr. Rush but to Mr. Monroe. Rush

was in England, and of course did not communicate Canning's proposition to any one but the President. He, Mr. Monroe, after deliberating over the matter in his cabinet, sent all letters and documents to Jefferson at Monticello. The response from Jefferson I sent you. Please correct in *The Open Court*, as just now, and indeed always, what we need in all investigation is accuracy.

I do not think you made a mistake in publishing Conway's hysterical article. If Americans of note are thinking after this manner, it is high time we knew it. The remedy must come, as Aristotle said, by "going back to first principles." The question is, was not Jefferson right, that a people that has its roots in so much history must make history a very large part of popular education? Yet here we were so totally ignorant of Canning's great strategic move in statesmanship—the greatest political event of this nineteenth century—that we supposed the Monroe Doctrine meant a defiance of all the world to secure an area of land on the Western Hemisphere.

E. P. POWELL.

To the Editor of *The Open Court*:

Perhaps it is forwardness on my part, but I beg that you may not consider it forwardness in an Englishman who is deeply grieved to read that there is antipathy to his country in America, and who, though he has experienced friendship from many Americans, has no correspondent in the States, if I venture to write that I for one see no reason why all questions reasonably connected with the Venezuela boundary should not be referred to arbitration.

It is not true that the decision in all arbitrations has been given against this country.

I can't help thinking that if we had done what seems to me our duty to the persecuted Armenians, we should have been more respected as well as loved.

T. W.

NOTES.

Dr. Hans Vaihinger, Professor of Philosophy at the University of Halle, a. S., announces a new periodical *Kantstudien*, which will be devoted to the investigation and elucidation of Kant's works. Professor Vaihinger urges that all philosophers after Kant had to start from his philosophy, even those who antagonized him, and also those who went beyond him; and there is scarcely any problem of modern thought, the discussion of which does not naturally lead back to Kant, which involves that very frequently the discussion of a subject is nothing but a coming to terms with Kant. In this sense Kant has rightly been called "the key to modern philosophy." Professor Vaihinger is better fitted than any one else for this undertaking, because he has done more than any other scholar in the line of Kant investigation. The *Kantstudien* promises to inquire into the circumstances and psychological conditions of Kant's philosophy, and will also give an interpretation of its substance both in its entirety and its details.

In order to preserve the international character of the undertaking the editor has gained the assistance of French, English, Italian, and American philosophers, who will publish their contributions in their own languages.

The new magazine will be a complement to the new Kant edition, to be published by the Royal Academy of Sciences in Berlin, which is now in preparation.

The *Kantstudien* will contain: (1) original contributions of various size which shall treat the problems created by Kant according to the demand of the present time; (2) reviews of all kinds of writings of Kant and Kant's works; (3) the annual reports of foreign Kant publications; (4) author's announcements and reviews; (5) exegetic and textual criticisms of difficult and obscure passages in Kant's works; (6) references to Kantian literature; and lastly, questions, communications, and anything that may have reference to Kant shall be treated under the title *Varia*.

Vaihinger's new magazine will appear in installments of about 480 pages. Price of a single volume 12 marks. Published by Leopold Voss: Hamburg and Leipzig.

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H. VON HOLST ON "THE FRENCH REVOLUTION ILLUSTRATED BY MIRABEAU'S CAREER."

BY G. KOERNER.

I. GENERAL CHARACTER OF THE WORK.—THE DIFFERENT
METHODS OF WRITING HISTORY.—COMPARISON
BETWEEN THE MOST DISTINGUISHED
MODERN HISTORIANS.

THE title of the two volumes contains the addition :
"Twelve Lectures on the History of the French Revolution,
Delivered at Lowell Institute, Boston, Mass."

Will the distinguished author pardon me when I say that the title chosen by him might have indicated the contents better by styling it simply : "Mirabeau and His Times."

That those lectures furnished the basis of his work is very true, but by adding copious and often very extensive notes printed in quite small type at the foot of the text, he has really made it an entirely new work. If the words of these notes were counted, I venture to say that they would fill as many pages as are covered by the text.

It must be remembered that some of the most classical productions in literature rest on lectures delivered by their authors. The illustrious commentaries of Sir William Blackstone, of Chancellor Kent, many of the works of Savigny, Judge Story, Francis Liebers on law and political ethics, of the historians Michelet and Edgar Quinet, Ranke and Sybel, of the philosophers Kant, Fichte, Schelling, and Hegel, and last, but not least, the immortal *Cosmos* of Alexander von Humboldt, owe their origin to lectures, amplified, polished, and explained in their published volumes.

In several respects Professor Holst's "French Revolution illustrated by Mirabeau's life" may be compared to Carlyle's *French Revolution*. Both works are addressed to a narrow circle of highly cultured people who are thoroughly informed on the subject-matter treated. They are eminently suggestive, make one stop, and muse and reflect, incite to comparisons, in a word, they are charming for the highly intellectual, but are caviar for the mass of ordinary readers. Of course, as far as books on philosophy, theology, and the accurate sciences are concerned, no one expects to read them except those who study these branches of learning. But too often we find even historians who rely

too much on the understanding of the public which they desire to instruct and enlighten.

As a rule, the English and French trust less to the intelligence of their readers. Hume, Voltaire, Mignet, Macaulay; the Americans, Bancroft, Prescott, and Motley, carry us down the stream of time in a clear, easy, continuous way. They instruct, while they entertain. A very model of treating history in that style is M. Thiers. He may not be equal, as regards classical erudition and profoundness of thought, to such historians as Carlyle, Michelet, Edgar Quinet, Ranke, Sybel, Treitschke, but he leaves no gaps to be filled up by the presupposed learning of the average intelligent reader. Thiers treats them as a class of scholars sitting before him on their benches, giving them object-lessons. His narrative flows ceaselessly along, not obstructed by cataracts or eddies. His descriptions are most minute. He thinks for his readers. No problem for him which he does not undertake to solve. No wonder that in spite of his partiality, his sophistry, his occasional shallowness, his story in part legendary of the Consulate and Empire, has become so popular! What a difference, for instance, between him and Ranke, who somewhere says : "I write only for those, who do not know ; what I think, I know alone." His universal history, left incomplete by his death, written with a beauty and warmth of style far surpassing that of all his former creations, might as well have been written in hieroglyphics, as regards the average intelligence of his readers.

There is a drawback in books built upon lectures. Unless they are carefully revised and condensed, they are very apt to abound in what may be justly called "damnable reiterations"; the same thoughts, frequently even in the same garb, occur time and again. The reason of this is, however, very plain. The lecturer does not often address the same audiences. The professor at the college or university will find, in great part, at least, different hearers at each scholastic term. The audience of the general lecturer finds his audience equally shifting.

In originality, incisiveness, and boldness of style, von Holst may also be compared to Carlyle. In a brief prefatory note he informs us that he has left the body of his lectures wholly unchanged, because he

had published them in compliance with the wishes of many of those who heard them delivered, "and had desired me to publish what they heard me say, and not what I might have said. This accounts for some peculiarities of style," he says; "I have amply availed myself of the liberties deemed admissible in speaking. But I have undoubtedly taken also other liberties with the English language, simply because I did not know any better. Will the reader kindly grant my request to judge these leniently? I have deemed it justifiable to lay greater stress upon having the 'What' exactly as I wanted it to be, rather than to have other people file the 'How' into such smooth and idiomatic English that an easy critic might have mistaken me for a native American. I was afraid of their filing away rather more of my 'What' than I cared to let go."

But we find but little difference as far as style and peculiar mode of expression are concerned, between the author's *Mirabeau* and his other numerous, very able and remarkable writings, such as his works on *The Constitutional History of the United States*, *The Life of Calhoun*. They display the same originality; the same freedom in coining new words; the same, often colloquial, style; the same boldness of metaphor. Like Carlyle, von Holst prefers very often to use the hammer of Thor to the polished Toledo steel blade!

THE AUTHOR'S INTRODUCTION.—THE ANCIENT RÉGIME.—
KING LOUIS AND HIS QUEEN.

A brief, but extremely well-written sketch of the times immediately preceding the great revolution of 1789 is based principally upon Tocqueville's and Taine's *Ancien régime*, and agrees with the first in setting aside a very common error, into which many writers on the Revolution of '89 have fallen. Von Holst remarks: "To Tocqueville belongs the merit of having first discovered and proved that the immoderate centralisation, which up to our times has been so eminently characteristic of France, was not the work of the Revolution, but existed already under the ancient régime. The essential difference between the two periods in this respect consists in this, that the Revolution made legal what under the ancient régime was to a great extent only a fact. All the threads of the government issued from and terminated in the council of the king (*Conseil du Roi*), which had only to execute the king's order. In him alone resided all power, *car tel est mon plaisir*. This official formula was not an empty figure of speech; it was in full, in terrible accord with the facts." Vol. I., p. 10.

Our author justly makes the ancient régime responsible even for the excesses of the Revolution, when he says (Vol. I., p. 44): "If any one had no right to pass judgment upon the spirit that ruled France from 1793 to 1795 [the Reign of Terror], it

was the champions of the ancient régime. This spirit was the legitimate offspring of the political and social system bequeathed by Louis XIV. and Louis XV. to Louis XVI."

Under the title of "Paris and Versailles" we are shown the immense and deplorable influence Paris exercised over the whole of France, quite different from other great capitals. "Paris," the author says, "continued to grow, and the more it grew, the more it became the absorbing centre of everything constituting a determining and creative force in a nation's life. For talent and ambition of every variety, aspiring to more than a third-rate part, there was but one place in France, Paris. As early as 1740 Montesquieu wrote: 'There is in France nothing but Paris and the distant provinces, the latter only because Paris has as yet not had time to swallow them.'" Vol. I., p. 59.

The portraits of King Louis and his queen (Vol. I., p. 84) are very justly and happily drawn. He has consulted the best contemporaneous sources with discrimination such as Lamarck, the Austrian Minister at Paris, Mercy d'Argenteau, and the correspondence between Maria Theresia and d'Argenteau. Very many traits of King Louis and his Queen's character appear in the course of the book, as on page 84, Vol. I. "His father," von Holst says, "had not allowed him to grow up in the poisoned atmosphere of the Court. That, however, was about all he had done for him, and that was a scanty outfit for the absolute ruler of a great empire drifting at an alarming rate into all-embracing political and social decomposition. . . . His intellectual horizon was narrow and even within his compass he moved but slowly, and no more than he could help. Indolent and yet irascible, good-natured and yet curt to rudeness; yielding to every pressure, but allowing no one to gain full sway over his ever vacillating will; rendered stubborn by the very consciousness, and sinking back into redoubled weakness as soon as the fitful mood of asserting a will of his own has spent its force. . . . Well-meaning, but devoid of the intellectual as well as of the moral strength required to persist, when his good intentions meet with resistance; morally pure, but without any adequate conception of either the nature or extent of moral responsibility. And just in this, the most essential quality, the Queen was even more wanting, though in every other respect greatly his superior. Later on, when the revolutionary storm had burst in full force from the clouds, Mirabeau called Marie Antoinette in a momentary access of enthusiastic hopefulness 'the only man at court.' She had unquestionably a much stronger will and more initiative as well as a keener intellect than her royal husband, therefore her ascendancy over him grew apace with the increasing troubles and dangers. . . . Apart from her attitude in her trial

and on the scaffold, she never rose to being really great in a great time, but always betrayed the illy-balanced woman, who cannot refrain from allowing petty considerations of every imaginable kind to interfere more or less with the decision of capital questions. And what was ultimately lack of the required elevation of judgment, purpose, and fate-defying energy, had been originally shallowness, fickleness, and frivolous unconcern. . . . Marie Antoinette thought the life-task of a queen consisted in enjoying herself and helping her friends to have a good time of it. Only so far as it was serviceable to these ends did she at first try to exercise an influence on questions of State, and all attempts to kindle in her a sustained interest in any other serious occupation proved a sad failure. All the charges that have been laid to her door with a view to make her appear wicked, are malicious distortions or wholly unfounded. She was only thoughtless and frivolous; but her thoughtlessness was of a kind to provoke malice and slander even if she had been surrounded by saints instead of the putrescent court inherited from Louis XV. and Madame Dubarry."

It may not be uninteresting to place alongside of this picture, the judgment passed by Barras on King Louis in his shameless posthumous memoirs, which ought never to have been published. This vainglorious man, with very few exceptions touching his tools and satellites, villifies and besmirches everybody, Napoleon I., Lafayette, Carnot, his colleagues in the directory, Madame De Staël, nearly all the generals of the Revolution, of the consulate and the empire. Napoleon, according to him, was the vilest of mankind, time-serving, false, cruel, a moral coward, of deep ingratitude and devoured by inordinate ambition. He married Josephine, Barras says, knowing that she was the cast-off mistress of General Hoche and *tutti quanti*, and also his own, Barras's, paramour, and that she had love-intrigues even with low menials. And yet this known scelerate, whose only redeeming quality was his unshakable audacity as a warrior and a statesman, pays the following tribute to the King, for whose and the Queen's death he had voted, and spoken without remorse: "Louis XVI. was good-hearted, of a clear intellect, had sound views and was in part far-seeing. If he had not had the faction of ultramontane priests and the courtiers, interested in keeping up abuses at his side, who frightened him away from every reform; had he not been eternally vacillating, which made him decline to-day what he was forced to do on the morrow, had he been free from the clerical and jesuitical obstructions and left to himself, he would have, as my conscience tells me, according to his nature sincerely attached himself to the reformatory principles of the constitution and would have

helped to carry them through; all the sad conflicts would have been spared him, the French would have loved and revered him as the self-sacrificing liberator, and he could have remained on his throne powerful, great, and venerated." *Memoirs of Barras*, Vol. I., p. 70.

As to the Queen, Barras at another place distinctly discharged her from the necklace scandal, and he is no mean witness. He tells us himself that the so-called Countess of La Motte, who was at the bottom of this outrageous swindle, was a very intimate friend of his, from whom he learned all the particulars of the intrigue after her conviction. Besides he witnessed the trial and had access to all the records.

After the Assembly of Notables, convoked by the King to consider the desperate financial condition of the realm, and to relieve it by asking the nobility and clergy, represented by that assembly, to give up some of their privileges and exemptions from taxation and from other charges, so as to lighten the burden pressing so heavily upon the common people, had proved fruitless, many thought that the King had made a great mistake. As far as the King and royalty was concerned, this may be admitted, but as regarded the people, it was by no means an indifferent matter.

Mirabeau's sagacity saw clearly the consequences of this sort of an appeal to the public, and of the debates of the assembly which drew the veil from the preceding system of absolutism. Mirabeau, then at Berlin, wrote to Talleyrand at Paris: "I deem the day one of the brightest of my life on which you apprised me of the convocation of the notables, which undoubtedly will precede by but little that of the National Assembly."

* * *

In the very long chapter, including extensive notes, entitled "A Typical Family Tragedy of Portentous Political Import," Professor von Holst draws a portrait of Mirabeau's physical and moral character, rather rhapsodically, but with such drastic power and felicity of expression that it would be very unsatisfactory to disfigure it by extracts. It must be read. We can only call the reader's attention to this excellent part of the work.

The *Memoirs of Barras*, not being so accessible to the general public, it may not be out of place to cite some remarks about Mirabeau from one of the pages of this writer (Vol. I., p. 56):

"The court had become discouraged by the ill-success of using force against a power which it had not known until now,—the power of public opinion. It sought to meet the movement by other means. With a view of tempting the conscience of the patriot leaders, the Court tried first the one who had been most violently opposed to it, and was consequently feared most. Mirabeau was to be bribed. Mediators were chosen. It appears for certain that Mirabeau listened to the proposals. He was offered 15,000 or 20,000 francs per month and a probable accession to the minis-

try, if he would use his influence to serve or rather to sustain the government, which had received from him the most violent blow. A man of *esprit* said at the time: 'Mirabeau may have sold himself, but he will never deliver himself.' Monsieur (later on Louis XVIII.) being used from his youth to despise men and corrupt them, closed the bargain with Mirabeau."

There is hardly now a difference of opinion as to Mirabeau's character. It must be conceded that he was from his early youth a *débauché*. Women, he confessed, "were his only occupation, and licentiousness his second nature; he was a gambler, a bully, a fortune-hunter, a spendthrift, a libellous pamphleteer, many of whose writings were, by order of the government, burnt publicly by the common hangman; he was devoured by a towering ambition, and with all that he had a warm and generous heart, hated injustice done to him and others, despised all shams, and was a giant in intellect."

As to his glaring faults and vices, we must bear in mind that he was the child of his time, the true representative of the moral standard of the majority of the nobility, of the clergy, and even of the *parvenu bourgeoisie*. The moment he appeared in public life as the great intellectual champion of revolutionary ideas, his private character, with the friends of liberty, seemed to be obliterated. He swayed at once at his will the National Assembly and the Jacobin Club, and as he had even before the Revolution always shown the greatest sympathy for the low and oppressed, he became easily an idol of the populace. Witness: his funeral and the deposition of his mortal remains in the Pantheon. It was fortunate for him that he died at the right time, as in fact everybody does. To have formed at this period a sincere and fruitful alliance between royalty and liberty was a problem even a Mirabeau could not solve. The foremost biographer of Germany, Mr. Varnhagen von Ense, in his sensational *Diaries*, remarks about Mirabeau: "He stood on a wrong plane, the plane of the Court, fenced in by those who ruled the King, where his strength, like that of a lion in his cage, had no room to work, was unavailable."

Mirabeau, I believe, would never have become a Marat, nor a Robespierre. The fate of Danton would have overtaken him. In successful revolutions the initiators and leaders almost invariably become the victims of the upheaval they have started. The often-made comparison that revolutions like Saturn devour their own children would have proved true in Mirabeau's case.

In Mr. von Holst's subsequent lectures of the first volume we meet with a highly interesting and learned disquisition on the States-General. Referring to the opening of this body he says: "On the 5th of May,

1789, the King said in his speech: 'A general unrest and overstrained desire for innovations has taken possession of the minds and might end by confusing public opinion entirely, if one does not make haste to give it a hold by a combination of wise and moderate councils. The minds are in agitation; but an assembly of representatives of the nation will undoubtedly hear only the voice of wisdom and prudence.'"—"Will undoubtedly!" Von Holst exclaims, "Can a babe be more trustful! Sure enough, he tells the nation,—it is an avalanche bearing straight down upon us. But why be scared? It is the business of these gentlemen to see to it that its course be arrested ere any harm is done. *That was virtually the abdication of the Government.*" (Pp. 240-241.)

MIRABEAU IN THE STATES-GENERAL.—HIS CONNEXION WITH THE COURT.—HIS END.

Upon the States-General Mirabeau has remarked, that he had considered as another obstacle the difficulty, or, rather, the absolute impossibility, systematically to direct an assembly of such a vast mass, over which its most revered chiefs have only very little ascendancy, and which eludes every influence. The direction of so numerous an assembly, even if it had been possible at the moment of its formation, was no more so today, thanks to the habit it had acquired of acting like the people it represents, by movements always brusque, always passionate, always precipitate.

"And this incongruous mass-meeting," von Holst says, "with nothing and nobody to guide it, is not only an ordinary legislature; it is also a constituent assembly. Surely, if there is a people on the face of the earth which ought to be capable of fully grasping what that implies, it is the people of this republic. Recall to your memory your own Philadelphia Convention (1787). A mere handful of men, all weighed and not found wanting in times that tried men's souls, all looked up to and revered as the wisest and best, all trained in every respect to an uncommon degree in the school of experience, only political and not social problems being their task;—and even the political confined to a limited field;—and yet it is conceded by every single student of that period I have ever heard of, that they would surely have failed, if they had not started with the wise resolution to deliberate behind closed doors, and not to let the people know what they were doing until they had finished the arduous work entrusted to them. And now, look at this picture: twelve hundred men, untried, inexperienced, ushered into their official existence, with a protracted and most bitter contest, not prompted by the same impulses, not striving after the same aim and ends, discussing and framing the political consti-

¹ *Diaries*, Vol. XII., p. 67.

tution and social structure of the country in the open market and soon under the direct fire of the galleries!

"Aye the States-General," the author winds up his chapter on the Assembly, "were a rudderless craft in a storm-tossed sea, carried by the currents straight on to the breakers, and the crew not only most grievously blundered, but also the deep stain of guilt spotted its garments profusely. But that this crew, thus collected, could under such circumstances make such a sail, bears a testimony to the genius and the high-soaring idealism of the great nation, than which there is none more glorious in its whole history."

The second volume opens with a brief review of the voluminous works of French, German, and English historians, who have undertaken to write the life of Mirabeau. Mr. von Holst comes to the conclusion that they have more or less failed to get at the very kernel of his character, and that his true biography has yet to be written. I believe our author does himself injustice. True, neither he nor Carlyle have given us a dry, connected, chronological narrative of Mirabeau from his babyhood up to his death, interspersed with occasional explanations, epigrams, and reflexions, but whoever has read Carlyle's *French Revolution*, or will read von Holst's lectures, is sure to have obtained a most vivid, truthful portraiture of this most complex man. They have gauged his character to its very depths and have successfully unveiled that sphinx.

Not less have they given us wonderfully true pictures of some of the most striking personages of that chaotic period: of the King, the Queen, the Duke of Orleans, of Brienne, of La Mark, Necker, Lafayette, (upon the latter, I think, von Holst is too severe,) and of many others.

In his second series of lectures our author gives us very many extracts from some of the greatest speeches and letters of Mirabeau, for which he deserves our thanks. We are constrained to give only a few specimens. When in January, 1789, a Paris paper had called him a traitor, a mad dog, he replied: "If I am a mad dog, that is an excellent reason to elect me, for despotism and privileges will die of my bite." When right at the start in the provinces and even in Paris murderous scenes of violence and destruction of the property of nobles had taken place, and in the States-General arguments were based on the ideal social teachings of Rousseau and his followers, Mirabeau said: "Liberty never was the fruit of a doctrine elaborated by philosophical deductions, but of every-day experience, and the simple reasonings elicited by the facts. We are not savages coming naked from the shores of the Orinoco to form a society. We are an old nation, and undoubtedly too old for our epoch. We have a pre-existing government, a pre-existing

king, pre-existing prejudices. As far as possible one must adapt the things to the Revolution and avoid abruptness of transition."

And at another place: "And I, gentlemen, believe the royal veto to such a degree necessary that I should rather live in Constantinople than in France, if he were not to have it; yes, I declare that I should know nothing more terrible than the sovereign authority of twelve hundred persons who could render themselves to-morrow irremovable, the day after to-morrow, hereditary, and would end, as the aristocracies of all countries, by encroaching upon everything." After he had been vituperated by the press and threatened with death by an exasperated people, and having been warned by a friend who had read the article to him of the danger he might encounter, he at once took it up to the tribune, and thundered: "I did not need this lesson that it is but a small distance from the Capitol to the Tarpeian rock. . . . Let them abandon to the fury of the deceived people him who for twenty years waged war upon every oppression, and who spoke to the people of France of liberty, constitution, resistance, at a time when these vile calumniators lived in all the prevailing prejudices. What do I care? Such blows from such hands will not check my course. Answer me if you are able, then calumniate as much as you like. I will be carried away from here triumphant or in shreds."

When laws were proposed to make emigration a crime, Mirabeau objected to the reading of the bill and moved the order of the day, insisting that it was not possible either to justify or execute a prohibition of emigration: "Not indignation, reflexion must make the laws," he declared. The code of Draco, but not the statutes of France, would be a fit place for a law like that contemplated by the committee. . . . I declare that I should consider myself free from every oath of fidelity towards those who become guilty of the infamy of appointing a dictatorial commission. . . . The popularity which I have had the honor to enjoy like others is not a weak reed. I want to sink its roots into the earth on the imperturbable basis of reason and liberty. If you make a law against emigrants, I swear I will never obey it." As long as Mirabeau lived no law against emigrants passed.

In his lecture, one before the last, entitled "Mirabeau and the Court," our author discusses with great discrimination the charge of bribery against Mirabeau. "Mirabeau," he says, "received money from the King, that is an established fact." But he pleads, extenuating circumstances when he adds: "An equally undeniable fact, however, is that for generations public opinion—and more especially that of the upper classes—considered it a matter of course that anybody who had a chance to get money from the king should

improve it. If we want to be just judges we must keep this well in mind, because Mirabeau, like every historical personage, has to be judged by the standard of his, and not of our own time." He also points to instances in Mirabeau's antecedent career, where he refused taking a large bribe offered to him by a great banking corporation, for suppressing a pamphlet he had written denouncing the iniquities of that institution.

We have already given what Barras, a bitter enemy, had said regarding this bribery business, "that Mirabeau may have sold himself, but will never deliver himself." Von Holst cites also Lafayette's saying about Mirabeau: "Mirabeau was not inaccessible to money, but for no amount would he have sustained an opinion that would have destroyed liberty and dishonored his name." And Lafayette was by no means a lenient judge of Mirabeau, but quite the reverse.

The last lecture is a masterly *résumé* of Mirabeau's character and of his times. We had marked many passages for their fulness of views and attractiveness of style, but must come to an end with the closing lines of the lecture:

"In quantity and in quality, the work done by France since the establishment of the third republic in regard to the history of the Revolution challenges the highest admiration. It is nevertheless to last another century ere she is prepared to do full justice to her greatest son of the greatest period of her history. Who can tell? Mere knowledge of the fact does not suffice. Her judgment upon this chapter of her past must be warped so long as she flinches from probing the present to the quick; and much as the third republic has done for the intellectual and political advancement of the nation, it has as yet not produced that supreme moral courage required by the precept of the Greek sage: 'Know thyself.'"

CHRISTIAN AND BUDDHISTIC SENTIMENTS.

THERE is a strange agreement between Christian and Buddhistic sentiment as expressed in hymns and religious poetry. The well-known crusader's song which, it is said, was sung by Christian warriors on their march to Palestine, to a beautiful rhythmic march-melody, concludes with the following verse:

"Fair is the moonshine,
Fairer the sunlight
Than all the stars of the heavenly host.
Jesus shines brighter,
Jesus shines purer
Than all the angels that heaven can boast."

How much does this resemble the following verse in the Dhammapada (verse 387):

"The sun is bright by day,
The moon shines bright by night,
The warrior is bright in his armor,

The Brahmana is bright in his meditation,
But Buddha, the awakened,
Is brightest with splendor day and night."¹

There is not the slightest evidence that the crusader's hymn is an echo of the verse of the Dhammapada. How naturally similar sentiments develop under the same conditions of mind may be learned from the following poem which we quote from "The Ten Theophanies" by the Rev. William M. Baker. We take the liberty only of making a few changes in the order of the verses and replace Christian terms by Buddhistic expressions. The sentiment remains unaltered and shows how thoroughly the religious literature of the one religion can be utilised for the other. The poem, which may be entitled either "Lifting the Veil of Maya" or "A Glimpse of Nirvana," reads in its revised version as follows:

"Melt, oh thou film-flake, faster,
Rend, thou thin gauze, in two,
O Buddha², overmaster,
Break in effulgence through!
I know how very nearly
I draw unto thy realms.
I know that it is merely
A film which overwhelms
These eyes from rapturous seeing,
These ears from rapturous sound,
This self from Buddha-being,
This life from broken bound.
O sacred light, o'erflow thee!
Rush ~~down~~ into one,
That earth and heaven may know the
Eternal rest begun!"

R. C.

CORRESPONDENCE.

"THE RESPONSIBILITY OF GOD."

To the Editor of *The Open Court*:

Your remarks upon "The Responsibility of God" demand a kindly, counter criticism, because they are one-sided. The time has come, now, for us, who claim to be fearlessly following the lead of science, to get down to cosmic facts in all our philosophical reasoning; absolutely abandoning the false premises of religion which make mankind wholly responsible for all the ills which they daily experience and suffer. All the religious sects convened in the great Parliament of Religions were unanimous in voicing the accountability of man, but not one of them, that I could learn, declared for the responsibility of God. They affirmed like you, that "we are our own makers. We reap what we sow. . . . The existence of evil in this world is the fruit of our own doing. We are the builders of our own fate, and we must be our own saviours." This false view is taken from the standpoint of authority, not from that of truth; is the logical result of allowing our conclusions to be governed by the notions of eminent religious teachers instead of by our actual experiences and nature's revelations. In the human mechanical domain, the intelligent engineer, who

¹ Sacred Books of the East, Vol. X., p. 89.

² The italics indicate the changes made. Line 3 reads in the original "Eternal heaven, o'ermaster"; line 11, "This self from God-like being"; line 13, "day" in place of "light"; and line 14, "mons" (which stands for the Buddhist term "kalpas") in place of "Sabbaths."

has experience, figures that can be relied upon, timbers, bolts, plates, and rods, and everything necessary to construct a heavy load-bearing bridge, is responsible for the safety of the trains that have to pass over. God is just as responsible in his domain. If a flower, shrub, or tree dies for want of rain, God is responsible. If a cyclone ruthlessly devastates a town, God is responsible. If a hail-storm destroys the crops which man sowed, God is responsible. In fact, God is responsible for all distress, upon sea and land, that comes beyond the power of man to avoid. He is responsible for the lion preying upon the lamb—for the stronger and more subtle among mankind taking advantage of the weaker, for allowing one to reap what another sows. As in the case of the engineer and the bridge, so is it with God and his organisms. If a man is combined and evolved vicious, he cannot be moral. If sickly, he cannot be healthy. If simple, he cannot be wise, no more than a bridge can be made to be both weak and strong. It does not matter what Buddha has said, or what other eminent teachers have said in regard to mankind reaping what they sow; pure science confounds them all, showing that all things in the domain of God, as well as in that of man, must be systematically and mathematically combined and arranged. In the scientific language of the Nazarene, "Men do not gather grapes of thorns or figs of thistles. A good tree cannot bring forth evil fruit, neither can a corrupt tree bring forth good fruit." The evolutions of God express themselves just as they are combined and endowed. They cannot do otherwise. The glow-worm cannot give back more light than it gets, neither can the moon. They must give back all they get if they are so conditioned. It is so with mankind. Hence we are not "our own builders," nor "our own saviours." We are simply organisms under the process of God's evolution. The gospel of the Nazarene, therefore, is superior to all others and differs from Buddhism in this: It teaches that God is lord, who else can be lord? Whatsoever God sows that he also reaps. Whatsoever a man sows, that he must sow, but it is not always in his power to reap what he sows. He has not always control of every factor in the combinations which he has to make. *Theologians have carried the burden of responsibility upon mankind long enough. Science places it where it justly belongs. Let the defenders of the religious hypothesis refute me if they can.*

JOHN MADDOCK.

[Accepting Mr. Maddock's definition of God, we grant that he is right and his argument is valid. God (that is the totality of cosmic evolution) is responsible for all his doings and he must reap what he sows.

This view of God is in Christian dogmatology called God the Son.

When we speak of God as being above responsibility we mean those eternal relations in cosmic existence which ultimately constitute the authority of conduct; or, in other words, that omnipresent power which is constantly begetting God the Son, i. e., God the Father.

Man, every single individual, and also the whole of mankind, is a part of God the Son, i. e., God as the cosmic evolution of life, and we are responsible with him, because we are identical with him. As soon as we tear a man out from the conditions of his being, regarding him not as the living continuation of his conditions but as a product that is cut loose from the roots from which it grew, he can no longer be regarded as responsible. The more man recognises the solidarity of his own fate with the destiny of mankind, the more he will feel the dignity of his divinity, of his sonship, of his responsibility.—En.]

To the Editor of The Open Court:

The Open Court of the 6th inst. received; and among other articles I have read "The Responsibility of God." I know nothing of the sermon of Mr. Smith, except what you have quoted in

that article, and what I here say is based on those quotations. Concerning the sermon you say: "This is a strange sermon, a sermon that probably has never been preached before in any one of the Christian pulpits."

Now there may be some strange things in the parts of the sermon which you do not quote; for I do not know the denomination to which the Rev. Mr. Smith belongs. But in the quotations I find nothing strange. I have preached the same ever since I have been in the ministry. Dr. Hane, my father-in-law, says it is the doctrine he has always preached, and that he has heard all his life. And this is not all. The same doctrine is preached by every one of the more than 32,000 Methodist preachers in the United States; and it is the doctrine that has been preached by the Methodists from the beginning. It might have to be modified somewhat in a Calvinistic pulpit; but in any Arminian pulpit such a doctrine is always at home.

Now what does all this show? It shows that in this—and other particulars could be given—the apostle of the "Religion of Science" does not understand what orthodox Christian pulpits are preaching. Notably does this seem to be true on the subject of ethics.

Come and hear us, Doctor, Sunday after Sunday.

And in the mean time, while we all fight on, we are sure of this, as Mr. Hegeler said during my last call, the truth is sure to prevail.

A. LINCOLN SHUTE.

NO RESURRECTION—NO CHRISTIANITY.

Organic Change, Not Identity.

To the Editor of The Open Court:

In the letter headed, "Can There Be a New Christianity?" Mrs. Hopper asks: "Would any religion that had received a name on account of its distinctive features be able, 'with all reverence to the past,' to accept a truth without compromise, whatever the truth may be?"

In reply, Dr. Carus appears to assert that it would; he declares: "As to the issue between the various religions, by following the injunction of accepting the truth without compromise, whatever the truth may be, must come to one and the same conclusion."

But where are the religions that enjoin the acceptance of the truth without compromise? Religions do not present their dogmas as truths in the ordinary sense, they present them as sacred utterances from sources of wisdom beyond human experience. True, Jesus is said to have affirmed that he should be followed by the spirit of truth, and that the truth should make men free. But is this the position of other religions; or in fact of Jesus himself? Certainly, if he ever did make such a statement, it was not what gave faith, life, and energy to his disciples, who gave no serious attention to it. It was the doctrine of the resurrection, which gave being to Christianity, that the Son of the Living God had come down from heaven to offer up his mortal life a sacrifice for suffering men, and that those who believed in Him should live again after death, and be blessed in immortality. This was the Truth to be accepted without compromise—not to accept it, to accept a denial, to accept another truth, was to despise the Divine Compassion, to lose the Grace, to lose the bliss in immortality.

It is so with all religions; each presents a truth to be accepted without compromise, but not the truth.

Nor is it correct that religions have a common ideal. It is the nature of religions to deny to each other a common ideal, and to hate and fight against it.

There is next to be considered the nature of the truths that religions present for acceptance; the origin of those truths, how they were obtained, how they were known as truths; and if they have any relation or leading to such a truth as Dr. Carus finds in

science, and which he believes may be made a moralising force to take the place of religion.

What is the truth of Christianity? The affirmation that a man called Jesus was the son of God; that he was crucified by men, and rose from the dead.

What is the affirmation of the Mohammedan religion? That a man called Mohammed ascended to Paradise; that he saw God, and that there is but one God.

Are these affirmations acknowledged to be truths by the knowledge of to-day—that knowledge which we call science?

Dr. Carus affirms that every religion affirms a truth: Dr. Carus is exactly wrong; every religion affirms as truth what is not true.

How can the continued affirmation of falsehoods be a continued movement toward the affirmation of truth?

If these falsehoods were put forward by religion as merely conjectural approaches to truth, it would be different; but they are affirmed as absolute.

What is their origin; is it in reality? Yes, and no. It is in reality, because in personal experience; not in reality, because that experience came through illusion—the illusion of spirit existence.

Jesus, Mahommed, the Greeks, the Buddhists, believed in disembodied existences; by these existences their truths are communicated.

Repudiated by knowledge, which is able to give the simplest explanation of how they arose, absolutely false, absolutely misleading, these illusions have had the profoundest influence upon human conduct, because they gave the assurance to each believer that his existence continued after death, and that his conduct in this existence would determine his after enjoyment or suffering.

So, far from being the effects of truth, the remarkable actions of those men who have founded religions, to quote Mr. Lester F. Ward, "must be referred not only to a pathological, but to an actually deranged condition of their minds. And the strange truth thus comes up for our contemplation that, instead of having been guided by truth, they have been misled by it throughout all the years of history, we have been ruled and swayed by the magnetic passions of epileptics and monomaniacs."

Thus as Dr. Carus concludes, "the essence of religion can be only one and must remain one and the same among all nations, in all climes, and under all conditions."

But that essence is not truth—it is error.

Now it is true that by Christianity "we understand, not so much the doctrines of Jesus Christ, as the whole movement that was created through the aspirations of his life"; that movement has organically developed, as Dr. Carus describes, from the aspirations of his life, and is Jesus; but the foundation of all the movement, the start to belief, and to the aspiration itself of Jesus, was the assumption that he was the son of God and rose from the grave.

When, as Mrs. Hopper suggests, the ideal Christ is separated from the real Jesus—in other words, the illusion of Jesus is discovered and explained—there is left no truth in Christianity; Christianity as a moralising force is dead; it has no more an organic structure; as Weismann might say, it's germ-plasm is exhausted, and a belief founded on a different kind of experience, "a religion based upon the laws of existence, traceable in the physical, social, and physical facts of experience," cannot claim to be called the New Christianity. No, nor a religion.

J. W. GASKINE.

[Mr. J. W. Gaskine can speak for himself that "Christianity as a moralising force is dead," but he cannot speak for others. To many members of the Christian churches, and also to others who for some reason or other do not join the churches, Christianity is

a living power, the moral ideals of which, whether right or wrong, exercise a determinative influence upon their actions.

However, as evolution is the law of life, we can observe a change in the interpretation of Christianity. Christianity is like a mustard-seed. It is growing. The Christianity of the Jews is broadened when preached to the Greek; and again the Christianity of the Greek changes when it reaches Rome. The Christianity of Protestant countries may be characterised as a Teutonic Christianity, and to-day Christianity is on the verge of entering into a new and indeed a higher phase, which is conditioned by its contact with science. If Christianity will broaden under the influence of science, it will live; if it refuses to listen to science, it will slowly, and probably peacefully, expire.

He who observes the intellectual commotion in our churches cannot doubt that there is a new view of Christianity taking hold of the religious leaders of our country. Mr. Gaskine's description of Christianity is the old view in its external characteristics, for he omits to mention those aspirations which contain the potentiality of a broader growth. His definition of religion is like a chemist's analysis of the ingredients of corn, or wheat, which will enable us to determine whether the substance is edible or not, but ignores that subtle something called "life," which, under proper conditions, will cause every grain to sprout and to grow and bear fruit in its season.

We know very well that among the followers of Moses, Christ, Buddha, and Mahommed there are many to whom religion is an assertion that is accepted as a supernatural revelation, which must be believed, although it may be proved to be wrong; but broader views are dawning on mankind. We are not bound to be tied down by the narrowness of former generations; we have the liberty of growing, and, so far as we are concerned, we are determined to make use of it, whether or not Mr. Gaskine is prepared to follow us.—Ed.]

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THE CEASING BY DEATH AND THE CEASING BY LIFE.

C. ARNOLD F. LINDORME.

SOME years ago, when by the severe freezes, as the vernacular of Florida calls a frost that kills potatoes or orange-trees, I had been driven away from the sub-tropical scenes of my horticultural endeavors, I hit upon the city of Atlanta, Ga., as a place fit to repair my reverses of fortune, and had the good luck of meeting, not that, indeed, which is commonly styled good luck, viz., material abundance, but of making the acquaintance of a man who had a philosophical turn of mind, and, by making me talk philosophy, caused me to forget my more than *per capita* proportion of the national stringency of the money-market.

It was, however, only recently, that my man looked at the world in an independent style, trying to explain things in their natural harmony. A few years ago he had been an obedient sheep of the flock to which his wife belonged, who was the most active member of a little church in the neighborhood, and one of those characters, who, in the interest of religion, would, if they could, resuscitate Torquemada and his *santa inquisicion*, nor shrink from witnessing an *auto de fé*, thinking with the princess of Eboli, "it is only heretics that burn," just like the child which is shown the picture of another scene of faith-prosecution, as they were habitual in Rome: Seeing in the arena five tigers with only four Christians, she exclaims compassionately, "oh, that one tiger, poor fellow, he has no Christian at all!"

There was a special occurrence which had caused my man to bow down to his wife's blind faith-profession. He had a son, an exceedingly smart little fellow, as he stated, of two years and a half, and he lost the child. Somehow or other the boy had taken sick, by too much petting perhaps, and, all the exertions notwithstanding, the child died.

The discomfiture of the father was more than common. The child had been his only boy, his hope, and so much more his joy, as the little fellow, young as he was, had begun to display mental peculiarities of his father; a splendid memory, a talent for recitation, and a histrionic propensity, which sometimes, when we

were allowed a glimpse of it, made me regret that the old man had not chosen the stage as his career.

When the child was taken away from him he yielded to the influence of his wife, went with her to church, and sought consolation in the parson's doctrines. But in proportion as the emotional outburst of his grief got under the control of his critique, he began to give access to the doubt which theretofore had assailed him; and finding it impossible to give a satisfactory answer to the question, how is it, that an omnipotent ruler of the world, if he be at all a loving one, can let things come to pass, such as could evidently be so easily forfended, as they are a cruelty without any sensible motive; he broke loose from the church again. Not having found the solace which he joined it for, he saw no use for it in any other way, and his wife, whose denominational persistency nothing in the world could shatter, had to favor the clergyman with her courtesousness all by herself again, and she did it with a vengeance, much to the discomfort of her renitent husband.

Nor had in the latter the grief abated in proportion to the number of years which had passed by; he did not find in his intellect but what fostered the bitterness with which he viewed the blow he had received, and by occasional remarks I could tell that he envied me the luck of having a boy of just the age his little one would have been, had he lived up to our time. I was sorry to see him in such a pitiable state of mind, and I availed myself of my philosophy to turn him from the desolation of his thoughts.

"Look here, Sir," I addressed him one evening, when he came for a chat, as was his wont, "you are mistaken if you think, that in our fate, all the loss is on your side. When I came to this country, a decade and odd years ago, I had a little boy of precisely the age yours was. Where is he? There is another one, fourteen years old, I admit. But is that the same boy? The two-and-a-half-years-old was my pet. I took delight in the peculiarities of the child. There was something extremely peculiar, or 'cute, as the people said, in the manly independence which he, the baby, displayed. I see him yet standing in the slip of the Arizona in New York, where we were waiting for our luggage to come up, close to a bale of mer-

chandise on which he leaned his elbow, supporting his head with his hand, and looking at a bunch of municipality-flunkies with an expression as if he studied the kind of government of which they were the symptoms. And the flunkies noticed him, too, and showed by their mimics that they made the little immigrant the subject of their conversation, speculating on what the puny fellow in a black velvet gown might grow up to.

"I admit, as I said before, that I have a boy of fourteen in place of the one of two-and-a-half-years I lost. But is this loss for all that not a reality? Can I take the fourteen-years-old on my lap? Can I hug and kiss him ten times in a minute? Good gracious, should I not feel his indignation at all the four corners of his extremities, if I tried?"

"There was something so extremely sympathetic in the independence of the baby. In the independence of the fourteen-years-old there is no trace of such a quality. I cannot complain of independence; it was my own work. The aim of education, when I was a child, was to break my will, and broke it was, with a vengeance, that means to say, not only toward my father, but toward anybody who knew how to touch the right string of my overstrung soul. This terrible fate I wanted to save my pet from, and I fostered his natural bent to independence by the mental influence which I brought to bear upon him. Was it not natural that his sense of independence turned against me just as well as against others, perhaps more even, in order to show off? So he wore his shoes as pointed as he could get them, although he knew well enough that I hated to see pointed shoes.

"You lost your boy by death. There was a stop put to his growing up. This was undoubtedly a very deplorable event. But you err, if you think that there is nothing for me to deplore. Individually, I lost as much as you, *pro et contra*, I mean, taking me as an individual and taking the child as an individual, because in my case there was individually as little constancy as in yours. The entire difference is, that I reared a boy for the world, for society, and you were prevented from doing so. But that is all. If death had not taken your child you could have done as I, reared an infant to become a member of society. But would that have been a way of keeping your child of two years and a half? No, sir; one way or the other, you had to give up your possession. The two-and-a-half-years-old, in either case, had to go; he had to be sacrificed to the future, to a different, a new existence."

My disquisition was not lost upon my man. On the next morning he returned to the subject of the evening by the remark: "So you lost your pet as well

as I mine?" And he felt the comfort of the ancient saying, *Solamen miseris socios habuisse malorum*.

And howsoever we look at it, true it is, a palpable reality, that by living we are far from escaping the ceasing in which death consists. There is an ugly feature to death. This is when it comes at the hour which is not in season, in babyhood, or youth, or in full manhood or womanhood, before the term of development is reached. Then it is like a mutilation, not worse, for mutilation can be thought and occurs, which is worse than death. But when death knocks in season at the door of life, death has nothing ugly, nor painful, not for the one who dies, nor for those who remain behind, for there is nothing any more for the moribund to perform than to drop back into the lap of Mother Earth, whence all through his life he drew his sustenance, and all complaint that there is such an arrangement as death in nature is impractical and unjust, unless it be a complaint of nature's inability to act up to her programme, by extending human life to a lengthier stretch than the poor average of thirty-five, which statistics teaches is now the mean figure of longevity.

But how much is due to the mischief of our own doing? Do we care for our health as we ought to do? Ought not public opinion to be so conditioned as to ostracise all the bad habits which gnaw at the health of men, instead of winking at the seven-years-old who copies his elders to an identity of imitation in puffing his cigarette?

Our bad habits it is which should excite our remorse, not their result: a premature death. Death is no loss. It is constantly repaired by birth. It is ugly when it survenes before its time. But are not all things ugly when they are out of season?

Nobody ever complains of the ceasing of the phase of life in which he is, for that is a ceasing which he feels is in order. Everybody knows or must be aware that the more he is ambitious to make something out of himself, the less he can avoid ceasing to be what he was before. Neither would death be regretted if it came in due time only, at the end of a perfectly accomplished biological career.

GOETHE A BUDDHIST.¹

BUDDHISM is commonly regarded as a religion, which, though it may be adapted to the passive nations of Asia, could never have exercised any lasting influence upon the energetic races of the West. But this is true only if Buddhism is identified with that quietism which makes of indolence the cardinal virtue

¹The greater number of Goethe's poems quoted in this article are not commonly known in English-speaking countries, or at least have never as yet been translated into English. The translations offered here (with the exception of three bearing the signatures of Bayard Taylor, J. S. Dwight, and Edgar Alfred Bowring) are by the author of the present article.

of life. Nothing, however, is further removed from the Tathagata's teachings than passive indifference; and the truth is that some of the greatest geniuses of Europe have spontaneously developed the essential doctrines of the venerable sage of the Shākya, in whom Buddhists take refuge.

One of the most striking examples of Buddhistic modes of thought in a Western mind, incredible though it may appear to those who persistently misunderstand the spirit of Buddhism, is the great German poet Wolfgang Goethe, the Darwinist before Darwin, the prophet of monism and positivism, the naturalist among bards and the bard among naturalists. Goethe, unlike Auguste Comte, the founder of the French positivism, did not believe in unknowable causes behind phenomena. He proclaimed the principle of genuine positivism, saying:¹

"The highest would be to understand that all facts are themselves theory. The azure color of the sky reveals to us the fundamental law of chromatics. We must not seek anything behind phenomena; for they themselves are our lesson."

"Das Höchste wäre: zu begreifen, dass alles Factische schon Theorie ist. Die Bläue des Himmels offenbart uns das Grundgesetz der Chromatik. Man suche nichts hinter den Phänomenen: sie selbst sind die Lehre."

This principle implies the denial of all things in themselves supposed to reside in man's soul as well as in the world as a whole; and this truth is expressed by Buddha in the sentence: "There is no ātman." We shall prove our proposition that, in this sense, Goethe was a Buddhist, by quoting several of his poems which prove that he espoused the doctrine of Karma as well as the Buddhist psychology, which knows nothing of an ātman or separate ego-self but regards the soul of man as a complex product of many ingredients constituting our Karma inherited from former existences and destined to continue after death according to our deeds done during life.

Goethe analyses himself in the following poem:

"From father my inheritance
Is stature and conduct steady;
From mother my glee, that love of romance,
And a tongue that's ever ready.

My grandpa was fond of ladies fair,
Which still my soul is haunting.
My grandma jewels loved to wear,
Like her I'm given to vaunting.

Now since this complex can't but be
The sum of all these features,
What is original in me
Or other human creatures?"

"Vom Vater hab ich die Statur,
Des Lebens ernstes Führen,
Von Mütterchen die Frohnatur
Und Lust zu fabuliren.

Urahn herr war der Schönsten hold,
Das spukt so hin und wieder;
Urahnfrau liebte Schmuck und Gold,
Das zuckt wohl durch die Glieder.
Sind nun die Elemente nicht
Aus dem Complex zu trennen,
Was ist denn an dem ganzen Wicht
Original zu nennen?"

The question "What am I?" is answered by Goethe: "I am a commonwealth of inherited tendencies and ideas."

Man is inclined to look upon his own sweet self as a distinct and separate being which is something quite original and a thing in itself, analogous to the metaphysical things in themselves of Kantian philosophy. But this notion of oneself is an error; it is what Buddhists call "the illusion of the thought 'I am,'" or "the veil of Māyā."

The central idea of Buddhism is the doctrine that enlightenment dispels the ego-illusion, and Goethe says tersely:

"'Cognise thyself,' 'tis said. How does self-knowledge pay?
When I cognise myself, / must at once away."

"'Erkenne dich! — Was hab ich da für Lohn?
Erkenn' ich mich, so muss ich gleich davon."

Goethe was a man of great self-assertion and it is apparent that he does not mean self-annihilation or resignation. Goethe does not mean to say that he himself (Goethe or Goethe's soul) does not exist. He means that that vanity of self which imagines that a man's self consists in an independent and quite original being which is exclusively a thing of its own is an illusion that is dispelled by self-knowledge.

"I" am not a separate ego-consciousness that is in possession of a soul with all its impulses, thoughts, and aspirations. Rather the reverse is true. My soul, consisting of definite soul-structures, is in possession of an ego-consciousness; and my entire soul is meant when I say "I." In this sense every one can say of himself, "I existed long before I was born." To be sure I did not exist in this exact combination of soul-elements; but the soul-elements of my Karma¹ existed.

Such is the Buddhistic doctrine, and such is Goethe's view of the soul. The words which constitute our thought, the most essential part of ourselves, were first uttered millenniums ago, and have been handed down with imperceptible changes in pronunciation, grammar, and construction until they have become again incarnated in the system of our mind. But it is not our language alone that existed before us, but also our habits of daily life, our modes of living, our loves and hates, our morals, our hopes, and our aspirations. Goethe says:

¹ *Sprüche in Prosa*, Edition Cotta, Vol. XIII., p. 274.

¹ "Karma" means "deed" or "action."

" When eagerly a child looks round,
In his father's house his shelter is found.
His ear, beginning to understand,
Imbibes the speech of his native land.

Whatever his own experiences are,
He hears of other things afar.
Example affects him; he grows strong and steady
Yet finds the world complete and ready.

This is prized, and that praised with much ado;
He wishes to be somebody too.
How can he work and woo, how fight and frown?
For everything has been written down.

Nay, worse, it has appeared in print,
The youth is baffled but takes the hint.
It dawns on him, now, more and more
He is what others have been before."

" Wenn Kindesblick begierig schaut,
Er findet des Vaters Haus gebaut;
Und wenn das Ohr sich erst vertraut,
Ihm tönt der Muttersprache Laut;
Gewahrt er diess und jenes nah,
Man fabelt ihm, was fern geschah,
Umsittigt ihn, wächst er heran:
Er findet eben alles gethan;
Man rühmt ihm diess, man preist ihm das:
Er wäre gar gern auch etwas.
Wie er soll wirken, schaffen, lieben,
Das steht ja alles schon geschrieben
Und, was noch schlimmer ist, gedruckt.
Da steht der junge Mensch verdrückt
Und endlich wird ihm offenbar:
Er sei nur was ein andrer war."

The idea that we are an individual in the literal sense of the word, i. e., an indivisible soul-being; a genuine unity but not a unification; a kind of spirit-monad, seems at first sight to flatter our vanity, because it renders us independent of our own past that produced us, and ignores the debt we owe to our spiritual and physical ancestry, giving us the appearance of originality. With a good deal of humor Goethe describes this craving of our natural vanity in these lines:

" Would from tradition break away,
Original I'd be!
Yet the feat so grand, to my dismay,
Greatly discomfits me.
The honor of being an autochthon¹
Would be a great ambition,
But strange enough, I have to own,
I am myself tradition."

" Gern wär ich Ueberlieferung los
Und ganz original;
Doch ist das Unternehmen gross
Und führt in manche Qual.
Als Autochthone rechnet' ich
Es mir zur höchsten Ehre,
Wenn ich nicht gar zu wunderlich
Selbst Ueberlieferung wäre."

¹From *αὐτός*, self, and *χθών*, earth, meaning "sprung from the earth, an aboriginal inhabitant"; here, "unconditioned by history."

The two last lines express in simple terms the substance of both, the ancient Buddhist doctrine of Karma and modern psychology. We do not have our thoughts, habits, and aspirations, but we are they. That which existed before us and is being handed down from generation to generation, is our own pre-existence. We do not receive the tradition of the past, but we ourselves are this tradition as it has been shaped by the Karma of the past.

This conception of the soul seems to lead to a splitting up of our existence into as many personalities as receive the soul-seeds of our Karma. But the splitting up is not an absorption into a vague and indefinite half-existence, but rather a duplication and multiplication of our soul in the way a pattern is reproduced, or as a book that is printed in many copies may sow the seed of the author's thought in its entirety in the hearts of innumerable readers. There is a splitting up, but no division; there is a scattering of our spiritual treasures, but everywhere the soul remains entire, both in its inner sentiments and outer forms. Says Goethe:

" Life I never can divide,
Inner and outer together you see.
Whole to all I must abide,
Otherwise I cannot be.
Always I have only writ
What I feel and mean to say.
Thus, my friends, although I split,
Yet remain I one alway."

" Theilen kann ich nicht das Leben,
Nicht das Innen noch das Aussen,
Allen muss das Ganze geben,
Um mit euch und mir zu hausen,
Immer hab ich nur geschrieben
Wie ich fühle, wie ich's meine,
Und so spalt ich mich, ihr Lieben,
Und bin immerfort der Eine."

This conception of our own being is of practical importance, for it teaches us to think with reverence of the past, and to contemplate with earnestness the future. Our existence is not limited to the span of the present life; it is not limited by birth and death; it began with the appearance of life upon earth; nay, it is older than that even; for it lay hidden in the conditions of organized life, whatever they may have been; and we shall continue to live so long as mankind will flourish on earth, nay, even longer; for wherever the same soul-structures rise, there our soul will be formed again and rise anew into being. In a word, our soul is illimited, in the past as well as in the future. Eternity lies behind us and also before us.

Goethe believes in immortality. He says:

" Hast immortality in mind
Wilt thou thy reasons give?
—The most important reason is,
We can't without it live."

"Du hast Unsterblichkeit im Sinn;
Kannst du uns deine Gründe nennen?
Gar wohl! Der Hauptgrund liegt darin,
Dass wir sie nicht entbehren können."

Goethe does not believe that immortality involves the belief in a Utopian heaven, and, like Buddha, he urges that if such a heaven existed, as many Christians imagine it to be, it would not be a place of salvation, but a mere transfiguration of the trivialities of this world. Thus Goethe prefers to be counted among the Sadducees, of whom the Scriptures say, they hold that there is no resurrection from the dead. Goethe says:

"A Sadducee I'll be for ever,
For it would drive me to despair,
If the Philistines who now cramp me
Would cripple my eternity.
"T would be the same old fiddle-faddle,
In heaven we'd have celestial twaddle."

"Ein Sadducäer will ich bleiben!—
Das könnte mich zur Verzweiflung treiben,
Dass von dem Volk, das hier mich bedrängt,
Auch würde die Ewigkeit eingengt:
Das wär doch nur der alte Patsch,
Droben gäb's nur verklärten Klatsch."

Immortality is not an intrinsic condition of our soul, but can only be the result of our exertions. We do not possess immortality, but we must earn it. As Christ expresses it, we must lay up treasures which neither moth nor rust doth corrupt and where the thieves do not break through or steal. We are tradition and we live on as tradition. Our own immortalisation is the purpose of our life. Goethe says:

"Drop all of transiency
Whate'er be its claim,
Ourselves to immortalise,
That is our aim."

"Nichts vom Vergänglichlichen,
Wie's auch geschah!
Uns zu verewigen
Sind wir ja da."

The Egyptian method of immortalising the bodies of the dead by embalming and mummifying, and of building pyramids is erroneous; rather let the tradition of which we consist and which we impart to others be of the right kind. The greatest treasures we can give to others are we ourselves, our souls, the truths which we have discovered our hopes, our loves, our ideals. Goethe says:

"It matters not, I ween,
Where worms our friends consume,
Beneath the turf so green,
Or 'neath the marble tomb.
Remember ye who live,
Though frowns the fleeting day,
That to your friends you give
What never will decay."

—Translated by Edgar Alfred Bowring.

"Und wo die Freunde faulen,
Das ist ganz einerlei,
Ob unter Marmor-Säulen
Oder im Rasen frei.
Der Lebende bedenke,
Wenn auch der Tag ihm mault,
Dass er den Freunden schenke
Was nie und nimmer faul."

Goethe's idea of salvation, as exemplified in Faust, is self-salvation through our own deeds. He says:

"Yes! to this thought I hold with firm persistence;
The last result of wisdom stamps it true:
He only earns his freedom and existence,
Who daily conquers them anew.
Then dared I hail the Moment fleeing:
'Ah, still delay—thou art so fair!'
The traces cannot, of mine earthly being,
In æons perish,—they are there!"

—Translated by Bayard Taylor

"Ja! diesem Sinne bin ich ganz ergeben,
Das ist der Weisheit letzter Schluss:
Nur der verdient sich Freiheit wie das Leben,
Der täglich sie erobern muss.
Zur Augenblicke dürft' ich sagen:
Verweile doch, du bist so schön!
Es kann die Spur von meinen Erdetagen
Nicht in Aeonen untergehn.—"

Life possesses no intrinsic value; the worth of a man depends entirely upon himself. Says Goethe:

"Thy worth wouldst thou have recognised?
Give to the world a worth that 's prized!"

"Willst du dich deines Werthes freuen,
So musst der Welt du Werth verleihen."

The Buddhist's Nirvāna is the obliteration of the ego-illusion; it is the annihilation of the error of self-hood, but not an annihilation of man's soul or of the world. Nirvāna is not death, but life; it is the right way of living, to be obtained by the conquest of all the passions that becloud the mind. Nirvāna is the rest in activity, the tranquillity of a man who has risen above himself and has learned to view life in its eternal aspects. True rest is not quietism, but a well-balanced activity. It is a surrender of self in exchange for the illimitable life of the evolution of truth. It is in our life and life aspirations the entire omission of the thought of self, of the conceit "Mark all the world, 'tis I who do this"; and the surrender of all egotistic petulance is not (as the egotistic imagine) a resignation, but it is bliss. Says Goethe, in his poem "*Eins und Alles*":

"Into the limitless to sink,
No one, I trow, will ever blink,
For there all sorrow we dismiss.
Instead of cravings and wants untold
Fighting demands and duties cold,
Surrender of one's self is bliss."

"Im Grenzenlosen sich zu finden,
Wird gern der Einzelne verschwinden,

Da löst sich aller Ueberdruß;
Statt heissem Wünschen, wildem Wollen,
Statt läst'gem Fordern, strengem Sollen,
Sich aufzugeben ist Genuss."

Contemplation and retirement have their charms and are preferable to the turmoil of a worldly life, and Goethe appreciated the sweetness of seclusion. He said in his "Song to the Moon":

"Happy he who, hating none,
Leaves the world's dull noise,
And, with trusty friends alone,
Quietly enjoys

What, forever unexpressed,
Hid from common sight,
Through the mazes of the breast
Softly steals by night!"

—Translated by J. S. Dwight.

"Selig, wer sich vor der Welt
Ohne Hass verschliesst,
Einen Freund am Busen hält
Und mit dem genießt,

Was, von Menschen nicht gewusst,
Oder nicht gedacht,
Durch das Labyrinth der Brust
Wandelt in der Nacht."

Such being Goethe's view of the soul and the aspirations of man, as expressed in his own verses, we shall find it natural that his God-conception is more like Amitābha than like Zeus or Yahveh. Goethe's God is not an individual being; not a person. He says:

"Why do you scoff and scout,
About the All and One.
The professor 's a person, no doubt,
God is none."

"Was soll mir euer Hohn
Ueber das All und Eine?
Der Professor ist eine Person,
Gott ist keine."

Nor does Goethe expect help from heaven; he has learned to rely on himself. He makes Prometheus say:

"When in my childhood
I knew not where to turn,
My seeking eyes strayed sunward,
As though there were in heaven
An ear to listen to my prayer,
A heart like mine,
To feel for my distress compassion.

Who helped me
Against the Titans insolence?
And who delivered me from death?
Didst thou not rescue thee, thyself,
My holy, glowing heart,
In goodness and in youth

Aglow with gratitude, deceived,
For the slumbering God above!"

"Da ich ein Kind war,
Nicht wusste, wo aus noch ein,
Kehrt' ich mein verirrtes Auge
Zur Sonne, als wenn drüber wär'
Ein Ohr, zu hören meine Klage,
Ein Herz, wie meins,
Sich des Bedrängten zu erbarmen.

Wer half mir
Wider der Titanen Uebermut?
Wer rettete vom Tode mich,
Von Sklaverei?
Hast du nicht alles selbst vollendet,
Heilig glühend Herz?
Und glühtest jung und gut,
Betrogen, Rettungsdank
Dem Schlafenden da droben?"

Goethe's God is the eternal in the transient, the immutable in the change and the rest that the thoughtful will discover in the ever agitated evolution of circling worlds: God, in a word, is the cosmic Nirvana, the rest in unrest, the peace in strife, and the bliss that is attained in the tribulations of noble aspirations. Goethe says:

"When in the infinite appeareth
The same eternal repetition,
When in harmonious coalition
A mighty dome its structure reareth;
A rapture thrills through all existence
All stars, or great or small are blessed,
Yet all the strife and all resistance
In God, the Lord's eternal rest."

"Wenn im Unendlichen dasselbe
Sich wiederholend ewig fließt,
Das tausendfältige Gewölbe
Sich kräftig in einander schliesst,
Strömt Lebenslust aus allen Dingen,
Dem kleinsten wie dem grössten Stern,
Und alles Drängen, alles Ringen
Ist ewige Ruh in Gott dem Herrn."

Whatever Buddha's doctrines may have been, this much is sure, that the principle of Buddhism is the same as the principle of the Religion of Science; for Buddhism is the religion of enlightenment, and enlightenment means a perfect comprehension of the significance of life in matters of religion. On this point, too, Goethe expressed himself in unequivocal terms. He equals in breadth Buddhism, and thus did not reject the Christian religion, but only refused to be limited by the narrowness of its dogmatism. Goethe accepted the truths which Christianity had given to the world; and mark the reason why he accepts them: Because they cannot be claimed as the exclusive possession of a sect, but are the heirloom of all mankind, therefore, he contends, the "scientist" has a right to them; and identifying his right with that of the scientist, Goethe claims them for himself.

Addressing the Christian believers, Goethe says :

"Ye faithful, do not claim that your confession
Be truth alone ; for we have faith like you.
Science can't be deprived of the possession
Belonging to the world, and to me too."

"Ihr Gläubigen ! rühmt nur nicht euren Glauben
Als einzigen : wir glauben auch wie ihr ;
Der Forscher lässt sich keineswegs berauben
Des Erbtheils, aller Welt gegönt—und mir."

How near Goethe comes in these lines to call his faith "the religion of science"!

The fact that Goethe's conception of the soul is in perfect agreement with Buddha's teachings, is the more remarkable as Goethe was not familiar even with the mere outlines of the Buddhist Abhidharma.

There are many similar agreements that can be traced between Buddhism and the tenets of modern science, especially psychology ; and this is not at all surprising, for Buddhism is a religion which recognises no other revelation except the truth that can be proved by science. Buddha teaches his disciples to contemplate the facts of life without distorting them by postulates or metaphysical assumptions. His religion is the most radical freethought, that blinks no consequences nor allows himself to be misguided by phantasms of the heart ; yet at the same time, it is the most earnest devotion to truth, for the salient feature of Buddhism has always been that the surrender of the ego-illusion does not remain a mere theory but becomes a maxim of conduct, which induces Buddha's followers to renounce all egotism, to exert themselves in brotherly love and purity of heart, to devote themselves to the welfare of their fellow-creatures, and above all, to serve the needs of those who toil and suffer.

Christ taught by example, and in pithy aphorisms and parables, an ethics which closely agrees with Buddhist ethics ; but he taught no philosophy and no systematic religious dogma. Christ's ethics exhibits a broad humanitarianism, and the figure of Christ stands before us as the *ecce homo*—the son of man, the representative of mankind. The church that developed from the moral movement started by Christ has supplemented the theoretical doctrines which Christ had neglected to teach, but unfortunately the dogmatists of the Church replaced the broad *ecce homo* by a narrow *ecce ego* ; and thus the assumptions of the ego-psychology have become officially recognised as Christian dogmas. Yet I venture to say that those two masters in the world of thought, Buddha and Goethe are nearer to the spirit of Christ than those who bear his name and call themselves his disciples. If Christian dogmatists would begin to listen to the teachings of science, they might at last be converted to the ethics of their master.

P. C.

LIBERTY OF CONSCIENCE IN PRUSSIA.

THE German Emperor, and with him the whole German nation, have, for their cousins on the other side of the Channel, a very sensitive conscience. Would that they kept enough of it for home use, for right in the heart of the German Empire, in the capital of Prussia, the most outrageous and illegal acts on the part of the German government and police administration take place without in the least ruffling the sense of justice of any one of the German authorities.

The laws of Prussia, since the days of Frederick the Great, guarantee religious liberty to all Prussian subjects, and the law has been expressly extended to imply the right of parents to have their children educated in their own religion in a clause of May 14, 1873, which declares that "dissenters shall be entitled to withdraw their children from the religious instruction in the common schools, provided that they supplement otherwise their religious education." Now there are in Germany a number of free-religious congregations, most of which developed about fifty years ago from German Catholic secessionists. They no longer call themselves Christians and openly avow Pantheism. Their organ, the *Freireligiöses Familienblatt*, bears the motto, "The world governs itself according to eternal laws," and their aim is "to replace the supernaturalism of dogmatic Christianity by a world-conception based upon the discoveries of science." The speakers of these congregations were suffered for a long time to pursue their profession without disturbance, but a few years ago (on June 8, 1893) the Royal Board of School Superintendents proclaimed an ordinance that even dissenters should be obliged to have their children participate in the religious instruction of the public common schools, unless they provide for other religious instruction, the sufficiency of which depends in each case upon the decision of the authorities." This means, liberty at the option of the government. At the same time when this ordinance was passed, Dr. Bruno Wille, the speaker the free religious congregation at Berlin, was enjoined to discontinue his instruction. All appeals were of no effect, because the Prussian government takes the ground that all instruction, including private lessons, is a concern of public welfare, being as such subject to the regulations of the School Board, and ultimately to the Minister of Education. Dr. Bruno Wille discontinued his religious lessons but he continued for ten Sundays to preach at the usual hour, and the Royal School Board, taking the ground that his sermons were held in the presence of children and that a song sung by the congregation was explained by the speaker, fined him with a penalty of one hundred marks for each trespass of the ordinance, i. e., one thousand marks ; or, in case he was incompetent to pay, condemned

him to an imprisonment of one hundred days. The verdict was promptly executed, and Dr. Bruno Wille was imprisoned at the police-prison of Friedrichshagen. This actually happened, not during the Middle Ages, but a few months ago, in the civilised kingdom of Prussia. It happened at about the same time that Hammerstein, editor of the *Kreuzzeitung* and leader of the aristocratic Conservative Party, was arraigned for bribe-taking, blackmail, forgery, and a number of similar crimes; yet in this case the police were extremely slow and gave the criminal ample time to escape.

It appears that the warden of the prison at Friedrichshagen is a man of a more tender conscience than the members of the School Board and the Minister of Education in Prussia. For we read in the *Freireligiöses Familienblatt* that he allowed the prisoner as much liberty as the law permitted, and treated him respectfully. Dr. Wille was allowed to write and to read, and to send out his fly leaves to the children of his congregation.

Before having served his full term of one hundred days, Dr. Wille was dismissed on parole in December, 1895, and when lecturing again for the first time to a large audience, he spoke on "Independence." While the congregation enjoyed the temporary freedom of their speaker, their indignation was aroused by the news that another of their members, Miss Ida Altmann, the Sunday-school teacher of the free religious congregation, had just been imprisoned for the same reason as their beloved lecturer.

A petition for redress was made to the Prussian House of Representatives, but the government advised that the petition be put on the table, and the House took no notice of it because at its introduction the motion for adjournment had been made.

All this happened in a country which boasts of being the nation of poets and thinkers, in the very same State in which one of the greatest sovereigns declared that in his dominions everybody could find salvation after his own fashion!

It is good that the great nations of the world are beginning to have a conscience, and that one is demanding of the other to keep within the bounds of justice. When the German governor of the German colony in Africa maltreated his black soldiers, the poor creatures seeing no hope for redress, allowed themselves to seek self-help in a revolutionary outburst against their oppressors. They bombarded in their rage the citadel, but did little harm and nobody was killed. When the ammunition was exhausted, the negroes fled into the woods, where naturally enough they were starved, and the Governor had every one of them hanged as soon as he returned, without a court-martial. *Was kommt wird gehangen*, was the laconic

report of an eye-witness. The event, at the time, passed by unnoticed, as if nothing had happened, and England said nothing about this outrage; and why should she? for, indeed, the English would scarcely have acted differently under the same circumstances.

The German Emperor set the good example that one government should look after the morality of other governments, and we hope that his indignation will be a precedent which will not remain limited to the wrong-doings of England; but that England will in her turn also call the attention of the German authorities to their own wrong-doings.

Would that the Queen of England had heard of the suppression of religious liberty and had sent a message of sympathy to Dr. Bruno Wille encouraging him to bear his martyrdom with dignity and to stand up for his rights with manly courage! P. C.

DEATHLESS.

BY ROBERT M. HARPER.

Born to immortal life! this earth-clad soul
Partakes the eternal nature of its God!
Will live when æons have unrolled the scroll
Of time; when, laid beneath the parent sod,
Mortality hath claimed the mortal clay;
And Death, whose final voice we all obey,
Hath borne the spirit through the darkened door
That leads from finite to Infinity,
To usher it, undying evermore,
Into the presence of Eternity!

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THE PAST AND THE PERENNIAL ST. PATRICK.

BY MONCURE D. CONWAY.

MARCH the seventeenth,—which devotees hold to be not only Patrick's deathday but his birthday,—this year finds Ireland more peaceful and comfortable than for many years past, perhaps because the prospects of Home Rule have become so dim. The Irish political camps, while celebrating the same Saint, exhibit the discords by which Home Rule has committed suicide. The old enthusiasms for the abstractions called "States" are yielding before the interest in beings who can hunger and suffer; the once illustrious Order of St. Patrick is now represented by the St. Patrick Benevolent Society, which for one hundred and twelve years has been taking care of poor Irish children in London. In London the Saint is associated with harmonies, concerts of Irish music and ballads being given on his day in various halls. It is a fact not generally known that there are more than two thousand and five hundred different Irish tunes, some of rare beauty being almost forgotten. St. Patrick is the only Saint of the calendar whose day revives the old melodies of his country.

It is a unique thing that any historical person should survive in commemorations fourteen centuries after his death. No mere individual greatness has ever lasted that long in popular enthusiasm: for such immortality the man must be deprived of much of his individuality, and of his family name, be made into a racial or sectarian figurehead, pictured on a flag. All that has been done for the Somerset gentleman, Mr. Sochet, now known as St. Patrick. Yet beneath this conventionalised figure—a virtual deity—there is discoverable an actual personality; a thing so unparalleled in hagiology that I suppose it may interest readers of *The Open Court* to follow some vestiges of the real man. His existence has been doubted, not without some grounds. In the same century (fifth) three St. Patricks (i. e., Holy Fathers or Patres) are traceable in the same region, and one of them called Senn Patrick looks in certain lights, so to say, as if he might have been the man of whom our Saint was the mythical ghost. But after considerable investigation I should rather conclude that Senn Patrick (i. e., Patrick Senior) may have been a sort of projection of the real

man back to the glorification of his father. However this may be, there seems to be no reason to doubt that a missionary in Ireland, who called himself Patrick, did in the fifth century write two brief tractates,—one entitled his "Confession," the other his "Letter to Coroticus." The sufficient antiquity of these works is unquestionable. That they were not forged by any Roman Catholic is rendered certain by the fact that they do not contain the faintest intimation of any connexion of Patrick with Rome, or of any papal commission, or of any observance by him of the mass. From the first it has been of great importance to the Catholic Church to associate Patrick with these things, but the two writings bear witness against such claims. As little can we suppose those writings forged by any Celtic disciple, for soon after their period biographies of Patrick began to appear, and they are all full of miracles, whereas the two compositions are totally free from any such miracles. The nearest thing to a miracle related by Patrick is his dream that he was to go on a ship, and his finding the ship two hundred miles away. He has visions and dreams but none of them are miraculous, and the absence of miraculous stories, as contrasted with the vast mythology with which he was invested in the century following, would alone stamp these simple writings as genuine. But apart from all this, the literary expert will at once recognise a genuine narrator in the works, from which I quote a few passages, selected mainly with reference to their autobiographical value. The "Confession," written at an advanced age, opens as follows:

"I, Patrick, a sinner, the rudest and the least of all the faithful, and most contemptible to very many, had for my father Calphornius, a deacon, a son of Potitus, a presbyter, who dwelt in the village of Bonnaven, Taberniæ, for he had a small farm hard by the place where I was taken captive. I was then nearly sixteen years old. I did not know the true God; and I was taken to Ireland in captivity with so many thousand men, in accordance with our deserts, because we departed from God, and we kept not his precepts, and were not obedient to our priests who admonished us for our salvation."

(The place of Patrick's birth has long been in dispute, and in the encyclopædias it is usually given as

Dumbarton, Scotland; but the only thorough investigation of the point ever made was that of the learned Irish scholars appointed some thirty years ago to edit the "Senchus Mor," or ancient Irish laws; and in the preface to the second of their four volumes may be found an exploration of the facts showing, conclusively as I think, that Patrick was born about A. D. 386, in a village called Nempthur, surrounding a tower which still stands on a hill just outside of Glastonbury, that his father was a decurion, or town councillor, a man of high rank, and that the lad was carried off by the Irish from a point near Bristol. I must not occupy your space with the details of the Commissioners' argument, for which those interested in the point must refer to their invaluable work. I now proceed to further passages:)

"I thought of writing long ago, but hesitated even till now; because I feared falling into the tongue of men, because I have not learned like others who have drunk in, in the best manner, both law and sacred literature, in both ways equally, and have never changed their language, but have always added more to its perfection. For our language and speech is translated into a foreign tongue." . . .

"But therefore be astonished, both great and small, who fear God. And ye rhetoricians, who do not know the Lord, hear and examine: Who aroused me, a fool, from the midst of those who appear to be wise, and skilled in the laws, and powerful in speech and in every matter? And me—who am detested by this world—He has inspired me beyond others (if indeed I be such), but on condition that with fear and reverence, and without complaining, I should faithfully serve the nation to which the love of Christ has transferred me, and given me for my life, if I should be worthy." . . . From Chapter II.: "After I had come to Ireland, I daily used to feed cattle, and I prayed frequently during the day: the love of God and the fear of Him increased more and more, and faith became stronger, and the spirit was stirred; so that in one day I said about a hundred prayers, and in the night nearly the same; so that I used even to remain in the woods and in the mountain; before daylight I used to rise to prayer, through snow, through rain, through frost, and felt no harm. . . . And there indeed one night, in my sleep, I heard a voice saying to me, 'Thou fastest well; thou shalt soon go to thy country.' And again, after a very short time, I heard a response, 'Behold thy ship is ready.' And it was not near, but perhaps two hundred miles away, and I never had been there, nor was I acquainted with any of the men there. After this I took flight and left the man with whom I had been six years, and I came in the strength of the Lord, who directed my way for good, and I feared nothing, till I arrived at the ship. And

on that same day on which I arrived, the ship moved out of its place, and I asked the sailors that I might sail with them. And it displeased the captain, and he answered sharply and with indignation, 'Do not by any means try to go with us.' When I heard this, I left them for the hut where I lodged, and on the way began to pray; and before I ended my prayer I heard one of them calling loudly after me, 'Come quickly, for these men are calling you.'"

From Chapter III.: "I was in the Britains with my parents who . . . earnestly besought me that . . . after the many hardships I had endured I would never leave them again. And [after a few years] there I saw, in the bosom of the night, a man coming as it were from Ireland, Victorius by name, with innumerable letters, and he gave one of them to me. And I read the beginning of the letter containing 'The Voice of the Irish.' And while I was reading it . . . I thought in my mind that I heard the voice of those near the wood of Foclut [in Ireland], close by the Western Sea, and they cried out to me . . . 'We entreat thee, holy youth, that thou come and henceforth walk among us.' And I was deeply moved in heart, and so I awoke."

In his letter to Coroticus, a Welsh prince who had piratically carried off from Ireland some of his converts, Patrick casually says that by voluntarily leaving his parents and friends for Ireland he greatly afflicted them, and "offended certain of my seniors. It was not my grace, but God, who conquered in me, and resisted them all; so that I came to the Irish peoples to preach the Gospel, and to suffer insults from unbelievers; that I should listen to reproach about my wandering, and endure many persecutions, even to chains; and that I should give up my noble birth for the benefit of others." This letter also says: "I, Patrick, a sinner, unlearned, declare indeed that I have been appointed a bishop in Ireland; I most certainly believe that from God I have received what I am. I dwell thus among barbarians, a proselyte and exile, on account of the love of God." The "wandering" for which he was reproached appears by another passage to have been some transgression of his boyhood, which was brought up against him, no doubt at Glastonbury, when he was appointed a bishop for Ireland. With reference to the "chains," it should be mentioned that this letter was written before the "Confession," in the earlier part of his mission, which began about the year 432. There is evidence that his persecutions by the Irish were brief, and he became dear to the kings even before they were converted. His chief opponents appear to have been some Christian priests. This opposition seems explicable only on the supposition that Patrick had come to Ireland without papal commission, to which he must surely

have referred, had he possessed it, in declaring his episcopate, in the passage just quoted. He asserts that he received his authority from God. Before Patrick's arrival after ordination, Pope Celestine had sent to Ireland Bishop Palladius, also entitled "St. Patrick"; but his mission had proved a failure, and he left the island, possibly driven out, the year before our Patrick came, to be assigned the title of his predecessor, and to succeed where Palladius had failed. Rome was thus left out of the movement altogether, and those priests who had been working with Palladius would naturally resent a success which implied no triumph for Catholicism. Although Patrick did found monasteries, no sacramental conditions are indicated, and such retreats were not exclusively Christian, and in his writings there is no assertion of any dogma or rite distinctively Catholic. Patrick was continually on his defence, and this will explain the apparent self-assertion in the passages I have quoted. Really he was a man of as much humility as self-reliance. He was particular about receiving presents, often refusing them, and calls on all and each to say whether he owes him anything. He will restore it fourfold. Women brought him gifts, or cast their ornaments on the altar. "I used to return these to them, although it offended them. It was in order to bear myself prudently in everything, so that the unbelieving may not catch me on any pretext, or the ministry of my service." He seems to have had a certain susceptibility to feminine graces. "There was one blessed Scottish maiden, of adult age, nobly born, very beautiful, whom I baptised. And after a few days she came to us for a reason, and intimated that she had received a response from a messenger of God . . . that she should be a virgin of Christ." Patrick states that it was chiefly on account of these "handmaidens" that his conscience would not permit him to journey abroad, as he longed to do, and visit the saints and teachers in Gaul.

In the "Senchus Mor," already mentioned, it is shown that between the years 438-441, a commission in Ireland collected and wrote out its ancient laws. This work was done by three "pagan" kings, two doctors (antiquarians), one poet, and three Christian prelates. Of the latter, Patrick was chief, and he brought with him a written code, from which the "pagans" accepted some laws, while Patrick sanctioned all of the old Irish laws which were not positively inconsistent with his Christianity. But his Christianity, whatever it may have been, evidently did not include the ecclesiastical provisions concerning women, for these ancient Irish laws, sanctioned by Patrick, are notably just to woman. The laws concerning women remained in force until about three hundred years ago, when English laws were substituted,

but recent reforms of these more modern laws have but recovered the large equality between husband and wife, which characterised the ancient laws of Ireland. The participation of Patrick in establishing such non-Catholic laws, and his friendly co-operation with "pagan" doctors and kings in such work, sufficiently explain priestly accusations against him, and also his deep hold on the Irish heart. He built up an independent Celtic Church; he became the Celtic Pope; indeed, within two centuries after his death, St. Columban writes of some observance as "introduced into use by our Pope, St. Patrick."

* * *

When we turn from the real to the legendary Patrick, the man seems at first completely hidden under a motley mythology. But closer study may find in these fables indications of the forces which Patrick brought into action, and by which the Celtic Church was evolved. The miracles ascribed to St. Patrick present a remarkable combination of the Moses-myths and the so-called "Druidic" magic. The reader will at once recognise the significance of this combination. Moses not being a legitimately anointed priest, his "divine legation" had to be approved by Yahveh with signs and wonders. Patrick being in the same case, and not, like his predecessor Palladius, invested with papal authority, his Celtic establishment had to invent miracles proving the direct divine authentication of their founder. Patrick is described as contending with the "Druid" soothsayers, outdoing their miracles, as Moses with the magicians of Egypt. Like Moses, he works wonders with a rod (the *baculus* said to have been given him by Christ's own hand); the burning bush, the plague of darkness, and other Mosaic marvels have corresponding signs in the legend of the Irish law-giver. And it is especially remarkable that not only the biblical narratives of Moses were imported for Patrick, but bits of Eastern folk-lore. At Djizeh there was long shown a tree said to have grown from the staff of Moses, and at the village of "St. Patrice," in France, a winter-flowering *prunella* is still pointed out as having sprung from the staff of St. Patrick. He stuck his staff in the snow, and laid down expecting to perish, but the staff sheltered him with a canopy of blossoms. I know not whether this miracle, associated with Arimathea Joseph at Glastonbury, originated in Ireland; but Patrick, in many ancient pictures, is represented as holding a blossoming thorn, which, mythologically, is the blossoming of Aaron's rod. Moses sought out a lost lamb and carried it in his arms; Patrick does the same for a fawn. The most famous of Patrick's miracles, extermination of the snakes,—a story of which priests are ashamed,—is directly related to the Eastern folk-tale of Moses and Gadelas. Moses having healed Prince Gadelas (Pha-

raoh's son) of a serpent's bite, declared that wherever Gadelas should reign all serpents should disappear. And there is an Irish legend that Gadelas came to Ireland, bringing the rod of Moses. Moreover, Josephus reports a legend of Moses clearing a region of Ethiopia from snakes. Near St. Malo in France there is a large beach which at high water becomes an island. Some saint, whose name I forget, is believed to have cleared it of serpents, and Renan told me that the peasants still use a little of the sand as a vermifuge!

But if, on the one hand, the heirs of Patrick's independent Celtic Church had to claim heavenly signs and wonders, resembling those attending Moses, for their founder and Northern Pope, on the other hand, the sacred traditions of the "pagans" had to be conciliated. In a very ancient Irish prayer-book Patrick is pictured as an Arch-Druid, and many of the miracles ascribed to him are related to Celtic folk-lore. He dries up a flood, turns an unbelieving district into a marsh, makes a sacred stone float to bear a leper to Ireland, causes one magician to sink into the earth, another to be struck by lightning, makes a hideous dwarf tall and beautiful, makes a kettle boil with blocks of ice, sinks a hostile ship with the sign of the cross, calls up or appeases tempests.

These and other signs and wonders (I omit many) all mean the rod of Patrick swallowing up the rods of both Pope and pagan, and developing in Ireland not merely a Church, but a religion of its own. For gradually the whole Judaic-Christian system was Celticised. There was an Irish Cain and Abel, an Irish Deluge; and in Lough Derg a cavern with three gates opening respectively into heaven, hell, and purgatory. There was even something like an Irish Trinity: St. Patrick (the father), St. Finnian (the son, miraculously born), St. Columba (dove). St. Bridget filled the rôle of a Madonna, in spiritual exaltation. The Irish churches were all dedicated to Irish saints. Roman Catholicism had no authority in the island until the twelfth century, when an English Pope (Break-spere) and an English King, Henry II., forced on them the Romanism for which Cromwell so punished them. But Popery never really took root in Ireland, nor in the Irish heart. Whenever England has sought papal aid in governing Ireland, they have been confronted by the revived independence of St. Patrick and his non-Catholic Church. The Holy Father at Rome may receive formal respect and sentimental deference, but it is on a tacitly understood condition that he does not attempt to interfere with any movement, organisation, or purpose—political or social—of the Irish people. Any such attempt would be ineffective, and be laughed at. Roman Catholicism lasts in Ireland only because it is nominal. I believe that a like indifference to papal wishes is distinctive of the

rish in America, as compared with Catholics of other races.

But this does not imply the least tendency in Celtic Ireland towards Protestantism, so called. No Celtic community was ever Protestant. It is contrary to the genius of the race. There is a foolish notion among English sects that the conversion of Ireland to Protestantism is predestined—a question only of time. With such object-lessons in Protestantism at their door as Ulster Presbyterianism, and British Sabbatarianism with its locked museums and art galleries, it is to be hoped that Celtic good sense and taste will escape that Dismal Swamp. Protestantism will never make any headway in Ireland until it has a deity to carry there as fair and as great-hearted as St. Patrick. For Patrick is the supreme deity of Ireland. The Celtic mind is not sceptical; it is not philosophically speculative; it does not expend much thought on the abstract or the unknowable. It cherishes St. Patrick in heart and household; its prayers are confided to him as an intercessor, and many benefits are ascribed to his loving care. Thus the patron-saint has virtually become the eternal Father: it is his face the humble peasants see in the tender blue of heaven, his smile in the sunshine. The loving God whom Channing and Parker, the Unitarians and the theists, have been substituting for Jehovah, has for generations been the intimate deity of Ireland.

The cult of St. Patrick has, however, serious drawbacks. For one thing he preserves too much the Clan spirit, and the ideal of chieftainship. The better tendency of civilisation is to make less of one's race, or even of one's State, and more of man as man. It is to be feared that St. Patrick still draws the eyes of Ireland too much backward. In their idealisation of their Past the Celts almost vie with the Jews. They look back to a Golden Age, when their guardian genius, their deity, walked with the patriarchal princes and the prophet-bards of Erin. All the enchanted Isles to which St. Brendan (the Celtic Ulysses) voyaged are gathered in the emerald fields, crystal lakes, happy villages, of St. Patrick's Erin-Eden. To this paradise the humble Celt fondly looks, believes it was lost through a Saxon serpent, and has been taught that it might be recovered when the Saint banishes the last "reptile" of that race.

But no paradise can be gained by a people whose eyes are at the back of their head. The "Saxon" is extinct and legendary. Even another Cromwell is impossible. There is little doubt that Ireland might readily be accorded local self-government by bodies resembling the County Councils of England. Such a system would give that island all substantial advantages of Home Rule; and no doubt the masses would be presently contented with anything that brought

them peace and prosperity; but unfortunately agitation becomes to some a profession, as we Americans saw in Secession times; and some of their leaders seem determined that the Irish people shall have no advantages, no real home-rule, which does not take the shape of that ideal dominion in the far past—ideal that never existed, and can never exist.

The St. Patrick on whom Ireland may be felicitated is not then the primitive clan-chieftain, not the Patrick of political and party banners, but the great-hearted religious genius, who folded "pagans" in his arms while the rest of Christendom was damning them, and who is still living with them as an invisible incarnation of a divine tenderness. His soul marches on; the mythical snake-exterminator still keeps out of Celtic Ireland many reptilian dogmas—hard, cruel, intolerant—which infest other Northern peoples. He has kept out of Ireland the paralysing Sabbath, and made the Irish Sunday a day of gladness. I like to think of him as he is pictured on some ancient church windows that I have seen,—a fine example being in the Marmoutiers Convent at Tours,—gentle, noble, humane, holding in his hand, not the shamrock with which he is said to have taught the Trinity, but the thorn that blossoms in winter, and said to have flowered from his staff. Christianity is still made a thorn in Scotland, and in Ulster, spiked with dry, dead piercing dogmas; it is still somewhat thorny in England, though budding under the humanitarian breath; but in Celtic Ireland, even amid its winter of poverty and discontent, the thorn still blossoms in Patrick's hand.

ROENTGEN'S RAYS AGAIN.

BY THOMAS J. MCCORMACK.

WE present to our readers in the Supplement to this number of *The Open Court* another remarkable specimen of the new method of photography by Röntgen's rays. The market is full of these productions, but in the vast majority of cases the technical execution can hardly be said to be a success. We have certainly seen nothing that can compare in delicacy and distinctness to the work of the Hamburg State-Laboratory, and both we and our readers have every reason to feel indebted to Prof. Hermann Schubert for his thoughtfulness in promptly furnishing them to us.

The specimen of the present number is the picture of an African dove. To show the contrast of the two methods, an ordinary life-sized photograph of the dove, giving the exterior of the animal, is placed opposite the Röntgen photograph, which gives the interior, and notably the skeleton.

The Röntgen photograph is sometimes called a "skiagraph," a word improperly¹ formed after the analogy of "photograph," and meaning shadow-pic-

ture. As expressing the actual character of the process this term is good. The word "actinogram" may also be used. Like telegram, it is properly formed, and means ray-picture; it has the advantage of a suggested relationship with the actinic rays proper, but it is not so expressive as the first. "X-gram" and "X-picture" have also been suggested, as have also "actinography" and "radiography (the first is the best) for the process, and it will doubtless be long before the ingenuity of the word-makers is exhausted.

We may now pass on to the mention of a few simple facts about the new photography, concerning which the newspapers and people generally seem to be either confused or misinformed, and shall only stop to notice that a glance at the pictures of our Supplement seems to suggest a near limit to the use of the new method in medicine and surgery; for it will be observed that only the skeleton is visible in the dove, while the heart and lungs and other internal organs, owing to their high transparency to the rays, are unrecognisable.

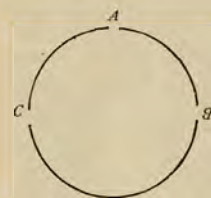
The Röntgen rays are commonly referred to in the newspapers as *cathode* rays. Strictly viewed, and according to Röntgen's own opinion, this is an error. A cursory glance at the history of the discovery of the rays will elucidate this point.

It was early noticed that the increase or diminution of the atmospheric pressure of a closed receiver affected the character of the disruptive discharge between the two poles of an electrical machine—the passage of sparks with which every one is familiar. But most peculiar were the effects induced by a *diminution* of the pressure of the intervening gas. The diminution was accomplished by means of vacuum-tubes, which contained only very small quantities of highly rarefied air, and in which, carefully sealed, platinum discs with protruding platinum wires were inserted. To the latter the ends or electrodes of a powerful induction-coil, which is simply a machine for generating electric currents, are connected; and when the discharge is made, a fluorescent spot is developed *on the glass* of the tube opposite the negative electrode, the so-called cathode. The position of this spot is not determined by the position of the positive electrode, that is, the phenomenon is not developed necessarily in the line of passage of the disruptive discharge between the two electrodes, as can be proved by altering the position of the positive electrode, which yet does not change the position of the fluorescent spot. The fluorescent spot seems to be produced by a bundle of streamers proceeding in *straight lines directly from the cathode*, and its shape is determined by the shape of the disc of the cathode, being outlined by the orthogonal trajectory of the same. If a light-running paddle-wheel of non-conducting material be

¹ "Skiagram" would be better.

placed in the path of the discharge, it will be set in rotation, exactly as if it were subjected to a hail of minute projectiles. This circumstance, and the production of heat at the fluorescent spot, seem to have led Professor Crookes to the hypothesis that the above-mentioned streamers, which are the cathode rays proper, are the paths of rapid movement and bombardment of tiny material particles.

This may be made clearer by the help of a diagram. Let the adjoined circle represent the cross-section of



a closed glass receiver containing rarefied air. Let *A* be the anode, or positive pole, and *B* the cathode, or negative pole. The actual line of the electric discharge, which in the rarefied air is almost totally invisible, is between *A* and *B*, while the fluorescent spot appears opposite *B* in *C*. Here the line of the electric discharge is distinct from the line of the cathode rays, which is not the case if anode and cathode stand directly opposite. Suppose that *C* be the positive pole, and *B* the negative pole; the fluorescent spot would then coincide with the anode, and the electric discharge would take place along the same line with the cathode rays. If the little paddle wheel be properly placed between them, it will rotate in the direction of the cathode rays, that is, from *B* to *C* in the direction from the negative to the positive electrode.

It is important also to note that if a conducting obstacle, say a cross of aluminium, be interposed in the path of the cathode rays, its shadow will be outlined on the wall opposite, as an interception of an equivalent area of the phosphorescent spot.

Such, then, are the *cathode* rays. As to the *x*-rays, their seat of origin is the spot where the *cathode* rays strike the glass. For the cathode rays can be deflected within the tube by means of a magnet, and Professor Röntgen showed that when this was done, the *x*-rays always proceeded from the *new* point of incidence—i. e., from the end of the cathode rays.

Furthermore, the *x*-rays, unlike the cathode rays, cannot be deflected by a magnet, and this is Röntgen's chief ground for concluding that they are not identical with the cathode rays. Another reason for this conclusion is that the cathode rays are very rapidly absorbed by the air and other bodies, and can only be carried a short distance from the tube, while the *x*-rays can be made to produce the fluorescent effect at a distance of two metres from the tube.

This point being clear, we may briefly repeat,¹ in conclusion, the chief properties of Röntgen's rays, as

distinguished from the common luminous, thermal, and electric rays, taking Röntgen's own exposition of the matter and not that of others.

In the first place, the rays do not affect in any way the eye; the eye sees nothing when exposed to the rays. But they affect the photographic dry-plate, even through the protecting shutter; and this affords us a means of recording the phenomena. Again, their power of permeating objects depends mainly on the density and thickness of the object; hence, their casting of shadows and the practicability of photography by this means. Further, the rays are incapable of regular reflexion and refraction, and consequently they cannot be concentrated in a lens. All shadow-pictures, therefore, are approximately life-size. Lastly, the *x*-rays show no interference-phenomena, and cannot be polarised.

It was on these grounds, which exclude the possibility of their being ultra-violet (transverse) vibrations, that Röntgen concluded they were the longitudinal vibrations of the ether; for that they are affections of the ether and have thus some kinship with light-rays is evident from their throwing shadows and their production of fluorescence and other chemical phenomena.

BUDDHISM AND THE RELIGION OF SCIENCE.

In comment on the editorial "Goethe a Buddhist," Mr. Thaddeus B. Wakeman writes as follows:

"I wish you had said that Goethe was a positive, scientific, humanitarian Monist. As to Goethe being a 'Buddhist,' pray remember that the law of evolution applies to religions and culture, and that ages lay between these two exponents of perception, feeling, and thought. No Asiatic in modern times, much less of old, ever did or could, or now *does*, have any *real* conception of what Goethe was trying to express or realise. They had not his *Past*, and had no science nor conception of the scientific or objective method, and no humanity beyond their race, tribal creed, or caste integrations.

"Excuse this from me; for I have been living in the patient hope that you would recover from this 'Asiatic mildew,' and spend no more of your most valuable time in pouring our new wine into those old bottles, where it is hopelessly corrupted or lost. The *historical* and even *symbolic* value of these old-world views is very great, but in our Present, and practically applied, this old dry-rot of occultism is fatal to all healthy life and activity. See Hamlet's soliloquy. We have a cloud of that fog now darkening New York, and I have been hoping for your help to sweep it out to sea with a healthful breeze from the West, I hope yet to hear it coming—and from you?"

Lest my articles on Buddhism be misunderstood I wish to make the following statements.

My preference for Buddhism must not be interpreted as an abandonment of the Religion of Science; and it is based upon that same opposition to occultism which Mr. Wakeman makes; for I, too, regard occultism as "fatal to all healthy life and activity."

Buddhism is frequently identified or classed in the

¹ See No. 445 of *The Open Court*.

same category with the various Oriental mystifications; but if rightly understood, it will be seen to be the very negation of all mystification in both religion and metaphysics. Buddha is, so far as we know, the first positivist, the first humanitarian, the first radical free-thinker, the first iconoclast, and the first prophet of the Religion of Science. The more I became acquainted with the original writings of Buddhism, the more I was impressed with the greatness of Buddha's far-seeing comprehension of both religious and psychological problems. To be sure, he had not the same scientific material at his disposal that we have to-day, but the fundamental problems in philosophy, psychology, and religion, are much simpler than our philosophers would make us believe. Buddha saw in great outlines the solution of the religious problem, and while he rejected the Brahmanical solution so similar to that held by dogmatic Christians of to-day, while he denied the divine inspiration of the Vedas and the authority of Brahmanical priests and sages, he did not rest satisfied with mere negations. His denial of the existence of the *âtman* was only the negative side of his world-conception. He pronounced boldly a religion which stood in contradiction to all that which by Brahmins was considered as most essential to religion. In a word, he pronounced a religion based upon facts which should replace a religion based upon the assumptions of belief.¹

It is true that "ages lie between Buddha and Goethe," but the more remarkable is their agreement. What Mr. Wakeman says concerning Asiatics in general is certainly untrue of Buddha, that there is "no humanity beyond their race, tribal creed, or caste integrations." There is no better ally in the world against "the old dry rot of occultism" than Buddha and genuine Buddhism.

Buddha's religion appears to me valuable for three reasons.

1. His religion is the religion of enlightenment, which is but another word for Religion of Science. His principle of acquiring truth is to rely upon the truth and upon the best methods man can find of investigating the truth. In his dying hour he urged his disciples to rely upon their efforts in finding the truth, not upon the Vedas, not upon the authority of others, not even upon Buddha himself, and he added: "Hold fast to the truth as a lamp."

2. Buddha anticipated even in important details the results of a scientific world-conception. Nor did he shun the unpopularity to which his message to the world was exposed, because liable to be misrepresented as a "psychology without a soul."

¹ We intend to bring out in another article this contrast between Brahmanism, as the religion of belief in assumptions, and Buddhism, the religion of facts which rejects all assumptions.

3. While he was bold and outspoken in his negation, he proclaimed, at the same time, the positive consequences of his philosophy. The negation of the *âtman*-soul shows the vanity of man's hankering after enjoyment, be it in this world or in a heaven beyond, and Buddha taught that by cutting off the yearning for a heaven in any form, be it on earth or beyond the clouds, man will annihilate those conditions which produce the hell of life. When the idea of an independent self is done away with; when we understand that man's character is the form of his being as shaped by, and finding expression in, deeds; finally, when we learn that according to our deeds this form continues in the further development of soul, bearing fruit according to the nature of our deeds, the irrationality of all hatred, envy, and malevolence appears, and room is left only for the aspirations of an unbounded and helpful sympathy with all evolution of life.

It has always been the desire of *The Open Court* "to sweep out to sea the fog of irrational, unhealthy vagaries," be they Asiatic, European, or American; but for that very reason we welcome the alliance of the greatest Asiatic thinker. We do not mean to sink the Religion of Science into Buddhism, but on the contrary, understanding that Buddhism in its noblest conceptions is in strong agreement with the principles of the Religion of Science, we set forth Buddhist doctrines because they anticipated some of those important truths which we are in need of emphasising to-day in the face of the dogmatic assertions of traditional religion.

P. C.

NOTES.

The kingdom of Siam, one of the small Asiatic States of the Malay Peninsula, as weak as Venezuela, if not weaker, and as helpless as a child if attacked by European powers, has suffered of late great curtailment. It loses on its western frontier a stretch of valuable land to England, while almost half of its eastern territory has been ceded to France. The arrangement was agreed upon amicably and peaceably by France and England. Siam's compensation for the lost territory consisted in a promise that she should keep the remainder of the kingdom.

The death of Octavius Brooks Frothingham is a great loss to the cause of progress in the domain of religion. Having been excluded by the Unitarians in 1863 he founded an independent society and was identified with the free religious movement as a speaker and author. Rationalism was the ideal for which he aspired. The last article that he wrote was a contribution to the *Free Church Record*, where it appeared under the title of "The Next Step." He says:

"The sectarian is concerned for his party only; to spread it and make it prevail, to define and establish its creed; to beautify its tabernacle, or increase its influence. This requires no love of truth, no appreciation of doctrine, no wide view of belief, no active faith, no confidence in ideas. . . . The rationalist is a lover of truth, the whole truth; not the partial truth of Buddhism, Mohammedanism, Judaism, Christianity, but the truth-plight of creation. . . . For my part I am deeply persuaded that a reverent examination into the world of mind will result in a fresh influx of light and power that will make life rest in faith."

MAKE THE TEMPEST SERVE.

BY VIROE.

Two crafts went out across the bar
 From land-locked bay to ocean brine,
 Both steering for one port afar,—
 One craft my friend's, and one was mine.

The sun-breeze smiled, the night-wind laughed;
 The white-flecked sky, the foam-decked sea
 Beckoned and welcomed sail and craft,
 Beckoned and welcomed friend and me.

So side by side we sailed and sailed,
 Fair wind behind, fair port before,
 Till port forgot and wind that failed
 Left both adrift twixt shore and shore.

A sea that steamed, a sky that scowled,
 A sullen silence calm as death,
 Then o'er the changing ocean howled
 Full in our face the wild wind's breath.

Then brave I held the tiller straight,
 I fronted storm and foam of sea;
 I called, O friend, we'll wait, we'll wait,
 The port will come to you and me.

But far across the wid'ning way
 Between the craft of friend and mine
 I heard his cheery trumpet say,
 And saw his starry pennon shine.

His helm he held not straight as I,
 Not towards the port his course was cast;
 Coward I cried, to fail and fly,
 Nor seek the port, nor face the blast.

Next morn, for mornings come how'er
 The dark may brood or gales may blow,
 Far towards the port I saw appear
 The craft of him who left me so.

What devil's work, I sneered, is this
 That thus requites my steadfast grip,
 That he should gain what I must miss,
 That his should be the nobler ship?

But now upon the stagnant sea,—
 Despite the helm that never swerved,—
 Clear comes the clarion call to me:
 I took the tempest when it served.

Blow north or south, blow east or west,—
 No matter how God's winds may blow,—
 The port comes not to them who rest;
 They find the port who bravely go.

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West-African Dove (*Chalcopelia afra*). Natural size. Photographed in the usual manner by common sunlight.



The same, a West-African Dove (*Chalcopelia afra*), photographed by Röntgen's X-rays in the Physical State-Laboratory of Hamburg, February 13, 1896. Distance of the plate from tube, 20 centimetres. Time of exposition, 10 minutes.

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SELF AND ETERNAL.

A Study of Indian Monism.

BY CHARLES JOHNSTON.

"As the web-wombed spider puts forth
and draws to him, as trees come forth upon
the earth, as from a living man his locks
and tresses,—so from the unchanging eter-
nal comes forth all the world."

—*Mundaka Upanishad.*

THE teaching of the Upanishads is this: the real self of each being and of all beings is the supreme eternal; this self, though unchanging, falls into dream; it dreams itself first into many separate hostile selves; then it dreams for their enjoyment the manifold sensuous life of the three worlds; then, that the hostile selves may not fall into perpetual fascination and enthrallment, the self dreams the last and sanative dream of death; and through the power of that last dream the wandered selves find no lasting joy in their sensuous ways, for they see that all this fades and wastes and wanes; that there is no unchanging joy outside the self, the self re-become one and awaking from all dreams to the reality of its immemorial oneness.

Thus awakened from the dream of life, they see the steps through which they fell to dreaming the dream of the world; they see that, as the rivers come from the ocean and return again to the ocean, as kindred sparkles come forth from a well-lit fire, so this dream of the world, this world of dream, came forth from the self, from the eternal that the seers plainly see as the womb of the worlds.

These teachings of the Upanishads are high inspirations and intuitions, from the golden dawn of India's life,—if indeed their essence and doctrines be not older even than India. To these high intuitions we cannot rise at once, though they awaken strong echoes in our hearts; for, since those sunny days, the self's great dream has grown heavier and darker, so that we can no longer hold clear truth directly by strong intuition, but must fortify intuition by intellect; must support the verdict of our souls by the reasonings of our philosophies.

Thus, it came that, in the latest period of India's life, the clear intuitions and shining wisdom of the

Upanishads were expressed anew, in the philosophy of the Vedānta, whose lucid thought and admirable statement can compare with the highest work of the human mind in any age, and only gain by the comparison.

When one speaks of the Vedānta, one means, for the most part, the greatest man of the Vedānta school, the Teacher Shankara, who holds in India the supremacy that Plato holds in Greece, or Kant in the philosophy of to-day. Though his life was very brief, Shankara did all that could have been done to restore for later ages the pure wisdom of India's dawn; the Upanishads themselves he commented on and interpreted, writing much also of the poem which best reflects their spirit, the Bhagavad Gītā,—“the Master's Songs.” In his day, the learning of the school of the Vedāntins was enshrined in a book full of enigmas and obscurities, quite meaningless in parts, without an added explanation; this obscure book of memorial verses, the Brahma Sūtras of Bādarāyana, Shankara took as the theme of his most extensive, and, doubtless, his greatest work, and did all that lucidity, intense concentration of thought, and fluent language could do, to make its dark places light, its rough ways smooth. Besides all this, and many practical labors of reformation and teaching that accompanied it, Shankara found time to write a whole series of lesser works, in verse and prose, full of that wisdom of old, the love of which was the single passion of his passionless life.

From one of these lesser treatises, the “Awakening to Reality,”—*Tattva Bodha*,—we shall take so much as is needed to make quite clear, in the language of philosophy, what is meant by the great Indian teaching of oneness, the doctrine of the one self in all selves, the unity of the self and the eternal.

After certain sentences of introduction and benediction, and an enumeration of the powers of mind and heart required for the gaining of wisdom, Shankara harks back to the title of his book, and asks,—for most of the work is in the form of question and answer,—“What is the discerning of reality? It is this,” he answers: “That the self is real; that all things other than self are delusive.” Then, with that intentness of logical thought which gives Shankara such a

charm, this is at once followed by another question and a definition: "What is the self? He who stands apart from the physical, emotional, and causal vestures; who is beyond the five veils; who is witness of the three modes; whose own nature is being, consciousness, bliss,—this is the self."

Not a word in all this, whose meaning is not nicely and carefully defined, whose exact value in thought is not precisely ascertained. And as this sentence contains all that the self is not, as well as all that the self is,—in a word, all things whatsoever that exist,—by gaining a full insight into this one sentence we shall have mastered the whole world-teaching of the Vedāntins, and, above all, their supreme teaching of the One, above every change and seeming separation.

Beginning with what the self is not, in the individual, and with the assertion already made, that the physical vesture is not the self, Shankara asks: "What is this physical vesture?" And replies in a formula full of concentrated meaning, in which the wisdom of many ages, of many philosophers, is worn down to the fewest possible words: "Formed of the five elements fivefolded, born through works, it is the dwelling where opposing forces like pleasure and pain are experienced; it has these six accidents: it becomes, it comes to birth, it grows, it changes, it declines, it perishes; this is the physical vesture."

We may ask here, as Shankara does in a later part of his book,—when he has left the individual to speak of the building of worlds,—what are the five elements of which the fivefolded nature of the physical body is formed? We must preface the answer by saying that, from the very beginning, Indian philosophy had become entirely penetrated with the thought that we can know nothing except our own states of consciousness; that anything outside our states of consciousness can only be, as Professor Huxley once said, matter for more or less probable hypothesis. With this belief and knowledge, the best Indian philosophy never speaks of matter and force as things-in-themselves, as independent realities, as anything but more or less probable hypotheses; the phenomena which we should call the phenomena of matter and force they always expressed as far as possible in terms of our states of consciousness, and not as independent realities.

Looking in this way at the phenomena of the physical world,—the field in which the physical vesture is manifested,—they found that the states of consciousness from which we infer the existence of the physical world have five leading characteristics or qualities, or shades of color; in other words, the states of consciousness, which not only represent, but also are, the physical world, are five; these five are what we call the five senses, and what Indian philosophy

calls the five perceptive, or knowing, powers: hearing, touching, seeing, tasting, smelling.

In order to reach clearness of thought, to give expression to that tendency of our consciousness which sets subject and object up against each other, in complement to each other, they further divided each of these types of physical consciousness into a trinity of subject, predicate, and object; as, seer, seeing, seen; hearer, hearing, heard; knower, knowing, known. Then, seeking for an expression by which the last term in each of these trinities might be expressed by itself, and spoken of as having, for the sake of hypothesis, an independent existence, they developed the terminology of the five elements, ether, or rather the "forward shining" or "radiant" power, as the outward complement of hearing; wind, breath, or air, as the complement of touch, or, rather, extension; fire or light or radiance, as the complement of seeing; the waters, as the complement of tasting, because taste can only apprehend fluids; and, lastly, earth, as the complement of smell.

But as each of these hypothetical elements of sensation contains within it the possibilities of other sensations than the dominant one,—camphor, for example, being seen and touched and tasted, as well as smelt,—they were led to say that these elements, these types of physical consciousness, were not simple but compound, each having in it, besides its dominant character, a possibility of each of the other four; the dominant character and the four other subsidiary characters make the "fivefolded" nature of the elements spoken of by Shankara. Thus, the physical vesture or body is "formed of the five elements, fivefolded."

It is "born through works," or, as we should say, it is subject to the law of causality; which, for the physical body, largely takes the form of heredity. Then again, the physical vesture is subject to the six accidents of generation and birth, growth and change, decline and death. This needs no comment. In each of these characteristics there is also implied a sentence of discrimination: "Therefore this is not the self." The physical vesture is subject to causality; the self is not subject to causality; therefore the physical body is not the self. The physical vesture is subject to change; the self, the pure idea of "I am," is not subject to change; therefore the physical vesture is not the self, and so on, with the other characters.

This doctrine of the five elements is, therefore, not merely defective physics, but far rather a metaphysical attempt to render the phenomena of physical consciousness, the physical world, into terms of our states of consciousness, in a simple and methodical way.

So far the physical vesture, the first of the series of things which the self is not, defined in order to show what the self is. The self is, further, other than

the subtle—or psychic or emotional—vesture. This vesture, again, corresponds to a primary fact in our states of consciousness. We quite clearly recognise one set of facts in our states of consciousness as being outward, physical, objective; we not less clearly recognise another set of facts in our states of consciousness as being inward, mental or psychic, subjective. Both sets of facts, both series of pictures and feelings, are outward from consciousness, other than consciousness, objects of consciousness; therefore both are not-self. But the clear difference between them must be marked; therefore, the outward, objective series are spoken of as the physical vesture, while the inward, subjective series belong to the psychical or emotional vesture. Looked at closely, the real difference between these two is, that physical things are constrained and conditioned by both space and time; while psychic, mental things, though subject to time, are free from the rigid frame and outline of space. Both are, of course, subject to causality.

In the psychical, as in the physical states of consciousness, there are the "five knowing powers"; and we also speak of "the mind's eye," "mental touch," and so on. Indeed, according to Shankara's philosophy, hearing, seeing, touching, and the rest are purely psychical powers, even when manifested through physical organs, as "the eye cannot see of itself, nor the ear hear of itself."

As the physical vesture is the complex or nexus of the physical states of consciousness, so the psychical vesture is the complex or nexus of the psychical or mental powers and states of consciousness; these are free from the tyranny of space, though subject to causality and time.

The mention of Kant's famous triad, space, time, and causality, brings us to the third vesture, of which Shankara writes thus: "What is the causal vesture? Formed through ineffable, beginningless unwisdom, it is the substance and cause of the other two vestures; though unknowing as to its own nature, it is yet in nature unerring; this is the causal vesture." Without comment, this is hardly intelligible. The idea in it is this: Our states of consciousness, the pictures and feelings and sensations which are objective to our consciousness in unbroken series, are expanded, the one part in space and time, the other part in time only. Both are subject to causality. That is, the series of pictures, of feelings, of sensations are presented to our consciousness in a defined order, and we interpret this order as implying a causal connexion; we consider the first of two states of consciousness in a series as being the cause of the second; the second as being the effect of the first. This attribution of causality, the division of our states of consciousness into cause, causing, and caused is a separation in a

double sense. In the first place, it divides the single substance of existence threefold, into cause, copula, and effect; and, in the second place, it separates the single substance of existence from consciousness, by establishing the idea of knower and known, of observer and observed, and thus sets up a duality. Now it is axiomatic with the Vedānta philosophy, for reasons which we shall presently see, that this duality does not really exist; that the substance of being, the self, is not thus divided into knower and known, observer and observed.

Therefore it is said that this causal vesture or complex of the idea of causality is formed of unwisdom, the unwisdom which sets up a division in the undivided One. Now the idea of causality goes deeper than either space or time. It goes deeper than the idea of time, because time, properly considered is a product of causality. Causality divides the objective into causal series. The elements of these series must appear before consciousness in order, in succession, for this succession of effect to cause is the essence of causality. Now it is this very succession in the series of objects, images, sensations which is the parent of the idea of time; for consciousness of itself has no idea of time. If consciousness had a sense of the passage of time, then the sense of time, in different states of consciousness, would be equal; but in waking and dream, in dream and trance, the sense of time is entirely different. Therefore the sense of time is derived, not original in the self; it has its rise in the succession of images which is the effect of causality.

Space is a further derivation of the same idea, arising from the presence of more than one causal series—or series of images, conditioned by causality—being present to consciousness at the same time; thus giving a breadth or sideways extension to perception; and this breadth of extension is the sense or the idea of space.

Thus the ideas of time and space are not original and independent but derivative from the idea of causality; hence the causal vesture, or complex of the idea of causality, is said to be the cause and substance of the other two vestures, the psychical—or vesture of causality and time—and the physical,—or vesture of causality, time, and space. We saw already that the causal vesture is formed of unwisdom, because the causal idea, the distribution of the one substance of being into causal series, is not inherent, or a property of the thing-in-itself, but merely the result of our mode of perception, "a result of intellect, which supplies the idea of causation" as Shankara says, thus anticipating almost the very words of Kant.

Born of unwisdom, this idea of causality is necessarily beginningless, or outside of time. Because, as causality is the parent of time, it naturally follows that

it cannot be expressed in terms of time, or be said to have a beginning in time. As, again, this causal idea goes to the very root of intellect, it cannot be expressed in terms of intellect; so it is said to be ineffable, or "not to be spoken of" in the language of intellectual thought.

This causal idea seems to have its root in the seeming necessity of the one substance of being, the eternal, to reveal itself to itself gradually, in a successive series of revelations. This gradual series of revelations of the eternal to the eternal is the cause of manifested existence, or, to speak more strictly, is manifested existence. Now this gradual series of revelations implies a gradually increasing knowledge which shall stop short only at omniscience, when the whole of the eternal is revealed to the whole of the eternal. And each step in this gradual revelation is perfect in itself, and a perfecting and supplementing of all the revelations that have gone before. Hence each is "in its own nature unerring." But we saw that the revelation of each part of the eternal is in three degrees: first, as conditioned by space, time, and causality, in the physical world; then, as conditioned by time and causality, in the psychical or mental world; and, lastly, as conditioned by causality only, in the causal or moral world. Therefore the revelation in the moral world is freer from conditions than the other two, free from the errors of time and space, and thus "unerring wisdom" as compared with these. But before the whole of the eternal can be revealed to the whole of the eternal, the causal idea must disappear, must cease to separate the eternal into causal series; so that the causal idea is an element of error, of illusion, and therefore "unknowing as to its own nature." This plenary revelation of the whole eternal to the whole eternal is "the own-being of the supreme self"; therefore the self is above the causal vesture, the causal vesture is not the self.

To change for a moment from the language of philosophy to that of common life, the teaching is this: The individual is the Eternal; man is God; nature is Divinity. But the identity of the individual with the eternal, the oneness of man with God, is veiled and hidden, first by the physical body, secondly by the personality, and, lastly by the necessity of continuity which makes one physical body succeed another, one personality develop into another, in the chain of rebirths which continuity and the conservation of—mental and moral, as well as physical—energy inevitably bring forth.

Now, freedom from this circle of necessity will only be reached when we have succeeded first in seeing that the physical body is not our true self, but outward from and objective to our true self; then that the psychic body—the complex of mental states—is

likewise not our true self; and, lastly, that our causal vesture—as containing within it the suggestion of our separate individuality opposed to other separate individualities, and thus different from the plenitude of the eternal which includes all individualities—is not our most real self; for our most real self is that very eternal, the "Theos which is all things in all things," as another teacher says. This is the awakening from the dream of the hostile selves, which, as we saw at the outset, the self falls into, and from which it will awake into a knowledge of its own fulness as the eternal.

The self, Shankara further said, "is other than the five veils." These five veils—physical, vital, emotional, intellectual, spiritual—are a development of the idea of the three vestures. The physical veil is the physical vesture, regarded as a form rather than as matter; as formal rather than material, in harmony with the conception of Faraday, that the atoms of matter are really pure centres of force; the seeming substantiality of matter belonging not to the atoms at all, but to the web or network of forces which are centred in the atoms. The idea of a "web" of forces is exactly that of the Vedānta, which constantly speaks of the world as "woven" by the Eternal, as a spider weaves his "web."

The next three veils—vital, emotional, intellectual—are subdivisions of the mental or psychical vesture. A precise determination of their values would lead us too far into the mental psychology of India to be practicable at present. The spiritual veil, again, is the causal vesture, of which we have said much already.

Again, the "three modes" of which the self is "witness," are what are called in the Vedānta: waking, dreaming, and dreamlessness. They are the fields of the activities of the three vestures; waking, the field of the physical vesture; dreaming, the field of the psychical or mental vesture,—whether in day-dreams or the dreams of night; and dreamlessness, the field of the moral or causal vesture, whether in waking inspiration, dreaming vision, or dreamless trance. Here, again, to develop the subject fully would lead us too far afield.

Freedom, the conscious oneness with the most real self, which is the eternal, consists in setting aside these vestures, in stripping off these veils. How this is to be done, we can best show by repeating the words of Shankara: "Just as there is the firm belief that 'I am the body,' 'I am a man,' 'I am a priest,' 'I am a servant,' so he who possesses the firm conviction that 'I am neither priest, nor serf, nor man, but stainless being, consciousness, bliss, the shining, the inner master, shining wisdom,' and realises this in direct perception, he, verily, is free, even in life."

BRAHMANISM AND BUDDHISM, OR THE RELIGION OF POSTULATES AND THE RELIGION OF FACTS.

ABOUT two thousand five hundred years ago the Indian mind was engaged with the problem "What am I?" and the documents which still reveal to us the lines of argument and the chief results of these investigations are called the Upanishads. The Brahman thinker considering all the various ingredients of his make-up comes to the conclusion that none of them constitutes his Self, and now, instead of arguing that his Self is the organised totality of all his parts, he comes to the conclusion that Self is a separate being in itself.

The Self or Âtman was regarded as that something which says, "I am," and remains the same in all changes. It is called the Unconditioned, the Absolute, the Eternal, the Immortal.

What is this Self? Is it our body? No! Our body is subject to change; it is born, grows, then it decays, and, at last, it will die. The body is not the Self.

Is our mind the Self? The same answer! Our mind is not unconditioned; our mental activity is subject to change. Therefore, our mind is not the Self.

Perhaps our emotions are the Self? But how can they be the Self, for they come and go and are as variable as the body and the mind.

Body, mind, and the emotional soul (so the Brahman say) are the vestures only of the Self; they are the husks or sheaths which envelope and hide it. The Self gives reality to, and is in possession of, body, mind, and soul. The Self is the mysterious "âkâsa," or quintessence of being, without which reality would not exist. We read:

"This immutable one is the unseen seer, the unheard hearer, the unthought thinker, the unknown knower."¹

We read in the Chândogya Upanishad:

"The body is mortal and always held by death. It is the abode of that Self which is immortal and without body." (*Sacred Books of the East*, Vol. I., pp. 140-141.)

The Self is supposed to be the "person" (purusha = person or soul) who is the agent in all the organs. The Self is the seer in the eye, the smeller in the nose, the thinker of the thoughts. Thus Prajâpati, the Lord of Creation, instructs Indra on the nature of the Self:

"Now where the sight has entered into the void (the pupil of the eye), there is the person of the eye, the eye itself is the instrument of seeing. He who knows, let me smell this, he is the Self, the nose is the instrument of smelling. He who knows, let me say this, he is the Self, the tongue is the instrument of saying. He who knows, let me hear this, he is the self, the ear is the instrument of hearing.

"He who knows, let me think this, he is the self, the mind is his divine eye. He, the Self, seeing these pleasures (which to others are hidden like a buried treasure of gold) through his divine eye, i. e., the mind, rejoices.

"The Devas who are in the world of Brahman meditate on

that Self (as taught by Prajâpati to Indra, and by Indra to the Devas). Therefore all worlds belong to them, and all desires. He who knows that Self and understands it, obtains all worlds and all desires. Thus said Prajâpati, yea, thus said Prajâpati." (*Sacred Books of the East*, Vol. I., p. 142.)

Here the Self is defined as the consciousness of the ego-idea. The Self is said to be "he who knows, 'Let me smell, hear, think, or do this.'" The notion of Self is founded upon the fact that there is something in us which says "I am," and the question rises whether or not we are justified in regarding the consciousness as the Self, and the Self as an independent being.

What is the reality that corresponds to the pronoun "I"?

The word "I" is a central and therefore very important idea among many other ideas which constitute man's soul. The brain-structure in which this little word "I" resides is situated, together with all speech, in the island of Rolando, on the left hemisphere of the brain; and if it is conscious, we speak of this condition as ego-consciousness or self-consciousness. Its great prominence among other ideas is due to its significance which comprises nothing more nor less than the whole personality of the speaker. It may now mean the speaker's sentiments, now his body, now one of his limbs, now his thoughts, now his past history, now the potentialities of his future.

Considered by itself without the contents of its meaning, the pronoun "I" (frequently called the "ego" by philosophers) is as empty as a hollow water bubble; if devoid of the realities which it comprises in its meaning, it is a mere abstract; it is a cipher by which the speaker denotes himself. If regarded as a thing in itself, the word is without sense; it is like a circle without centre and periphery; like a cart without wheels, box, and beam; like a tree without roots, stem, and branches. To reify or hypostatise it as a being in itself is a logical fallacy; and to build upon this fallacy a metaphysical system is a grave error which naturally leads to the most fantastical illusions. We might as well hypostatise any and all other words or abstractions and regard them as real entities and things in themselves. In this way mythology has peopled our imagination with all kinds of chimeras, fairies, ogres, gods, and devils.

It is interesting to know the arguments by which the unity of animated life which manifests itself in consciousness was identified with prâna which means breath, vital principle or the conscious animation of the body. Prajâpati explains that that is the true Self which when leaving the body renders the body most wretched. And this is to be honored like "Uktha," the divine hymn, the embodiment of divine revelation. Thus all the constituents of man, conceived

¹ Dvivedi, *The Imitation of Sankara*, p. 15.

as Devas, made the experiment. We read in the Aitareya Āraṇyaka:

"Well," they said, 'let us all go out from this body; then on whose departure this body shall fall, he shall be the uktha among us.'

"Speech went out, yet the body without speaking remained, eating and drinking.

"Sight went out, yet the body without seeing remained, eating and drinking.

"Hearing went out, yet the body without hearing remained, eating and drinking.

"Mind went out, yet the body, as if blinking, remained, eating and drinking.

"Breath went out, then when breath was gone out, the body fell. . . .

"They strove again, saying: 'I am the uktha, I am the uktha.' 'Well,' they said, 'let us enter that body again; then on whose entrance this body shall rise again, he shall be the uktha among us.'

"Speech entered, but the body lay still. Sight entered, but the body lay still. Hearing entered, but the body lay still. Mind entered, but the body lay still. Breath entered, and when breath had entered, the body rose, and it became the uktha.

"Therefore breath alone is the uktha.

"Let people know that breath is the uktha indeed.

"The Devas (the other senses) said to breath: 'Thou art the uktha, thou art all this, we are thine, thou art ours.'" (*Sacred Books of the East*, Vol. I., pp. 206-207.)

We can trace in the Upanishads the logical arguments on which the Indian mind arrived at the idea of an independent Self, as the breath or spirit of man which at the moment of death was supposed to leave the body and to continue in an independent existence as an immortal being. Breath became identified with consciousness and was supposed to be the Self and is called Sattya, i. e., the true (p. 209). It is the mover of movements and the agent of actions. It is that by which we obtain strength, and its recognition is the object of all knowledge. In Shankara's philosophy the Self plays the part of Kant's thing in itself. The Self is described to us in the Talavakāra-Upanishad (*Sacred Books of the East*, I., p. 147):

"It is the ear of the ear, the mind of the mind, the speech of speech, the breath of breath, and the eye of the eye. When freed (from the senses) the wise, on departing from this world, become immortal."

And it is by recognising the Self that "the wise become immortal when they have departed from this world" (*ib.*, p. 149).

The Self was identified with God, the Creator. Brahman was said to be the Self; and "in the beginning there was only Self. He was alone; and there was nothing else whatsoever." (Aitareya-Āraṇyaka, Vol. I., p. 1.) Having created worlds and the various deities, Agni (fire), Vāyu (air), Āditya (sun), the Dis (regions), Kandramas (moon), and the rest, the Self created man, and all the gods entered into man to en-soul him. They endowed him with breath, sight, touch, speech, digestion, and other functions.

We read in the Aitareya Āraṇyaka:¹

"And then the Self thought: 'If speech names, if scent smells, if the eye sees, if the ear hears, if the skin feels, if the mind thinks, if the off-breathing digests, if the organ discharges, then what am I?'

"Then opening the suture of the skull, he got in by that door.

"That door is called the Vidriti (tearing asunder), the Nādana (the place of bliss).

"There are three dwelling-places for him, three dreams; this dwelling-place (the eye), this dwelling-place (the throat), this dwelling-place (the heart).

"When born (when the Highest Self had entered the body) he looked through all things, in order to see whether anything wished to proclaim here another (Self). He saw this person only (himself) as the widely spread Brahman. 'I saw it,' thus he said; 'Therefore he was (named) 'Idam-dra' (seeing this).

"Being Idamdra by name, they call him Indra mysteriously. For the Devas love mystery, yea, they love mystery."

Of such importance did the Hindu thinkers regard the conception of Self, which as an independent spiritual being was compared to "a bank or boundary, so that these worlds may not be confounded," that they made the belief in its existence an article of faith. Knowledge of the Self was supposed to be a divine revelation which would not have obtained except by the supernatural assistance of the gods, of Prajāpati, of Brahma, of the Lord. The Self is mysterious in its nature. It cannot be discovered either by sense-experience or by scientific investigation; for:

"The eye has no access there, nor has speech nor mind; we do not know the Self, nor the method whereby we can impart It. It is other than the known as well as the unknown; so indeed do we hear from the sages of old who explained it thus to us."²

The existence of Self must be believed. We read in the Ch'āndogya Upanishad, (*Sacred Books of the East*, I., page 122):

"When one believes, then one perceives. One who does not believe, does not perceive. Only he who believes, perceives."

On the belief in the existence of the Self man's eternal salvation was supposed to depend. We read (*Sacred Books of the East*, Vol. I., p. 124):

"To him who sees, perceives, and understands this, the spirit (prāṇa) springs from the Self, hope springs from the Self, memory springs from the Self; so do ether, fire, water, appearance, and disappearance, food, power, understanding, reflexion, consideration, will, mind, speech, names, sacred hymns, and sacrifices—aye, all this springs from the Self.

"There is this verse, 'He who sees this, does not see death, nor illness, nor pain; he who sees this, sees everything, and obtains everything everywhere.'

"He who sees, perceives, and understands this, loves the Self, delights in the Self, revels in the Self, rejoices in the Self—he becomes a Svarāj (an autocrat or self-ruler); he is lord and master in all the worlds."

There are various complicated systems elaborated from the metaphysics of the conception of the Self.

¹ *Sacred Books of the East*, Vol. I., p. 212.

² *Ibid.*, I., p. 6.

Most of the Indian philosophers identify the Self with Brahma, so that there is really only one Self which manifests itself in many various Selves; and since the Self alone is real, the material universe is conceived as mere appearance, as sham, as an illusion of the senses. This is the doctrine of the Vedānta School, the greatest representative of which is Shankara, a thinker of unusual power and of great influence.

The Vedānta philosophy is called *advaita*, or the non-duality doctrine, as opposed to the dualism of the Sāṃkhya School, whose founder taught that there are innumerable Selves uncreated and indestructible, among whom many by the error of not distinguishing between Self and Body got entangled into this material world of suffering, from which they can be ransomed only by the recognition of the true nature of the Self.

Whatever view we may take, one thing is certain, that the assumption of an independent and separate Self, involves us in contradictions and vagaries wherever we turn and however wisely we may attempt to avoid its consequences.

* * *

In opposition to these speculations, Buddha denied the existence of an independent Self as the soul of man. While the Brahmins spoke of the Self in a dualistic sense, "as of a razor that might be fitted in a razor-case," or "as a fire that might be lit in a fire-place," Buddha propounded a consistent Monism in which he radically ignored all metaphysical assumptions and philosophical postulates, founding his religion on a consideration of the pure facts of experience. While the Brahmins declared that the Self is immortal and immutable, "that it is not increased by a good action, or decreased by a bad action," Buddha taught that there was no use in trying to improve the immutable; but he found it imperative to improve man; and man's nature, according to Buddha, consists of karma, i. e., of actions, or, to use a term of natural science, of functions. Man is the product of the life and thought functions of former existences, and his own karma continues as a living factor in the generations to come.

In Brahmanism facts are nothing, and idea, that is to say theory, is everything. In Buddhism theory is nothing, and facts are everything. Theory has sense only as a comprehensive formulation of facts.¹

The Self of the Brahmins is Kant's thing-in-itself applied to religion. It is the thing-in-itself of man's soul. It is the hypostatisation of the abstraction of self-consciousness, which is carried so far as to deify that feature of existence which is common to all beings and to regard the particular forms which they assume

as unessential. From this standpoint all differences disappear, and, as the Bhagavadgita declares, "a Brahman full of learning and virtue, a cow, an elephant, a dog, and one of low caste," all are on the same level. Shankara, speaking of "the nightmare of separateness," says:

"He who has the firm conviction 'I am this consciousness,' not the form it takes, let him be a Brāhmaṇa or a Chāṇḍāla, my mind points to him as the real Master."²

Buddha would on the contrary insist that the form in which consciousness appears is the man himself; that that particular form functioning in a particular way is that particular man; but that consciousness in itself, a consciousness which has no particular form and is consciousness in general, is a mere fiction, an empty abstraction, and a thought as "hollow as a water-bubble," and as "hollow as a plantain-tree."

Shankara was an adversary of Buddhism, and the report goes that he had instigated the people to massacre the Buddhists without mercy. This report may have been untrue, but this much is certain, that Shankara was the most energetic reformer of Brahmanism at the time when Buddhism began to lose its hold on the Hindu mind. While Shankara rejected Buddha's philosophy, he adopted those moral truths of his doctrines which had most deeply impressed the people of India, universal love, compassion with the suffering, and the solidarity of all life. And here his theory of the Self merges into Pantheism. He sees with the poet of the Bhagavadgita "all beings in Self, and Self in all beings." Feeling the thrill of omneity in his heart, Shankara says:

"I am all bliss, the bliss all eternal consciousness. Death I fear not, caste I respect not, father, mother, nay even birth, I know not, relatives, friends I recognise not, teacher and pupil I own not;—I am all bliss, the bliss all eternal consciousness."²

While Shankara has become the undisputed leader of Hindu thought, whose sway reaches down to the present time, we must not omit to mention another less prominent school, founded by Rāmānuja, which has worked out the doctrine of the Self in a form that peculiarly and closely resembles the soul-conception of modern Christianity. Rāmānuja believes in a triad of existences: (1) the Highest Self, who is Para-Brahman, or Ishvara, or Vishnu, the Creator and Lord; (2) innumerable Selves of human beings, who possess separate and distinct existences; and (3) the not-self of the inanimate world. Rāmānuja's moral ideal for human Selves consists in the attainment of a union with the Highest Self, in which however their separate identities and their individual consciousnesses are not lost.

¹ The Imitation of Shankara, p. 181.

² The Imitation of Shankara, pp. 157-158 and 156.

¹ See Dvivedi, *I. I.*, Introduction, p. xix.

The contrast between a religion based upon a belief in postulates and a religion based upon facts has not as yet disappeared. The dogmatic Christianity of the present day is a revival of the metaphysics of the Upanishads, and some representative Christian authors remind us very much of the logic and modes of thought of the old Brahmins. Thus Mr. Gladstone, in his latest article on "The Future Life" says:

"The power of death to destroy living beings is conditioned by their being compounded. For as consciousness is indivisible, so it should seem is the conscious being in which it resides. And, if this be so, it follows that, the body being extraneous and foreign to the true self, no presumption can arise out of the dissolution of the body against the continued existence of the true self.

"As we lose limbs, organs of sense, and yet the true self continues; and as animal bodies are always in a state of flux, with no corresponding loss or gain of the true self, we again infer the distinctness of that true self from the body, and its independence at the time of death."

If this passage which contains the gist of Mr. Gladstone's argument in favor of an immortality in another world of immaterial existence, appeared in one of the Upanishads, it could not be regarded as out of place there, so closely does it resemble the line of thought set forth by Brahman sages. But the objection that Buddha made against the assumption of an independent Self holds good with the same force against Christian metaphysics as against Brahmanical speculations.

If modern psychology has accomplished anything beyond the shadow of doubt, it is this, that consciousness is not an indivisible unity, but a unification, a systematisation or a focussing of feelings. These feelings, when not centralised, as in dreams or swoons, continue in a condition that is commonly called subconscious. The province of subconscious activity in a man's soul is very large, by far larger than the narrow circle that under the stress of attention appears on the surface of consciousness.

But is this not a dreary doctrine as it denies the existence of the Soul. Those readers of *The Open Court* who have followed us in our exposition on the nature of the Soul know that this doctrine is neither dreary, nor nihilistic, nor does it deny the existence of the Soul. It only denies the assumption of the existence of a metaphysical Self, of an *âtman*, an independent ego-being, and proves that the Soul is larger than the ego. The rescission of that artificial wall raised up round the conception of our Self opens the vistas of eternity, both in the past and the future; it shows the connexion in which our Soul stands with the whole evolution of life upon earth and impresses us with the importance of our deeds which will continue for good or evil in after-life.

"Not from the blank *Inane* emerged the soul;
A sacred treasury it is of dreams
And deeds that built the present from the past,

Adding thereto its own experiences.
Ancestral lives are seeing in mine eyes,
Their bearing listeneth within mine ears,
And in my hand their strength is plied again.
Speech came, a rich consignment from the past,
Each word aglow with wondrous spirit life,
Thus building up my soul of myriad souls.

"I call that something 'I' which seems my soul;
Yet more the spirit is than ego holds.
For lo! this ego, where shall it be sought?
I'm wont to say 'I see'; yet 'tis the eye
That sees, and seeing, kind'leth in the thought
The beaming images of memory.
'I hear' we say: Hearing is of the ear;
And where the caught word stirs, there cords resound
Of slumbering sentiment; and echoes wake
Of sounds that long ago to silence passed.
Not dead, perfected only, is the past;
And ever from the darkness of the grave
It rises to rejuvenated life.

"The 'I' is but a name to clothe withal
The clustered mass that now my being forms.
Take not the symbol for reality—
The transient for th' eternal. Mine ego, lo!
'Tis but my spirit's scintillating play
This fluctuant moment of eternities
That now are crossing where my heart's blood beats.
I was not, am, and soon will pass. But never
My soul shall cease; the breeding ages aye
Shall know its life. All that the past bequeathed,
And all that life hath added unto me,
This shall endure in immortality."¹

¹*De Rerum Natura*, pp. 7-8.

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LIFE ETERNAL.

BY WOODS HUTCHINSON, A. M., M. D.

LIFE is the greatest thing in the world; and it is a pleasure to simply exist, to respond to our environment, to absorb the forces of nature, to grow and to help others to grow. What wonder, then, that the darling desire of man's heart in all ages is to secure Life Eternal.

But is it not possible for this instinct, this passion, like any other, to overleap itself? May we not, by unduly exalting its importance, by dwelling upon it to the neglect of other equally God-given impulses and desires, develop it into positively abnormal if not morbid forms? Can we not by cherishing false ideals in connexion with it, fall into serious error, and even so change its tendency as to make it a source of more distress, apprehension, and bitterness, than of joy, confidence, and hope?

It is hardly necessary to answer the question: it not only may be, but it has been done in many a demonology and also in not a few theologies, until at more than one period of the world's history, men have been, in the pathetic language of the Great Apostle, "through the fear of death, all their life long, subject to bondage." Like any other instinct unbalanced by counteracting impulses, given a permanent majority in the parliament of tendencies and relieved by ecclesiastical sanction from liability to executive veto, it has too often brought its own punishment with it, and has quadrupled the natural fear of death by the dread of what may follow in the "life beyond." That tragedy of the ages, "Hamlet," is at heart a titanic picture of a noble nature, a courageous soul, a magnificent intellect, palsied, unbalanced, and ultimately all but ruined by too keen an appreciation of the possibilities of the after-world. At every turn his "native hue of resolution is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought"—of this thought—his righteous longing for vengeance upon the skulking assassin, his fierce desire to be the instrument of heaven's retribution, when failing him no other *can* be, are sternly suppressed lest he should "couple Hell" with his mission of justice. This leaves him inspired by absolutely no o'ermastering passion save a sense of the horrors of his father's condition

and the utter hopelessness of relieving them by any effort on his part. What wonder this failed to spur him to action? His constant fear is that the ghost "may be a devil" who "out of my weakness and my melancholy abuses me to damn me." Contrast his attitude with that of that commonplace, but hot-blooded young fellow, Laertes, who bursts into the presence of royalty itself with the furious declaration,

"To hell allegiance,
To this point I stand
That both the worlds I give to negligence.
Let come what comes, only I'll be revenged
Most thoroughly for my father."

Which is the nobler attitude, the "natural" or the "celestial" one. He refuses to slay the vile murderer of his father, because forsooth he finds him at his prayers, and dreads that this may bar his punishment in the future world and send him to heaven, which would be "hire and salary, not revenge." He utterly and fatally mistakes the proportion of things in this life by persistently regarding them in the light of a future one. And we have most of us, alas, been personally acquainted with a Hamlet.

The earliest and perhaps most commonly accepted conception of eternal life is, that inasmuch as our life here is in the main happy and desirable, that all that is needed to insure our eternal happiness is an indefinite continuation of our personal existence. It is this childish view which is still largely responsible for the way in which we, even in the nineteenth century, regard death as the "King of Terrors," the chief of evils, and the one great blot upon the face of nature. Theologically it has developed into the theory that death is a punishment for and result of sin, and it is generally assumed to have come into the world at the Fall in the Garden of Eden, although, strangely enough, there is absolutely no foundation for such a conception of death in the narrative of that matchless parable itself, and very little in any other part of Scripture outside the splendid imagery of Paul. Indeed the poem itself implies the contrary, inasmuch as our first parents were turned out of Eden "lest they eat of the tree of life and live forever," cease to be mortal, in fact. In short, this view of death is taught neither by science nor by Scripture, reasonably interpreted. Death is essentially a vital process of

transcendent importance, a blessing instead of a curse, a reward, not a punishment.

Whence then comes this fear of death of which we hear so much and which is so continually appealed to as one of the most overmastering passions of humanity. Is it a natural or manufactured dread? Mainly, the latter.

There is unquestionably a genuine natural basis for it in the instinctive shrinking from the pain of wounds, the weakness and weariness of the sick-bed, the thickening speech, the darkening eye. A natural dread of ceasing to live, to enjoy, to feel, of leaving the sunshine, the music, the loving and fighting behind us. But these are comparatively slight and transient feelings, which shrivel in a moment in the glow of any powerful emotion, such as love, or ambition, even hunger, or revenge. As Bacon quaintly remarks: "It is worth the noting that there is no passion in the mind of man so weak, but it meets and masters the fear of death."

There is also the shudder at the pall, the hearse, Seneca's "array of the death-bed which has more horrors than death itself," the darkness and cold of the tomb, the tooth of the worm, the rain and the storm. But this disappears almost as soon as our attention is called to it, for science assures us at once that the body cannot, and religion that the soul does not, reckon of any of these.

The main and real bitterness of death is the dread of a Future Life.

One of the principal "consolations" of religion consists in allaying the fear which it has itself conjured up. "Men fear death as children fear to go in the dark, and as that natural fear in children is increased with tales, so is the other." (Bacon.)

The simplest and most primitive form in which this wide-spread idea of a personal existence after death is found to exist is in the religious beliefs of most savage tribes of a low grade of culture, such as the Tasmanians and Australians.

Here it is simply a vague belief that the souls of men become demons or spirits after their death and evidently owes its origin to the appearance in dreams of the images of ancestors or deceased friends, thus proving to the aboriginal mind that they still exist. These ancestral ghosts, together with the demons of the streams and storms receive a fitful sort of worship, to keep them from injuring the living. There is, of course, no idea whatever of reward or punishment in this "heaven," and the "immortality" conception is not confined to human beings, but extends also to animals and things such as weapons, utensils, and ornaments (which are seen upon or in the hands of the dream-visions aforesaid), which are accordingly buried

or burned with the corpse, that their ghosts may accompany him to the hereafter.

As the tribe rises notch by notch in the scale, these vague and misty fancies assume gradually more and more definite and orderly forms. A sort of order of rank is established among the ancestor ghosts and "forces-of-nature" demons, and from the chief among them are selected patron spirits and deities of the tribe. Thus the gods are born. Corresponding with this increase of dignity comes the necessity of a definite place of residence for beings of such exalted rank and the "hereafter" or "future-world" is assigned to them whither the spirits of the dead resort to become their subjects, and Heaven is invented. This is usually situated on the other side of some impassable mountain-chain, or across the nearest lake or ocean, or at the end of some cavern in the bowels of the earth: anywhere in fact that no member of the tribe has ever penetrated. This conception is gradually developed and embellished until it reaches the familiar "Happy hunting ground" stage, so well exemplified in the legends of our North American Indians. This future life is a frank and obvious copy of the present one, a gilded and rose-colored reproduction and continuation of the joys of earthly existence.

"Heaven but the vision of fulfilled desire,
And Hell the shadow of a soul on fire."

It has been held in identical or strikingly similar forms by almost every tribe or race in the world: in the upper stages of savagery, the lower and middle of barbarism, and even on into well-developed stages of civilisation. It is or was the belief, for instance, of tribes so widely separated in space, in time, and in culture as the South Sea Islanders, the Tartars of Siberia, the Apaches, and the Germans of Tacitus's time, our own ancestors.

Mutatis mutandis the spirits of the dead hunt the spirits of the buffaloes, which never cease to be plentiful, over prairies which are green the year round, upon horses which never tire, and with weapons and garments that never grow old.

One of the most interesting things about this stage of the belief is that as in the former one the immortality is not confined to human beings, but embraces the animals of the chase, horses, dogs, bows and arrows, cooking-utensils, garments, and even articles of food. The buffalo which the spirit of the good Indian pursues over the ever green prairies are the spirits of those which he has killed during his lifetime. The ghost of his favorite horse while on earth bears him in the chase, the soul of his faithful dog keeps him company, the ghost of his former trusty bow is in his hand, the shade of his treasured necklace of bears-claws encircles his phantom neck. Great pains have

been taken and heavy expenses incurred in order to bury all the latter with him: horse, dog, weapons, costly furs, wampum, priceless ornaments, nay, even food and tinder-box so that their spirits may accompany him on his distant journey. This originally kindly and charitable ceremony has developed unfortunately into some of the most hideous and ghastly rites known to history, such as the killing or burning of wives, soldiers, musicians, servants and others upon the grave or pyre in order that the dead man may have the benefit of their company and services. And an obvious survival of this idea still exists in the senseless and at times even ruinous pomp and display of modern funerals with their long and imposing procession of mourners and civic, military, or fraternal organizations. In military funerals a still more obvious remnant is seen in the custom of leading the dead man's horse directly behind the coffin to the grave.

As the tribe grows, expands, and advances, ships are built, wars are waged, voyages and expeditions at discovery undertaken until geography is born and the idea of a future world somewhere upon earth's surface has to be abandoned. Henceforward it is relegated either to the region of the sky, whose name "heaven" is still borne by the most advanced and modern conception of it, or to the bowels of the earth as its other classical modern name the "infernal" ("inferior") regions" still implies. In most cases the belief soon comes to include both localities. The higher as the abode first of the gods and heroes or princes of the highest rank only, who were thought worthy to become "immortals" and later by degrees of the pious and faithful of all ranks. The lower as the destination first, of all the lesser divinities and all ordinary mortals of whatever degree of moral merit, and later gradually changing to a place of exile and punishment for rebellious demons and criminals, unbelievers, libertines, heretics, and offenders of every description.

A well-known illustration of the early form of this stage of the idea is the Greek Olympus-Hades. The "upper" world did not even quite reach the sky, but was on the summit of Mount Olympus and was tenanted solely by the gods and a few nymphs and mortals of such extraordinary merit, beauty, or direct blood-relation to the divinities as to render them worthy of elevation to divine honors. The "lower" world was a cold, comfortless, shadowy region below the earth, where the shades of all mortals save the brilliant exceptions mentioned were condemned to pace out a monotonous existence in the meadows of asphodel. Even such redoubtable heroes as Achilles, Agamemnon, and Hector could not escape it. Although there was no idea whatever of punishment or disgrace connected with it and Pluto was merely an inferior divinity who acted as governor-general of the

colony, yet there was nothing cheerful or attractive about the conception and much that was repulsive.

The shades were represented as being literally "ghosts of their former selves," still hearing and showing the wounds that caused their death, mourning the loss of their joyous earth-life, their friends, their horses and cattle, their wine and gold, their very voices faded to a gibbering squeak. Achilles longs to come up to earth again, even though it were as the meanest slave that toils. The devoutest Greek departed this life with extreme reluctance and nothing but sighs and regrets for the joys he was leaving. He made all he possibly could out of this life, for he expected nothing in the next. And take him altogether he was about the best and most useful citizen the world has ever had and has actually achieved the most glorious immortality. Perhaps on this very account, perhaps not.

Cruder in some particulars and infinitely less artistic, but with a rough justice and fearless manliness about it which lifts it really far above Olympus, was the Valhalla of our fierce Norse ancestors. This has many points of resemblance to the "happy hunting-ground stage," for we find the heroes

"In the halls where Runn Odin howls his war-song to the gale,"

seated around the massive board, loaded with the souls of their favorite meats, drinking mead out of cups which could never be emptied, issuing forth every morning, not only to fight but actually to slay and be slain in furious combat, victors and vanquished alike, however, recovering from their wounds, or coming to life again, in time for the night's carouse. It was a frank copy of the joys of this life writ in large childish characters; its naïveté reminds one of the enthusiasm of a celebrated surgeon who declared that if there were no amputations in heaven he didn't want to go there. It was essentially a fighter's paradise, to which only warriors and their wives, mothers, or daughters could gain admittance. Its passport was death in battle, and the warrior who was luckless enough to die a "straw-death" would have himself scratched with a spear in order that he might come before its gates with Odin's mark. It was far in advance of Olympus in that it was not reserved for the especial favorites of capricious gods, but could be claimed as a right by every warrior (and all men were such in those days) who had reached a certain standard of bravery and truthfulness. The vast majority of the race, however, were forced to content themselves with an abode in chilly, foggy regions in the bowels of the earth, presided over by the earth-goddess Hela, whose name has been modified into our modern "hell." There was no thought of punishment, or even of disgrace, except perhaps such flavor of it as might be implied in failure to reach Valhalla;

'twas simply a dreary, monotonous, colorless existence, a sort of necessary old age after the fierce, loving, fighting youth of this life. If the Norse ideal of heaven was far below the Christian, its hell was a far more humane conception than that fierce and gloomy Oriental idea to which its name has been transferred and which has become by a sad travesty the peculiar possession and pride of the "Gospel of Love."

The Mohammedan Paradise was another conception of the same class, higher in that it recognised broader grounds of admission than simple war-like courage and truthfulness, but infinitely lower in the purely sensual and self-indulgent and almost degenerating character of the rewards offered, the exclusion of woman except in so far as she can gratify man's passions, and the recognition of "faith" as a substitute for "works." Its houris, its palms, its divans, its fountains, its delicious fruits, its gardens, are such obvious and vulgar reproductions of earthly ones, that there is little difficulty in believing the story told by certain historians that Mohammed actually constructed such a "paradise" as the Koran describes in some lovely but inaccessible mountain-valley, to which from time to time certain of his faithful followers would be transported while under the influence of an opiate. After being permitted to remain there a few hours or days their food would again be drugged, and they would be brought back to their tents to testify to others on their return to consciousness that the half had not been told. Like Valhalla, death in battle against the infidel was its surest passport, and the absolute reckless bravery which this belief developed in the two races is, to say the least, a highly suggestive commentary upon our statement that the greatest part of the fear of death is the dread of a future life.

Another great group of beliefs, the Egyptian Mysteries, have so completely succeeded in remaining what their name implied (as indeed they were intended to) that little or no definite idea can be formed of their conception of a future life. All we can catch is occasional glimpses of an ever-shifting and misty group of deities, some in animal, some in human form, Osiris and Amenti, Thoth and Ptah, Anubis and Isis, whose only definite function appears that of a court of inquiry and judgment upon the souls of the dead. They require a strict account of the deeds done in the body, the heart of the dead man is weighed in the scales of Truth, etc. Morality rather than piety seems to be demanded by them, but as to the nature of the rewards granted or punishments inflicted we are left almost entirely in the dark. Simply a dim but majestic vision of a judgment after death in which Virtue is its own reward and Sin its own punishment.

The most singular conception of the Life to come is that held by that religion which in age, dignity, and

number of adherents stands at the head of the great world-religions. At first sight it appears to be the very apotheosis of pessimism and nihilism, and yet it is the most ingenious, philosophic, and logical working-out of the supernatural idea which the world has ever seen. Much of its thought is magnificent; its great fundamental conception that the only thing which is immortal is character (*karma*) and that a million generations have been needed to develop it, that many of its stages are passed in animal form, and that there is an essential, spiritual relationship between men, animals, and even plants, is not only matchless in its poetic beauty, but almost scientific in its truthfulness.

The transmigration of souls is a mystic foreshadowing of Darwinism. It is by far the justest and most sweetly reasonable conception of an individual future life which has ever yet been developed. But like other religions it is weakest at the point of which it boasts itself most loudly. Its scheme of development up to the level of "*Homo integer vitae*" is superb in its insight, its logic, and its truthfulness. Its view of the past is inspiring, noble, but for the future it has nothing to offer but a wearisome and intolerable repetition of former stages of incarnation, until at last in the very weariness of despair the soul is glad to take refuge in Nirvâna, "neither-consciousness-nor-unconsciousness," "absorption into the soul of the universe," individual annihilation, eternal rest.

The desirableness of Nirvâna has also been justified by some Buddhist sages from the same theological standpoint on the familiar priestly ground that existence is desire and desire is sin! therefore only by destroying existence can sin be destroyed and the *summum bonum* reached. Again, like most religions it is imposing while generalising upon the past, but it fails when it attempts to forecast the future. As a scheme of the past, it is beautiful, fascinating; as a scheme of the future, it is found wanting. And just as elsewhere the prospect of a gloomy after-world has multiplied tenfold the fear of death. But it is a superb allegory. Rid the puny individual of this world-burden of unending existence and eternal responsibility; let the growth of karma be that of the race, and each incarnation a new, glad personality; let the good that was in each, in its influence and its memory become a part of the constitution of the race—immortal in fact, and the Darwinist may declare to the Buddhist as Paul did to the Athenians on Mars Hill, "Whom therefore ye ignorantly worship, Him declare I unto you."

When we attempt to study that view of the future life known as the Christian Heaven, we quickly find that we have to deal with two almost wholly distinct and widely different conceptions. One of these is the popular, orthodox "Heaven" of the prayer-meeting

and Sunday-school, and the other is the "Kingdom of Heaven" of Christ's teachings, two utterly dissimilar regions.

The essential features of the old-fashioned orthodox heaven are briefly, a city of great beauty whose streets are paved with pure gold, whose twelve gates are constructed each of a single pearl, its walls of jasper and its foundations of precious stones. There is no night, and no sea; while through the midst of the city flows a sparkling river with ever-bearing fruit-trees on either bank. Here the redeemed abide forever and ever, clad in white and shining garments, with crowns of gold upon their heads, with harps and palm branches in their hands. They also acquire the power of flying and become "angels." Their entire time is occupied by chanting praises and bowing down before a great white throne; as all mysteries are revealed to them there is no need of mental effort, and as there is neither hunger or thirst or pain of any kind, bodily effort is equally unnecessary. In short, it is as one godly old hymn-writer has expressed it, a place "where congregations ne'er break up, and Sabbaths have no end."

To this wondrous city, souls of all true believers are carried immediately after death by certain winged beings known as angels: to find one of the gates aforesaid either barely "ajar," half shut, or flung widely open for their admittance, according to the degree of their merit. The redeemed all become young and beautiful, yet retain enough of their earthly likeness to be readily recognisable by all their friends who have preceded or who may follow them. They are welcomed at the gate by the former and themselves look eagerly forward to the coming of the latter. This is bad enough, but it is reserved for a very small minority of the race as a special favor.

Not far from the walls of this city, separated from it only by a great gulf which is so narrow as to readily permit recognition to take place across it, is a fiery pit, the abode of the lost. Here nine-tenths of the race are condemned to writhe through all eternity, tortured by blistering heat, by raging thirst, by suffocating sulphur-fumes, and every agony that the ingenuity of devils can devise, so that in clear view of the beautiful city, "the smoke of their torment ascendeth for ever and ever." So close are these poor wretches to the jasper walls that their cries for mercy can be distinctly heard, as in case of Dives and Lazarus. From a mere human standpoint, one would have supposed that this would have somewhat interfered with the peace of mind of the redeemed, especially as they could readily recognise the voices of a majority of their friends and loved ones: but their dispositions have become so spiritual and celestial that they do not mind it at all; indeed, one good Calvinistic divine

has specially dwelt upon the watching of the tortures of the damned and congratulating oneself upon escaping therefrom, as one of the joys of heaven.

Of this whole popular conception, it may simply be said that it is almost absolutely without foundation in the teachings of the Master; that what little part of its imagery is biblical is taken chiefly from the Revelation of John, a book which is now declared by a majority of orthodox critics to be a burning picture of the persecutions under Nero and mystic prophecy of the ultimate triumph of the early Church *without any reference to the future life*. As to its theory that the souls proceed to heaven at once after death, the gospels are so vague that it is impossible to decide whether this passage occurs before or after the Last Judgment; the churches themselves have differed widely on this point, and one large body still holds that souls sleep in the grave with the body until awakened by the Last Trump. Its "recognition" hope is nowhere distinctly stated and barely implied in three passages, while as to its belief, that our souls become angels and that the latter have wings, it has not a word of support in the Scriptures. Its inferior and attendant spirits are taken bodily from the pages of Dante and Milton. In short, it is simply a "Happy Hunting-Ground" rearranged according to saintly and feminine ideas, combined with a Hades which for injustice, atrocity, and savage vindictiveness is unparalleled even in the cannibal islands.

The "Kingdom of Heaven," "Kingdom of God," "Life Everlasting" of the Master's own teachings is a conception of widely different form and temper. Its description consists principally of a noble strain of lofty and fearless prophecy, of the ultimate triumph of Good and defeat of Evil which throbs like an ever-recurring *Leitmotiv* through all of the Four Gospels. Like all true music it is beautiful, entrancing, sweetly mysterious. Its lofty beauty is marred by no childish working-out of trivial details. The great chord is struck by a master-hand, and the quivering over-tones of each responsive heart are left to finish the melody. "Every work of man shall be brought into judgment, whether it be good or whether it be evil." Righteousness and Truth shall and must prevail. Evil and falsehood will certainly both punish and defeat themselves: "the meek shall inherit the earth"; this is the burden of His song. As to the geographical where, and the chronological when, He is divinely silent. It is enough for us to know that it shall be hereafter and that it begins now: nay, that this divine process is actually going on within us, about us, among us, if we will only open our clouded eyes to see it. The Eternal Life of the Master *is* now, and has been from all eternity. "He that believeth on the Son *hath* everlasting life," His commandment *is* life everlasting.

"The Kingdom of God is within you." "This is life everlasting, that they may know thee, the only true God."

This is no mere endless prolongation of petty individual existence. It is something far nobler and higher than this. Hear Farrar's burning words:

"The use of the word *aidwos*, and of its Hebrew equivalent, *alam*, throughout the whole of Scripture, ought to have been sufficient to prove to every thoughtful and unbiassed student that it altogether transcends the thoroughly vulgar and unmeaning conception of 'endless.' Nothing, perhaps, tends to prove more clearly the difficulty of eradicating an error that has once taken deep and age-long root in the minds of 'theologians,' than the fact that it should still be necessary to prove that the word 'eternal,' far from being a mere equivalent for 'everlasting,' *never* means 'everlasting' at all, except by reflexion from the substantives to which it is joined; that it is only joined to those substantives because it connotes ideas which transcend all time; that to make it mean nothing but time endlessly prolonged, is to degrade it by filling it with a merely relative conception which it is meant to supersede and by emptying it of all the highest conceptions which it properly includes."

As to a continued individual existence after death it is nowhere definitely taught by the Master, and is only even implied on any broad and reasonable principle of interpretation in three of his sayings. This may seem an extreme statement, but I challenge proof to the contrary from the Gospels. The three passages alluded to are the parable of Dives and Lazarus, the decision upon the case of the woman who had had seven husbands, and the promise to the thief on the cross. The first of these is a parable pure and simple, spoken to the scoffing, sneering Pharisees. The story is taken directly and bodily from Rabbinical literature—a weapon from their own armory turned against them with deadliest effect. If it be regarded as anything more than this it is bathos, for it depicts a state of affairs which would be almost more intolerable for the saved than for the lost.

In the second instance the question is squarely asked and an answer distinctly declined. All that the Master vouchsafes in his wisdom is that Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob are still "living" (of which the whole Jewish nation was bodily proof), but as to the woman in question "in the resurrection they neither marry nor are given in marriage, but are as the angels of God." To the dying thief were spoken the thrilling words, "This day shalt thou be with me in paradise." And was he not? Yea, verily, in the paradise of the love and sympathy of all Christian hearts through all the ages since and to come. If it is to be taken literally, what are we to make of Christ's saying to Mary, *two days* later in the garden of the sepulchre, "Touch me not, for I am *not yet* ascended unto my Father."

All other references of this sort which have even the appearance of being personal are to a mysterious "second coming," "in the clouds of heaven," which

it is distinctly stated, shall take place within the lifetime of that generation (Matthew xvi., 28; Mark xii., 25; Luke xx., 35, and xxiv., 34), but as to whose occurrence history is silent. All other allusions such as "If a man keep my commandments he shall never taste of death," "In my Father's house are many mansions," are not only as well, but better explained by referring them to the ultimate triumph of Good and the deathlessness of Truth. Why, when Christ distinctly tells us that "the Kingdom of God is within" us, that "to know God is life everlasting" and that He is the Resurrection—the bewilderingly beautiful instance of the Creation of Life out of the dust of the earth—we should obstinately persist in referring and postponing all three to some mysterious future region, "beyond the skies and beyond the tomb," is hard to understand. Even that matchless epitome of the wants and aspirations of the human heart, the Lord's Prayer (Revised Version, Luke), contains not a word of allusion to such a region. The grandly majestic "Last Judgment" is the Verdict of History, and nothing could be more "unorthodox" than its superb criterion, which is neither creed, nor faith, nor even intentional service of God ("Lord, when saw we thee an hungered and fed thee?"), but the broad and noble principle of common humanity, "Inasmuch as ye did it unto the least of these my brethren, ye did it unto me."

In short, the "*ζωή αιώνιος*" of Christ is literally the "Life of the Ages" of Darwin.

To what conclusion, now, are we led by this review of the type-religions of the world, as to the effect of a belief in a future life upon the fear of death. Only one seems possible, that it increases it five-fold. The happy hunting-ground is reserved only for chiefs and warriors of highest renown, and many are the risks which even these have to run upon their passage thither. Only a few of the most favored of mortals can hope to scale Olympus. The halls of Odin open to none save heroes of high renown or faultless courage. The paradise of Mohammed is reserved for the faithful who have sealed their devotion with their blood, and admits neither women nor children. Nirvâna is a "heaven" of such doubtful attractiveness as to require a good deal of philosophy to enable one to contemplate its attainment with resignation; while as to the orthodox Christian heaven: "Strait is the gate and narrow is the way that leadeth unto Life, and few there be that find it." Its most enthusiastic proclaimers do not offer the hope that more than a very small percentage of the race will ever reach it. Indeed, they seem almost inclined to gloat over the prospect of having it all to themselves. None but "desirable" people will be admitted there, they trust. In brief, every conception of an individual future life

condemns the vast majority of men to a state of either cheerless, ghostly gloom, or of absolute torment. Destroy such a belief and you rob death of half its terrors. 'Tis not dying that men dread so much as living again, and "thus conscience doth make cowards of us all."

As to the so-called "restraining influence" of such a belief and the extent to which it supports and enforces morality, the more attentively this is considered the less will be found to be its value. High, noble natures need no such incentive; base ones are but little affected by it. Assure a scoundrel of immunity from punishment in this world, which is unfortunately usually implied in the orthodox view, and he will risk the next one. If he is willing to run the gauntlet of the immediate constable and jail, how much more that of the remote possibilities of hell? The criminal is essentially the man who blindly gluts the craving of to-day, with an utter disregard of to-morrow.

Besides, there is always the chance of a "death-bed repentance" and usually that of buying absolution by devoting part of the spoils to the Church. "Charity covereth a multitude of sins." In Catholic countries it is notorious that the more colossally villainous the brigand the more devout his piety and magnificent his offerings. Indeed, a distinguished English penologist (Havelock Ellis: *The Criminal*) goes so far as to open his chapter on "The Religion of the Criminal" with the horrifying remark, "In all countries religion or superstition is intimately connected with crime." As a check for the well-disposed it is unnecessary; for the ill-disposed, worthless or worse. Furthermore, it must not be overlooked that whatever value it may have in this respect has to be offset by the torturings, human sacrifices, funeral victims, "head-hunting," child-burning, Jesuit massacres, thuggism, "infant-damnation," Mormon polygamy, and other such observances and beliefs which are inspired by it alone.

We personally fought at the battle of Hastings and shall in Armageddon. We are a part of all that ever has been or is to come. We have lived from the earliest appearance of life upon this cooling globe and shall live through all eternity in our descendants or in those whose existence ours has helped to make possible. All that is true, all that is good, all that is brave and virtuous, that "makes for righteousness" in us and in our influence *cannot* die, but has become part of the framework of the universe, has been painted in the great picture-gallery of nature to bless and cheer generations yet unborn. This, to my vision, is the true "Eternal Life," or as *ὁ αἰώνιος αἰών* is better translated "the life of the æons," "The Life of the Ages." All in us that is base, all that is cowardly, all

that is untrue, falls by its own weight, decays by "the worm that dieth not," is consumed by "the fire that is not quenched."

What wonder that the righteous are described as "saved," and the unrighteous as "lost." The question of salvation becomes, not the selfish one "shall I as an individual live after death in a state of happiness, or misery?" but the nobler, unselfish one "How much of all my work, my character, my influence, my *self* will become part of the progress of the race and of the history of the universe?"

All faiths, all views agree in this one grand, consoling thought, that every brave deed, every noble effort is of itself immortal. That the good *cannot* die, and that every effort, however feeble or apparently unsuccessful to make the world happier for our having lived in it, shall have its reward.

FABLES FROM THE NEW ÆSOP.

BY HUDOR GENONE.

The Great Kite Syndicate.

THREE sticks and a hank of twine and a roll of paper met in jolly good fellowship at a tavern. I have forgotten the name of the country where this happened, but am inclined to think it must have been Cathay, since there—as travellers commonly report—kite-flying is a pastime much in vogue.

All these good fellows fell to talking, as sticks and twine and paper talk, and to gabble about their affairs. They were, as I learned by listening, in business together, and the partnership they had formed was called the Kite Syndicate, by which I understood they had entered into a mercantile alliance to unite each his several functions towards the development and perfection of what should be the finest kite ever seen in that land.

So at the table in the wine room they planned, and afterwards adjourned to a greensward hard by, their purpose being here, without interruption, to perfect their purpose in practice, as previously their plans had been perfected in principle.

Arrived in the field, the paper spread himself out flat, and the sticks stretched themselves, and the string unknotted, and then at once, with one voice, all proclaimed themselves quite ready, all three, to be united in the holy bonds of kitehood.

The paper said, "I will cut myself to the desired shape," and the sticks, each for himself, "I will lay myself in the right place and at the right angle," and the cord, "I will twist myself about my brothers, the sticks, and about the edges and folds of my cousin, the paper"; and all together exclaimed, "What a fine kite we shall be!"

But when the paper would have cut himself into

shape, he found it quite impossible, and so when the sticks tried to form the right angles with each other, and the string when he would twist and twine and bind. The paper could change position, but of himself could not alter his form, and though the sticks could writhe and wiggle and lie straight or criss-cross at will, to regulate their proper relations for becoming part of a kite was quite futile; and the string, he too could coil and uncoil, and stretch out and draw in, but the peculiar power and genius that goes to binding, sewing, and tying he found was denied him.

"Woe is us!" they cried in unison, "of what avail is it to be possessed of capacities if capabilities be lacking?"

"Beautifully expressed," said a kite-maker, who chanced to be passing, "and moreover true, which is not always the case with beautiful expressions. Now you keep quiet and let me arrange you."

So saying, the kite-maker took shears and cut the paper, and laid the sticks, and twisted and twined the cord, till after an interval he had made all ready, when he raised the kite, and a brisk breeze blowing, it sailed off and up bravely into the sky, to the satisfaction of its component parts, who, far from honoring the kite-maker or rightly appreciating him, said among themselves, complacently, "How wise we are,—we, the great Kite Syndicate."

A fool heard them and laughed. "Imbeciles," said he, "they ought to know and understand that all their kite was the handiwork of the Almighty Kite-maker, who both builds and sails."

A philosopher passing, heard the fool and saw the kite. He did not stop to argue with the fool (because he was a philosopher), but he pondered within himself somewhat on this wise: Of what avail would even the Almighty Kite-maker's craft be without material, and not even he could raise the kite when constructed, if the breeze did not blow. Therefore, I conclude that to the attainment of a desired end three things are essential: (1) that which is, (2) that which moves, (3) that which arranges.

And thenceforth he taught these truths as the foundation of philosophy, but he taught them in parables.

NOTES.

Louis Prang, the famous art publisher of Boston, succeeds in offering to the public constantly new designs of the same favorite themes in his beautiful Christmas and Easter-greetings, which latter have just appeared in a novel style and a novel dress. While his cards and booklets are always the best that art can produce, they are peculiarly American, and possess a warmer air than similar European productions. All the flowers of spring find an appreciative consideration. There are entire booklets dedicated exclusively to the passion-flower or the Easter-lily, to the lily of the valley, and violets, and again, for those who love variety there are collections in which all the various blossoms of the spring are represented.

The new style of Japanese imitation will meet the taste of many, for it is fashionable now, and, indeed, it is interesting for a change; but, in the interest of art, we do not believe that the fashion will last. The style imitates certain shortcomings of the Japanese without attaining that delicate flavor of genius which is the secret of the attractiveness of Japanese art.

Bessie Grey illustrated a day's life of the morning-glory from the moment that "beneath Dawn's dainty fingers all the bindweed buds untwist," until the sun goes down. Then

"The closed cups of the blue flower of light,
Bury their secret from the curious night."

Another booklet, *The Message of the Lilies*, is eminently an Easter-greeting, announcing the lesson of the resurrection that takes place in nature, which is summed up in the following lines

"Tis the victor-song of triumph,
The release of all creation;
'Tis the song of resurrection,
Making glad our Easter days.
'Tis the oil of joy for mourning,
And for heaviness 'tis praise.

"Listen, listen, men and women!
For the language is of Heaven,
And to every heart it speaketh
Just the word it needeth best,—
Only this I know,—
To each it bringeth peace and bringeth rest."

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WHAT IS REPUBLICANISM?

BY PROF. CALVIN THOMAS.

The following considerations have developed slowly out of much reflexion upon the contents of *The Open Court* for January 16—a memorable number of the paper. As I read Mr. Conway's hot philippic I felt that his heat was carrying him too far; while the calm argument of Professor Cope in defence of the new Americanism seemed to me to proceed, here and there, upon a faulty analysis of the facts. On turning to the editor's article I found remarks which were excellent in their way but were not occupied with the precise phase of the Venezuelan controversy which had all along seemed to me the most important. For in my mind the vital question takes this form: Should we be acting in the interest of republican institutions if we were to go to war with Great Britain over a boundary dispute between Venezuela and British Guiana? It appears to be clear enough that the Monroe Doctrine had in it from the first a touch of political idealism; that is, while intended primarily as a measure of self-preservation, it was also intended to safeguard the interests of republican government in the New World generally. In the time of the Holy Alliance, which was everywhere fighting democracy, it was possible, perhaps even natural, to think that the two aims were ultimately one, or, in other words, that the smaller necessitated the larger. To-day, however, we are really concerned only with the idealistic aspect of the Doctrine. For surely no man in his senses can now pretend to believe that the safety of the powerful American Union, already bounded on the north by a British domain larger than its own, depends upon the exact position of a boundary-line in the tropical forests of South America. Whatever loyalty we feel toward the Monroe Doctrine, if it is not to be mere fetish-worship, must be simply the loyalty we feel toward republicanism. Hence the vital importance of the question whether we should be likely to promote the interests of republicanism, either in the world at large or in the New World particularly, if we were to let the pending controversy involve us in a war with Great Britain.

To answer this question properly would require more space than *The Open Court* might wish to give

to the subject, and would be a task for a writer with other qualifications than mine. My present purpose is much simpler, being merely to call attention to the importance of a right statement of the question with which public opinion has to deal. This I think I can do best by commenting briefly upon the argument of Professor Cope; for I have no doubt that Professor Cope represents, not perhaps in every sentence and in every minor conclusion, but in the general drift of his reasoning, views which are now held by a majority of the American people. It thus becomes a question of momentous public interest whether his reasoning is correct.

The gist of Professor Cope's contention is as follows: We Americans believe for good reason that a republican form of government is better than any other, and it is only natural and right that we should wish to protect the interests and extend the sphere of that which we believe to be best. But we can do nothing in Europe. There are irreconcilable antipathies between the monarchical systems of the Old World and the republicanism which we represent. The European monarchies are our natural enemies; they hate us and would destroy us if they could. On the other hand the South American Spaniards are our natural friends and allies. Republicanism is already established in that continent, and while still in a somewhat turbulent state, is full of promise for the future. Let us therefore join hands with the South American republics, protect them at any cost against monarchical interference and thus save the Western hemisphere at any rate for republican institutions.

Now the first question suggested to the mind by such an argument is that which heads this article. Professor Cope writes all along as if republicanism, or a "republican form of government," were something simple, definite, and capable of easy isolation in thought and practice. But this is evidently not so. There have been and there still are republics of many kinds. Take, for example, that of Aristides, of Cato, of medieval Venice; and then add modern France, Switzerland, the United States, the Transvaal. Here are seven republican governments differing from one another radically in "form," that is, in political methods and institutions. What is the common feature of

them all that constitutes the essential nature and the saving virtue of republicanism? What is, so to speak, the substance of the "form"? What is it that we are to hold dear and to fight for? Is it any particular name for the chief executive? Do we swear, for example, by the word "president"? Or is it the elective character of the chief magistrate without regard to his tenure of office, the degree of discretionary power vested in him, or the character of the electorate. Is the thing we want any particular kind of suffrage law or mode of representation? Is it a bicameral parliament? Surely we are not going to insist upon our own "form" for the Western hemisphere rather than that of France or Switzerland. We *must* regard much as unessential to the republican form. What then are the unessentials and what are the essentials?

I hope no one will think that I am here raising idle academic questions to befog a matter that is clear enough for practical purposes. It is precisely for the practical purposes of politics that the matter is not clear enough, and is in need of sharp definition. To illustrate: So long as it is a question for missionary reports, statistical tables, and map-making, we can well enough regard every form of nominally Christian missionary enterprise in Asia—whether Catholic or Protestant or Greek, Methodist or Baptist or Unitarian—as coming under the head of the propagation of Christianity. But suppose we were asked to risk a great war for the purpose of saving Asia to Christianity: Should we not begin to ask at once, Whose Christianity? What do you mean by Christianity?

Instead of attempting a close definition of the thing he holds dear, Professor Cope opens the important part of his discussion with generalities, which, as it strikes me, do not help us very much. He thinks it a "general truth" that "any form of government is good if administered with due regard to human rights, and that any form if administered without regard to those rights is bad." He then goes on to say that "Americans are generally of the opinion that a republican form is better than any other, because it contains within itself the conditions for an administration more in accordance with human right than any other, and is therefore more likely to be so administered." This seems to imply that for Professor Cope, as for Alexander Pope in the eighteenth century, good government is all a matter of administration. No suggestion that the character and sanction of the laws to be administered are an important element of the problem. So, too, the goodness of the republican form in particular is a matter of "administration in accordance with human rights." No hint that it has anything to do with the rights of the people to determine for themselves what their laws shall be and who

shall administer them. But passing by this point for the present, I wish to raise the question: What are "human rights"? Who can tell in an abstract and general way? We can tell perhaps, or, rather, good lawyers and learned judges can tell, often with great difficulty, what rights a particular people, say the American, the English, or the German, have claimed for themselves and have by hook or crook managed to get recognised in public law. But who can tell what human rights are apart from history and evolution? What are the rights of a man dropped alone for life on an uninhabited island in the sea? Or what are the mutual rights of twenty persons placed in similar circumstances without a common language or any common traditions? A large number of Americans think they have a right to a fifty-cent dollar, to an eight-hour day for work, to employment on their own terms. Are these human rights? If not, why not? Who is to be the judge? I do not forget that the Fathers, in the grandiose rhetoric born of the revolutionary spirit, did specify "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness" as "inalienable rights" with which man is endowed by the Creator. I recognise, too, that the phrase "human rights," or "rights of man," has done good service in the language of poetry and eloquence on behalf of political liberty. But after all, speaking soberly, what government has ever recognised any such inalienable rights? Do we not alienate them quickly in case of a murderer, if we can get hold of him? Did we not make short work of them with our conscription-laws during the late war? Can we get very far in any practical discussion with such a concept of "human rights"? Must we not come down very soon to legal rights?

It occurs to me as possible that Professor Cope may really have had in mind legal rights, perhaps the elementary rights of person and property; and that he may have meant to contend simply that republicanism offers the best guaranty for the safety of these rights from illegal encroachment on the part of executive or administrative authority. If this be his meaning, the question is certainly a fair one for debate, but it must be answered in the light of experience; theories on the subject are of no use. We should have to inquire, for example, whether, under the laws of each country, an American is in less danger of having his life, liberty, or property taken from him through official usurpation, than is, say an Englishman, or a German. This is a question for lawyers. But if one who is not a lawyer may venture to give the impression he has derived from observation and reading, I should say that all three countries are very much on a par in this respect, and that in all three the particular danger referred to is now so insignificant as to be hardly worth bothering about in a discussion of this kind. Personal

tyranny, assuming to rule without law, or in defiance of law, is not much of a dragon where there is constitutional government. Even in Russia his manners have been improved by the general growth of democracy; so that now when he eats people, he is at least anxious to have it understood that he acts from disinterested motives.

Professor Cope observes that "the gist of the objections to the European systems of government is that they are, excepting that of France, much too largely administered by and on behalf of privileged persons and classes, and not sufficiently on behalf of the people." Here it must be remarked that unless one wishes to charge extensive usurpation, this is an objection to the laws themselves. But if it be meant that the laws are bad, then the question at once arises: Who is the best judge as to whether a people has good laws properly administered? Now I have always supposed the distinctive character and the saving grace of republicanism to lie in the answer which it gives to this question, its answer being: the people themselves. In other words, I have supposed that the heart of republicanism is simply democracy—the rule of the people. But by "the people" we have no right to understand either the very poor or the very rich alone; neither workingmen, nor employers, neither farmers, nor merchants, nor manufacturers alone; not even what Mr. Lincoln called the "plain people." "The people" includes everybody. And since, in the conflict of opinions and interests, the people in this sense cannot *all* have their way, republicanism (or democracy) means for practical purposes the rule of the majority under the forms of law. It means that "the people," thus defined, shall have such laws as they like and have them administered by persons who are acceptable. And this, to my mind, tells the whole story. If any country has popular sovereignty in its legislature (that is, a house of elected representatives whose will cannot be permanently blocked by persons that are not elected), and if it has also an administration that is in one way or another responsible to the people and ready to obey the people,—such country has the heart of republicanism, has all of republicanism that is worth fighting for. These are the matters of faith; other things are matters of opinion amongst republicans themselves.

If this be correct, and I think I am not alone in supposing it to be so, we see at once how confusing and unscientific it is to speak indiscriminately of "the European systems of government with the exception of France." Why not except Switzerland also? And why put Russia and Germany and Great Britain on the same plane? Must we not make distinctions on every hand? May not a "monarchy" have more or less of republicanism, and a "republic" more or less

of monarchy? The antithesis of "monarchy" today is not "republicanism," but "absolutism"; for the monarchy may be "limited" and the limitation may be greater or less. It may have proceeded so far, as is actually the case in England, that the monarch, in his official capacity, is simply the organ-voice of the people.

But to return to Professor Cope's "gist of the objections," which was in a word—"privileged classes." Does this refer to industrial classes—manufacturers, for example—that manage to get legislation in their interest? If so, how about the exception of France? And is not our own home made of glass? Or does it mean the workingmen, the farmers? If so, Germany has gone farther than any other country in legislation intended for their special benefit. Nowhere is the "welfare of the people" made more prominent as the touchstone of legislation than in Germany. Can we Americans cry "paternalism" from one corner of the mouth and "indifference to the people" from the other? Or does Professor Cope mean the titled aristocrats? If so, what privileges do they enjoy except such as are either purchasable for money in any part of the world, or else are purely social in their nature and hence outside the sphere of government. If they steal, or forge notes, or commit an assault, are they not arrested and tried by public law? Can they burn your house or enslave your person with impunity? They live in big houses and have yachts and private cars; and so do we, if we can afford it. They have the "privilege" of being lionised in society, stared at in public places and written up in the newspapers; so have our own millionaires if their taste runs in that direction. Sometimes by virtue of their wealth and position they get offices to which their merit would not entitle them; just so with us. Some of them are men of character, ability, generosity and devotion to public duty, others are profligate, dull, selfish, and useless; very much the same at home. Take away the hereditary titles and allow a little time for the nimbus to vanish and where is the very great difference? Shall we then hate them for their titles? Well I have my democratic prejudices on that subject too, but I have learned to be calm. King means tribesman; duke, leader; and count, companion; and why should we not be able, in this age of the world, to look as serenely at a constitutional duke as at a Kentucky colonel, and see in both cases nothing but the man? Professor Cope complains of the notorious social "stratigraphy of the Englishman's mind." But have we not *our* social stratigraphy? Have republics anywhere got rid of the spirit of caste? Have the South American Spaniards got rid of it? Have we? Are we getting rid of it? Is it not a matter beyond the control of government and inseparable from dif-

ferences of wealth, education, employment, and taste? Even if the socialist régime were realised, would not birds of a feather still flock together and entertain their private opinion of the plumage and intelligence of other flocks?

But the aristocrats have large incomes, out of proportion to their "utility," and these incomes are "stolen" from the people. Professor Cope thinks it a distinguishing mark of American speech that we call "a spade a spade and stealing we call stealing." "In Europe," he continues, "the robberies of the most enterprising robbers have been legitimised and have become a part of the system under which the people live. Thus have arisen established royal families, nobilities, and churches." But is this really a scientific nomenclature? In what sense is the Prince of Wales or the Archbishop of Canterbury a robber? Suppose that an intelligent people familiar with history and with the arguments pro and con, and having full power to get what they want and get rid of what they do not want, deliberately prefer that the personage who represents to the general eye the dignity and authority of the State shall bear the historic title of king or duke, rather than that of archon, consul, or president,—can we quarrel with them in the name of republicanism? Is it not the essence of our beloved doctrine that the people shall have what they want? And suppose they want a State Church, or having one prefer to let it stand,—can we forbid them that luxury in the name of republicanism? We have a public life-saving service; why should not the English have a soul-saving service—if they want it? We may think them benighted, not alive to their own true interest; but then they may think the same of us for maintaining a protective tariff, or a weather-bureau, or a fish-hatchery. It is a world in which opinions differ, and it was to make such a world habitable in peace that republicanism—the rule of the majority under the forms of law—was invented. But if a people want a king, or a crown prince, or an archbishop, is not the question of his "utility" and his income their business and no one else's? How much ought a king or a duke to receive? Or a president, a judge, a school-master? Who can tell better in each case than the people that foot the bills? Can we justly apply the name "robber" to the man who, in a law-governed country, is the legal beneficiary of his country's laws and institutions? Many people think that every protected manufacturer is a robber; others think the same of every capitalist, or of the man who holds real estate for a rise in value. But is the name correctly applied in their cases? If so, where are we to stop? Why is not anybody a robber who happens to have land or other property which somebody else thinks is more than enough?

How much land or money or salary may a man have before he begins to be a robber? We cannot evade the logic: If the Prince of Wales or the Archbishop of Canterbury is a robber, then we are all robbers who dwell on the hither side of communism. Why then use an opprobrious name and claim for it the merit of truthful plain-speaking? To my mind that is not calling a spade a spade, but it is calling a spade a bowie-knife or a burglar's jimmy.

And then, as to the contention that the European monarchies hate us and would destroy us if they could,—where is the evidence of this? It is true that after Waterloo a number of absolute monarchs, imagining that democracy meant a continuation of the revolutionary and Napoleonic era, that is, turbulence and aggressive war, set their faces sternly against it, and drew upon themselves the memorable and patriotic warning-notice of President Monroe. But they soon saw that they were battling against the ocean, and that the only way to deal with democracy was to embrace it. The soul of the Revolution went marching on, and to-day, in the form of constitutionalism, democracy has leavened the whole lump in Western Europe, captured Australia and the bulk of Africa, and made large inroads in Asia. Why should not we republicans possess our souls in peace, glad to see the stars in their courses fight our battle, and even getting a measure of solemn amusement, now and then, as we see the "monarchs" tumble over each other in their race for the favor of the dear people. I doubt if there is a king in the world at the present time who feels himself the less secure because of the existence of republics. They have learned to rely upon the honest monarchical sentiment of their subjects. Why did not Bismarck refuse to evacuate Paris unless the French put in another king? Witness the present cordial relations between Russia and France, and between Russia and the United States. Consider the solicitude of Wilhelm II. for the independence of the Transvaal. Look at Switzerland—safe and solid as her Alps, and universally respected. And not the least factor in her safety and the respect she enjoys is her habit of attending pretty closely to her own business.

To me it is the most incomprehensible proposition in the world that Europe is our natural enemy and South America our natural friend. Does the mere fact that the governments south of us call themselves republics, though many of them have yet to learn the A B C of republicanism, viz., peaceable acceptance of the will of the majority,—does this one fact count for more than all the ties of blood, of common language, traditions, laws, literature, religion, of commercial, intellectual, and artistic intercourse, that bind us to Europe? It seems to me that every nation in the

world is our natural friend, but pre-eminently the nations of Germanic Europe.

If I were despatching this article from a German city to an ordinary newspaper at home, I should confidently expect in these days that many a reader would drop it unfinished with the remark: Another American professor corrupted by residence in Europe. Better stay there if he likes it so well!—From the clientage of *The Open Court* I do not so much fear this funny martyrdom; and yet it may be well enough to say that I have not been debauched by "monarchy." I am sound on the form, am not a British sympathiser, and have had no money from the Cobden Club. And I am coming back. So far as this article is concerned, I have tried to write in a perfectly dispassionate and scientific temper, solely in the interest of truth. Underneath that, however, I have really written out of the deep love I bear my country. It is precisely because I am so good a democrat, because I have such loyal pride in my country, that I cannot bear to think of its going wrong,—confounding shadows with substance and names with things. I hate to hear my countrymen, in and out of responsible office, talking as if they had been asleep since the Congress of Vienna. It makes one feel as if they might next propose to make the Armenian atrocities the occasion of an American crusade for the capture of Jerusalem. I admit that I have not any of the time believed the danger of war to be very great. But until the Commission reports, the danger cannot be said to be altogether past. So long as this is the case, and so long as highly intelligent men can take the view which Professor Cope takes of American duty and destiny, it is pertinent to ask coldly and calmly just what we should gain for republican institutions in the Western hemisphere if we went to war with Great Britain. Assume the fullest measure of success on our part which any imagination can dream of.

The net result in South America could hardly be more than that a few thousand Englishmen, nursed in the traditions of democracy, would be compelled to leave their homes or else to submit to an offensive pseudo-republican government. We should of course be obliged by the logic of war to invade Canada, a friendly country that has done us no wrong and has no interest in the Venezuelan boundary; a country inhabited by a people as free and as democratic as we are. I assume that if we were in earnest and united, the Canadians could not stand up against us. We should then fill their land with havoc and mourning, capture their cities, subvert their institutions, excite throughout half a continent a universal and inextinguishable hatred of ourselves and of our flag, and thus acquire a territory which would be ungovernable under our system. We should have to govern it by

military despotism. And all this we should be doing in order to promote the interests of republican institutions in the Western hemisphere; doing in the name of the doctrine which asserts the right of every people to manage its own affairs in its own way. Could the arch-enemy of mankind, who is also, as we believe, the arch-enemy of republicanism, imagine in his wildest flight of cynicism a worse adaptation of means to ends?

THE INFLUENCE OF ANCIENT GREECE UPON CHRISTIAN DEMONOLOGY.

THE exchange of thought that took place among the nations of the Roman Empire produced the need of a new religion which found its satisfaction in that great spiritual movement which is known by the name of Christianity. The idea of immortality became more and more accepted by the masses of the people; but there were many to whom it was no welcome news, for it served only to enhance the fears of man's fate after death. The Egyptians' dread of judgment in the nether world, the Jews' horror of Gehenna, the Hindus' longing for an escape from future sufferings, were now added to the Greek notions of Hades, and rendered them more terrible than before. The descriptions of Tartarus which we find in Homer's *Iliad* and in Hesiod's *Theogony* began to be believed in more seriously than ever. Plato's dualistic conception of the soul created in the hearts of many noble men a longing for death as a release from the ills that in this material existence flesh is heir to, but intensified, at the same time, in others the expectations of the sufferings beyond. These tendencies were criticised by philosophers and ridiculed by witty authors. Thus we read in the *Epigrams* of Callimachus (No. xxiv):

"Cleombrot,¹ he of Ambracia, took leave of the sun in the heavens:
Leapt from a wall in the hope | sooner to reach the Beyond;
Not that he e'er had encountered an ill that made life to him
bateful;

Only because he had read | Plato's grand book on the soul."²

And Lucian tells the story of Peregrinus, surnamed Proteus, who after various adventures became a convert to Christianity. He would have been forgotten and his name would never have been mentioned in history but for the fact that in the presence of a great crowd at the Olympian festivals he burned himself to death on a big pile of wood. These were symptoms which illustrated the religious zeal of the people and characterised the unrest of the times. Farther Plutarch tells us in his *Morals* that the superstitious are chas-

¹ Cleombrotus may have been the same disciple of Socrates who is mentioned in Phaedo II., p. 59, c. This strange case of suicide is alluded to by St. Augustine in *de Civ. Dei*, I., 22.

² Translated in the original metre.

tised by "their own imagination of an anguish that will never cease." He says:

"Wide open stand the deep gates of the Hades that they fable, and there stretches a vista of rivers of fire and Stygian cliffs; and all is canopied with a darkness full of fantasies, of spectres threatening us with terrible faces and uttering pitiful cries."

Mr. F. C. Conybeare, in his *Monuments of Early Christianity*, says, concerning the belief in hell:

"We make a mistake if we think that this awful shadow was not cast across the human mind long before the birth of Christianity. On the contrary, it is a survival from the most primitive stage of our intellectual and moral development. The mysteries of the old Greek and Roman worlds were intended as modes of propitiation and atonement, by which to escape from those all-besetting terrors, and Jesus, the Messiah, was the last and the best of the *σωτήριον θεού* of the redeeming gods. In the dread of death and in the belief in the eternal fire of hell, which pervaded men's minds, a few philosophers excepted, Christianity had a *point d'appui*, without availing itself of which it would not have made a single step towards the conquest of men's minds."

When the myths of the West were compared with the religions of the East, the ancient pagan beliefs were not abandoned, but transformed. Hesiod tells us in the Theogony of the terrible struggle between Zeus and the Titans, and St. Peter, when speaking in his second letter of the revolution of the angels that sinned, says that "God sent them down to Tartarus." The expression however is obliterated in the version of King James, for the word *ταρταρώσας* (having hurled them to Tartarus) is translated "sent them down to hell."

Further we read in the Theogony of the battle between the monster Typhoeus and Zeus:

"When Zeus had driven the Titans out from Heaven, huge Earth bare her youngest born son, Typhoeus, . . . whose hands, indeed, are fit for deeds on account of their strength. . . . On his shoulders there were one hundred heads of a serpent, of a fierce dragon, playing with dusky tongues. From the eyes in his wondrous heads fire struggled beneath the brows. From his terrible mouths voices were sending forth every kind of sound ineffable,—the bellowing of a bull, the roar of a lion, the barking of whelps, and the hiss of a serpent. The huge monster would have reigned over mortals unless the sire of gods and men had quickly observed him. Harshly he thundered, and heavily and terribly the earth re-echoed around. Beneath Jove's immortal feet vast Olympus trembled, and the earth groaned. Heaven and sea were boiling. Pluto trembled, monarch of the dead. The Titans in Tartarus trembled also, but Jove smote Typhoeus and scorched all the wondrous heads of the terrible monster. When at last the monster was quelled, smitten with blows, it fell down lame, and Zeus hurled him into wide Tartarus."

This description reminds us of passages in the New Testament. We read, for instance, in Revelation, xii., 7-9:

"And there was war in Heaven. Michael and his angels fought against the dragon; and the dragon fought and his angels; and prevailed not; neither was their place found any more in Heaven. And the great dragon was cast out, that old serpent

called the Devil and Satan, which deceiveth the whole world; he was cast out into the earth, and his angels were cast out with him."

Thus the old Greek demons merely changed names and reappeared in new personalities. In this shape they were embodied into the canonical books of the New Testament and became the integral part of the new religion, which at that time began to conquer the world.

P. C.

FABLES FROM THE NEW ÆSOP.

BY HUDOR GENONE.

The Potentate's Present.

A POOR widow chanced to find opportunity to do a potentate a favor. The potentate, overjoyed to be relieved of his dilemma (which was only a small matter of a pin wanting to his sarraband) told the poor widow to name what reward she desired. The woman after a moment's reflexion said that above all else in the world she desired a canary-bird. "For," said she, "I had one that died and I miss its carolling sorely."

"Say no more," exclaimed the potentate, "I will see that your desires are more than amply gratified."

The next day His Majesty's prime minister was called into the serene presence and directed to procure forthwith and take to the widow, not a canary-bird, but an elephant.

At which all the courtiers made obeisance and cried with one voice that of all monarchs that potentate was the most amiable and generous.

But if they thought him possessed of these excellent traits it was more than the poor widow did. "For what," said she, "shall I do with so big a beast? Will I hang him in a cage in my front room? Will he sing to me and chirp and carol?"

Just then the elephant trumpeted loudly.

"There!" said the prime minister. "If it is a song you desire, what could exceed that for noise?"

"Alas! kind sir," said the widow piteously, her eyes full of tears, "it may be, and I am sure is a very fair quality of noise, but it is not the kind of noise I admire. I chanced to do my lord a trifling service which might have been repaid with a 'thank ye kindly,' but he chose to offer me a choice of gifts and I asked a bird. It is not bulk I want but beauty, and not noise but a song. So take your beast and be gone."

Then the prime minister and all the courtiers and after (when the tale was told him) the potentate said, "what base ingratitude thus to reject so great a reward."

But the widow was pleased enough to be rid of the beast, and said to a neighbor of hers that if this was generosity from thenceforth she should beware how she furnished pins for a potentate's sarraband, how great soever his extremity might be.

CORRESPONDENCE.

ARE WE RESPONSIBLE FOR OUR FATE?

To the Editor of the Open Court:

To say that my "view of God is in Christian dogmatology," is not a refutation of my argument in regard to the responsibility of God. Neither is the presentation of your idea of God's responsibility a true and logical defence of your position which teaches that "we are all builders of our own fate, and we must be our own saviours." It is incumbent upon you to show by corroborative testimony that mankind have full control of every factor in the combinations which control their actions for weal or woe, and that all human action is due solely to individual effort, environments having no power over organisms to conquer them. You must prove that sober, honest, industrious men never have to face poverty; that energetic business men who start in with courage, hope, and zeal, and a fair amount of capital, never become bankrupt; that people who do the best they can to conform to the rules of health never get sick; that passengers both on sea and land who suffer loss of life and property, always sow to their own disaster, that they are not the helpless victims of the carelessness of others who are in charge; that people who get burned to death in hotels and other buildings always start the fire which consumes them; that when a father, mother, son, or daughter commits a crime or is brought to shame, no other member of the family suffers; that when politicians work hard for office, they never get defeated; that slaves place themselves in bondage; that young men who study hard to qualify themselves to obtain lucrative positions, always get them; that all mankind have the necessary ability, which godlike sowers and reapers ought to have, to foresee and foreknow and to change the combination of the circumstances which often lord it over them; that mankind always have moral courage to refuse to be led astray; that kindness never reaps imposition, that the virtuous are always happy and the vicious are always miserable; that a farmer controls every factor in the combination which will bring him a good harvest; that every business and workman is not dependent upon other factors than themselves for success; that man is never defeated in getting anything that he wishes and strives for; that each political party can, at the same time, elect its own president; that when two nations are at war both can be victorious by force of arms. I might still go on enumerating in like manner from the facts of the domain in which we live and move. What are the empty assumptions of the teachers of religions against this great array of indisputable, scientific evidence?

Your position implies that all mankind have full knowledge and control of every natural law, or cause; that they are the primary drivers, not the driven. You view mankind the same as if you were to see a lot of spinning and weaving-machines at work and then say that they are self-acting. You look at the stream, but you neglect to take the source into consideration. You destroy the connecting link between God and man, when by pure science it can be clearly shown that the power which evolves cannot be separated from the form evolved; neither can there be any progress, or evolution unless there is involution from the primary source—the foundation-stone which has been rejected by all philosophers of a negative type. Your position implies, also, that mankind are a lot of self-imposed idiots and imbeciles, who desire misery instead of happiness, sickness instead of health, poverty instead of wealth, ignorance instead of wisdom, and evil instead of good. If I looked upon poor, suffering humanity as the cause of all their evil and suffering, I would despair of their deliverance, because like can only beget like, but as I know that the leaven of evolution within them is able to lift them up from sin and suffering, I rejoice with exceeding great joy.

There will not be a new Christianity, because Christianity is not science. New types must have new names. A whale cannot be consistently called a mollusk. All religions are transient superstitions. The parables of the mustard-seed and the leaven were not spoken in reference to Christianity,—a formulation of the apostles—but to the kingdom of God. The Gospel of Jesus is not Christianity. This will be proved later. The time has come to make a divide. As *The Open Court* is set for progress, and truth for authority, it has nothing to lose, but much to gain—as Mr. Hegeler has said, "the truth is sure to prevail."

"Man, every single individual, and also the whole of mankind, is a part of God." This is true as regards matter; but it is not true in regard to power, ingenuity, form, godhood, and infinity. Man is not identical with God. Man cannot reverse the order of his being nor the order of his growth, career, or destiny. Cannot raise himself up after he has returned to dust. God can do all these. We are not responsible because we are identical with God, but because we must be so held for the good of all. All the lower animals are so held. We are obliged to punish them if they transgress. Punishment is not retributive justice as religions teach, but an apposition of nature. Vicious organisms need restraining, just as fish need water to swim in. If the dogma of sow and reap were true, the good ought not suffer. But they do suffer just as much as criminals do, only in other forms. My position is not dualistic because I claim that forms are not altogether identical with God. It is purely monistic. Forceful matter (not force and matter) is able to combine and evolve all the forms that we see. God is simply forceful matter. As the chameleon can change its hue, yet the hues are not identical with the chameleon as regards power, knowledge, form, and control, so God is lord in all his works—all forms and conditions being subject to him.

Reasoning from the primary source of forms, God cannot be otherwise. Our true relation to God is the same as that of mill-machinery to the engine which drives it, with the exception that the engine did not evolve and arrange the machinery. Where God's evolution is not, all the efforts on the part of mankind for progress are vain. Though hand join with hand, as the labor reformers have done, human efforts cannot go ahead of natural evolution. We are not here to mix the cups which we have to drink; we have to drink the cups which the Father mixes for us. The humble attitude of the Nazarene is the true one for us to assume.

JOHN MADDOCK.

[We publish Mr. Maddock's letter without entering into the various problems which he touches upon, for there is no need of refuting them. We agree with many of his statements and feel obliged only to present an explanation of what we mean when we say that we are responsible for our fate.]

What are we? We, i. e., every one of us, are an organism of a definite character with peculiar dispositions and impulses. This idea of ourselves, however, is an abstraction, as much so as all ideas are abstractions; for we do not and cannot exist in isolation.

When we speak of our planet, earth, we must not forget that it belongs to the sun, and that the character of the earth, the gravity of its masses, its vegetation and animal life, depend upon the sun, and the sun in all its peculiarities is a determinant factor and an important part of the suchness of the earth. Were we to make an inventory of ourselves, we should find that we had to refer to the whole world of which we are a part. And when we ask the question, Whence do we come and whither do we fare? we can trace the influences that shaped us in the conditions of our life—in our parents and in the evolution of thought that preceded us; we are the continuance of prior life, and if you ask, where is that prior life? the answer cannot be that it disappeared into nothing, but "Here it is; it is we."

Our life began with the origin of life on earth; nay, it began with the origin of our solar system, and even with the origin of the Milky Way of which our solar system is a part. The impulse that animated the rotation of the nebula from which sun and earth were differentiated, continues in our life, not as the sole feature of our being, but as one that was there from the beginning, or rather from eternity. We were present when the solar system was framed, and we have no right to complain about it if it does not please us; we have a right to repent, and the desire may originate that we should undo what we did in former existences; but we have to bear all the consequences. Throughout the evolution of life we continued existence under definite conditions. It is of no account whether or not parents are conscious of the responsibility of extending their existence in new generations; they are held responsible; and the new generation reaps what the old one sowed by its deeds.

He who ventures out on the sea on a poor craft that cannot stand the storm is responsible if the storm actually comes. That we take our chances in almost all the walks of life, which in innumerable cases turn out well, does not relieve us of the responsibilities when running risks.

In this sense we are responsible for our fates and reap the fruits of our deeds; and in making this statement, I am aware of the fact, not only that we frequently are the helpless victims of the conditions under which we choose to continue in the course of life, but also that thoughtlessness or ignorance prevents us from recognising the consequences of our deeds. Every birth involves a death; while every evil deed and every error are the seeds of misery. This helplessness, in extraordinary cases, imposes the duty of assistance upon others. The solidarity of the interests of life implies that, for our own sake, we must help one another.

I grant that if by "ourselves" we understand our existence cut loose from its pre-existence, as something that rose into being from nothing and will again disappear into nothing, we may regard ourselves as a fortuitous product of circumstances, and are irresponsible in every respect.—Ed.]

NOTES.

Swami Vivekananda has written a booklet of eight chapters (fifty-four pages) on the *Karma Yoga*, which is published by Brentano (31 Union Square, New York) for \$1.00. Other lectures on the Vedānta philosophy and other subjects, such as "The Hindu Conception of God," "The Ideal of Universal Religion," "The Cosmos," and "Bhakti Yoga," can be had for ten cents per copy.

We are in receipt of a three-volume work on the life of the Rt. Rev. Ogino Dokuon by the Rev. Zitsuzen Ashitsu, the same who three years ago visited Chicago as a member of the Parliament of Religions and a representative of the Tendai sect. The book before us is written in Chinese and prefaced in Japanese. It is a tribute of Mr. Ashitsu's to his teacher, who played a very important part in the later religious history of Japan.

The Rt. Rev. Ogino Dokuon was born at the village of Yamasaka, Kojima-Gōri, of the province of Bizen in Japan in July, 1819. At thirteen he became a Buddhist monk and studied the Chinese classics under Hoashi Banri; at twenty-three he went to Kyoto and renewed his study of the doctrines of the Dharmā sect under the guidance of the head abbot, Taisetsu, of the monastery of Shōkokuji in Kyoto, and, after finishing his religious studies, he dwelt in the same monastery. During the fifty years of his religious life he was one of the most indefatigable and diligent workers for his religion. At the time of the great revolution in 1863 there arose in Japan a severe repudiation of Buddhism, and the people mercilessly attacked the Buddhist monks. The Rev. Ogino had bravely met his opponents and at last he was able to reinstate the fallen power of his religion. In 1872 he was ap-

pointed president of the Daikyōin and became the archbishop. He died on the 10th of August, 1895, at the age of seventy-six. This is only an outline of his life; a minute description of the same will be found in the Rev. Mr. Ashitsu's "Tai-Ko-Go-Roku."

We are also in receipt of another book by the Rev. Zitsuzen Ashitsu, on "the real body (or personality) of Amitabha," in which the nature of omnipresent and eternal Buddhahood is discussed.

On the platform of the Religious Parliament the Rev. Ashitsu was distinguished not only by his appearance in a tasteful robe, but also and mainly by his thoughtful face; and the readers of *The Monist* will remember his article, "The Fundamental Teachings of Buddhism," in Vol. IV., No. 2, of *The Monist*.

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OPEN THOUGHT THE FIRST STEP TO INTELLIGENCE.

BY GEORGE JACOB HOLYOAKE.

"It is not prudent to be in the right too soon, nor to be in the right against everybody else. And yet it sometimes happens that after a certain lapse of time, greater or lesser, you will find that one of those truths which you had kept to yourself as premature, but which has got abroad in spite of your teeth, has become the most common-place thing imaginable.

—Alphonse Karr.

ONE purpose of these articles is to explain how unfounded are the objections of many excellent Christians to Secular instruction in state, public, or board schools. The Secular is distinct from theology—which it neither ignores, assails, nor denies. The Secular is as separate from the Church as land from the ocean. And what nobody seems to discern is that the Secular is quite distinct from Secularism. The Secular is a mode of instruction—Secularism is a code of conduct. Secularism does conflict with theology; Secularist teaching would, but Secular instruction does not.

Persuaded as I am that lack of consideration for the convictions of the reader creates an impediment in the way of his agreement with the writer, and even disinclines him to examine what is put before him—yet some of these pages may be open to this objection. If so, it is owing to want of thought or want of art in statement—and no part of intention in the author.

He would have diffidence in expressing, as he does in these pages, his dissent from the opinions of many Christian advocates, for whose character and convictions he has great respect, and for some even affection—did he not perceive that few have any diffidence or reservation (save in one or two exalted instances¹) in maintaining their views and dissenting from his.

Open thought, which in these articles is brought under the reader's notice—sometimes called "self-thought," or "free thought," or "original thought," the opposite of conventional second-hand thought—which is all that the custom-ridden mass of mankind is addicted to.

Open thought has three stages:

The first stage is that in which the right to think independently is insisted on; and the free action of opinion—so formed—is maintained. Conscious power

¹Of whom the greatest is Mr. Gladstone.

thus acquired satisfies the pride of some: others limit its exercise from prudence. Interests, which would be jeopardised by applying independent thought to received opinion, keep more silent, and thus many never pass from this stage.

The second stage is that in which the right of self-thought is applied to the criticism of theology, with a view to clear the way for life according to reason. This is not the work of a day or year, but is so prolonged that clearing the way becomes as it were a profession, and is at length pursued as an end instead of a means. Disputation becomes a passion and the higher state of life, of which criticism is the necessary precursor, is lost sight of, and many remain at this stage when it is reached and go no further.

The third stage is that where ethical motives of conduct apart from Christianity are vindicated for the guidance of those who are indifferent to, or who reject orthodox theology. This is Secularism whose range is illimitable. It begins where free thought usually ends, and constitutes a new form of constructive thought, whose principles and policy are quite different to those acted upon in the preceding stages. Controversy concerns itself with what *is*, Secularism with what *ought* to be.

The Question Stated.

"Look forward—not backward;
Look up—not down;
Look around;
Lend a hand."¹

—Edward Everett Hale, D. D.

WHERE a monarchy is master inquiry is apt to be a disturbing element, and though exercised in the interest of the commonwealth it is none the less resented. Where the priest is master inquiry is sharply prohibited. The priest represents a spiritual monarchy in which the tenets of belief are fixed, assumed to be infallible and to be prescribed by deity. Thus the priest regards inquiry as proceeding from an impertinent distrust, to which he is not reconciled on being assured that it is undertaken in the interests of truth. Thus the king denounces inquiry as sedition, and the priest as sin. In the end the inquirer finds himself an

¹Dr. Hale did not popularise these energetic maxims of earnestness in the connexion in which they are here used; but their wisdom is of general application.

alien in State and Church, and laws are made against his life, his liberty, property, and veracity.¹

Thus from the time when monarch and priest first set up their pretensions in the world, the inquiring mind has had small encouragement. When Protestantism came it merely conceded inquiry *under direction*, and only so far as it tended to confirm its own anti-papal tenets. But when inquiry claimed to be independent, unfettered, uncontrolled, in fact to be *free* inquiry: then Papist, Lutheran, and Dissenter, alike regarded it as dangerous, and stigmatised it by every term calculated to deter or dissuade people from it.

But though this combined defamation of inquiry set many against it, it did not intimidate it entirely. There arose independent thinkers who held that unfettered investigation was the discoverer of truth and dangerous to error only, and the freer it was the more effective it must be.

Still timorous-minded persons remained suspicious of *free* thought. At its best they found it involved conflict with false opinion, and conflict to those without aspiration or conscience, is disquieting; and where impartial investigation interfered with personal interests it was opposed. No one could enter on the search for truth but he found the path obstructed by theological errors and interdictions. Having taken the side of truth, all who were loyal to it, were bound like Bunyan's Pilgrim to withstand the Apollyons who opposed it, and a combat began which lasted for centuries, and is not yet ended. But though theology was always in power, men of courage at length established the right of free inquiry, and established also a free press for the publication of the results arrived at. These rights were so indispensable for progress and were so long resisted, that generations fought for them as ends in themselves. Thus there grew up, as in military affairs, a class whose profession was destruction, and free thinkers came to be regarded as negationists. When I came into the field the combat was raging. Richard Carlile had not long been liberated from successive imprisonments of more than nine years duration in all. Charles Southwell was in Bristol gaol. Before his sentence had half expired I was in Gloucester gaol. George Adams was there; Mrs. Harriet Adams was committed for trial from Cheltenham. Matilda Roalfe, Thomas Finlay, Thomas Paterson, and others were incarcerated in Scotland. Robert Buchanan and Lloyd Jones, two social missionaries—colleagues of my own—only escaped imprisonment by swearing they believed what they did not believe: an act I refused to imitate, and no mean inconvenience has resulted to

¹ When martyrdoms and imprisonments ceased, disabling laws remained which imposed the Christian oath on all who appealed to the courts, and any one who had the pride of veracity and declined so to swear, were denied protection for property, or credence of their word.

me from it. I took part in the vindication of the free publicity of opinion until it was practically conceded.

At the time when I was arrested in 1842, the Cheltenham magistrates who were angered at defiant remarks I made, had the power (and used it) of committing me to the Quarter Sessions as a "felon," where the same justices could resent penally what I had said to them. On representations I made to Parliament—through my friend John Arthur Roebuck and others—Sir James Graham caused a Bill to be passed which removed trials for opinion to the Assizes. I was the first person tried under this act. Thus for the first time heresy was ensured a dispassionate trial and was no longer subject to the jurisdiction of local prejudice and personal magisterial resentment.

When, however, facts of outrage were no longer possible against the adherents of free thought, Christians, some from fairness, and others from necessity, began to reason with them and asked: "Now you have established your claim to be heard. What have you to say?" The reply I proposed was Secularism—a form of opinion relating to the duty of this life which substituted the piety of useful men for the usefulness of piety.

THE RELIGION OF THE VEDA.¹

A Study in the History of Religion.

BY PROF. H. OLDENBERG.

OUT of all the rack and ruin of Indian antiquity, the most momentous objects, which the investigator can hope to render comprehensible to the modern reader, are the great religions of ancient India. At their head stands the religion embodied in the literature of the Veda—a belief closely related to the ancient religions of the principal European peoples, but retaining in a clearer manner than they the marks of distant prehistoric stages, the traces of mighty commotions in which man's religious thought and feeling laboriously struggled forth from the crude confusion of primitive ages to nobler and more elevated forms. The religion of the Veda is in turn replaced by the teaching of Buddha,—the sternly practical religion of conquering shepherd-chieftains and their priests, by the world-renouncing doctrine of salvation-seeking monks. Far-reaching analogies interweave the ideals, for which the followers of the Shākya's son forsook their homes for a life of wandering, with thoughts evolved in the Western world, especially in Greece. It seems practicable to reduce this development of the religious nature, proceeding as it did in parallel directions among peoples so widely separated, to a single general formula, that would set forth the agreement of the various powerful impulses working among them.

¹ Authorised translation from the *Deutsche Rundschau* by O. W. Weyer,

It will, I trust, be permitted a fellow worker in the exploration of these domains, to describe and to appraise the value of the attempts which science has made and is yet making to interpret these primeval monuments of human searching, longing, hoping, and to assign to them their proper place in history. But dare he make the attempt to conjure forth the figures themselves of that prehistoric world, those rare one's of silver, and with them the more numerous throng of inferior metal: can he succeed in fixing them, even though he leave the outlines somewhat doubtful and obscure?

The gods and myths of earliest India became accessible to research as soon as it possessed itself of the Rig-Veda, a collection of more than a thousand hymns—the great majority of them sacrificial hymns. I have described in a former series of articles in this magazine,¹ how the knowledge of the Rig-Veda was acquired, and how by hard but rapid philological work its obscurities were surely and steadily overcome. A feeling of awe was involuntarily felt on reading those poems, the antiquity of whose language loomed far beyond the old Sanskrit of even the law-book of Manu, or of the great Indian epics. A sensation, as of being led back into the deepest past of our own Teutonic ancestors, as of catching faint traces of their heart-beats in the first dawn of their antiquity, was quite generally felt, as those gods of a blood-related people arose before us; *Agni*, fire, the genial guest of human habitations; *Indra*, the thundering dragon-slayer, who uses his boundless strength to free the waters from their prison; *Varuna*, in whom it was believed the all-embracing heavens were personified, the observer and avenger of even the most hidden sins; *Ushas*, the lovely morning-blush, the dawn, who usurps the sway of her sister, the Night, and, with a herd of ruddy cattle in her train traverses the firmament over, lavishing benefits and blessings.

It so happened, in the progress of science, that the first glances, which fell upon these apparitions of the gods, starting up thus suddenly from the midst of a desolated field, were the glances of comparative philologists: the same savants, who, leaping from one triumph to another, were at that very time engrossed with the work of illuminating the Greek, Latin, and Germanic inflexions with the light coming from the Sanskrit. What could be more natural than that those investigators should apply to mythology the same critical method of comparison which had borne such rich and abundant fruits in Grammar? that they should seek to establish between the divinities of the Veda and those of ancient Europe the same kinship, the

same identity of origin, as existed between certain forms of Indian and Greek verbs, for example between the Indian *daddmi* and the Greek *didomi*, both of which mean "I give"? And so, there grew up—one might say, as a branch of comparative philology—a comparative mythology, which uniformly placed the philological points of view foremost; and which placed special reliance upon the *names* of the divinities or demons, and then sought to establish their primal natures by means of an etymological treatment of these names.

In the pursuit of this course, as between the Veda and the European traditions, the leading part fell naturally enough to the former. For the Veda had the benefit of all that prestige which the Sanskrit then enjoyed in philological matters, of being the chiefest witness as to what was the first form and the first meaning of words. Why the word *daughter* should be *thygater* in Greek and *Tochter* in German, neither the Greek nor the German language could explain. But the Sanskrit *did* seem able to explain it. The history of the Sanskrit word for *daughter* seemed written on its very front. Since this word fell under the root *duh* (to milk), it seemed obvious that the *daughter* was originally the *milker*—a domestic idyl from remotest antiquity. And at length there was a sort of conviction, trailing at the hand of an etymology dominated by the Sanskrit, that we could, to repeat an expression of Max Müller's, reach back into regions of the past so far as to believe ourselves listening to the very voices of the earth-born sons of Manu.

It was in fact unavoidable, that this scientific art, whilst pursuing its labors with such ardor, such rich hopes, such confidence, should at the same time experience within itself the calling and the capacity, to expound, with the help of a catalogue of Sanskrit roots, the primal meaning of the hitherto mysterious divinities of Homer, of ancient Italy, and of the Edda. And it must be admitted, too, that a few of these comparisons and elaborations of the names of the old divinities really forced themselves upon the mind with overpowering conviction, and remain at this day as convincing as they were then.

But with the attempt to press on beyond this very scanty store, an approach was ever more closely made to a procedure the subjective character of which seriously endangered the security of the results already acquired. From the endless wealth of mythological names, of which the Veda is literally full, the sharp scent of the investigators hunted out and brought to light here and there a word, which, while it may have had some small resemblance to a Greek name, still occurred but rarely in the Vedic tradition. Or if there were no proper noun for the divinity to be found in the Vedic, they would fasten upon a mere adjective.

¹ *The Open Court*, Nos. 79, 84, 85, 86, for the year 1889. These articles, entitled "The Study of Sanskrit," appeared afterward in book-form in *Epitomes of Three Sciences*. Chicago: The Open Court Publishing Co. Cloth, 75 cents.

Or, indeed, instead of a word actually transmitted in the Veda, they would now and then upon their own responsibility build up a Vedic word as a counterpart to the name of a Greek divinity.

Thus, in a very obscure verse of the Rig-Veda there appears a goddess, a female demon, *Saranjus*, of whose nature the Veda reveals next to nothing at all; it was thought that the primitive¹ form of the Greek Erinyes had been found. The name *Saranjus*, according to its derivation from a root *sar* (to hurry), seems to mean "the hurrying one"; and the view was accordingly adopted, that she was the personification of the stormy thunder-cloud. And when the Greeks speak of Erinyes as "walking in the mist," of her swinging torches in her hands, immediately plain confirmation was therein discerned for the proposition that the Erinyes, too, sprang from the conception of the thunder-cloud; their torches are the thunder-bolts which strike down the impious.

The Rig-Veda speaks of a goddess *Sarama*, a dog, who tracks the ruddy cows of the gods to their concealment when stolen; her sons, who have also canine shapes and appear to play the part of genii of sleep and death, are named after their mother *Saramejas*. It was thought that the Greek *Hermes* and *Hermestas* had been discovered here, the guide of souls into the realm of death, the dream-sending god of sleep. And here again the same root *sar* (to hurry) seemed to conduct the mythological interpreter into the realm of the agitated atmosphere, just as in the case of Erinyes. *Sarama*, "the hurrying one," was explained as the wind; to the fleetness of the wind the dog-form of the goddess and her children seemed to correspond, in the natural symbolism of the myth.

But the wind is not the only thing in nature which moves hurriedly. And hence other interpretations were possible. *Sarama*, who recovers the treasure of ruddy cows lost in the darkness, could she not mean the morning-blush, the dawn? And does not her name appear to resemble the name of Helena? In that case, the story of the Iliad is found again in one of the standing themes of the Veda-hymns; the siege of Troy would be but a repetition of the daily siege by the martial forces of the sun, of the entrenchments of night, where the treasures of light are locked up.

Besides Helen, there appeared in the Greek a whole list of goddesses representing the Indian morning, the foremost of which was disclosed in the Vedic

title of the dawn, *Ahava*. Here, it was thought, lay the germ from which the Greek *Athene* had sprung, the daughter of Zeus, just as in the Veda the dawn was called the daughter of *Djaus*, or Heaven.

In conclusion, one more of these Indo-Greek combinations may be cited: the one which of them all perhaps fared with the best luck. A part of the ancient Indian fire-drill, namely, the stick which was kept turning to ignite the wood by its friction, was called *pramantha*. Here was revealed, so it was thought, the nature of the Titan form of Prometheus. The friend of mankind—who brought to them, despite of Zeus, fire, the fountain of all art—seemed here to be announced in his original character as a divine "rubber of fire," who afterwards brings down the flame, which he has himself produced, to the earth.

It is evident that in nearly all of these combinations one characteristic regularly recurs: the origin of the divine beings, including those which appear most unequivocally to represent ethical forces or influences active in human culture, is traced back to the powers of nature. Erinyes was the dark storm-cloud before she undertook the office of avenging the misdeeds of men. But in the great realm of nature there were two regions in which these interpretations of the meaning of divinities and myths lingered with particular predilection: the phenomena of storm and thunder on the one hand, and on the other the alternation of light and darkness.

On this point the leanings of investigators separated. The question was much discussed as to which of the two classes must have produced the deepest and most lasting impressions upon the soul of youthful mankind,—those extraordinary, and, as it were, convulsive commotions which agitate the atmosphere, or the calm majesty of the divine powers of light, daily recurring with uniform grandeur.

Adalbert Kuhn was the first among those investigators who peopled the mythological landscape with storm-gods, cloud-nymphs, and demons of lightning. He believed that the language of many myths was to be interpreted as descriptions of meteorological phenomena, the details of which—the various motions of rising, departing, scattering dark clouds, and of brighter little clouds—seemed to have been seized and expatiated upon with painful exactitude through whole lists of varying phases. According to Max Müller, on the other hand, the main theme of the Indo-Germanic myths found expression in the words *dawn* and *sun*. To his poetically attuned imagination the ancient poets and thinkers stood revealed as daily desecrating in what we call sunrise the mystery of all mysteries. The dawn was to them that unknown land from whose impenetrable depths life ever newly flashes forth. The dawn opens to the sun her golden gates,

¹ Not "primitive" in the sense that the Greek goddess was derived from the Indian, but in the sense that the Indo-European prototype, common alike to the Greek and the Indian form, in all essential respects was correctly represented in the Indian form. To properly appreciate the equating of the names *Saranjus* and Erinyes (so, too, that of *Saramejas*=*Hermestas*), it is to be observed that the initial *S* of Indo-European words, which was retained in Sanskrit (as also in the Latin and Teutonic), became in the Greek, when followed by a vowel, either a mere aspirate or disappeared altogether; thus our *seven* (Latin, *septem*) in Greek is written *hepta*.

and whilst her gates thus stand ajar, eyes and hearts yearn and struggle to peer beyond the limits of this finite world; the thought of the unending, the undying, the divine, awakens in the human soul. But whether storm or sunrise, all concurred in the view that in the Veda lay the guide which would conduct us to the theogony of the Indo-European peoples,—that there was here a system of religion to the last degree primal in character, clear and transparent, all the varying forms of which plainly took root in the primitive views and expressions of man upon the powers and processes of nature. As Max Müller put it, the mythological sphynx here reveals her secret; we can just barely throw a glance behind the scenes upon the forces whose play, upon Greek soil, achieved that splendid stage-effect, the majestic drama of the Olympian gods. A new direction of inquiry seemed to have opened to science, leading by undreamt-of paths to the farthest past in the life of the human soul.

Those who first broke through these paths must indeed have been possessed to an unnatural degree by indifference and suspicion, had not a kind of intoxication overwhelmed them as they confronted this plenitude of history,—if they had not experienced the hope that in the Veda they might with one bold grasp succeed in seizing the origin of myths and of very religion herself, *zu schauen alle Wirkenskraft und Samen*.

Have all these results—a lasting achievement, as it was supposed—avoided the fate of again being dissipated?

NORTHERN CONTRIBUTIONS TO CHRISTIAN DEMONOLOGY.

WHEN Christianity spread over Northern Europe, it came in contact with the Teutonic and Celtic nations, who added new ideas to its system and transformed several characteristic features of its world-view. Christianity of to-day is essentially a Teutonic religion. The ethics of Christianity, which formerly was expressed in the sentence "Resist not evil" began, in agreement with the combative spirit of the Teuton race, more and more to emphasise the necessity of struggle. Not only was the figure of Christ conceived after the model of a Teutonic war-king, the son of the emperor, while his disciples became his faithful vassals; not only did the archangels assume the noble features of the great northern gods, Donar, Wodan, Fro, and others; not only were the old pagan feasts changed into Christian festivals; the Yuletide became Christmas and the Ostara feast in the spring was celebrated in commemoration of Christ's resurrection; but also the individual features of the evil powers of the North were transferred to Satan and his host. The Ice-giants of the Norsemen, the Nifelheim of the Saxons, the Nether-world of the Irish, all contributed

their share to the popular notions of the Christian demonology of the Middle Ages. The very name "hell" is a Teutonic word which originally signified a hollow space or a cave underground. The weird and terrible appearances of the gods, too, were retained for the adornment of demoniacal legends; and Odhin as storm-god became "the wild hunter."

Dr. Ernst Krause,¹ who is best known under his *nom de plume* of Carus Sterne, has undertaken the work of proving the Northern influence upon Southern fairy tales and legends. He finds that all those myths which symbolise the death and resurrection of the sun, giving rise to the idea of immortality, doomsday, and the final restoration of the world, have originated in Northern countries where on Christmas day the sun that seemed lost returns spreading again light and life. Our philologists believe that the Nibelungenlied contains features of Homer's great epics; but, according to Dr. Krause, it would seem that the original source of the Nibelungenlied is older than Homer, and that the theme of the *Völuspá*, the first song of the Edda, being a vision that proclaims the final destruction and regeneration of heaven and earth, antedates Christ's prophecies of the coming judgment. (Matth., 24.) Christianity comes to us from the Orient, but the idea that a God will die and be resurrected is of Northern origin.

Dr. Krause proceeds to prove that the conception of hell as depicted in Dante's *Divina Comedia* which may be regarded as the classical conception of Roman Catholic Christianity, is in all its essential elements the product of a Northern imagination.² Dante followed closely Teutonic traditions which in his time had become a common possession in the Christian world through the writings of Saxo Grammaticus, Beda Venerabilis, Albericus, Caedmon, Caesarius of Heisterbach, and others. It is specially noteworthy that the deepest hell of Dante's *Inferno* is not, as Southern people are accustomed to describe the place of torture, a burning sulphur lake, but the wintry desolation of an ice-palace.

Dante's vision is by no means the product of his own imagination. It embodies a great number of old traditions. Dante reproduced in his description of Satan and hell the mythological views of the North so popular in his days. His cantos not only remind us of Ulysses's and Virgil's journey to the Nether-world, but also and mainly of Knight Owain's descent into St. Patrick's Purgatory in Ireland, and of the vision of hell as described by Beda, Albericus, and Chevalier Tundalus. In the last song of the *Inferno*, Dante describes the residence of the sovereign of hell, which is surrounded by a thick fog, so as to make it neces-

¹ *Die Trojaburgen Nord-Europas*, Carl Flemming. Glogau, 1893.

² *Vossische Zeitung*, 1896, Feb. 2, 9, 10; *Sonntagsbeilage*.

sary for the poet to be led by the hand of his guide. There the ice-palace stands almost inaccessible through the cold blizzards that blow about it; and there the ruler of hell and his most cursed fellows, stand with their bodies partly frozen in the transparent ice.

Dante's portraiture of the evil demon whom he calls "Dis" agrees precisely with the appearance of the main Northern deity, as it was commonly revered among the Celts, the Teutons, and the Slavs. Dis has three faces: one in front, and one on each side. The middle face is red, that on the right side whitish-yellow, that on the left side, black. Thus the trinity idea was transferred to Satan on account of the ill-shaped idols of the crude art of Northern civilisation. Dante's description of Dis reminds us not only of the three-headed hoar-giant of the Edda, Hrim-Grimnir, who lives at the door of death, but also of the trinity of various pagan gods, especially of Triglaf, the triune deity of the Slavs.

When Bishop Otto of Bamberg converted the Pomeranians to Christianity, he broke, in 1124, the three-headed Triglaf idol in the temple of Stettin and sent its head to Pope Honorius II. at Rome. Dr. Krause suggests that since Dante, who as an ambassador of Florence visited Rome in 1301, must have seen with his own eyes the head of the Pomeranian Triglaf, it is by no means impossible that he used it as a prototype for the description of his Satan.

It is interesting to observe the transformation of the old Teutonic giants who were plain personifications of the crude forces of nature into Christian devils. Northern mythology represents the giants, be they mountain-giants, storm-giants, frost-giants, fog-giants, or what not, as stupid, and they are frequently conquered by the wisdom of the gods, or by human cunning and invention. There are innumerable legends which preserve the old conception and simply replace the names of giants by devils; and we can observe that all the conquests of man over nature are, in the old sense of the Teutonic mythology, described as instances in which giants or devils are outwitted in one or another way.

The giants, as representatives of mountains, forests, rivers, lakes, and the ground, are always bent on collecting the rent that is due to the owner of the land, for men are merely tenants of the earth, which by right belongs to the giants. The giants envy men of their comfort and try to destroy their work. Thus the fog-giant Grendel appears at night-time in the hall of King Hrothgar and devours at each visit thirty men. Beowulf, the sun-hero, fights with him and cuts off his arm; he then encounters Grendel's mother, the giantess of the marsh whence the fog rises, and finally succeeds in killing both Grendel and his mother.

The parades of giant families which form an important feature of Dutch and Flemish carnivals may be a relic of older customs representing visits of the lords of the ground collecting their rents, which is given in refreshments while the people sing the giant-song¹ with the refrain:

"*Keer u eens om, reuzjen, reuzjen!*"

[Return once more, little giant, little giant!]

The privilege of collecting rent which the giants, and later on in their stead the Devil, were supposed to possess, led to the idea of offering sacrifices in payment of the debt due to the powerful and evil-minded landlords, the demoniacal giants of the soil. And this notion resulted in the superstition of burying alive either human beings or animals. Grimm says (*Mythology*, p. 109):

"Frequently it was regarded as necessary to entomb within the foundation of a building living creatures and even men, which was regarded as a sacrifice to the soil which had to endure the weight of the structure. Through this cruel custom people hoped to attain permanence and stability of great buildings."

There are innumerable stories which preserve records of this barbaric custom, and there can be no doubt that many of them are historical and that the practice continued until a comparatively recent time. We read in Thiele (*Dän. Volkssagen*, I., 3) that the walls of Copenhagen always sank down again and again, although they were constantly rebuilt, until the people took an innocent little girl, placed her on a chair before a table, gave her toys and sweets, and while she merrily played, twelve masons covered the vault and finished the wall, which since that time remained stable. Scutari is said to have been built in a similar way. A ghost appeared while the fortress was in the process of building, and demanded that that wife of the three kings who would bring the food to the masons on the next day should be entombed in the foundation. Being a young mother, she was permitted to nurse her baby, and a hole was left for that purpose which was closed as soon as the child was weaned.

We read in F. Nork's *Sitten und Gebräuche* (Das Kloster, Vol. XII.) that when in 1813 the ice broke the dam of the river Elbe and the engineers had great trouble in repairing it, an old man addressed the dike-inspector, saying: "You will never repair the dike unless you bury in it an innocent little child," and Grimm adduces even a more modern instance (*Sagen*, p. 1095) which dates from the year 1843. "When the new bridge in Halle was built," Grimm tells us, "the people talked of a child which should be buried in its foundations."

So long did these superstitions continue after the cruel rite had been abandoned, and they were held

¹ *Flaegel's Geschichte des Grotesk-Komischen*, by Ebeling, p. 286, quotes the giant-song as sung in Ypern.

not only in spite of the higher morality which Christianity taught, but even in the name of Christianity. In Tommaseo's *Canti Popolari* an instance is quoted that the voice of an archangel from heaven demanded the builders of a wall to entomb the wife of the architect in its foundation. The practice is here regarded as Christian and it is apparent that there are instances in which Christian authorities were sufficiently ignorant to sanction it, for even the erection of churches was supposed to require the same cruel sacrifice; and there were cases in which, according to the special sanctity of the place, it was deemed necessary to bury a priest because children or women were not regarded as sufficient. In Günther's *Sagenbuch* (D. D. V., Vol. I., p. 33) we read that the Strassburg cathedral required the sacrifice of two human lives, and that two brothers lie buried in its foundation.

All the bowlders in the low lands of Germany are attributed either to giants or to the devils; they are sometimes said to be sand-grains which giants removed from their shoes, or they were thrown down in anger when they found themselves cheated out of their own by the wit of mortals.

There is a *Märchen* of a farmer who undertakes to break up heretofore uncultivated ground and the Devil (that is to say, the giant who owned the land and had seen nothing except sterile rocks and desolate deserts) gazed with astonishment at the green plants that sprang from the earth. He demanded half the crop, and the farmer left him his choice whether he would take the upper or the lower half. When the Devil chose the lower half, the farmer planted wheat, and when the upper half, he planted carrots, leaving him now the stubble and now the useless carrot tops. Whichever way the Devil turned he was outwitted.¹

The story came in its migration south to Arabia where it was discovered by Friedrich Rückert, who retold it in his poem "The Devil Outwitted,"² which Mr. E. F. L. Gauss, of Chicago, has kindly translated for quotation in this article:

"The Arabs tilled their fields align,
Then came the Devil in a flare
Protesting: 'Half the world is mine,
Of your crops, too, I want my share.'

The Arabs said, for they are sly,
'The lower half we'll give to thee,'
But the Devil, always aiming high,
Replied: 'It shall the upper be!'

They turnips sowed all o'er their field,
And when he came to share the crops,
The Arabs took the subsoil yield,
And the Devil got the turnip tops.

¹ Grimm, *Märchen*, No. 189, *Deutsche Mythologie*, No. 981, Müllenhoff, No. 377, Thiele, *Dänische Sagen*, No. 122.

² "Der betrogene Teufel."

And when another year came round
The Devil spoke in wrathful scorn:
'To have the lower half now, I'm bound!'
The Arabs then sowed wheat and corn.

When came the time again to share,
The Arabs took the sheaves pell-mell,
The Devil took the stubbles bare
And fed with them the fire of hell."

There are innumerable other legends of stupid devils. A miller of the Devil-mill in Kleinbautzen tied the Devil to the water-wheel.¹ A smith, who for his hospitality had once a wish granted by Christ, bewitched the Devil and placed Lucifer, the chief of devils, on his anvil, which frightened him so much that the smith, when he died, was not admitted to hell.² And there is a humorous German folk-song of a tailor who, when arriving in hell, maltreated all the devils with his tailor utensils in the attempt at dressing them, and they swore that they would never again allow any tailor to come near them, even though he might have stolen ever so much cloth.³

One of the oldest triumphs of human skill in bridge-building gave rise to the *Märchen* of the Devil-bridge which boldly overspans the yawning gorge of the Reuss where the mountain-road passes up to the furca of the St. Gotthardt. A new bridge has been built by architects of the nineteenth century right below the old one; but the old one remained for a long time in its place, until it broke down in recent years. The legend goes that a shepherd-lad engaged the Devil to build the bridge on the condition that the soul of the first living creature that would cross the bridge should be forfeited. When the work was finished the lad drove a chamois over the bridge, which the Devil, seeing that he was cheated out of the price he had expected, wrathfully tore into pieces.⁴ P. C.

THE EARTH-ANIMAL—AN HYPOTHESIS.

BY W. D. LIGHTHALL.

IS THE earth a living animal?

Does this question seem too strange? In our days ought any question to seem too strange for at least inquiry into its meaning and grounds? The hypothesis implied in this one has long presented itself to me as a natural speculation, growing out of the suggestive incompleteness of human and comparative biology and

¹ Preusker, *Blicke in die vaterl. Vorzeit*, I., p. 182.

² Grimm's *Märchen Anmerk.*, III., 138.

³ The song may be found in various collections of German folk-songs, its first verse runs:

"Es wollt ein Schneider wandern,
Des Montags in der Fröh.
Begegnet ihm der Teufel,
Hat weder Kleider noch Schuh.
He, he, du Schneidergesöll,
Du musst mit mir zur Höl!
Du sollst die Teufel kleiden,
Es koste was es wollt."

⁴ Grimm, *Deutsche Sagen*, No. 336, and Tobler, *Appenzeller Sprachschatz*,

psychology, and which I shall try to sketch roughly in the form of the following propositions and remarks:

1. It would be singular to expect that the animal physiology and psychology on the surface of our globe are the only physiology and psychology in the universe. This proposition will, in fact, be trite to most who hold the currently accepted ideas of evolution (evolutionary monism). Hinton's *Life in Nature* deals with the question in a well-developed manner so far as the universe in general is concerned. The poets also deal with it in their way, but without logical form—*c'est magnifique mais ce n'est pas la guerre*.

2. Apart, however, from a wide and general view of life as a principle of the universe, is it not possible to seek the links of direct connexion between the life which has arisen on this globe and the globe itself from which it has probably specifically sprung? Has our biology (as stated, for example, in Spencer's *Principles of Biology*) stopped too short, in its backward look, at the stage of the so-called "origin of life" (illustrated by the "spontaneous generation" and "properties of colloids" controversies)?

3. Geology is concerned with the material structure of the Earth. Has any one sought for traces of psychological or biological life in it, or considered it as possibly a vital organism? Have the possible structural, kinetic, and rhythmical resemblances of the earth as a body to animal forms and movements ever been investigated? There is something very similar, for instance, to the relation of glands and sense-organs in the tree-life and forms of animal-life which grow upon the surface of the globe. Have the heat-conditions of its interior also any suggestiveness as conditions befitting a larger life than ours? What are its quasi-cellular, epidermal, and colloidal facts in the light of this hypothesis? Are there ascertainable or reasonable conjectural broader laws of life than those of our present biology—laws deducible from study of the earth as a hypothetical living organism?

4. Are we too lightly to cast aside even a search for psychological evidences in its movements and relations? When we consider the reign of purposiveness in willing, intelligence, instinct, habit, function, and evolution, we are warranted in looking for mental organisation everywhere. Hegel rightly sought it in history, among other fields. What I want is to see it adequately tested by concrete scientific study and specific experiment. If successful, a new science of the most marvellous and fruitful nature would likely open to man's ken.

NOTES.

With this number of *The Open Court* we begin the publication of a series of articles by G. J. Holyoake, the well-known leader of secular thought in England. Whether or not we are in accord with his views we are as yet unable to say, but this much we know, that the confession of faith of a man like Holyoake, who distinguished himself in the cause of free thought and the liberty of sociological action since the days of the Chartist movement, in which he took a prominent part, will be worth while reading and weighing. Mr. Holyoake's life with high aspirations and noble martyrdom is one of the factors, and by no means one of the lesser ones, which during the Victorian era contributed so much to insure the progress that took place in England in the domains of religion, politics, and sociology. Mr. Holyoake's interesting autobiography, *Sixty Years of an Agitator's Life*, recently appeared in the pages of that excellent newspaper *The Newcastle Weekly Chronicle*, and is now published in book-form by T. Fisher Unwin. (See the latter's *Good Reading*.) Our readers may expect that we shall publish a few comments on Mr. Holyoake's articles after their complete publication.

Mr. Holyoake promises to treat, in very brief chapters, the following subjects: Open Thought the First Step to Intelligence.

—The Question Stated.—The First Stage of Free Thought, Its Nature and Limitation.—The Second Stage, Enterprise.—Conquests of Investigation.—Stationariness of Criticism.—Third Stage, Secularism.—Three Principles Vindicated.—How Secularism Arose.—How it was Diffused.—Secular Instruction Distinct from Secularism.—The Distinction made further Evident.—Self-defensive for the People.—Rejected Tenets Replaced by Better.—Morality Independent of Theology.—Ethical Certitude.—The Ethical Method of Controversy.—Its Discrimination.—Apart from Christianity.—Secularism Creates a New Responsibility.—Through Opposition to Recognition.—Self-Extending Principles.

Mother Nature's Children is a weekly publication of the Western Unitarian Sunday-school Society, 175 Dearborn St., Chicago, which is an excellent help to parents for the instruction of their children. It is profusely illustrated, showing instructive and well-executed pictures both of human and animal parental protection and love. The accompanying articles are well fitted to be read to children, or, when children are too small to be patient listeners, to be used as material for the explanation of the pictures. The Rev. Dr. Gould informs us that the new periodical has already a large circulation, and we do not wonder, for it is extremely practical and fills a sorely-felt need in the nursery. *St. Nicholas* and *The Youth's Companion* are splendid for our boys and girls, *Babyhood* is a valuable guide for mothers, but *Mother Nature's Children* is the best we have seen for children from four to eight years. It would be a valuable periodical for every kindergarten. It receives the support of both the orthodox and the heterodox; and it deserves it.

N. B.—By special arrangements with the Cosmopolitan Publishing Company we are enabled to offer a full year's subscription to the two magazines, *THE COSMOPOLITAN* and *THE OPEN COURT*, at the unusually low price of \$1.75. This advantageous offer holds good for all new subscriptions and for renewals, until retracted.—The Open Court Publishing Company.

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GUSTAV KOERNER.

In Memoriam.

On April 9th, in the afternoon, the sad news reached us of ex-Lieut. Governor Gustav Koerner's death. In spite of his advanced age, which was four score years and more, he remained strong and healthy to the last. He did not suffer from a protracted illness, but remained active until almost the very end, reading, studying, writing, and attending to business affairs.

Governor Koerner was born of a patrician family at Frankfort-on-the-Main in Germany, November 20, 1809. He studied jurisprudence in Jena, and being implicated in the revolutionary movement against the German *Bundestag*, he had to flee for his life and in 1833 emigrated to the United States, where he deemed it wise to make himself thoroughly familiar with the English language and the American forms of law at the State University of Kentucky. Then, in 1835, he settled in Belleville, Illinois. He practised law and played a most prominent part in the politics of the United States, and especially of Illinois. He published commentaries on the Illinois State Laws and was a member of the State Legislature of 1842-1843. He was a judge of the Supreme Court 1845-1851 and was elected Lieutenant Governor 1853-1857. He was a Democrat, except during the time of the Rebellion and on questions touching slavery. During the war he assisted in the organisation of troops and held the rank of Colonel, but was prevented by illness from service in the field. He had also been a member of the famous committee which drew up the platform on which Lincoln was elected, and under Lincoln was Minister to Spain. In 1870 he served as chairman of the first railroad commission of Illinois. Subsequently, in 1872 he left the Republican party and joined the Liberal movement, becoming candidate for governor with Greely, and although beaten, his popularity was evinced by his running many thousand votes ahead of his ticket.

His literary activity was extraordinary for a man actively engaged in politics and in an extensive law-practice. His book *Das deutsche Element in den Vereinigten Staaten 1828-1848* is a most valuable source for historians. His memoirs of Spain show that he

was a great connoisseur of art. He contributed to various German papers both in Germany and in America.

Governor Koerner was always highly respected by the residents of Belleville and St. Louis and also by the leaders of both parties. His escutcheon remained untarnished; and not even the slightest suspicion ever dared to question the integrity of his name. In dedicating to him his last volume of Lectures and Addresses, the Hon. J. B. Stallo, of Cincinnati, late Minister to Italy, and one of the foremost philosophers of America, has given a rare and noble appreciation of his worth as a citizen, a thinker, and a man.

Governor Koerner set a noble example in his career to public-spirited men and exhibited the rare type of an ideal politician. His conceptions and interpretations of the law which are the product of a combined German and American education, have become a part of our state life and will contribute their share in moulding the legal ideas of the generations to come.

During his long and useful career he was in contact with a great number of the most prominent men of this country as well as with those of Germany and Spain, and he kept up a lively correspondence with political leaders and editors. His advice and judgment were always highly appreciated, the more so as he was known to be one of the best read and most scholarly of men. There is scarcely an important work, especially of those bearing on history and politics, both of Europe and America, which he had not perused, and it seems a pity that he did not publish his autobiography, for many of his interesting observations would have contributed not a little to a better understanding of the character of various great men of his time. It is reported, however, that his Memoirs exist in manuscript form, and we trust that they will be speedily published.

Governor Koerner contributed frequently to the columns of *The Open Court*, especially when his spirit was moved by some philosophical or historical work, and we feel that we have lost an important collaborator as well as a valuable friend, but the recollections of the personal intercourse which a good fate permitted us to enjoy, will always be cherished in undying memory.

THE FIRST STAGE OF FREE THOUGHT: ITS NATURE AND LIMITATION.

BY GEORGE JACOB HOLYOAKE.

"He who cannot reason is defenceless; he who fears to reason has a coward mind; he who will not reason is willing to be deceived and will deceive all who listen to him.

—*Maxim of Free Thought.*

FREE THOUGHT is founded upon reason. It is the exercise of reason, without which free thought is free foolishness. Free thought being the precursor of Secularism, it is necessary first to describe its principles and their limitation. Free thought means independent self-thinking. Some say all thought is free since a man can think what he pleases and no one can prevent him, which is not true. Unfortunately thinking can be prevented by subtle spiritual intimidation, in earlier and even in later life.

When a police agent found young Mazzini in the fields of Genoa, apparently meditating, his father's attention was called to the youth. His father was told that the Austrian Government did not permit thinking. The Inquisition intimidated nations from thinking. The priests by preventing instruction and prohibiting books, limited thinking. Archbishop Whately shows that no one can reason without words, and since speech can be, and is, disallowed and made penal, the highway of thought can be closed. No one can think to any purpose without inquiry concerning his subject, and inquiry can be made impossible. It is of little use that any one thinks who cannot verify his ideas by comparison with those of his compeers. To prevent this is to discourage thought. In fact thousands are prevented thinking by denying them the means and the facilities of thinking.

Free thought means fearless thought. It is not deterred by legal penalties, nor by spiritual consequences. Dissent from the Bible does not alarm the true investigator, who takes truth for authority not authority for truth. The thinker who is really free, is independent—he is under no dread—he yields to no menace—he is not dismayed by law, nor custom, nor pulpits, nor society—whose opinion appals so many. He who has the manly passion of free thought, has no fear of anything, save the fear of error.

Fearlessness is the essential condition of effective thought. If Satan sits at the top of the Bible with perdition open underneath it—into which its readers will be pushed who may doubt what they find in its pages—the right of private judgment is a snare. A man is a fool who inquires at this risk. He had better accept at once the superstition of the first priest he meets. It is not conceivable how a Christian can be a free thinker.

He who is afraid to know both sides of a question cannot think upon it. Christians do not, as a rule,

want to know what can be said against their views, and keep out of libraries all books which would inform others. Thus such Christians cannot think freely, and are against others doing it. Doubt comes of thinking—the Christian commonly regards doubt as sin. How can he be a free thinker who thinks thinking is a sin?

Free thought implies three things as conditions of truth:

1. Free inquiry, which is the pathway to truth.
2. Free publicity to the ideas acquired, in order to learn whether they are useful—which is the encouragement of truth.
3. The free discussion of convictions without which it is not possible to know whether they are true or false, which is the verification of truth.

A man is not a man unless he is a thinker—he is a fool having no ideas of his own. If he happens to live among men who do think, he browses like an animal on their ideas. He is a sort of kept man being supported by the thoughts of others. He is what in England is called a pauper, who subsists upon "outdoor relief," allowed him by men of intellect.

Without the right of publicity, individual thought, however praiseworthy and however perfect, would be barren to the community. Algernon Sidney said: "The best legacy I can leave my children is free speech and the example of using it."

The clergy of every denomination are unfriendly to its use. The soldiers of the cross do not fight adversaries in the open. Mr. Gladstone alone among men of eminent piety has insisted upon the duty of the Church to prove its claims in discussion. In his Introduction to his address at the Liverpool College (1872 or 1873) he said: "I wish to place on record my conviction that belief cannot now be defended by reticence any more than by railing, or by any privileges or assumption." Since the day of Milton there has been no greater authority on the religious wisdom of debate.

Thought, even theological, is often useless, ill-informed, foolish, mischievous, or even wicked, and he alone who submits it to free criticism gives guarantees that he means well, and is self-convinced. By criticism alone comes exposure, correction, or confirmation. The right of criticism is the sole protection of the community against error of custom, ignorance, prejudice, or incompetence. It is not until a proposition has been generally accepted after open and fair examination, that it can be considered as established and can safely be made a ground of action or belief.¹

These are the elementary rights of thought. They are what grammar is to the writer, which teaches him how to express himself—but not what to say. These rights are as the rules of navigation to the mariner—

¹See *Formation of Opinions*, by Samuel Bailey.

they teach him how to steer a ship but do not instruct him where to steer to.

The full exercise of mental freedom is what training in the principles of jurisprudence is to the pleader, but it does not provide him with a brief. It is conceivable that a man may come to be a master of independent thinking and never put his powers to use—just as a man may know every rule of grammar and yet never write a book. In the same way a man may pass an examination in the art of navigation and never take command of a vessel—or he may qualify for a Barrister, be called to the Bar and never plead in any court. We know from experience that many persons join in the combat for the right of intellectual freedom for its own sake, without intending or caring to use the right when won. Some are generous enough to claim and contend for these rights from the belief that they may be useful to others. This is the first stage of free thought, and, as has been said, many never pass beyond it.

Independent thinking is concerned primarily with removing obstacles to its own action, and in contests for liberty of speech by tongue and pen. The free mind fights mainly for its own freedom. It may begin in curiosity and may end in intellectual pride—unless conscience takes care of it. Its nature is iconoclastic and it may exist without ideas of reconstruction.

Though a man goes no further, he is a better man than he who never went as far. He has acquired a new power, and is sure of his own mind. Just as one who has learned to fence, or to shoot, has a confidence in encountering an adversary, never felt by one who never had a sword in hand, or never practised at a target. The sea is an element of recreation to one who has learned to swim—it is an element of death to one ignorant of the art. Besides, he has attained a courage and confidence unknown to the man of orthodox mind. Since God (we are assured) is the God of truth—the honest searcher after truth has God on his side, and has no dread of the King of Perdition—the terror of all Christian people—since the business of Satan is with those who are content with false ideas—not with those who seek the true. If it be a duty to seek the truth and to live the truth, honest discussion, which discerns it, identifies it, clears it, and establishes it, is a form of worship of real honor to God and of true service to man. If the clergyman's speech on behalf of God is rendered exact by criticism, the criticism is a tribute—and no mean tribute to heaven. Thus the free exercise of the rights of thought involve no risk hereafter.

Moreover, so far as a man thinks he gains—thought implies enterprise and exertion of mind, and the result is wealth of understanding, to be acquired in no

other way. This intellectual property like other property, has its rights and duties. The thinker's right is to be left in undisturbed possession of what he has earned: and his duty is to share his discoveries of truth with mankind, to whom he owes his opportunities of acquiring it.

Free expression involves consideration for others, on principle. Democracy without personal deference becomes a nuisance; so free speech without courtesy is repulsive, as free publicity would be, if not mainly limited to reasoned truth. Otherwise every blatant impulse would have the same right of utterance as verified ideas. Even truth can only claim priority of utterance, when its utility is manifest. As the number and length of hairs on a man's head is less important to know, than the number and quality of the ideas in his brain.

True free thought requires special qualities to insure itself acceptance. It must be owned that the thinker is a disturber. He is a truth-hunter, and there is no telling what he will find. Truth is an exile which has been kept out of her kingdom, and Error is a usurper in possession of it; and the moment Truth comes into her sight, Error has to give up its occupancy of her territory; and as everybody consciously, or unconsciously harbors some of the emissaries of the usurper, they do not like owning the fact, and they dispute the warrant of truth to search their premises—though to be relieved of such deceitful and costly inmates would be an advantage to them.

An inalienable attribute of free thought, which no theology possesses, is absolute toleration of all ideas put forward in the interests of public truth, and submitted to public discussion. The true free thinker is in favor of the free action of all opinion which injures no one else. He puts the best construction he can on the acts of others, not only because he has thereby less to tolerate, but from perceiving he who lacks tolerance towards the ideas of others has no claim for the toleration of his own. The defender of toleration must himself be tolerant. Condemning the coercion of ideas, he is pledged to combat error only by reason. Vindictiveness towards the erring is not only inconsistency, it is persecution. Thus free thought is the only self-defence against error and by the toleration it imposes respectfulness in controversy.

COMPARATIVE MYTHOLOGY.

BY PROF. H. OLDENBERG.

AN attack upon the teachings of comparative mythology, upon the belief in the primitive character of the world of Vedic gods and legends, was slowly preparing. It came, on the one hand, from the advances made in philological investigations, which stripped one supposed certainty after another of its plausible

glitter. It came, on the other, from a more material opposition, the speculations, the criticisms, the discoveries, of a newly sprouting but sturdy offshoot of science, ethnology.

We shall inquire first how the art of manipulating those philological problems deepened, upon which pretty nearly everything as taught by comparative mythology depended.

In the comparison of Indian words with the Greek or Germanic a tendency arose to be severer, more suspicious, more deliberate. And with good reason. Greater circumspection was observed in applying a principle, theretofore too frequently neglected, of first subjecting the word—before undertaking to draw parallels between it and words of another tongue—to a thorough consideration within the domain of its own language, and to an examination of it in all its connexions there, throughout the whole circle of words related to it. And then, afterward, when the boundaries of the several great lingual families were crossed and the attempt made to bridge over the wide clefts between their respective vocabularies by means of their resemblances, it was insisted upon, with a stringency unknown to the earlier period, that a proper regard should be paid to *individual* sounds and their equivalent individual sounds in the kindred languages; correspondences which about this time began to be reduced to laws of a more and more unerring character. The mere external resemblance of words was no longer worth considering—that was something subjective and only a subjective estimate could be passed upon it. Now, the certain, unchangeable conditions were known, in obedience to which the vocal sounds of the parent Indo-European tongue have developed into the Sanskrit or the Greek or the Teutonic. Of all the comparisons made between mythological names, as alluded to, only a small minority could pass an examination so severe but so necessary as was now applied to them. In a word, it is flatly impossible that Prometheus should be the same word as the Indian *pramantha*; nor can Helena be the same as Sarama, for the simple reason that the Greek *n* and the Indian *m* are not equivalent.

And just as it resulted in these word-comparisons, so too the practice, once pursued with such confidence, of tracing words of different languages to roots, which were taken from the capacious granary of Sanskrit roots, proved more questionable in its character the longer it was continued. The conviction grew that instead of yielding to the dangerous temptation to read the whole origin and history of a word or of a concept from a few consonants, the coldest restraint ought more properly to be exercised; and that in thousands of cases it was necessary to resignedly accept a word as a fixed quantity, as the proper name of such

and such a mythological being, without endeavoring to practise that dangerous art upon it of detecting only too easily and everywhere a sunrise or a storm-cloud. In a word: it grew daily more evident that an endeavor had been made to learn too quickly, too much from *words*, and that it was high time to examine *things* instead of words, to explore with greater patience, less prejudice, the great concrete world of religious and mythological ideas, instead of guessing about them and in reliance upon doubtful etymologies imposing upon them a meaning which really and at bottom originated in the close atmosphere of the library.

But let no misunderstanding arise. It is by no means my purpose to maintain that it was not a justifiable effort on the part of investigation, to get at the common inheritance from the pre-historic Indo-European ages, by a comparison of the Indian, Greek, and German gods and legends, and thus, if possible, to enable the ideas of the respective peoples to mutually clear up and illumine both their source and their bearing. Experience alone can tell what success is to be attained in this way. But the measure of that success—though by no means wholly negative—has thus far justified but very modest expectations, if we consider such hasty results of this period as that by which *Prometheus* and *pramantha* were regarded equivalent.

In this direction, investigation achieved results almost as barren as its purely philological fruits were abundant. As to the latter, it has in the main restored the paradigms of the Indo-Germanic language by the comparison of Indian, Greek, Latin, Germanic, and Slavic declensions and conjugations, and in the same way gotten at the processes by which the parent paradigms became transmuted into the paradigms of the filial tongues; and it has accomplished this with evidences of growing confidence, since its successes all the while steadily augmented in volume—and this is the surest proof that the course pursued has been the correct one.

The reason is manifest. The variations in forms, of *grammatical* systems, are the product of factors relatively simple, which, for the most part, can be expressed in formulæ of almost mathematical certainty. In mythological history, on the contrary, a throng of varying influences are all at once in play, so complex and so involved that the glance in vain may seek to comprehend them all at once. A certain group of ideas at one time fades away and disappears, anon they collect again, gather closely, and again assume a definite concrete form. Elements, once widely separated, later on meet and form new combinations, which, in their turn, in the endeavor to assume a finished form, or to maintain themselves at all, are compelled to give forth new ideas, offshoots of themselves. Mental processes,

which are unconsciously conducted, intersect with conscious cerebrations of primitive poesy and speculation, the motives of which frequently are far removed and accessible only with great difficulty to modern habits of thought. And finally external interests, too, play their part: emulations of every kind, the struggle for property or position, vanity and no end of other impulses of a similar character. And this chaotic confusion is lit up sparsely, in spots, by the murky light of tradition, and with this light only science has to work. Between these dimly lighted spots are boundless expanses lying in deepest gloom; so that when the thread once slips from the hand of the investigator, he is greatly in danger of losing himself altogether.

It is therefore easy to comprehend that the attempt to bridge over the vast distance between India on the one hand, and Greece or the Teutonic world on the other, has infinitely poorer chances of success in things pertaining to religions and legend than in the case of mere inflexions. Still, when all is said, there is no lack of specific instances where this comparison of Indian and European divinities has succeeded in spite of the difficulties presented. The twins *Asvin*, literally "the horsemen," those radiant young divinities, who speed across the vault of heaven at early morn with their fleet chariot and to the oppressed appear as deliverers from every kind of suffering, certainly correspond—of this I am firmly convinced—to the Greek *Dioskuroi*, as well as afford assistance in getting at the nature of the *Dioskuroi*. *Indra*, the strongest of the Vedic divinities, who, hurling his weapon, slays the dragon and liberates the imprisoned waters, is truly the same god as Thor in the Edda, the dragon-fighter, the hammer-hurler.¹ Both in India and in the Teutonic north the storm-god of the Indo-Europeans has preserved a uniformity of nature which is at once recognisable. But, to repeat, the stock of such comparisons which can safely be maintained, is a very modest one, and we hardly have reason to form hopes of obtaining greater successes of this sort in the future than we have obtained in the past.

BELIEF IN WITCHCRAFT.

THE belief in Satan as held by many Christians today is harmless and tame in comparison with the old conception, which was taken seriously. Satan, it is true, was regarded as the foe of mankind, but there

was no doubt about his power, and the idea prevailed that his services could easily be procured by those ready to surrender to him their souls.

As soon as the Church became possessed of power, it was at once bent on the suppression of magic and witchcraft. Constantine began the policy of threatening the severest punishment on all kinds of black art, allowing its application only for curing diseases and preventing hail and rain storms during the harvest. And Constantine's successors did not fail to preserve the tradition.

A prohibition to fish implies that there is a good place for fishing, which tempts many to try. In the same way, the policy of the Christian authorities was tantamount to an official recognition of witchcraft as a mighty and powerful weapon that could be wielded by the initiated both for good and for evil; and thus it could not fail to strengthen the Devil's credit, as well as to develop most exuberantly a peculiar mediæval demonology. Belief in witchcraft rapidly became so common that almost all countries were in possession of laws against magicians, soothsayers, and witches. One remarkable exception only is found in the law-code of the Lombards, which contains the declaration that witches cannot perform any such feats as devouring people alive, and therefore the burning of a woman on the pretext of her being a witch is prohibited.

There is a remarkable Latin book of "Dialogues on the life and miracles of Italian Fathers"¹ which characterises the superstitious spirit that prevailed among both the laity and the clergy. It is replete with all kinds of ridiculous tales which are taken in good earnest. We are told, for instance, that Gregory the Great, when consecrating an Arian church for Roman Catholic worship, successfully exorcised the Devil with the help of sacred relics; Satan flew before him in the shape of a huge pig and evacuated the place completely the following night with great noise.

The Devil came more and more into prominence in the eighth and ninth centuries. Baptism now actually became an exorcism in which the Devil was driven out. They who received baptism had, according to Dionysius, to exhale three times, and according to the Greek euchologion, also to spit at him upon the floor. The Synod of Leptinæ in the year 743 added to the confession of faith an "abrenunciation" of the Devil.

A Low-German formula which renounces the three foremost German deities with all their hosts is quoted by Roskoff (*Geschichte des Teufels*, p. 292) from Massman.² It consists in questions and answers, which read as follows:

"Q. Forsakest thou the Devil ?

¹ *De vita et miraculis patr. Italie, libri, IV.* See Roskoff, *Geschichte des Teufels*, p. 292.

² "Die deutschen Abschwörungs-, Glaubens-, Beicht- und Betsformeln." *Bibliographie der Geschichte der Nationalliteratur.* Vol. VII.

¹ Note that both in the comparison Indra=Thor, as well as in that of Asvin=Dioskuroi, the names fail philologically to agree. As remarked before, the attempt has been made to draw a parallel between the Greek Hermes and the Indian dog-divinity Sarameyas. Hermes really belongs, with greater show of reason, to a classification with the Vedic god Pushan, who, like Hermes, rules as protector over roads and travellers, like him is the messenger of the gods, and acts as escort of souls into the future life, and like Hermes protects herds and reveals lucky treasures. The juxtaposition of the material qualities of ideas thus leads to results absolutely independent of any assistance to be gotten from the etymological comparison of names.

A. I forsake the Devil!

Q. And all Devil guilds?

A. And I forsake all Devil guilds.

Q. And all Devil works?

A. And I forsake all Devil works, and words, Thonar (Thor) and Wodan and Saxnot (Fro) and all the evil ones that are his companions.¹

The fact is that Christianity itself was regarded as a kind of magic which in distinction to the black magic or necromancy would have to be classed together with white magic. The sacraments were supposed to be miraculous methods of performing supernatural feats quite analogous to exorcisms, and the church itself was, in the minds of the people, an institution of sacred sorcery.

* * *

With the belief in witchery a new period begins in the evolution of mankind. The Devil becomes greater and more respected than ever; indeed, this is the classical period of his history and the prime of his life. Contracts were made with the Devil in which men surrendered their souls for all kinds of services on his part.

In the thirteenth century the Devil reached the acme of his influence, and it is only possible to give a meagre sketch of the Devil's activity during this period. Nothing extraordinary could happen without being attributed to him, and to the people of the Middle Ages many things, ordinary to us, were very extraordinary.

In the *Dialogus Miraculorum*, by Cæsarius von Heisterbach (who died about 1245), we find that not only thunder-storms, hail-storms, inundations, diseases, but also unexpected noises, the rustling of leaves, the howling of the wind, were attributed to Old Nick. He appears as a bear, a monkey, a toad, a raven, a vulture, as a gentleman, a soldier, a hunter, a peasant, a dragon, a negro. Arrogance and self-conceit are the main-springs of his character.

Cæsarius's book has become famous and rightly so, not on account of any peculiar merit of its author, but because it is a true picture of the average conception of the times. However a mere recapitulation of the subjects of which it treats would be impossible in consideration of a changed view of propriety.² The good Lord appears like a sovereign who regards it as his duty to protect his faithful servants, and takes an interest in concealing their crimes. He works a special miracle, lest the slander of a clergyman become public (Book I., p. 23). The Devil having caused a man to sin against the sixth commandment is unable to ac-

cuse and punish the sinner, or make his guilt known, because the latter escapes all evil effects through the confessional (Book III., p. 4). The Devil once went to a confessor and confessed. Having enumerated his sins, the confessor declared that a thousand years would not have sufficed to commit them all, and the Devil answered that indeed he was much older than a thousand years, for he was one of the demons who fell with Lucifer. The priest considered his sins unpardonable, and asked him whether he wanted to do penance. "Yes," he said, "if the penance is not too heavy for me." "Well," replied the confessor, "bow down thrice a day, saying: 'God, my Lord and Creator, I have sinned against thee; forgive me.'" "No," said the Devil, "that would be too humiliating for me" (III., 26, and IV., 5). There is a curious parallel to Peregrinus in the story of a woman, who, for the sake of clearing her soul of all sin, burns herself to death (Book VI., p. 35). Imps are seen playing with cupids upon the trail of a gentlewoman (Book V., p. 7). A man gambles with the Devil, and loses his soul (V., 34). There are innumerable miracles and tales of St. Mary, the mother of Jesus, but few of them are endurable, while the general tone of the narration is unworthy of any woman—let alone the highest woman-ideal of Christianity. A dog has been baptised by rascals, and he turns mad (X., 145). In the hour of death, pious people see the Heaven open, while infidels are tortured by black men, ravens, and vultures (XI.); and for the edification of the faithful the damned are thrown into the crater of a volcano (XII.).

The Abbot Richalmus, who wrote about 1270 a book of revelations about the intrigues and persecutions of demons, recognises the Devil's hand in every little inconvenience he might happen to experience. It is devils that make him feel squeamish when he has eaten too much; they make him fall asleep over his breviary. When he exposes his hand they make it feel chilly; when he hides it under his cloak, they tickle and bite it like fleas. "Once," he says, "when we were gathering stones for building a wall, I heard a Devil exclaim, 'What tiresome work!' He only did it to tempt us and make us rebellious." There is no noise but some Devil speaks out of it. "While I pull my sleeve," he says, "a rustling is heard, and devils speak through this sound. When I scratch myself, the scratching is their voice. . . . Lowly people are mostly seduced by anger and sadness, but the rich and powerful by arrogance and pride." (Roskoff, pp. 535-545.)

Another favorite conception of Christianity originated in the Roman idea of looking upon religion as a legal affair. It must have been a lawyer who made that happy hit of presenting the case of Satan *versus* mankind or *versus* Christ juridically, in the form

¹ The original, which is Low German, reads as follows:

Q. "Forsachistu diabolē?" A. "Ec forsacho diabolē!"—Q. "End allum diabol gelde?" A. "End ec forsacho allum diabol gelde."—Q. "End allum diabolē uerucum?" A. "End ec forsacho allum diabolē uerucum, end nuordum, Thunar, ende Unoden, ende Saxnote, ende allen dem unhol-dum die hira genotas sint."

² For a brief summary see Wolfgang Menzel, *Deutsche Lit. Geschichte*, I., p. 310-312. See also Roskoff, *Geschichte des Teufels*, pp. 317-326.

of a regular law-suit, in which, of course, Satan in the end is always worsted. The booklet, which bears the title *Processus Sathanae*, became so popular that it was repeatedly edited by various authors and is still extant in various redactions, one of the best and oldest being by Bartolus, a lawyer who lived 1313-1355.¹

The Devil played the rôle of a joker in the Passion plays, and his part became more and more prominent. In France the idea prevailed that the great mysteries should always have not less than four Devils, a usage which is mentioned in Rabelais. Hence the proverb, "*Faire le diable à quatre*." In German Passion plays the Devil appears together with "Mors," the personification of death, and is practically the main actor in the whole drama. He was the intriguer who, after his successful revolution against the good Lord, set up an empire of his own in Hell; and without the Devil's intrigues the whole plot of man's fall and Christ's salvation would be impossible.²

The works of Cæsarius, of Heisterbach, Richalmus, Bartolus, and others are by no means the only ones that treat on Devil-lore; they are typical of a large class of similar literary productions.

While the Church in her struggles for supremacy, aspiring for worldly power, began to neglect her spiritual duties, people sought comfort in sects. The Manichees increased, Katharism spread rapidly and many new sects, such as the Albigenses, were founded. Almost all sectarians were morally earnest and sincere, yet the general character of these sects was similar to the Manichees, an openly avowed dualism. The tendencies of the time were dualistic, and even the Church was under the influence of dualistic views. Nevertheless, orthodox Christianity, at least in her noblest expositors, such as Thomas Aquinas and other Christian philosophers, never lost sight of the monistic ideal, in spite of all its demonological errors. The demonology of the Middle Ages was at bottom a mythical excrescence, for the Devil's power was all the time regarded as a mere sham, as *Blendwerk*. He still served the higher purposes of the omnipotent God, who used him for his wise and well-calculated ends. Thus it was a natural consequence that the Devil appeared in spite of his smartness as the dupe of God; his fate was always to be defeated and ridiculed. As such he figures in the mysteries, the Easter and Christmas plays, in which he acts one of the most important parts, that of intriguer, harlequin, and fool.

* * *

To sum up: The Devil in the Middle Ages is entitled to our ungrudging admiration for his indefatig-

able energy. There are innumerable Devil stones thrown at churches, there are Devil walls, Devil bridges, cathedrals, monasteries, castles, dikes, and mills, built by him for the purpose of seducing and gaining souls. He has his finger in the pie everywhere and appears to be all but omnipresent and omniscient.

P. C.

FROM GOETHE'S WILHELM MEISTER.¹

Who never ate with tears his bread,
Who never through night's heavy hours
Sat weeping on his lonely bed,
He knows you not, ye heavenly powers!

Ye doom us to life's stress and strain;
Ye have our soul with sin replenished!
And then abandon us to pain;
For every guilt on earth is punished.

THE TREASURE DIGGER.²

BY WOLFGANG GOETHE, TRANSLATED BY E. F. L. GAUSS.

Sick at heart, poor in possession
Dragged my days unto the latest,
Poverty is of curses greatest,
Riches are the highest good!
And to end my sore depression
I went forth to dig for treasure
"Thine my soul be at thy pleasure!"
I wrote down with my own blood.

Circle within circle drawing,
Wondrous flames I then collected
Unto herbs and bones, selected,
And conjured a spell of might,
Then in manner overawing,
As I'd learned, I dug for treasure
On the spot I found by measure.
Black and stormy was the night.

And I saw a light's formation
Brightening to a star's consistence,
Coming from the farthest distance
Just as struck the midnight hour.
Vain was further preparation,
For a beauteous youth, with glowing
Splendor from a cup o'erflowing
Spread a flash with searching power.

And his eyes my soul delighted;
"Neath a wealth of flowers tender,
With that cup of heavenly splendor
Stepped he in the magic ring;
Friendly me to drink invited,
And I thought: this youth so purely
Off'ring gifts of heaven, surely
Cannot be the evil king.

"Courage drink, and life's pure pleasure,"
Quoth he. "Learn from this occasioun,

¹ The translation of the second verse only is new, that of the first verse is by Edgar Alfred Bowring.

² This is most likely the poem of which Schiller writes to Goethe in a letter dated May 23, 1797: "It is so exemplary, beautiful, and round and perfect, that I felt very forcibly while reading it, how even a small whole, a simple idea, can give us the enjoyment of the highest, by perfect presentation."

¹ Concerning the *Processus Sathanae*, see Dr. R. Stintzing, *Geschichte der populären Litteratur des 16. u. 17. Jahrh. in Deutschland*, Leipzig, 1867. Roskoff's book on the Devil contains on pages 349-355 extracts from Stintzing.

² *Fliegel's Geschichte des Grotesk-Komischen*, bearbeitet von Fr. W. Ebeling, pp. 70-71, 119-120.

That by anxious conjuration
No boon can this place afford.
Dig no longer for vain treasure!
Work by day, and guests at leisure,
Toilsome weeks and feastdays' pleasure,
Be thy future magic word!"

THE APRIL MONIST.

The April *Monist* opens with two articles on Roentgen's x-rays, by leading European scientists. Prof. Ernst Mach of Vienna describes a method of applying the new rays to an old device invented by him for taking stereoscopic or solid pictures of objects. The usual Roentgen pictures appear flat. By the suggested modification of this process they are made to appear in solid relief like real objects. Professor Schubert of Hamburg writes at length on the x-rays, reviews in simple language their history, embracing the researches of Faraday, Geissler, Hittorf, Pluecker, Crookes, Lenard, and Roentgen, discusses the physical character of the rays, and lastly expounds the methods of work so successfully employed in the Hamburg State-Laboratory. Two beautiful actinograms accompany this article—one of a fish with shells in its intestines, and one of a lady's hand into which a needle had been run. No article has appeared on this subject more adapted to the popular comprehension.

Edward Atkinson of Boston, practical financier and economist, writes a timely article on *The Philosophy of Money*. He has compressed a wonderful amount of logic and facts into the brief space of this essay, which should be read by all who are desirous of knowing the origin, history, and purport of our mediums of exchange. A well-known Polish philosopher, W. Lutoslawski, of Kazan University, Russia, also offers a striking article entitled *In Search of True Beings*, wherein he describes the philosophy of Polish individualism.

Remarkably fine is the contribution *From Animal to Man*, by Prof. Joseph Le Conte of Berkeley, California. Prof. Joseph Le Conte is one of the foremost scientists and thinkers of America and his work has all the marks of talent and of broad scientific culture. His article traces in a lucid manner the differences and common features of animal and human intelligence. The same spirit of philosophical culture pervades the article by Prof. J. Clark Murray on *The Dualistic Conception of Nature*, which depicts clearly and tersely the fortunes of dualistic notions both in philosophy and in religion. More profound and technical is the article *Nature and the Individual Mind* by Prof. Kurd Lasswitz, a noted German philosopher, who treats one of the most abstruse and difficult of philosophical problems.

The last article is a discussion of *The Nature of Pleasure and Pain*, by Dr. Paul Carus, with particular reference to the theory of the famous psychologist, Prof. Th. Ribot.

The usual Literary Correspondence from foreign countries and a rich selection of book notices, etc., conclude this number, which takes equal rank with its last two predecessors, on whose contents-pages appeared the names of Weismann, Ribot, Topinard, Lombroso, Romanes, and Lloyd Morgan. (Single copies, 50 cents; Annually, \$2.00. The Open Court Publishing Co.: Chicago and London.)

BOOK NOTICES.

We are in receipt of a pamphlet entitled "Colonial Lectures," by William E. Smythe, which were delivered for the purpose of founding a new colony in the upper Sacramento Valley on the Ashurst Ranch in Tehama County. The colonial idea is set forth with great lucidity, and if a socialist society within proper limitations be possible, the movement has good reasons to be successful. Such men as Edward Everett Hale of Boston, and Dr. John

Rusk of Chicago have lent it their co-operation, and there are a number of enthusiastic men willing to embark in the venture. Those interested in the scheme are requested to apply either to T. B. Wakeman, 93 Nassau St., New York, or to A. W. Vorse, 120 Tremont St., Boston, or to O. N. Goldsmith, 163 La Salle St., Chicago, or to Homer Wilson, Mills Building Rotunda, Room 10, San Francisco.

Students of biology and evolution will be glad to know that Romanes's *Examination of Weismannism* has appeared in a cheap paper form in the Religion of Science Library. (Pages, 221. Price, 35 cents. Chicago: The Open Court Publishing Co.) This edition is printed on fine paper and contains as a frontispiece a beautiful half-tone portrait of Weismann. The glossary of technical terms is a helpful feature of the work, which has been pronounced by an eminent critic to be "the best criticism of the subject in our language."

The Open Court Publishing Co. is also just issuing in the Religion of Science Library a translation of Weismann's latest work *Germinal Selection* (Paper, 25 cents). Professor Weismann claims that the doctrine of germinal selection removes all the contradictions and stumbling-blocks of Darwin's theory, and he also regards it as the consummation of his own work. As distinguished from the *Germ-plasm*, it is popularly and untechnically written. The Preface to the book discusses the nature and aims of scientific inquiry, and the Appendix gives a brief history of the most pressing evolutionary problems.

N. B.—By special arrangements with the Cosmopolitan Publishing Company we are enabled to offer a full year's subscription to the two magazines, THE COSMOPOLITAN and THE OPEN COURT, at the unusually low price of \$1.75. This advantageous offer holds good for all new subscriptions and for renewals, until retracted.—The Open Court Publishing Company.

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FIGHTING FIRE.

BY DR. FELIX L. OSWALD.

GEORGE CANNING, in one of his editorial contributions to the *Anti-Jacobin*, admits that he owed his most valuable political lesson to the inventor of the safety-valve. "The effectiveness of that simple contrivance," he says, "taught me the wisdom of affording a timely outlet to a surplus of energies that defy restraint."

With similar advantage the politicians of the German Empire might study the fire-tactics of our North American forest-states. Experience, it seems, has proved the fact that at certain times of the year forest-conflagrations can be fought only with fire itself. The task of guarding every camping-ground and railway-track of an extensive woodland-region would be practically impossible, and still more hopeless is the attempt to extinguish storm-winged conflagrations by means of fire-engines or the felling of burning trees. But the simple plan of surrounding each settlement with a ring of burnt-out ground proved both reliable and inexpensive. "Prevention if possible," Commissioner McNealy of Minnesota sums up his report, "but conflagrations that have once gained a certain amount of headway can be stopped only with counter-fires."

Mischievous doctrines ought to be fought on a similar plan. Their total suppression by Government surveillance of a whole national literature is expensive, though not wholly impossible. Our own century has witnessed a stupendous, and for the time being, actually successful, attempt of that sort. For nearly fifteen years the censors of the First Empire controlled the literary activity of a great nation as individuals would control the candles and hearth-fires of their private household, but that system answered its purpose only while its manager in chief could maintain the belief in his omnipotence by a series of military miracles.

Under his successors press-gag laws proved a miserable failure, though the zealots of conservatism tried to stamp out the very sparks of the scattered fires, and interdicted Dr. Tissoit's *Avis au Peuple*, as well as Voltaire's *Pucelle* and Holbach's *Esprit*. "*Il n'y a ni pucelle ni esprit dans cette ville la*," reported the literary inquisitors of a little country town, and an extra-pre-

cautionary bailiff ordered the demolition of a grove of poplar-trees (*peupliers*)—"parce qu'il y a quelque chose de peuple," but the smouldering embers rekindled the flames which ultimately devoured the stronghold of the fire-fighters.

Still, the enterprise of reactionary France was perhaps less desperately hopeless than that of the North-German conservatives at this period of social progress, though, if fires under full headway could be stopped by assiduous tree-felling, the efforts of the Prussian loyalists would not be wholly in vain. The criminal statistics of the German Empire show that the prosecutions for offences against "State, morals, and religion," have steadily increased during the last seven years, till the convictions have now reached the enormous aggregate of seventy-six thousand five hundred and fourteen—against an average of sixty-two thousand in the three preceding years. A large percentage of these indictments comes under the head of *Press-vergehen*—abuses of the press; yet it is but fair to add that among the factors of the present "epidemic of prosecutions" the personal sensitiveness of the German Emperor has been greatly overrated. Non-political critics of the Kaiser's eccentricities have been allowed a considerable latitude of speech, like Maximilian Harden in his daring banter of imperial poetry and art-attempts. Bismarck idolators, with a penchant for odious comparisons, were wisely ignored. It seems, in fact, that the War Lord of protestant Germany values his prestige as a means, rather than as an end, and exercises his privilege of connivance, in order to reserve the ammunition of the legal arsenals for the suppression of what he considers a movement threatening to subvert the foundations, not only of his dynastic stronghold, but of nearly all extant social arrangements whatever.

The construction of the press-laws, *lesæ majestatis*, and high-treason statutes has been strained for that purpose. Indictments for disrespect to the person of the sovereign and members of his family have in many instances been terminated by the *nolle pros.* of an imperial pencil decree, while the trials of socialists have been pushed to the bitterest possible end. "Not only," says a prominent leader of the obnoxious party, "has the Prussian Themis forgotten the purpose of

her balance in her eagerness to use her sword on our heads, but her reigning representative, the judicial arbiter in chief, has descended from his throne to bespatter us with mud, and done his utmost to make a mob fly at our throats," (*"uns den Pöbel auf den Hals zu setzen"*)—in allusion to the Kaiser's speech expressing a pious wish that "the people would rise in their wrath to rid the earth of these ruinous wretches."

Have those speeches not often seemed to echo Diocletian's philippics against the "enemies of the human race," the followers of the Olympus-subverting Nazarene; whose doctrine was fanned by the storms of persecutions, till the champions of paganism clamored for an edict of irrevocable exile, and its prophets began to dread the issue of a struggle against an irresistible foe? "Woe be our children!" cried the son of the pythoness Sospitira, when the spirit of his mother had answered his invocation in the temple of Serapis, "I see a cloud approaching, a great darkness is going to befall the human race."

Analogous prophecies are whetting the sword of the Prussian Themis. For it would be a mistake to suppose that Kaiser Wilhelm is fighting the battle of conservatism singlehanded; a powerful party endorses his policy at all risks, and thousands of patriots, alarmed by the smoke-cloud of the approaching conflagration, are urging still stronger measures of repression.

Their loyalty and their fears are equally sincere. They dread the impending change as the greatest calamity that has ever menaced the human race; they predict that the victory of socialism, in some of its most rampant forms, will inaugurate a more odious tyranny than the world has ever known, an all-comprehensive despotism that will crush out individuality and suppress progress and the very motives of progress, as they have never been suppressed before. They point out the fact that the secular autocracy of the worst Roman emperors was compatible with the toleration of some twenty different religions; that the spiritual arrogance of the Roman pontiffs was often secularly tolerant by its very indifference to the worldly concerns of its converts, while "Christian Socialism" threatens a minute and oppressive control of our moral, mental, and material affairs, and will have its clutches upon every man's purse-strings, as well as upon the latch-strings of his private workshop. They apprehend a union of Church and State that will dislodge personal liberty from its latest mountain-refuge, and make the friends of self-dependence look back upon the present era of government paternalism as upon a lost paradise of freedom. They presage a final extinction of the half-revived ideals of Grecian beauty-worship, a sacrifice of science and art on the altar of a proscriptive workhouse communism, and predict

that the church militant of that dismal Zion will, in the meantime, shrink from no menace to secure its triumph, and will welcome even national calamities that may happen to involve the ruin of its opponents.¹

They point out the necessity of crushing the social schism before it has outgrown control, and emphasise the expediency of waiving the observance of a few civil right maxims in the life and death struggle against a foe who threatens to abrogate all personal rights whatever.

The chief objection against the attempted methods of suppression is, indeed, their complete futility. The conflagration has already spread beyond the control of government fire-engines. A rising gale fans the fire, and the falling of burning trees helps only to spread the contagious sparks. The party of the German Socialists, in almost all its branches, is gaining in prestige and resources; the schisms that threatened to disrupt its union were healed by persecution; the rival party-leaders combine against the common foe, and in spite of double-shotted press-laws their attacks upon the strongholds of that foe are becoming yearly more formidable, experience has taught them the art of advancing their trenches without approaching the dead-line of the penal code.

The Spanish and Italian conservatives have shared that experience. "When Crispi dissolved all the Socialist organisations, October 22, 1894," writes an American delegate from Milan, "he imagined he had given our party the death-blow. As if an idea could be swept out of the world by a mere decree! Barely two months after this decree, Socialist labor-organisations were re-formed under new names all over Italy, whereby the party gained greatly in compactness. All the present organisations are connected with one another and have become aggressive, whereas the former ones were disconnected and partly mere sociable concerns. Here, in Milan, three of the eight societies formed in 1895 have subdivided themselves by reason of their large membership, and we have now twelve

¹ A tendency of that sort manifests itself even now. "Inscrutable are the ways of Providence," says the organ of the New York Socialists; "who would have thought of Abyssinia as the quarter from which a blast of wrath would strike the criminal Court of Italy, or who would have foreseen in King Menelik the scourge with which Crispi was to be chastised for his insane persecutions of the Socialists, and hurled headlong from power, disgraced among the hootings of his whole country?" (*The People*, March 15, 1896).

And the same paper describes a meeting of the Milwaukee Socialist Trade and Labor Alliance, in a hall decorated with a "large transparency, bearing the legend: 'Hurrah für die New Yorker Wirren.'"

In Germany several Socialistic unions went so far as to denounce their members for participating in the celebration of the Prussian victory anniversaries, and strongly hint that they would welcome the collapse of the reigning dynasty in the cataclysm of a general European war.

Curious analogies might be gleaned from the chronicle of the early Christian Church. "It consisted of men," says Lecky, "who regarded the [Roman] Empire as a manifestation of Antichrist, and who looked forward with passionate longing to its destruction. It substituted a new enthusiasm for that patriotism which was the very life-blood of the national existence and aspired to a type of character wholly inconsistent with that proud martial ardor by which the triumphs of Rome had been won, and by which alone her impending ruin could be averted." (*History of European Morals*, p. 413.)

organisations in this city alone, with a membership of nearly two thousand."

Similar reports come from Spain, Belgium, and Austria, and *Flug-Schriften* (flying pamphlets), like the whirling leaves of a burning forest, have found their way over into Portugal and across the borders of the Russian Empire.

Conservatives of all classes, and not a few liberal reformers, are viewing these omens of the impending fire-storm with growing alarm, and one of their exponents has illustrated the effectiveness of the McNealy plan by a striking example. Herr Richter, the leader of the North German Liberals, deprecates the blind wrath of the loyalist zealots, but fully indorses their apprehensions, and in his augury of the Socialistic future surpasses even Herbert Spencer in exposing the absurdity of the proposed panacea of social distress, and traces the tendencies of the impending despotism to consequences more odious than the sansculotte or inquisitorial reign of terror.

The effect of those prophecies rivalled that of Paine's political pamphlets. For the first half year larger and larger editions followed each other at semi-monthly intervals, and eighty-five thousand copies have by this time been sold in Berlin alone. It is found in the reading-rooms of aristocratic club-houses and in the circulating libraries of Silesian weaver-towns; news-agents sell it in the waiting-saloons of metropolitan railway-stations, and literary notion pedlars have carried it to remote hamlets of the Saxony metal mountains. Herr Richter has become a favorite author in circles where political topics have never been discussed before, and, like McNealy's counter-fires, his arguments have burnt out the ground of whole districts so thoroughly that subsequent conflagrations will die out for lack of fuel.

Richter is not a pet of the court-party; but the eighty or ninety *Geheimräthe* of the Prussian capital should prove their wisdom of counsel by persuading the government to get his book illustrated by the best modern artists, and distribute a few million free copies with all the supplementary inducements of our prize-story publications. They should get it dramatised and publish a commentary edition.

"What in the world shall I do with fanatics of that sort?" asked the Empress Catherine after her futile attempts to silence the Novgorod mystics; "they will not listen to reason, and martyrdom would only popularise their insanities."

"*Procurez une bonne troupe des comediens*," said Dennis Diderot. The German rationalists should also reprint the *reductio ad absurdum* of the monster maniac Stoecker, in Zubeil's debating-hall, where the project of his Christian treadmill Utopia was ridiculed by one of his former associates, as a proof that the heaven of

Richter's logic is beginning to work in the Eucharist paste of his adversaries. As a commentary, they might add a translation of Herbert Spencer's political pamphlets, which to Richter's bear the relation which Juvenal's analysis of social decadence bore to Cato's presage of its results.

But, of course, nothing of the sort will be done till all other methods of resistance have been exhausted by a government itself too deeply tinged with the great political superstition,—the "idea that the operation of nature's eternal laws can be reversed by acts of parliament."

The European champions of that delusion, in fact, dread the Socialists as rivals, rather than as perilous will-o'-the-wisp hunters, and the struggle in the woods will continue till the wild-fires of the mad chase have set the continent aflame, and after a havoc, perhaps exceeding that of the *autos-da-fe*, exhausted themselves by their own consequences.

And if the spark-whirls of that conflagration should be carried to our own shores, the counter-fires of a free press will prove a better safeguard than the waters of the Atlantic Ocean.

THE INFLUENCE OF ETHNOLOGY ON THE STUDY OF THE VEDA.¹

BY PROF. H. OLDENBERG.

MORE decisive than the reformation accomplished within philology itself, the course of which we traced in the last article, was the influence on Vedic research of a new class of inquiries, which were far removed from the domain of comparative philology and of Sanskrit, and which tended to overthrow altogether the belief that the Veda was the representative type of every primitive religion and mythology. We refer to the researches of the comparative ethnologists who were now making a highly comprehensive and systematic study of the elusive forms which the religious sentiment, the cult, the myth-creating phantasy of modern peoples assumed in the lower and the lowest stages of civilisation.

And here a discovery of the utmost import was made, the honors of which belong first of all to English investigators such as Tylor and Lang, and along with them to an excellent German scholar, Wilhelm Mannhardt. It was found that, very much like their weapons and utensils, so too the religion of the lowest orders of man, the whole world over, was everywhere one and the same in its essential elements. By some intrinsic necessity, there is always imposed upon this low state of evolution just this particular type of ideas and customs, which is the normal one, and as such may be looked for with absolute certainty.

This type of belief and cult, which is only faintly

¹ Authorised translation from the *Deutsche Rundschau* by O. W. Meyer.

idealistic, and is dominated by thoroughly harsh and practical views, we shall describe at some length farther on. At this point we have simply to remark upon the evident conclusion to be drawn from these observations, that the ancestors of those peoples, also, which we meet with in historic times as the possessors of a most opulent civilisation, must, in some, however remote, prehistoric age, have gone through just such a savage period of religious and ritualistic development.

This fact established, there was at once opened to scholars who did not deem it beneath them to learn something from American Indians, negroes, and Australians, a source of highly important data drawn directly from the mouths of living witnesses, by which it was possible to reveal prehistoric epochs antedating even the Homeric or Vedic religions, and preparatory to them. Reasoning from the ideas of modern savages to the ideas obtaining in the prehistoric savage state of subsequently civilised peoples, may have seemed a hazardous undertaking, but there was a sure corrective for the procedure. It is well-known that in all transitions of lower civilisations to higher, many elements of the old condition persist and hold over in the new, and that the spirit of the new can neither destroy nor assimilate them. They persist as *survivals* of the past in the midst of altered surroundings, and are absolutely unintelligible to people who know only the tendency and ways of the new period; they can be explained only from the point of view of the time in which they originated—a time when they were active principles, and one whose tracks they preserve, as it were, in a fossil condition.

Now if our view is correct, such survivals must be found at every step in a mythology and a cult like the Veda—and, we might likewise say, in those of Homer. They must be the particular lurking-places of whatever appears to be irrational, odd, self-contradictory, and difficult of exposition. But again, whatever in those poems seems incomprehensible to the man of to-day must become intelligible as soon as the art is acquired of looking at it from the standpoint of the modern savage and with the help of his peculiar logic, both of which are often totally distinct from ours.

As a matter of fact, the moment a search was made through the ancient Indian and the related European civilisations for such remains of prehistoric and anticipatory culture, the conviction forced itself irresistibly on scholars that the correct method had at last been discovered. Problems quickly resolved themselves, which theretofore dared scarcely be approached. The most striking agreements were disclosed between the various types of myth and cult scattered at this very day over the earth among our savages and barbarians, and the type of myth and cult which had lain imbedded in the Veda as a mass of unintelligible facts, wholly ir-

reconcilable with any interpretation derived from the known intellectual character of the Vedic world.

The chain of proof was thus rendered continuous and conclusive. Science had succeeded (or at least was steadily advancing toward success)—not by means of bare grammatical speculations or the study of Sanskrit roots, but by inquiries which rested at every point upon a basis of living fact—in showing that there was a certain elementary state at the beginning of all civilisations and in disclosing the gray, early dawn anticipatory of the broad daylight of history. This was a revelation, which—however gradually and modestly it asserted itself—is perhaps of even farther-reaching importance in the exploration of antiquity than those brilliant exploits of the philologist's finished art which has opened the way to the remote recesses of Egyptian and Babylonian civilisation.

As a result of this discovery, a place was given to the religion and mythology of the Veda widely different from that which the enthusiasm of its earlier students had sought to assign to them. The assumption that the Veda revealed the secret of the elementary formative processes of creed and cult, was thus shown to be as far wide of the mark, as it would have been to have considered the grammar of the Sanskrit, the complexity of which points to an infinitely long preparatory history, as the elemental grammar of human speech. The fact is, it is not true, as the supposition had been up to that time, that the myth-building phantasy of man is revealed in its natural processes in the Veda, as plainly as a clock housed in glass reveals all its wheels and works. The Vedic divinities, the Vedic sacrifices, are not primitive and transparent products of the original creative force of religion, but for the most part turn out, on close scrutinisation, to be ancient, obscure, and complex creations.

We shall next attempt a description of the age preceding the Vedic religion, and also of that religion itself, as both appear from the point of view here sketched.¹

THE SECOND STAGE OF FREE THOUGHT: ENTERPRISE.

BY GEORGE JACOB HOLYOAKE.

"Better wild ideas than no ideas at all."
—Professor Nichol at Hortham.

THE emancipation of the understanding from intimidation and restraint soon incited thinkers of enterprise to put their new powers to use. Theology being especially a forbidden subject and the greatest repressive force, inquiry into its pretensions first attracted critical attention.

In every century forlorn hopes of truth had set out to storm one or other of the ramparts of theology. Forces had been marshalled by great leaders and bat-

¹ I have given this subject a more detailed treatment in my book *The Religion of the Veda*, (1894.)

the often given in the open field and unforeseen victories are recorded, in the annals of the wars of infantine rationalism, against the full-grown powers of superstition and darkness. In every age valiant thinkers, scholars, philosophers, and critics, even priests in defiance of power, ecclesiastical and civil, have, at their own peril, explored the regions of forbidden truth.

In Great Britain it was the courage of insurgent thinkers among the working class—whom no imprisonment could intimidate—who caused the right of free speech and free publicity to be finally conceded. Thus rulers came round to the conclusion of Caballer, that "tolerance is as necessary in ideas as in social relations."

As soon as opinion was known to be emancipated, men began to think who never thought before. The thinker no longer had to obtain a "Ticket of Leave" from the Churches before he could inquire—he was free to investigate where he would and what he would. Power is, as a rule, never imparted nor acquired in vain, and honest men felt they owed it to those who had won freedom for them, that they should extend it. Thus it came to pass that independence was an inspiration to action in men of intrepid minds. Professor Tyndall in the last words he wrote for publication said, "I choose the nobler part of Emerson when, after various disenchantments, he exclaims, 'I covet truth!'" On printing these words the *Westminster Gazette* added: "The gladness of true heroism visits the heart of him who is really competent to say this." The energies of intellectual intrepidity had doubtless been devoted to science and social progress—but as philosophers have found, down to Huxley's day, all exploration was forbidden in that direction. Murchison, Brewster, Buckland, and other pioneers of science were intimidated. Lyell held back his book, on the *Antiquity of Man*, twenty years. Tyndall, Huxley, and Spencer were waiting to be heard. As Huxley has justly said: "there was no Thorongfare into the Kingdom of Nature—By Order—Moses." Hence, to examine theology, to discover whether its authority was absolute—became a necessity. It was soon seen that there was ground for scepticism. The priests resented criticism by representing the sceptic of their pretensions, as being sceptical of everything—whereas they were only sceptics of clerical infallibility. They indeed did aver that branches of human knowledge, received as well established, were really open to question—in order to show that if men could not be confident of things of which they had experience, how could the Churches be confident of things of which no man had experience—and which contradicted experience? So far from disbelieving everything, scepticism went everywhere in search of truth and certainty. Since the Church could not be absolutely certain of

the truth of its tenets, its duty was to be tolerant. But being intolerant it became as Julian Hibbert put it—"well-understood self-defence" to assail it. The Church fought for power—the thinker fought for truth.

Free thought among the people may be likened to a good ship manned by adventurous mariners, who, cruising about in the ocean of theology came upon syrens, as other mariners had done before—dangerous to be followed by navigators bound to ports of progress. Many were thereby decoyed to their own destruction. The syrens of the Churches sang alluring songs whose refrains were:

1. The Bible—the guide of God.
2. The origin of the universe disclosed.
3. The care of providence assured.
4. Deliverance from peril by prayer.
5. Original sin effaceable by grace.
6. Perdition avoidable by faith.
7. Future life revealed.

These propositions were subjects of resonant hymns, sermons, and tracts, and were not, and are not, disowned, but still defended in discussion by orthodox and clerical advocates. Save salvation by the blood of Christ (a painful idea to entertain), the other ideas might well fascinate the uninquiring. They had enchanted many believers, but the explorers of whom we speak had acquired the questioning spirit, and had learned prudently to look at both sides of familiar subjects and soon discovered that the fair-seeming propositions which had formerly imposed on their imagination were unsound, unsightly, and unsafe. The Syracusans of old kept a school in which slaves were taught the ways of bondage: Christianity has kept such a school in which subjection of the understanding was inculcated, and the pupils, now free to investigate, resolved to see whether such things were true.

Then began the reign of refutation of theological error—by some from indignation at having been imposed upon—by others from zeal that misconception should end; by more from enthusiasm for facts; by the bolder sort from resentment at the intimidation and cruelty with which inquiry had been suppressed so long; and by not a few from the love of disputation which has for some the delight men have for chess or cricket, or other pursuit which has conflict and conquest in it.

Self-determined thought is a condition of the progress of nations. Where would science be but for open thought, nursing mother of enterprise, of discovery, of invention, of new conditions of human betterment?

A modern Hindu writer¹ tells us that: "The Hindu is sorely handicapped by customs which are prescribed by his religious books. Hedged in by minute rules and restrictions the various classes forming the Hindu

¹ Pramatha Nath Bose.

community have had but little room for expansion and progress. The result has been stagnation. Caste has prevented the Hindus from sinking, but it has also prevented them from rising."

The old miracle-bubbles which the Jews blew into the air of wonder two thousand years ago, delight churches—still in their childhood. The sea of theology had been stagnant centuries ago, had not insurgent thinkers, at the peril of their lives, created commotion in it. Morals would have been poisoned on the shores of theology had not free thought purified the waters by putting the salt of reason into that sea, freshening it year by year.

WITCH PROSECUTION.

THE saddest side of the devil's history appears in the persecution of those who were supposed to be adherents of the devil; of sectarians, heretics, and witches. The most ridiculous accusations were made and believed against the Manichees, Albigenses, and other dissenters. They were said to worship the devil by most obscene ceremonies, and their intercourse with him is described most minutely as indecent and outrageous. In times of a general belief in witchcraft and the devil's power, nobody was safe against the accusation of being in the service of Satan. Thus the Stedingers, having effectually resisted the Bishop of Bremen when he tried to take their tithes from them by force of arms, were vanquished and cruelly slaughtered after having been denounced as devil-worshippers. The order of the Templars, the richest and most powerful and even the most orthodox order of Christianity, was accused of the meanest and most bestial idolatry, simply because an avaricious king of France was anxious to deprive them of their wealth and valuable possessions; and innumerable private citizens, as a rule poor people recklessly and rich people deliberately, in some way or other, fell victims of this most shameful superstition, sometimes to benefit ecclesiasticism, sometimes to serve the interests of the powerful, sometimes out of sheer ignorance, and sometimes even with the purest and sincerest intentions of doing the right thing for the best of mankind, and with a pious desire of obeying the word of the Lord, "Thou shalt not suffer a witch to live" (Exodus, xxii, 18).¹

The witch-prosecution mania was a general and a common disease of the age. On the one hand, it cannot (as is often supposed) be attributed to the influence of the Church alone, and it would, on the other hand, be a grave mistake to absolve the ecclesiastical

institutions of the fearful crimes of this superstition; for the highest authorities of both catholic and protestant Christianity not only upheld the idea of witch prosecution, but enforced it in the execution of the law in all its most terrible consequences.

It was natural that heretics were always regarded as belonging to the same category as witches and wizards, for they, too, were according to the logic of ecclesiastical reasoning "worshippers of Satan." Deuteronomy commands that prophets and dreamers of dreams, who by signs or wonders that come to pass would persuade Israelites to obey other gods, "shall be put to death" (xiii, 5-11). We read:

"If thy brother, the son of thy mother, or thy son, or thy daughter, or the wife of thy bosom, or thy friend, which is as thine own soul, entice thee secretly, saying, Let us go and serve other gods, which thou hast not known, thou, nor thy fathers;

"Namely, of the gods of the people which are round about you, nigh unto thee, or far off from thee, from the one end of the earth even unto the other end of the earth;

"Thou shalt not consent unto him, nor hearken unto him; neither shall thine eye pity him, neither shalt thou spare, neither shalt thou conceal him:

"But thou shalt surely kill him; thine hand shall be first upon him to put him to death, and afterwards the hand of all the people.

"And thou shalt stone him with stones, that he die; because he hath sought to thrust thee away from the Lord thy God, which brought thee out of the land of Egypt, from the house of bondage.

"And all Israel shall hear, and fear, and shall do no more any such wickedness as this is among you."

Relying on this passage St. Hieronymus would not hesitate to inflict capital punishment upon heretics; and Leo the Great takes the same view.¹ Under Pope Alexander III. the title "Inquisitor," in the sense of judge in matters of faith, was used for the first time at the council of Tours (in 1163). The synod of Verona (in 1184) cursed all heretics, and ordered them, in case they relapsed, to be handed over to the secular authorities for capital punishment. Pope Innocent III. (1198-1216) gave power to papal emissaries to sue the heretics, and enjoined all bishops on penalty of deposition to assist in the discovery and prosecution of unbelievers. At the suggestion of Castilian Dominic and the Bishop of Toulouse the new order of Dominicans was instituted which was destined to become the working force of the Inquisition. Pope Gregory IX. pursued the traditional policy with great vigor, establishing a regular inquisitorial office for Italy under the name of the "Holy Office," in 1224.

Gregory's policy was codified in an instrument of forty-five articles by the Council of Toulouse, in 1229, and thus the Inquisition became an established church-institution the appointment and superintendence of which formed an important prerogative of the pope. It was not until now that the pope became the abso-

¹ The same command is twice repeated in Leviticus xx, where we read: "And the Lord spake unto Moses, saying: The soul that turneth after such as have familiar spirits, and after wizards, I will even set my face against that soul, and will cut him off from among his people (verses 1 and 6).

"A man also or a woman that hath a familiar spirit, or that is a wizard, shall surely be put to death: they shall stone them with stones: their blood shall be upon them." (Lev. xx, 27.)

¹ See Epist. xv, ad Turribium.

lute ruler of the Church, for now even bishops could be cited before the papal tribunal of the Inquisition. Gregory IX. appointed (in 1232) the Dominicans as papal inquisitors, who performed the terrible duties of their office so faithfully that they truly earned the title of *Domini canes* "the dogs of the Lord," which originated in a word-play on their name.

A famous fresco in the Santa Maria Novella at Florence entitled *Domini canes*, painted by Simone Memmi, represents the inquisitorial idea under the allegory of a pack of hounds chasing off the wolves from the sheep-fold.

Gregory IX. sent (in 1230) Konrad of Marburg to Germany and gave him unlimited power of citing before his tribunal all people suspected of witchcraft, commanding him to bring the guilty to the fagot. And this fiendish man obeyed with joy his master, whom he revered as the Vicar of Christ on earth. He encountered much opposition, for the people became rebellious and even the Archbishops of Cologne, Trèves, and Mayence attempted to resist him. But Konrad remained firm; his practices had the unequivocal sanction of his Holiness the Pope, and he did not hesitate to begin proceedings even against these three highest dignitaries of the Church in Germany. Whenever Konrad appeared the fagots were lit and many innocent people became the victims of his fanaticism. At last he was murdered in 1233. The Archbishop of Mayence writes of this fiend:

"Whoever fell into his hands had only the choice between a ready confession for the sake of saving his life, and a denial whereupon he was speedily burnt. Every false witness was accepted, but no just defence granted—not even to people of prominence. The person arraigned had to confess that he was a heretic, that he had touched a toad, that he had kissed a pale man, or some monster. Many Catholics suffered themselves to be burned innocently rather than confess such vicious crimes, of which they knew they were not guilty. The weak ones, in order to save their lives, lied about themselves and other people, especially about such prominent ones whose names were suggested to them by Konrad. Thus brothers accused their brothers, wives their husbands, servants their masters. Many gave money to the clergy for good advice as to how to protect themselves, and the greatest confusion originated." (*Alberici Monachi Chron. ad. a. 1233.*)¹

While the establishment of the Holy Office in Germany met with serious difficulties, the inquisitors were welcomed in France by the pious Louis, Philip the Fair, and Charles IV. Under the rule of the last-mentioned monarch the ill-famed Bastille was built because the prisons no longer sufficed to hold the indicted heretics.

In Spain the Inquisition prospered best. The *Directorium inquisitorum* of N. Eymerich (Rome 1587), the inquisitor-general for Castile, allows us a complete insight into the proceedings of the Holy Office, its spy-system, its modes of cross-examination and tor-

ture, and its spoils. Torquemada and Ximenes were the most determined and unrelenting successors of Eymerich.¹ The wealthiest, the most powerful, the most learned were threatened alike, and even Archbishop Carranza, the primate of the Church of Spain could not escape the prosecution of the inquisitors.

In the beginning of the fifteenth century Johannes Nieder, a Dominican monk, published a book on *Witches and Their Deceptions*.² In 1458 J. Nicolaus Jaquierius followed with another publication called the heretics' scourge or *Flagellum hereticorum fascinariorum*. All opposition to the practices of witch-prosecutors were put down. "The Prior of St. Germain, William von Edelin, who had preached against the reality of witchcraft, had to beg pardon publicly in the Episcopal Chapel at Evreux on September 12, 1453, and to confess that he himself had worshipped Satan, had renounced his faith in the cross, and preached the illusion of witchcraft on the special command of the devil for the propagation of the Satanic dominion." (Raynald ad. ann. 1451.)

Witch prosecutions received a new impulse in the year 1484 through the bull of Pope Innocent VIII. beginning with the words *Summis desiderantes affectibus*. The inquisitors of Germany, Heinrich Institoris (whose German name was Krämer) and Jacob Sprenger, complained of having met with resistance while attending to their duties, and the Pope afforded them the desired assistance for the sake of strengthening the Catholic faith³ and of preventing the horrible crimes and excesses of witchcraft.

The bull of Pope Innocent III. had reference to Germany only, but other popes, Alexander VI., Julius II., Leo X., and Hadrian IV. issued bulls written in the same spirit, instigating the zeal of the inquisitors to do their best for the purification of the faith and the suppression of witchcraft.

The heinous bull of Pope Innocent III. was the immediate occasion for the writing of the *Witches' Hammer*, *Malleus Maleficarum*, which received the sanction of the Pope, the approbation of the theological faculty of Cologne, and a patent from Emperor Maximilian. Damhonder, the great criminalist of the sixteenth century, esteemed its authority as almost equal to the law; and its baneful influence extends over a period of three centuries. The *Witches' Hammer* or *Malleus Maleficarum* is one of the most famous and

¹F. Hoffmann, *Geschichte der Inquisition*, Bonn, 1878. Llorente, *Geschichte der spanischen Inquisition. Aus dem Spanischen*.

²Fr. Joannes Nieder. Suevi ordin. praeclatus s. theolog. profess. et hereticae pestis inquisitoris, liber insignis de maleficiis et eorum deceptionibus.

³"... ut fides catholica nostris potissime temporibus ubique augeatur et floreat, ac omnis heretica pravitas de finibus fidelium procul pellatur. . . . Sane nuper ad nostrum non sine ingenti molestia pervenit auditum quod . . . complures viri quique sexus personae . . . cum demonibus incubis et succubis abuti, ac suis incantationibus . . . mulierum partus, animatum foetus, terrae fruges . . . periri, suffocari et extinguere facere. . . ."—See Saldan, *Hexenprozesse*, p. 222. Roskoff, *l. l.*, pp. 226-292.

¹Roskoff, *Geschichte des Teufels*, Vol. II., pp. 215-216.

infamous works ever written. Its name indicates that it intends to crush witchcraft. No author is mentioned, but Sprenger's spirit is recognised in both, its preface (the *Apologia*) and the various chapters of the book. It contains the most confounded nonsense, often self-contradictory, and is throughout irrational and superstitious. To us who live in an age of calmer thought and more exact investigation, it is difficult to understand how its expositions could ever be believed.

Volumes might be filled with accounts of the many thousand various instances of witch prosecutions. But every single case is so soul-harassing that we prefer to pass them by in silence. Therefore we select from the great number of prosecutions for witchcraft one instance only, which, however, is neither typical nor extraordinary in its horrors.

We read in König's popular exposition of human superstitions,¹ p. 240:

"There was a farmer by the name of Veit, living in a village of Southern Bohemia. He was famous for his wit and unusual humor. At the same time he was physically strong, and whenever there was a quarrel at the inn he came off victor. The rumor spread that he was inviolable, as sometimes hunters are supposed to be bullet-proof, and Veit never denied it. By and by he was regarded as a wizard, and as his cattle prospered best, and his fields yielded the richest crops, he was soon supposed to be in league with the Evil One. Now it happened that the village was troubled with mice, and Veit was suspected of having caused the plague. When questioned about it, he granted in a moment of humor that he had sent the mice but would soon drive them away again, and he promised to prove at the next church-fair that he could actually make mice. When the day appointed came, the inn was overcrowded, and the farmer Veit appeared with a big bag under his arm, into which he requested the company to throw twenty pebbles. They did so, without noticing that the bag was double. And while one part was empty the other contained twenty mice. When the pebbles were put in the bag, Veit murmured a magic formula and let the mice loose in the presence of his frightened audience.

"This performance, however, had unexpected and tragic results. The people were convinced that it was the work of hell, and Veit escaped with difficulty from the inn. Veit was arrested on the next night and delivered to the criminal court. A mole on his body was thought to be a stigma of the Devil, and all the witnesses agreed that he was a genuine wizard. His case was thoroughly investigated and even the University of Prague was consulted; the verdict signed by the Rector Magnificus with his own hand was against him, and Veit, who professed his innocence, had to endure all the tortures of the inquisition. At last he was burned alive, and the ashes of his body were thrown into the wind. We read in the Acts of the law-suit that Veit mounted the stake 'without showing repentance or doing penance.' And when chains were put on his neck, around his body, and around his feet, he cried with a loud voice, 'My God, I die innocently.' Judges, professors, physicians, and theologians agreed unanimously in the conviction of this innocent man."

We abstain from quoting other instances. There are plenty of them, and one is always more terrible and infamous than the others. The accusations are

almost always very circumstantial and definite, mostly of brutal indecency and ridiculously impossible.

* * *

One of the most comical witch prosecutions took place in 1474 against a diabolical rooster who had been so presumptuous as to lay an egg. The poor creature was solemnly tried, whereupon he was condemned to die at the stake and publicly burned by order of the authorities of the good city of Basel.

We abstain from entering further into the details of the prosecution of witches, which gradually developed into a systematic business involving great emoluments to judges, torturers, hangmen, inquisitors, denouncers, witnesses, and all persons connected with the process. It is a doleful work to go over the mere statistics of the *autos-da-fé*, and every single story of a trial for witchcraft cannot but rouse our deepest indignation; and even now the belief in witchcraft is not yet extinct among the so-called civilised races of mankind.

NOTES.

Dr. Oswald's article "Fighting Fire" reminds us of a passage in the *Vattaka Jataka* (translated by T. W. Rhys Davids in *Buddhist Birth Stories*, p. 303). When the disciples of the Buddha were surrounded by a jungle fire they called out: "Let us make a counterfire, so that the conflagration shall not spread beyond the space burned out by that." When the fire reached the spot where the Buddha stood it went out like a torch thrust down into water.

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¹ *Ausgeburten des Menschenwunsches*, ein Volksbuch, Rudolstadt.

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THE HISTORY OF THE VEDIC RELIGION.¹

BY PROF. H. OLDENBERG.

THE fundamental nature of the primary Indian religion, surviving from the very remotest antiquity and rising to the surface of the Vedic times as a more or less ruinous wreckage, is, as we have seen, essentially that of the savage's religion. According to this, all existence appears animated with spirits, whose confused masses crowd upon each other, buzzing, flocking, swarming along with the phantom souls of the dead, and act, each according to its nature, in every occurrence. If a human being fall ill, it is a spirit that has taken possession of him and imposes upon him his ills. The patient is cured by enticing the spirit from him with magic. A spirit dwells in the flying arrow. He who shoots off an arrow performs a bit of magic which puts this spirit into action. The spirits have sometimes human, sometimes animal form. Neither form is nobler or lower than the other, for as yet no distinction between the human and bestial nature has been made. In fact, man is usually looked upon as descended from the animal; the tribes of men are called bears, wolves, snakes, and the individuals of the animal genus after which they are thus called are treated by the tribes as their blood-relations.

As they move hither and thither, the spirits may select a domicile, abiding or temporary, in some visible object. A feather, or a bone, or a stone at different times holds the spirit; and anon the spirit steals into a human being whom it makes ill or throws into convulsions in which supernatural visions come to him and in which the spirit talks through him in confused phrases.

And just as man at this stage of development lives only for the moment, thrown unresistingly to and fro by all sorts of vacillatory influences, such naturally is the way of the spirits. The spirits of savages are themselves savages, greedy, superstitious, easily excitable. The man of skill, the magician, who as yet occupies the place filled at a later period by the priest, knows the art—first anticipatory hints of a cult—of flattering the spirits; he understands how to bar their passage, to terrify them, to deceive them, to compel them, to provoke them against his enemy. They are

washed away with water; they are consumed by fire; even the friendly spirits, whenever they prove themselves intractable, are subjected to the same sort of irreverent treatment. It is apparent that this religion knows of nothing possessing a majesty which at all rises above the level of human life. An appreciation, an estimate of differences of magnitude and of degree have not as yet been formed. Animal, man, spirit, are mixed up together, all more or less equal in their power and in their rights.

But gradually the chaos of these ideas clarifies. The great begins to separate itself from the little, the noble from the base. A calmer survey of the world obtains.

Out of all the confusion of forces working in the shape of spirits, the great powers of nature more and more emerge and assume the first position. Their action, reaching far beyond human control into the farthest regions of space, the same to-day as yesterday and to-morrow as to-day, invincible to all human opposition, is ever more felt to be decisive of destinies;—the more so, as the various branches of human industry (cattle breeding and agriculture) make improvement and intensify man's sensitiveness to the favorable and unfavorable phenomena of nature. It is, therefore, the normal characteristic of vast stretches of historical development that the great powers of nature, such as the heavens, sun, moon, storm, thunder, and with these the terrestrial element of fire and the earth itself (usually first in importance in this class), appear as the highest givers of blessings and rulers of all that happens. They are superior to man and are at a distance from him, as befits divinity. For the embodiment of them into a living personification, the more perfect form of man steadily secures the preference over that of the brute. It was only possible to deify the torpid brute so long as man failed to feel himself as something better than the brute.

Of course the animal figure does not disappear absolutely and at a single blow from the midst of the divinities. Subordinate divinities, standing in the background and thus remaining untouched by the ennobling tendencies, were allowed to retain their old animal form. Or, an animal, which was once itself a god, might, after the god had been exalted to the dig-

¹ Authorised translation from the *Deutsche Rundschau* by O. W. Weyer.

nity of human form, remain to the latter as a special attribute, as a sort of celestial domestic animal,—as, for illustration, demons which were once of the shape of horses, being raised to gods with the shape of man, would thereafter appear as riding upon celestial horses. Or, some part of the body of the original animal form might be retained as a part of the newer human form of the god, or something emblematic of the animal be affixed externally in some way, and thus retain a trace of the old conception which had been overthrown. And wherever a plastic art has developed established forms, as in Egypt or in Mexico, and is consequently strongly conservative in retaining venerable traditions, the animal-gods, cut in stone, may expect to maintain themselves for a longer time than they could wherever, as was the case in India in the time of the Veda, they lived in the airy realm of the imagination.

In the same manner, the practice of considering stone and wood as fetishes embodying the spirits, while not disappearing suddenly and wholly, yet unavoidably withdraws from the foreground. The spookish, magical conception of spirits slipping stealthily from one home to another in matter of every shape and kind loses ground. The figures of the divinities obtain surer forms, each with peculiar outlines of its own, and their dignity, at once human and supernatural, is firmly established. Though far from approaching to that ideal of sanctity to which a later age will attain; though they are still animated by egotism, passions, caprices of every sort,—yet, accompanying it all, a certain amount of constancy becomes manifest in them, and in all their doings there is evident the steady growth of connected deliberation and plan. Very often the tendency develops of transferring to these divinities the rôle of kindly dispensers of bounties, while, on the other hand, the occupation of doing injury, of causing illness and harm of every sort is still allotted to inferior demons, gnomes, goblin spirits, which in their essentials keep on a level with sorcery of the earlier religion and against which the old arts of spell and exorcism are effective,—arts, which, be it observed, are of no avail against the higher power of the new great divinities.

The intercourse of man with these new gods attunes itself to another key. He is studious to gratify the immortals, powerful beings, willingly inclining themselves to favor, when approached with gifts. He invites them to food and drink and they yield to his solicitation; not, however, with the bluster and din of the spirits exorcised by the old sorcerers, but in calm grandeur the invisible gods approach their adorers. The distinctive seal, now stamped upon cult, is henceforth and for long periods of time sacrifice and prayer.

It is at this point that it becomes clear what the

proper position of the Vedic religious belief is. Not all perhaps, but yet all the chief and dominant of the Vedic divinities are based upon a personification of natural forces, in forms of superhuman magnitude. The dwelling-place of the most of them is the atmosphere or the heavens. The word *devas* (the god), which the Indians had received from the Indo-Germanic past and which is to be found among many of the related branches of the family,¹ meant originally "the heavenly one." And thus the belief, which elevates the divinities above human kind to a heavenly height, was firmly fixed and long antedates the times of the Veda.

From it all, we see at the first glance that we are dealing with a stage of development which must have been preceded by a long prior history. And we find a confirmation for such a view, which, as was explained above, might be expected in a case of this kind: the types of divinities, or rather of spirits, characteristic of more primitive stages of development, are profusely apparent throughout the world of Vedic divinities. The divinities themselves—heavenly human beings, exalted to a colossal magnitude, in agreement with the general religious thought of the Vedic age—retain numerous, not wholly obliterated, marks of their ancient animal form. Demons of animal shape, like "the serpent from the earth," "the one-footed goat," surround the world of man-resembling divinities, and form a background for them. And the gods themselves are, in certain rites,—although exceptionally, as may be imagined,—represented fetish-like as embodied in animals, sometimes too in inanimate objects. A steed represents Agni, the fleet god of fire; an ox, Indra, who is strong as one.

Further, there are plain relics visible in the Veda of the belief so characteristic of the savage races: the belief in the blood-relationship between certain human families and certain animal species.

Again, in India as elsewhere, there appear along with the grand divinities, which are mainly beneficent and are raised by the advance of thought to purer forms, those spirits by which the savage imagines he is encircled. They are those cobolds, malicious spirits, spirits of illness, which we may say belong to the Stone Age of religion, which are obdurate to any historical growth, and yet are found with the same characteristics among all peoples; gliding about in human and animal forms and misshapes—by day and by night, but especially night—everywhere, but with a marked partiality for cross-roads, grave-yards, and other such dismal places; stealing into man, cheating him, confusing his mind, gnawing at his flesh, sucking up his

¹ Thus, Latin: *divus, deus*. Ancient Gallic: *devo-, divo-*. Lithuanian: *devas*. Old Prussian: *devas*. Ancient Norse (in which, according to rules of consonantal change, *t* instead of *d* appears): *ttar*, the gods.

blood, waylaying his women, drinking up the milk of his cows. And finally, along with these spirits, and characteristic of the same primitive notions, there appear, in the belief of the Veda the souls of the dead,—those of ancestors kindly watching over the destinies of their children,—and treacherous, inimical souls: a domain in which the Veda has retained in especial abundance, and scarcely concealed beneath the veil spread over them by its advanced ideas, the remains of a savage and most crude religious life.

If we turn, now, from these survivals of a distant past, to the great divinities, which are characteristically the figure-heads of the religion of the Veda, we shall find that the stage at which the work of deifying the powers of the air and of the heavens is usually accomplished, has been quite appreciably passed. While these divinities, too, have sprung from early ideas of nature, the roots which they there struck have withered or are at least touched with incipient decay; the original meaning taken from nature is either forgotten or misunderstood. The mightiest of the Vedic gods, Indra, was once the thunderer, who batters open the cloud-cliffs with his weapon of lightning and frees the torrents of rain;—in the hymns of the Veda he has faded into the very different figure of the divine *hero*, physically strongest of the gods, the conferrer of victories, he who performs all the most powerful feats and lavishes inexhaustible treasures. The Vedic poets do, indeed, tell that legend of Indra, which was once the legend of the thunder, of the slaying of the serpent and the opening of the cliff; but in their recital it is all distorted. The cliff, which Indra's weapon splits, is no longer the cloud, but a literal terrestrial cliff; and the rivers which he releases are actual terrestrial rivers. The conception of thunder has thus wholly disappeared from the myth of Indra and there has only remained the story that the strongest of the gods had split a wall of rock with his marvellous weapon and that the streams had poured forth from it.

The same process of fading out has befallen a number of other of these great natural divinities. The two *Asvin*, the *Dioskouroi* of the Greeks, have lost their meaning of morning and evening star. In the Vedic creed their essential characteristic is that they are the deliverers of the oppressed from all kinds of suffering. Varuna, in his original character a lunar divinity, was transformed into that of a heavenly king, the observer and punisher of all sins; and the single characteristic, that he is the divine ruler of the night, alone shows an obscure mark of his long-forgotten real nature.

WHAT IS REPUBLICANISM?

BY PROF. E. D. COPE.

THE criticism of my article on the "Monroe Doctrine in 1895" in a previous number of *The Open Court*,

by Prof. Calvin Thomas in the number of the same journal of April 25, indicated two things. First, that time and space were not wasted in enumerating some of the A, B, C's of Republicanism; and second, how easily an American citizen may lose sight of them when confronted with the many good things to be found in old Europe. Professor Thomas has well repeated the reply which is usually given by the European who is satisfied with the system under which he lives, and he displays the inability to meet his arguments which is too often found among Americans.

The objections to monarchical institutions which I enumerated are little more than a repetition of those which Samuel the Judge presented to the Hebrews long ages ago when they demanded a king. The objections appear to many people to be sound to this day, and they cannot be disposed of so readily as Professor Thomas seems to think by the curious assumption that the people who live under monarchies necessarily prefer them; and further, that if they prefer them therefore they ought to have them.

In dealing comprehensively with a large subject one has to use generalities. Professor Thomas very properly asks for more exact definitions. These I will endeavor to give, but concisely, since much time and space can be devoted to such an inspiring theme.

First he asks, "What are human rights?" To this I would reply, *the right to pursue a course of progressive evolution without obstruction by unnecessary obstacles*. Among primitive peoples with small rational capacity, it is possible that aristocratic establishments, as "royal families, aristocracies, and State Churches" may be aids to this progressive evolution, but of this I am by no means sure. The military despotism is the primitive form of government, and from this the republic might emerge without the intervening aristocratic and monarchical stages, but as a matter of fact it has not generally done so. The military freebooters have divided the land with their friends, and have enacted laws granting them monopolistic and other privileges, and thus gave origin to the privileged classes referred to in my article. Professor Thomas finds it unpleasant that I should call these classes "robbers," and refers to the Archbishop of Canterbury and other estimable gentlemen who are now enjoying the privileges so acquired by their ancestors. (He forgets that I used the word ancestors in my article). There is no doubt that many of the privileged classes of Europe are excellent people, just as many of the old-time slaveholders of the South were real gentlemen. But this does not excuse the systems under which they live or lived, nor does it excuse Professor Thomas now, nor did it excuse Clement Vallandigham during the war of the rebellion, for taking so superficial a view of the situation.

But to look further into the subject; do "royal families, aristocracies, and State Churches" obstruct human evolution? By obstruction of evolution, I mean the hindrance of correct, i. e., logical or just thinking; hindrance of ethical conduct; and hindrance of material prosperity of the greatest number. Here one has to remember that the different stages of evolution may require different governmental forms. What is good for a primitive people is certainly not good for a fully developed people; and what is good for the latter will not be adapted to a degenerate people. This language implies that human evolution depends primarily on conditions other than forms of government; and this is a truism. The rise and fall of human excellence depends on conditions some of which are not as yet understood, but social relations are among those which are fundamental. The maintenance of ideals is of first importance, and sex and the family are primary sources of ideals. But superposed on this foundation, the governmental system has much to do with accelerating or retarding human evolution.

In all nations we have primitive, developed and degenerate persons and families, but the percentages differ with the nations. It is easy to perceive that the peasantry of Europe is not a developed type, whatever they may be. Perhaps most of them are primitive; some of the lower classes from the cities are degenerate. Why do they continue to exist in such millions on a continent which is the home of modern civilisation and which has had for centuries the benefits of "royal families, aristocracies, and State Churches"? It is not because they are incapable of development; for when transplanted to America in a generation or two one would not know them as the same people. Most of them undergo a development of the intelligence which is remarkable, and from a generally stupid, and often a besotted condition, they become industrious and relatively temperate. Their condition in Europe is evidently not due to isolation, as is sometimes to be found in out-of-the-way places in America, for they live in more or less dense societies.

The opportunities offered to industry by the opening up of a new country has much to do with the rapid improvement to be seen in the European immigrants who come to us. The question arises, why should they not find similar opportunities in Europe? Europe is not over-populated. Large tracts are uninhabited. Why are not these vacant lands occupied? Because they belong to privileged classes. Hence industry is depressed, and the people are poor. Why are the ideals of these peoples so low? Because the ideal of excellence is artificial and false. Excellence is conferred by title and to a limited degree only by merit. In ninety men out of a hundred in Europe ad-

mission to the ranks of the nobility would be more valued than intellectual or ethical superiority. In spite of this, the true excellence presses the false hard in Europe to-day, but it has had a long and severe struggle, and it has not yet penetrated the masses. If some of the privileged classes are aiding in this progress it is because they see that it is inevitable, and they have risen to the situation. But that does not make their system a good one.

Much European progress may be traced to America. We have shown that the status of the peasant is not necessarily a permanent one. The development of the lowest classes of Europe on American soil has been an object lesson to both extremes of European society. The influence of this lesson on Europe must not be lost sight of. If Europe had possessed free institutions after the downfall of Rome, would the long stagnation of the Middle Ages have been possible? Possibly the people did not wish to create and sustain such institutions, but that does not make the situation any better, or the Dark Ages less dark.

We are perhaps now in shape to see wherein the republican form of government is best. By a republican form I mean a constitutional and representative form, without a "royal family, aristocracy, or State Church." In a republic the people can have laws made and executed which they believe to be of the greatest benefit to themselves, unhampered by the immense appropriations of money demanded by the aristocratic institutions enumerated, for the maintenance of their privileges; unhampered by the false ideals created by those institutions; and unhampered by the false and foolish standards of thought or conduct made authoritative by State Churches. So soon as governors in a republic cease to represent the people who elect them, they can be retired from office, and new men may take their places. In this last sentence lies the A, B, C of the republican system, and although everybody knows that such is the case, the article of Professor Thomas shows that it may be temporarily lost sight of. Bad rulers of European and other monarchical countries cannot be easily retired from office! As to personal tyranny not being a serious matter in Europe to day, as asserted by Professor Thomas; have we not imprisonments for *lèse-majesté* in Germany, and injustice of many kinds in Russia? In England a man is forbidden to marry a deceased wife's sister, and divorce can be had for one cause only. In fact, personal liberty prevails in Europe in proportion as their systems approach that of the United States. We are not free from evils here, but they have many additional ones in Europe.

Professor Thomas's reference to industrial classes, rich people etc. in America, as "privileged classes" is simply dust-throwing. If the majority of the vo-

ters in the United States think it to their interest to grant subsidies to any class, believing that they are thereby also voting advantage to themselves, such class does not come under the head of "privileged." If a man becomes rich by fair means, he is not thereby a "privileged" person. Every one is at liberty to do the same if he can. As to our "aristocracy" which monarchists are fond of extemporising for the sake of their argument, everybody knows that nothing of the kind exists in America. If undue respect is paid to the rich, it is a respect which has its foundation in respect for merit. The accumulation of money implies intelligence and industry, both highly respectable qualities. A certain amount of man-worship is natural to humanity, and in a republican community it is more likely to be directed toward merit, than in any other social system. And the proper direction of human admiration, is one of the most important factors in human evolution.

In maintaining the Monroe Doctrine, we are not alone sustaining the South American Republics. That is a minor issue. We are guaranteeing to all settlers on American soil a republican form of government, providing they choose to maintain it. The American continent is henceforth open to all nations, the Teutonic as much as the Latin, who desire this form of government. Probably the English and German peoples will be as much the beneficiaries of our action as the Spanish Americans; perhaps even more so, for it is the Teutonic peoples who are populating America most rapidly. We certainly do not wish a quarrel with England, our nearest of kin among the nations. But we may sometimes influence her rulers for good, and when they are deaf we may speak loudly. President Cleveland will occupy an enviable place in history for the position he took in this matter. The character of the issue cannot be belittled by contemptuous references to Venezuelan swamps. We have more personal friendships with English people than with any other, and to insist on their respecting republican institutions in America is to do them good and not evil. England will scarcely go to war with us for such an act. She may be some day a republic herself. Professor Thomas's reference to Canada is then probably irrelevant, but as he does so, I will do so also. We have with that country a frontier of four thousand miles in length. Under such circumstances the chance of war at some future day is considerable. To avoid such a probable contingency, a fusion of the two countries is desirable. Prof. Goldwin Smith is right in stating that we are not a land-hungry people. We do not want Canada or Mexico. But it is manifestly to the advantage of both countries that Canada and the United States should be peaceably united. And why not? We are one in race and in language.

Our separation is like the separate occupation of the same house by two brothers.

I must not fail to refer to the fact that the permanence of republican institutions depends on the character of the people. If the people fall below a practicable level of rational self-restraint, through degeneracy of their intelligence and excess of their passions, the republican form of government must be soon supplanted by the military. It has been temporarily so replaced at certain times and places in our past history. We should then guard the franchise with greater care than we have done. We must put a stop to the unspeakable folly of permitting the half-civilised hordes of Europe to vote at our elections. Most of the evils which have befallen this country are to be traced to this source. The civil war would probably have never been fought, had it not been for the ignorant foreign vote of the North which allied itself with the Southern slaveholders. These people furnish most of the purchasable vote which corrupts our politics. It is to be hoped that Congress will speedily pass a good bill for restricting immigration; and that all the States will adopt an amendment to their constitutions imposing some qualification for voting. Unless this is done we may be thrown back on the systems of government which these people have made more or less necessary in Europe.

CONQUESTS OF INVESTIGATION.

BY GEORGE JACOB HOLYOAKE.

"The secret of Genius is to suffer no fiction to live."—Goethe.

THEOLOGIANS had so choked the human mind with a dense undergrowth of dogmas that it was like cutting through an African forest, such as Stanley encountered—to find the paths of truth.

On that path, when found, many things unforeseen before, became plain. The sirens songs of orthodoxy were discovered to have strange discords of sense in them.

1. The guide of God seemed to be very human—not authentic, not consistent—containing things not readable nor explainable in the family; containing pagan fictions, such as the Incarnation and reluctantly believable as the device of a moral deity. Men of genius and of noble ethical sympathy do however deem it defensible. In any human book the paternal exaction of such suffering as fell to Christ, would be regarded with alarm and repugnance. Wonder was felt that Scripture, purporting to contain the will of deity, should not be expressed so unmistakably that ignorance could not misunderstand it, nor perversity misconstrue it. The gods know how to write.

2. The origin of all things has excited and disappointed the curiosity of the greatest exploring minds of every age. That the secret of the universe is un-

disclosed, is manifest from the different and differing conjectures concerning it. The origin of the universe remains unknowable. What awe fills or rather takes possession of the mind which comprehends this! Theism takes wonder out of the universe.

3. Pleasant and free from anxiety, life would be were it true, that Providence is a present help in the day of need. Alas, to the poor it is evident that Providence does not interfere, neither to befriend the good in their distress, nor arrest the bad in the act of crime.

4. The power of prayer has been the hope of the helpless and the oppressed in every age. Every man wishes it was true that help could be had that way. Then every just man could protect himself at will against his adversaries. But experience shows that all entreaty is futile to induce Providence to change its universal habit of non-intervention. Prayer beguiles the poor but provides no dinner. Mr. Spurgeon said at the Tabernacle that prayer filled his meal barrel when empty. I asked that he should publish the recipe in the interests of the hungry. But he made no reply.

5. There is reason to think that original sin is not anything more than original ignorance. The belief in natural depravity discourages all efforts of progress. The primal imperfection of human nature is only effaceable by knowledge and persistent endeavor. Even in things lawful to do, excess is sin, judged by human standards. There may be error without depravity.

6. Eternal perdition for conscientious belief, whether erroneous or not, is humanly incredible. The devisors of this doctrine must have been unaware that belief is an affair of ignorance, prejudice, custom, education, or evidence. The liability of the human race to eternal punishment is the foundation on which all Christianity (except Unitarianism) rests. This awful belief, if acted upon with the sincerity that Christianity declares it should be, would terminate all enjoyment, and all enterprise would cease in the world. None would ever marry. No persons, with any humanity in their hearts would take upon themselves the awful responsibility of increasing the number of the damned. The registrar of births would be the most fiendish clerk conceivable. He would be practically the secretary of hell. The theory that all the world was lost through a curious and enterprising lady, eating an apricot or an apple, and that three thousand or more years after, mankind had to be redeemed by the murder of an innocent Jew—is of a nature to make men afraid to believe in a deity accused of contriving so dreadful a scheme.

Though this reasoning will seem to many an argument against the existence, whereas it is merely against the attributes of deity, ascribed to him by Christianity. If God be not moral, in the human sense of the

term, he may as well be not moral at all. It is only he whose principles of justice, men can understand, that men can trust. Prof. T. H. Huxley, conspicuous for his clearness of views and dispassionateness of judgment, was of this opinion, who says: "The suggestion arises, if God is the cause of all things he is responsible for evil as well as for good, and it appears utterly irreconcilable with our notions of justice that he should punish another for that which he has in fact done himself." The poet concurs with the philosopher when he exclaims:

"The loving worm within its clod,
Were diviner than a loveless God
Amid his worlds."¹

Christianity indeed speaks of the *love* of God in sending his son to die for the security of others. But not less is the heart of the intelligent and humane believer torn with fear, as he thinks what must be the character of that God who could only be thus appeased. The example of self-sacrifice is noble—but is it noble in any one who deliberately creates the necessity for it? The better side of Christianity seems overshadowed by the worse.

7. Future life is uncertain, being unprovable and seemingly improbable, judging from the dependence of life on material conditions. Christians themselves do not seem confident of another existence. If they were *sure* of it, who of them would linger here when those they love and honor have gone before? Ere we reach the middle of our days, the joy of every heart lies in some tomb. If the Christian actually believed that the future was real, would he hang black plumes over the hearse, and speak of death as darkness? No! the cemeteries would be hung with joyful lights, the grave would be the gate of Paradise. Every one would find justifiable excuse for leaving this for the happier world. All tenets which are contradicted by reason had better not be. *

Many preachers now disown, in controversy, these doctrines, but until they carry the professions of the platform into the statute book, the rubric and the pulpit, such doctrines remain operant, and the Churches remain answerable for them. Non-conformists do not protest against a State Church on account of its doctrines—which include all those enumerated. When the doctrines which conflict with reason and humanity are disowned by authority, ecclesiastical and legal, in all denominations, the duty of controverting them as impediments to progress will cease.

It may be said in reply to what is here set forth as tenets of Christian Scripture, that the writer follows the letter and not the spirit of the word. Yes, that is what he does. He is well aware of the new practice of seeking refuge in the "spirit," of "expanding" the

¹ Browning.

letter and taking a "new range of view." He however holds that to drop the "letter" is to drop the doctrine. To "expand" the "letter" is to change it. New "range of view" is the term under which desertion of the text is disguised. But "new range" means new thought, which in this insidious way is put forward to supersede the old. The frank way is to say so, and admit that the "letter" is obsolete—is gone, is disproved and that new views which are truer constitute the new letter of progress. The best thing to do with the "dead hand" is to bury it. To try to expand dissolution is but galvanising the corpse and tying the dead to the living.

THE ANGEL OF AUGSBURG.

WITCH PROSECUTION was a convenient weapon in the hands of unscrupulous men for accomplishing crooked ends or satisfying some private vengeance. One of the most tragic and pathetic cases is the sad death of Agnes Bernauer, a beautiful woman, the daughter of a barber and the wife of Albrecht, Duke of Bavaria.

Agnes was born at Augsburg in 1410. She was known as the fairest girl of the town, and she was as good and womanly as she was beautiful. In 1428 Duke Ernest of Bavaria gave a great tournament in honor of his son Albrecht, whom his fond mother had endowed with the county Vohnburg. It was on this occasion that the young prince espied Agnes among the spectators and fell in love with her. Albrecht had been engaged to Elizabeth, a princess of Württemberg. But a few weeks before the day set for their marriage Elizabeth eloped with Count John of Werdenberg. Albrecht was greatly disappointed, but being convinced of the unworthiness of his bride, he seems to have consoled himself quickly enough. He made the acquaintance of Agnes Bernauer in Augsburg and courted her; but she was very coy and granted him not the slightest favor beyond the kindness which she showed to every one. He wooed her, won her heart and hand, and took her as his rightful wife to his residence in the county Vohnburg. There they lived in happy wedlock several years.

Duke Ernest, Albrecht's father, knew about Agnes's presence at Vohnburg but he cared little, until he became anxious about having a legal heir to his duchy. Then he requested his son to marry the daughter of Duke Erik of Brunswick, but Albrecht refused, saying that his experience with the Württemberg princess had taught him a lesson.

When persuasion appeared to be without avail, Duke Ernest thought of other means to separate his son from the lowly-born maiden. At a public tournament, he ordered the judges to refuse admittance to Albrecht on the plea that he had seduced an Augsburg

maiden and kept her as his concubine at his castle of Vohnburg. Albrecht was indignant. He broke through the lines, placed himself in the centre of the lists and declared with a loud voice: "I did not seduce the girl! Agnes Bernauer of Augsburg, who lives with me at Vohnburg, is my legal wife and joined to me for ever and ay by the blessing of the holy Church!" A quarrel ensued and at last the young Duke was removed as a disreputable cavalier. Albrecht was greatly exasperated and as soon as he returned to Vohnburg he recognised Agnes not only as his wife but also as duchess. With the consent of his uncle, Duke William, he moved to the castle Straubing, which he donated to her and surrounding her with a ducal court, called her henceforth Duchess Agnes.

The poor Duchess did not enjoy the splendor of the court. She feared the wrath of her terrible father-in-law, and built, in a melancholy presentiment of her sad fate, her own burial chapel, in the monastery of the Carmelites at Straubing.

It happened at that time, in 1435, that Duke William, Duke Ernest's brother, died, and the little son of the deceased fell sick. Here was a chance to destroy the beautiful Agnes. In Albrecht's absence, Duke Ernest seized his son's wife, had her imprisoned and at once accused as a witch. Her defence was dignified, but in vain. She declared that no one except her husband and the Emperor could try her, and concluded with these words: "You may become my murderers—but never my judges." Her condemnation had been decided upon before the trial began, and the verdict pronounced her guilty of having bewitched Duke Albrecht and thus committed a criminal offence against Duke Ernest. The judgment ordered her to be drowned in the Donau, and Duke Ernest signed the verdict.

The hangmen carried the young woman to the Donau bridge at Straubing and thrust her, in the presence of a multitude of spectators, into the river. But the current drifted her ashore and she held up her white arms appealing to the people for help. The people were moved and she might have been saved, had not one of the hangmen seized a pole and catching her long golden hair held her under water until she expired.

She was buried in St. Peter's cemetery of Straubing.

When the young Duke on his return was informed of the terrible death of his wife, he fainted. Then he swore vengeance, and in alliance with his cousin Duke Ludwig of Bavaria-Ingolstadt, began to wage a vigorous war against his own father. Through the mediation of the Emperor, however, he was reconciled with his father at the council of Basel. Duke Ernest built a chapel over the grave of his innocent victim and

had an annual mass read over her for the welfare of her soul. Duke Albrecht thereupon agreed to marry Anna, Princess of Brunswick, by whom he had ten children, although it cannot be said that his married life was a happy one.

In 1447 Duke Albrecht had the body of "his honorable wife Agnes, the Bernauerin," transferred to the chapel which she had built for herself in the Carmelite monastery; and he had the resting-place of her remains adorned with a beautiful marble image of her in full figure with the simple inscription:

"Obiit Agnes Bernauerin. Requiescat in pace."

It is difficult to say why Duke Albrecht did not on the tombstone call her duchess and his wife; but this much is certain, her maiden name was nobler than the title which her husband had a right to bestow on her, and which he had inherited from his high-born but low-minded father.

Poets who have immortalised her name, and the people of Bavaria among whom her memory is still cherished, call her "the angel of Augsburg."¹ P. C.

BEATA VITA.²

BY CHARLES ALVA LANE.

To-day I gave the winds my soul
To lull or waft at will;
And life was lapsed from Care's control
To moods that throb and thrill.

The dreamy heav'ns awakened hope,
As beauty kindles love;
And fash'ning futures limned the scope
Of brooding blue above.

The Summer sent her herald-beats
In zephyrs over sea;
And Fancy felt the pinion-beats
Of swallows that shall be.

Across the meads and thro' the woods
A courier promise passed,
That pierced the prison-solitudes
Where flower-souls are fast.

And all their wistful, wintry dreams
Awoke within the seeds
Of languorous life amid the themes
The sheeny summer breeds.

¹Folksong on Agnes die Bernauerin. Count Töring (1780), Böttger (1846), Melchior Meyr (1862), Friedrich Hebbel (1855), Otto Ludwig (a posthumous fragmentary design of a drama begun in 1852). See also Chr. Meyer's article on Agnes Bernauer in *Die Gartenlaube*, 1873, and König, *Ausgeburten des Menschenwahn*.

²It is doubtful if the psychic condition indicated in these lines will be readily interpreted. All minds, I believe, experience a certain intuitional sense of the unity of the cosmos: not only a more or less rational credence in some monistic world-conception, but an experiential, though subtle, feeling of affinity with the All. There are moments with me when the subjective and objective seem to coalesce in *medias res*. *Ego* melts into *ens entium*. A sort of temporary *Nirvana* or *Avidhya* state is established.

Some such psychic abstraction as this probably furnished the "ecstasies" of Plotinus and the religious mystics. Perhaps every introspective and psychically-sensitive mind has experienced such "beatific visions." The apprehensive and abstractive Aryan races cannot be strangers to these moments. Indeed certain of their *Samadhi Yoga* practices would seem to superinduce just such psychoses.

C. A. L.

The prophet winds had caught the hints
Of songs of birds unborn,
And sunshine's prescience wrought the tints
Of flowers by far hours worn.

And, mingling with the milk-warm air
And silence of the spring,
I seemed a sentient ether rare,
A wide and willess thing;—

An errant ecstasy arisen
From some divinest Deep,
Caught up as perfume flow'rs imprison
When morn calls down the steep;—

A mood whose thought has lost the world,
Its days and deeds and dreams,
Till Care has all her passions furled,
And Hope desireless seems.

Oh! rich and rare to mix and mingle
With th' elemental play,
And feel the multitudes are single
Of earth's phenomena!—

To join in rapport strong and strange
With Nature's moods and powers,
And lose the weary pulse of change
That throbs along the hours.

Till, fusing life with Nature's soul,
The self and world and mote,
In raptures that are rest, enthrall
Love's universal note.

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STATIONARINESS OF CRITICISM.

BY GEORGE JACOB HOLYOAKE.

"Zeal without knowledge is like expedition to a man in the dark."—*John Newton*.

CRITICISM in theology, as in literature, is with many an intoxication. Zest in showing what is wrong is apt to blunt the taste for what is right, which it is the true end of criticism to discover. Lord Byron said critics disliked Pope because he afforded them so few chances of objection. They found fault with him because he had no faults. The criticism of theology begets complacency in many. There is a natural satisfaction in being free from the superstition of the vulgar, in the Church as well as out of it. No wonder many find abiding pleasure in the intellectual refutation of the errors of supernaturalism and in putting its priests to confusion. Absorbed in the antagonism of theology, many lose sight of ultimate utility, and regard error, not as a misfortune to be alleviated, so much as a fault to be exposed. Like the theologian whose color they take—they do not much consider whether their method causes men to dislike the truth through its manner of being offered to them. Their ambition is to make those in error look foolish. Free thinkers of zeal are apt to become intense, and like Jules Ferry (a late French premier), care less for power, than for conflict, and the lover of conflict is not easily induced to regard the disproof of theology as a means to an end¹ higher than itself. It is difficult to impart to uncalculating zealots a sense of proportion. They dash along the warpath by their own momentum. Railway engineers find that it takes twice as much power to stop an express train as it does to start it.

When I first knew free thought societies they were engaged in Church-fighting—which is still popular among them, which has led the public to confuse criticism with Secularism, an entirely different thing.

Insurgent thought exclusively directed, breeds, as is said elsewhere, a distinguished class of men—among scholars as well as among the uninformed—who have a passion for disputation, which like other passions "grows by what it feeds upon." Yet a limited number of such paladins of investigation are not without uses

in the economy of civilisations. They resemble the mighty hunters of old, they extirpate beasts of prey which roam the theological forests, and thus they render life more safe to dwellers in cities, open to the voracious incursions of supernaturalism.

Without the class of combatants described, in whom discussion is irrepressible, and whose courage neither odium nor danger abates—many castles of superstition would never be stormed. But mere intellectualism generates a different and less useful species of thinkers, who neither hunt in the jungles of theology nor storm strongholds. We all know hundreds in every great town who have freed themselves, or have been freed by others, from ecclesiastical error, who remain supine. Content with their own superiority (which they owe to the pioneers who went before them more generous than they) they speak no word, and lend no aid towards conferring the same advantages upon such as are still enslaved. They affect to despise the ignorance they ought to be foremost to dissipate. They exclaim in the words of Goethe's Coptic song:

"Fools from their folly 'tis hopeless to stay,
Mules will be mules by the laws of their mulishness,
Then be advised and leave fools to their foolishness,
What from an ass can be got but a bray."

These Coptic philosophers overlook that they would have been "asses" also, had those who vindicated freedom before their day, and raised it to a power, been as indifferent and as contemptuous as believers in the fool-theory are. Coptic thinkers forget that every man is a fool in respect of any question on which he gives an opinion without having thought independently upon it. With patience you can make a thinker out of a fool; and the first step from the fool stage is accomplished by a little thinking. It is well to remember the exclamation of Thackeray: "If thou hast never been a fool, be sure thou wilt never be a wise man."

It is, however, but justice to some who join the stationariness, to own that they have fared badly on the warpath against error, and are entitled to the sympathy we extend to the battered soldier who falls out of the ranks on the march. Grote indicates what the severity of the service is, in the following passage from his "Mischiefs of Natural Religion":—"Of all

¹Buckle truly says, "Liberty is not a means, it is an end in itself." But the uses of liberty are means to ends. Else why do we want liberty?

human antipathies that which the believer in a God bears to the unbeliever, is the fullest, the most unqualified, and the most universal. The mere circumstance of dissent involves a tacit imputation of error and incapacity on the part of the priest, who discerns that his persuasive power is not rated so highly by others as it is by himself. This invariably begets dislike towards his antagonist."

Nevertheless it is a reproach to those whom militant thought has made free, if they remain unmindful of the fate of their inferiors. Yet Christian churches, with all self-complacent superiority to which many of them are prone, are not free from the sins of indifference and superfineness. This was conspicuously shown by Southey in a letter to Sir Henry Taylor, in which he says:—"Have you seen the strange book which Anastasius Hope left for publication and which his representatives, in spite of all dissuasion, have published? His notion of immortality and heaven is that at the consummation of all things he, and you, and I, and John Murray, and Nebuchadnezzar, and Lambert the fat man, and the Living Skeleton, and Queen Elizabeth, and the Hottentot, Venus, and Thutell, and Probert, and the Twelve Apostles, and the noble army of martyrs, and Genghis Khan and all his armies, and Noah with all his ancestors and all his posterity,—yea, all men, and all women, and all children that have ever been, or ever shall be, saints and sinners alike, are all to be put together and made into one great celestial, eternal human being . . . I do not like the scheme. I don't like the notion of being mixed up with Hume, and Hunt, and Whittle Harvey, and Philpotts, and Lord Althorp, and the Huns, and the Hottentots, and the Jews, and the Philistines, and the Scotch, and the Irish. God forbid! I hope to be I, myself, in an English heaven, with you yourself,—you and some others without whom heaven would be no heaven to me."

Most of these persons would have the same dislike to be mixed up with Mr. Southey. Lord Byron would not have been enthusiastic about it. The Comtists have done something to preach a doctrine of humanity, and to put an end to this pitiful contempt of a few men for their fellows,—fellows who in many respects are often superior to those who despise them.

All superiority is apt to be contemptuous of inferiors, unless conscience and generosity takes care of it, and incites it to instruct inferior natures. The prayer of Browning is one of noble discernment:—

"Make no more giants, God—
But elevate the race at once."

Even free thought, so far as it confines itself to itself, becomes stationary. Like the squirrel in its cage:

"Whether it turns by wood or wire,
Never gets one hair's breadth higher."

If any doubt whether stationariness of thought is possible, let them think of Protestantism which climbed on to the ledge of private judgment three centuries ago—and has remained there. Instead of mounting higher and overrunning all the plateaus of error above them, it has done its best to prevent any who would do it, from ascending. There is now, however, a new order of insurgent thought of the excelsior caste which seeks to climb the heights. Distinguished writers against theology in the past have regarded destructive criticism as preparing the way to higher conceptions of life and duty. If so little has been done in this direction among working class thinkers, it is because destructiveness is more easy. It needs only indignation to perfect it, and indignation requires no effort. The faculty of constructiveness is more arduous in exercise, and is later in germination. More men are able to take a state than to make a state. Hence Secularism, though inevitable as the next stage of militant progress, more slowly wins adherents and appreciation.

REVERSIONARY IMMORTALITY.

BY GEORGE M. MCCRIE.

"There is no Death in the concrete: that which passes away, passes away into its own self; only the passing away passes away."—Hegel.

MAINLY in correspondence with our view of human personality will be found our estimate of immortality—of what immortality, for mankind, really is, and means. Traditional religionism, in this connexion, was content with nothing less than the veritable resurrection of the flesh, in the case of the human organism—looked forward to the day and hour when this corruptible shall put on incorruption, and this mortal shall put on immortality; when the sea shall give up its dead, and the dust and ashes of the grave reassemble in living form once more. "I believe in the resurrection of the body—literally, of the flesh—and the life everlasting," are clauses in the most ancient symbol of the Christian faith.

Gradually this belief weakened, mainly on account of its inherent contradictions. Common sense, in course of time, asserted the view, that the self-same corporeal particles in their turn play many parts, pass from one organism to another, in the ordinary course and flux of the material, and that atom and molecule, from the dawn of life on this planet, had helped to build up unnumbered individuals. Imperial Cæsar, dead and turned to clay, might not only stop a hole to keep the wind away, but might in turn go to form, *inter alia multa* part of the organism of the veriest clown. Clearly, then, since no man can claim exclusive rights in his corporeal elements, he could not reasonably expect to have the sole title to them at the resurrection. Latter-day Christianity, thus worsted,

generally retreats upon Paul's dictum that, though it is a "natural body" which is sown in the tomb, it is a "spiritual body" which is to be raised at the last day. And, though no one knows exactly what a "spiritual body" is, or rather as the phrase may mean anything or nothing, the explanation passes muster in orthodox circles to this day.

The conception of modern scientific religion is of a different character altogether, as was to be expected from its views upon the subject of personality. In this view, to quote George Eliot, "we live again in lives made better [and, it might be added, worse] by our presence," but not otherwise. Our *karma*—the dynamic of our egoity—passes on to future generations. Thus, and thus only, do we survive. As we are, in some sort, the heirs of all behind us in the past, so, in the same way, we are the progenitors of all before us in the future. As Hudor Genone puts it in his recent article,¹ there is, in this view, a threefold immortality, respectively, of matter, of force, and of volition.

Such are some of the replies which have been made to the old question—If a man die, shall he live again?

Personally, I believe that none of these views contain the whole truth, but that each envisages the truth fractionally. And this, although I am well aware that my own view of the subject is colored with an aspect of personality which is not in accord either with Christian traditionalism, or with the enlightened views of the editor of this journal.

I may perhaps be allowed to argue, however, that human immortality, viewed broadly, is a persistence of life, somehow, beyond the grave and gate of death—in other words, an everlasting life. Christianity affirms this of the soul, clothed upon with a spiritual body at the resurrection. Modern scientific religion denies it in the case of the *I* of personal consciousness, but affirms it in the case of what it calls the true *I*—the individual *karma*.

Now it may be asked, Why should this *I* of the personal consciousness—physical or psychical—die at all? However illusory this idea of the *I* may seem upon close analysis, it is *there*; as an idea it is insistent, unmistakable; why should it end, seeing that nothing else that we know of ends, but that everything, on the contrary, persists and perdures? We are told, however, that *this*—both as idea and as reality—passes away, when nothing else passes away—that it alone is something which is destined to die without hope of resurrection, leaving only the shadow of its effect behind. Curious, if true. But is it true?

Strangely inchoate are popular ideas of infinity and eternity! For the most part the former is modelled on the lines of mathematical infinity, with which infinity,

in the sense of everlastingness, has little or nothing in common. Yet some persons talk almost glibly of infinity. As Felix Holt says: "Your dunce, who cannot do his sums, always has a taste for the infinite." Mathematically, the infinite mainly suggests endless prolongation, as of a line, or series, infinitely continued. Eternity, again, poses, with most, as a line stretching infinitely in the directions of past and future. Space is at the foundation of these concepts; they do not pertain primarily to time. Yet even in the spatial domain, the old idea of eternity was better. Its emblem was a circle,—something without beginning or ending,—a curve ever returning into itself. For, after all, the true note of infinity and eternity is not indefinite prolongation away from a given point in any direction, but recurrence, reiteration, repetition!

Nowadays it seems as if we may have to amend our concepts of space, and to familiarise ourselves with the possibility of space being boundless, but not infinitely great—to accustom ourselves to the idea of a projectile fired into space possibly returning, after millions of years it may be, from precisely the opposite direction, to the point of departure. Here essentially is the idea of *recurrence* once more. The course of the material universe, as we believe it, is an orbit, elliptical or circular. What if immortality has its orbit also?

Doubtless, such an idea is one difficult to seize, so accustomed are we to associate what George Herbert terms "everlastingness" with the production of something onwards and outwards, from now and here, on spatial or timal lines. The very clearest modern thinkers encourage the idea that a particular stage or point once past, say in the life-history of the human organism, it is forever over and done with,—never will, or can, occur again. The innate composition of this organism is, they admit, not a stable or constant quantity. On the contrary, it is continually interchanging particles with its environment; but there comes a time, they say, when this fluent vortex of association, which we call personality, disrupts and dissolves—forever, and the bodily constituents go elsewhere, to form wholly new combinations, and to enter into new partnerships. The silver cord of the individual life, however, is forever loosed; and the golden bowl irrevocably broken. And this view may be held without the smallest tincture of animism, without a particle of belief in the existence of an indwelling spirit, "returning unto God who gave it." It is simply and solely a physical conception. My objection to it is, that it does not go far enough, or look far enough ahead.

In the scientific conception of the conservation—or rather perduration—of matter, matter is looked upon as a fixed and definite quantity, neither to be

¹ "Scientific Immortality," *The Open Court*, No. 393, March 7, 1895.

increased nor diminished, undergoing, indeed, continual metamorphosis and vicissitude, but nevertheless in amount unalterable. So in the case of the conservation of energy. The sum is constant. Nothing is thus lost, but everything persists and perdures. If so, we have only to set this persistence and perdurance within the solvent of time, which is necessarily infinite, to obtain a necessary recurrence, or repetition, of the self-same combinations.¹ Time was, or is, when such a combination of material particles constitutes, or constituted, the living being we call a human personality. It is not something like Pyrrhonism to doubt that what has been, or is now, may be—nay, *must* be again, by virtue of a law as unalterable as that by which the planet swings; that, in an infinite series of atomic and molecular collocations, the self-same grouping and arrangements must happen again and again, everlastingly; and that nothing, in this sense, passes away, except, as Hegel puts it, the "passing away" itself, but that everything endlessly recurs? The true alembic of infinity lies in the word repetition—re-birth, if you will. Recurrence of existence—

"At last, far off, at last, to all"—

is the true note of everlasting life!

In this sense, though a man die, he must, and shall, live again the self-same personal life. In a weirdly-significant sense of familiar words, *he must be born again!* At his decease everything remains potentially unaltered, fit and able to reproduce him once more, though his dust be spread to the four winds, or whelmed in the deepest sea. Nothing that constitutes his being dies, though everything belonging to him suffers a sea-change. After unnumbered ages, innumerable transformations, changes and chances countless, once more the self-same combination occurs; once more, life's magic pinions and its wizard wheels resume the self-same round. The self-same life of the self-same personality is taken up once more. In the die-cast of infinity, all things are, not only possible, but inevitable. Not wholly vain, then, the affirmation "I believe in the resurrection of the body"—not wholly illusory, the tombstone-legend *Resurgam!*

Admittedly a speculation—one which most persons will consider a vainly fantastic one—I would only point out that it is one which, to some extent, fits in with modern scientific concepts. It is one which has also some notable corollaries. Consciousness, personal consciousness, can, in this view, be seen to appertain,

not to the several ultimate constituents which go to build up the human organism, but only to their joint compound in organised form. And this, whatever value or import we assign to the bond of personality itself, ever constant amid the material flux. Consciousness again,—my own proper consciousness,—itself inalienable and untransferable, though thus subject to recurrent intervals of practical oblivion—it may be for unnumbered æons—would be, according to this view, practically continuous as regards itself. Such an idea, of course, runs counter to all our prepossessions, but who would assert that consciousness, thus interrupted and broken in upon solely by unconsciousness, would be, for all intents and purposes, other than continuous?

Further, however, we cannot go. Speculation itself drops its wing when urged to bolder flight. Whether memory would, or would not, play a part in such stupendous timal combinations of the material as those above alluded to, we cannot say. Whether such operations would be governed by the law of probability, by quasi-chance, or indeed by chance absolute, cannot be determined. Whether the theatre of such transformations would be the universe in its totality, or a more restricted sphere, is equally a matter of speculation, while, as to the precise mode of our rebirth, of our re-entrance into our reversionary inheritance of immortality, who can speak?

Yet all this does not weaken our persuasion; it rather tends to strengthen it, feeling, as we do and must, that the problem of everlastingness must always be a matter mainly of speculation. The belief in the persistence of our karma rests also on a speculative basis. The view above stated, however, sheds an additional gleam of significance upon man's unappeasable longing after immortality,—*"the thoughts which,"* as Wordsworth says, *"wake now to perish never,"*—and which nothing *"can abolish or destroy."*

Death, *"the crowned phantom, with all the equipage of his terrors,"* is but a phantom after all—the shadow of a shade! The grave is our bed, not our eternal home, for mortality is indeed swallowed up of life.

O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?

RESURGAM.

THE greatest difficulty in the right comprehension of reality, it appears, lies in the recognition of the all-importance of form. Our very language is in many respects misleading, as most of its similes symbolise the formal in material allegories. For instance when we speak of the *"substance"* of a thing we do not mean the material of which it consists but the essential and most important feature of its being. Thus the

¹ Dr. Carus, in a former controversy with Mr. C. S. Peirce, remarks as follows:

"The theory of probabilities teaches, that whatever can happen in the long course of an infinite number of events, actually will happen, and that whatever, according to the nature of things, has a greater probability, will in an infinite number of cases occur with proportionately greater frequency."

He adds: "The lesson which we have to draw from this statement is, that that which we wish not to happen, should be made impossible."—*The Monist*, Vol. III., No. 4, p. 598.

words "spirit," "animus" and "anima," "psyche," "atman," and others of the same kind mean breath or air, as though the soul consisted of a gaseous substance, of ether, or of any matter at all; and he who denies the substantiality of the soul is even to-day frequently regarded as denying the existence of the soul itself.

Soul is not a mysterious substance, but the form of living organisms. The identity of the soul in the flux of matter depends upon the preservation of its peculiar and idiosyncratic form. Personality is in brief a *résumé* of all the antecedents, prenatal and otherwise, of a man's life-history. A living organism is nothing more nor less than a summation of innumerable memories, and memory is simply immortalised soul-activity.

The action of every cell is conditioned partly by the stimuli of its surroundings, partly by its structure; and the structure is the residuum which the past history of the cell has precipitated upon sentience. Every animated creature and every speck of living substance is an embodiment of its former experiences from its first beginnings. Every moment of time is fleeting, but every deed done, every action performed, every kind of contact with the outer world experienced will persist; they remain as traces constituting peculiar dispositions that upon proper stimulation can be revived.

What am I? I consist of a great number of activities, physiological, mental, and emotional. A great part of these activities—especially the physiological functions of the various nutritive, sensory, and motor organs are hereditary, that is to say, they have originated in the baby in the same way that the memories of a tree lie dormant in a bud, or as the acorn possesses the tendency of repeating the growth-process of the oaks of which it is a descendant. Another part of the activities has been impressed into this sentient system of hereditary activities by the example and words of other people and by the experiences made during lifetime. I *am* the organised totality of these peculiar forms of life; functions of the stomach, the sensory organs, the brain, and the muscles. I do not have them, I *am* all these. I do not possess my ideas, I *am* my ideas. I do not own aspirations, I consist of them, I *am* my aspirations. The ideals which I cherish are my actual self.

As there is no cause without effect, so there is no soul-activity but leaves its trace, not only in its own organism, but also in its surroundings. And as the electric current in the telephone wire can reproduce the living voice of the speaker, as songs and speeches are preserved in the tin-foil and wax-cylinders of the phonograph, so our spoken, written, and printed words, our works of art, our good and evil deeds, in-

deed all the various acts of life are like seals of our soul set upon the surrounding world, producing in its intricate relations such definite dispositions as are capable of reproducing again and again our very souls. Our life is more than a manifestation of ourselves; it is our own immortalisation. Every form of life is the continuance of the past. The past persists in the present form of life; and in the same way the present will persist in the future.

Mr. McCrie belongs to those authors who are not fettered by dogmatic influences of church or school, yet he still preserves a part of the materialistic prejudice that we consist of a number of material particles. Should the same particles be reunited, then we shall live again, and this is held out as a distant hope of reversionary immortality, based upon the doctrine that the chance-combinations in a system of a definite number of particles will at last be exhausted, and must, if the process continues, be repeated. Mr. McCrie's proposition, which (if we mistake not, was first suggested by Mr. Mill) suffers from the serious drawback that we do not know whether or not the universe consists of discrete units, be they atoms or vortices. On the other hand, our confidence in both the persistence of our soul and the resurrection of similar soul-forms is much better grounded than upon the hope of a reunion of the same particles of matter; it consists in the preservation of form and the re-creation of the same forms that now constitute our being. So long as the intrinsic constitution of the universe remains the same—and it will remain the same if the necessity that lies at the bottom of all the laws of the cosmic order be at all immutable and eternal—the world will produce the same kind of rational beings, whose hearts will be aglow with the same hopes and fears, loves and aversions, yearning for the same happiness, recognising like duties, restraining themselves by the same moral code, and finding comfort for their various afflictions and the transiency of their work in the same immortality based upon the recognition of the eternal identity of the immutable prototype of the soul-constitution.

A man is apt to be despondent when for the first time in his life he comprehends the full significance of the truth that the strength of our days is labor and sorrow; but he will find comfort in the thought that his labor was not spent in vain and his life was worth living. Thus he naturally seeks for something that possesses a lasting value, and this desire is formulated in the idea of immortality; yet it appears that there can be no great solace in the assurance of a mere preservation of our soul-forms, while the expectation of their continued usefulness is the greatest and noblest satisfaction we can have.

The joy of Heaven and the bliss of Nirvana does

not consist in pure existence, in passivity, but in achievement, in the activity of profitable work. It is not the being, but the doing.

The value of the continuation of man's life-work and of his soul is not so much mere immortality but constant progress and evolution, it is further expansion and soul-epigenesis, an additional growth and an increase of application.

The spiritual capital acquired is put to use, the form moulded to suit certain needs continues to serve as a model for further improvement; and an important experience or a valuable invention becomes the conditions of the unlimited advance of a higher civilization.

Consider only the man who first bored holes into pieces of rolling tree-trunks and thus became the inventor of the wheel. Consider the inventor of the needle, or the man who deepened the hollow tree and changed it into a boat. Their names are unknown, but the intelligence of these men still lives. There is no machinery but that peculiar thought-form which originated in the first wheelwright's mind, is present in it. No coat, no shoe is worn by us, but we ought to be grateful to the inventor of the needle. No ocean steamer is built but its builders are indebted to him who made the first skiff.

It is not only the work of inventors that lives on, their soul-forms, too, are preserved in the minds of those who inherit the blessings of their labors. They are all here within us.

The pristine genius of the forefathers of our race still vibrates through the brains of inventors to-day and constitutes there the elementary notions of mechanics; there it acquires consciousness, and continues the struggle for conquering more and more of the forces of nature.

Were not the life-work of the generations of the past their intellectual and moral qualities, the strength of the father and the tender love of the mother, constantly resurrected and reincarnated in our children, there would be no progress, no evolution, no advance to higher stages.

Life may not be worth living to him who has the notion that he is an agglomeration of atoms and that his soul will be gone as soon as the material complex of which he at a given time consists be dissolved; but life is worth living to him who comprehends his connexion with the past and knows whence his soul cometh; for he will thereby learn whither it fareth. He will understand that in his future existence he will reap what he now sows; he will act not from interests that are limited to the moments of his individual existence; it is the prospect of the enlarged sphere of influence in the life to come that will dominate his motives and guide his actions

P. C.

THOMAS TAYLOR, THE PLATONIST.

BY AMOS WATERS.

"When a hero of thought dies, his ideals remain with us. The body dies, but the soul lives."—*Paul Cares*, 1

RALPH WALDO EMERSON, speaking with Wordsworth in 1848, talked of English national character. "I told him," writes Emerson, "it was not creditable that no one in all the country knew anything of Thomas Taylor, the Platonist, whilst in every American library his translations are found. I said, if Plato's *Republic* were published in England as a new book to-day, do you think it would find any readers? He confessed it would not; 'and yet,' he added, after a pause, with that complacency which never deserts a true-born Englishman, 'and yet we have embodied it all.'"²

Elsewhere, Emerson ranges Thomas Taylor among the great men "nature is incessantly sending up out of night to be his men"—Plato's men a "constellation of genius."³

"To strain human curiosity to the utmost limits of human 'credibility,'" wrote Isaac Disraeli, "a modern Plato has arisen in Mr. Thomas Taylor, who consonant to the Platonic philosophy, religiously professes Polytheism! At the close of the eighteenth century, be it noted, were published many volumes in which the author affects to avow himself a zealous Platonist, and asserts that he can prove that the Christian religion is a 'bastardised and barbarous Platonism.' The divinities of Plato are the 'deities to be adored, and we are to be taught to call God, Jupiter; the Virgin, Venus; and Christ, Cupid! The Iliad of Homer allegorised, is converted into a Greek Bible of the Arcana of 'Nature!'"⁴ In *Vaurien*—a novel now forgotten—which appeared in 1797, the same Disraeli lampooned Taylor more or less objectionably. Posterity is often just in neglect or approbation—*Vaurien* is a bookworm's faint memory; Thomas Taylor, who being dead yet speaketh, is just now demanding a meed of cultured interest, a century after the publication of the caricature. And apart from the accession of public interest in Taylor, created by the reproduction of some of his more important translations, the life of this rare and devoted scholar merits a tribute of memorial. Taylor wrote in the sheer love of learning, and for no other end than the passionate loyalty of the true scholar's soul, to faithfully interpret the message of his ancient redeemer to a forgetful generation. He had no axes to grind, no logs to roll; he wrote for philosophical, and not personal, interest, as a prophet serenely indifferent to profit even when hunger gnawed his vitals.

Thomas Taylor was born in London in 1758. His birth was humble, his inheritance weakness and disease. Symptoms of consumption were alarming at the age of six. Three years later he was sent to St. Paul's School to be educated for the Nonconformist ministry. Here his love of contemplation—his aversion to merely verbal disquisitions—was marked. One of his masters, Mr. William Ryder, whenever a sentence remarkably moral or grave chanced in any classic young Taylor was translating, would observe: "Come, here is something worthy the attention of a philosopher!" He was altogether precocious—discovered blunders in a Latin Testament, discovered that his talents were not for the ministry, discovered that he was in love (with his future wife) within the first twelve years of his singular life.

At the age of fifteen he was uncongenially employed by an exacting uncle-in-law, in the offices of Sheerness Dockyards. Thirsting for knowledge, resenting his slavery, he again complied with his father's hopes by consenting to be the pupil of a dissenting minister. "He studied Greek and Latin during the day, courted

¹ *Truth in Fiction*.² *English Traits*, p. 166. 1856.³ *Representative Men*, p. 18. 1850.⁴ *Curiosities of Literature*, "Modern Platonism."

Miss Merton in the evening, and at night read Simson's *Conic Sections* in the Latin edition." Before leaving for Aberdeen University the young sweethearts decided to secretly marry and defer marital life till his education should be finished. This was discovered by the bride's mother, and, says one, the couple "had a bad time of it." The lady was intended for a brainless man of money—not a moneyless man of brains. Her father dying, left all help in the discretion of an illiberal relative. For eighteen months the couple lived on a shilling per diem. Taylor then obtained a situation as usher, and spent Saturday afternoons with his wife. Next a berth in Lubbock's Bank at £50 per year—paid quarterly—a story of struggle. Often Taylor fainted from want of food on reaching his home. Even then study was not neglected—far into the night he engaged himself with Becker's *Physica Subterranea*, and quadrature of the circle. Believing that he had found a method of geometrical, though not arithmetical, rectification, he managed to obtain publication—without much publicity—for a quarto pamphlet on *A New Method of Reasoning in Geometry*. Plato, Aristotle, Plotinus, and Proclus accompanied him as he delivered bank-bills! Proclus especially was connected with a memorable association. Mary Woolstoncraft and Miss Blood resided with the Taylors for three months. The former listened to his commentaries on Plato and named his study the "Abode of Peace."

Six years of drudgery at the bank was too much for our philosopher. After attempting a "perpetual lamp"—phosphorus immersed in oil and salt boiled—and exhibiting his invention at the Freemason's Tavern, (when the phosphorus fired and created prejudice,) he was influentially assisted to leave the bank and live on literary "toil." Flaxman, the sculptor, encouraged his devotion to Plato and introduced him to eminent ones, among them the erratic *Marquis de Valady*. The Marquis was one of the remarkable characters in the French Revolution; he acted with the Girondins and was condemned to death in 1794.

After the Marquis left him, Taylor received a legacy of some six or seven hundred pounds. The student immediately spent the bulk in relieving his poor relations and betrayed no worldly wisdom in disposing of the rest. Five or six years after he was as needy as ever, and, to keep the wolf from the door, made seven months miraculous with translations of Plato's *Dialogues*, illustrated with notes and elaborate introductions. The copy was bargained away for the sum of fifty pounds! Another labor was his translation of Pausanias—ten months' devotion rewarded by sixty pounds! Samuel Patterson observed to a bookseller that the task itself was "enough to break a man's heart." "Oh," said the bookseller, "nothing will break the heart of Mr. Taylor!" But the strain of this enterprise claimed a heavy price from the scholar. His frame was ravaged by extreme debility, and he lost the use of his forefinger. Yet the light of his soul burned, star-like, the brighter because of the blackness of night. In difficulty of hand and lassitude of body he completed Plato for English readers in two years, and further engaged in translating Aristotle's *Nicomachean Ethics* as well as the *Metaphysics*. These were published at the expense of the Duke of Norfolk. Some sixty-seven volumes represent the monumental lifework of this single-hearted scholar, and only one was actually paid for by the booksellers or the public. The victim died at Walworth, November 1, 1835, through disease of the bladder. A few days before his death he asked if a comet had appeared—answered "Yes," he said: "Then I shall die; I was born with it, and shall die with it." Pure of heart even as a little child, single in purpose, impervious to menace, his enthusiasm for Greek thought, and his mighty achievements in interpreting neglected aspects of philosophy without hope of sordid reward must surely arrest a tribute of admiration from all lovers of learning and literature. He had rectitude and splendid sincerity. He lacked balance—there was no lumber in his hold, to

use a phrase of the sea. His only vices were generosity, application, and self-neglect. In the turmoil of London—in the nineteenth century of Christ-worship—the Neo-Platonist courted poverty and risked imprisonment, sacrificed health and his very life at the shrine of ancient and almost derided tombs, and finally rests in an undiscoverable grave no pilgrim may consecrate with worthy wreath of remembrance.

Three of Taylor's important translations have just been republished.¹ Mr. Bertram Dobell is one of the fine spirits of cultured liberalism who redeems publishing from mere commerce, and cares for what is great and enduring in literature far above its price in the market. *Iamblichus* is an almost exact facsimile of the first edition of 1821, and is intended as the first of a revival series of the now scarce and costly originals. This book has no appeal to the Philistines of "progress." Only earnest students of ancient philosophy, who admit a deep spiritual debt to the profound speculations of the ages we have inherited, will worthily cherish this message from a vanished world. The message is saturated with the wisdom of the Chaldeans, the lore of Egyptian prophecies, with Assyrian dogma and the doctrines of the Hermetic pillars. Taylor indeed highly appraises the work as "the most copious, clearest, and the most satisfactory defence extant of genuine ancient theology"—scientific as sublime. He holds that the operations of this theology had previously been surveyed only in the corruptions of barbarian nations, or during the decline and fall of the Roman Empire when overwhelmed with pollution. Epitomising his elsewhere more elaborate discussions, Taylor holds this theology to celebrate the immense principle of things as something superior to being itself—as exempt from the whole of things of which it is the ineffable source. This principle is *the one and the good*—the former indicating its transcendent simplicity, the latter its subsistence as the object of desire to all beings. "At the same time, however, it asserts that these appellations are in reality nothing more than the partrifications of the soul, which, standing as it were in the vestibules of the adytum of deity, announce nothing pertaining to the ineffable, but only indicate her spontaneous tendencies towards it, and belong rather to the immediate offspring of the first God than to the first itself" (p. 10). This dogma is based on scientific reasoning. The principle of all things is *the one*. This implies the necessity of continual progression of beings without intervening vacuum in corporeal or incorporeal natures—natural progression to proceed through similitude. Each producing principle should generate a number of the same order with itself—*nature* a natural number, *soul* a psychical number, and *intellect* an intellectual number. Since there is one unity the principle of the universe, this unity should produce from itself prior to everything else a "multitude of natures characterised by unity, and a number the most of all things allied to its cause; and these natures are no other than the gods" (p. 12).

Emerson speaking of this "terrific unity" proceeds on kindred lines:

"The mind is urged to ask for one cause of many effects; 'then for the cause of that; and again the cause, diving still into 'the profound: self-assured that it shall arrive at an absolute 'and sufficient one—a one that shall be all. 'In the midst of the 'sun is the light, in the midst of the light is truth, and in the 'midst of truth is the imperishable being' say the Vedas. All 'philosophy, of East and West, has the same centripetence. 'Urged by an apposite necessity, the mind returns from the one, 'to that which is not one, but other or many; from cause to effect; and affirms the necessary existence of variety, the self-ex-

¹*Iamblichus on the Mysteries of the Egyptians, Chaldeans, and Assyrians*, pages, xxvi-365, 75 6d. (*The Mystical Hymns of Orpheus*, pages, vi-205, 35 6d. has been published since this article was in type.) Bertram Dobell, 77 Charing Cross Road, London, *The Republic of Plato*, pages, 309, 15 6d. Walter Scott, Paternoster Square.

"istence of both, as each is involved in the other. These strictly-blended elements it is the problem of thought to separate, and to reconcile. Their existence is mutually contradictory and exclusive; and each so fast slides into the other, that we can never say what is one, and what it is not. The Proteus is as nimble in the highest as in the lowest grounds, when we contemplate the one, the true, the good—as in the surfaces and extremities of matter."¹

From these dazzling summits—returning to Taylor—"these ineffable blossoms, these divine propagations, *being, life, intellect, soul, nature, and body* depend; monads suspended from unities, deified natures proceeding from deities" (p. 12). All the great monads are comprehended in the first one from which they and all their depending series are unfolded into light. With singular passion and ardent sincerity, Taylor pauses to declaim that ignorance and impious fraud have conspired to defame the inestimable works of Proclus, Plotinus, Porphyry, Iamblichus, Syrianus, Ammonius, Damascius, Olympiodorus, and Simplicius,—denounces the "insane fury of ecclesiastical zeal" that heaps ridicule and contempt on the "grand dogmas" of the ancients. One is irresistibly reminded of some pathetic touches in Carlyle's immortal prose-picture of Coleridge in *John Sterling*. "The practical intellects of the world did not heed him, or carelessly reckoned him a metaphysical dreamer." Even that gust of scholarly anger from Taylor's "Abode of Peace," suggests the image of Coleridge as eloquent to Carlyle of a life full of suffering, heavy-laden, "swimming painfully in seas of manifold physical and other bewilderment"—eyes as full of sorrow as of inspiration, with confused pain looking mildly from them as in mild astonishment that the world should blindly misunderstand a beloved thought. *British Public Characters* for 1798, which records Taylor's life prior to that date, embellishes the cautious narrative with a small profile portrait. Amiability and tenderness are there allied to the massive power of research, the noble gift of idealism, the abstract retreat far backward to the tombs of mighty thinkers, and the instinctive gaze futureward, when unborn generations should in the crisis of Christianity return in intellectual penitence to worship what was spurned in the delirious victory of Hebraism. In Walter Pater's lectures on *Plato and Platonism*,² we listen to the impressions of a reviewer who casually knew the personalities he discusses as though Platonism were, say, a singular kind of Oxford movement, with John Henry Newman replacing Plato as the protagonist of the group. The attitude of a lecturing reviewer is a far cry from the profound reverence and passionate belief that Taylor vitalised his achievements with, in his life of neglected but enduring labor. I have not the impertinence to linger longer over *Iamblichus*, remembering that Emerson said Taylor's translations were as familiar in American as ignorantly ignored in English libraries. Never Christ or any other spoke truer words than "a prophet is without honor in his own country." America knows more of the homes and graves of Shakespeare, Byron, Burns, and Carlyle, than England—it has been said in bitter truth that any wealthy and cultured American would enthusiastically outbid the whole British Empire if these were on sale. Taylor is buried in Walworth churchyard—but like Moses no man can find his grave.

Of the *Politica*—the *Commonwealth*, more familiarly known as the *Republic*, of Plato, his intellectual crown, no word is needed save to mention the cheap and elegant reprint. All discussion varies with individual views of life, education, philosophy, and art—uniquely so in approach to that mighty work that was written when the "glory that was Greece" was vanishing in depravity. Yet it may be permitted to illustrate one moral from the *Republic*. The contemporary social disorder every patriot laments is poisonous to art. In the soul of Plato the artist was strangled by the

social regenerator. Luxurious ministrations to the sense of beauty were denounced by him as bitterly as in the mouthings of modern socialists. Hellenic politics were as lamentably complicated and self-seeking as in America and England to-day. To Sparta and to Egypt Plato directed his observations, and his intellect returned with a burden of regulations for his ideal State. Sexual morality in Sparta was as compliant as the yearning soul of Mr. Grant Allen could wish—masculine jealousy was sternly reprobated, and the husband was expected to encourage his wife to be communal in her favors. Wherefore, pronounces Plato, in the fifth book of the *Republic*, "these women must be common to all these men, and that no woman dwell with any man privately, and that their children likewise be common; that neither the parent know his own children, nor the children their parent."

So in this our day, socialists in revolt against the righteous individualism of liberty and property assail not only the worship of beauty in art, but also the sweetest sanctities of hearth and home. When the disorderly elements of democracy are fatally saturated with teachings that academic socialists borrow—without undue acknowledgment—from the more visionary ethics of Plato the result is obvious. Yet the philosophic dreamer hated democracy as fiercely as he might have hated recent applications of his theory. His Cloudcuckootown was possibly a parable of redeeming correction, scarcely an everlasting license for universal indulgence. Taylor earnestly argued that purity of conduct was the basis of the Pythagoric and Platonic philosophy.

Philosophy—purity—two great words of different import—these are memorial and remembered echoes of Taylor's life-task. He loved philosophy and labored to consecrate it as the divinest, holiest, and most valiantly catholic and beautiful influence in the life of man, and his adoration was chastened by the pure and childlike heart for which the poet prayed. His exquisite interpretation of the marriage of Cupid and Psyche in "The Golden Ass of Apuleius"—the union of the soul with "pure desire"—is sincerely ingenious, and, in contrast with another interpretation, self-revealing of the union in that frail and afflicted frame of marvellous brain and moral excellence.

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¹ *Representative Men*; Plato, pp. 22-23.

² Macmillan & Co. 1893.

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DR. BARROWS IN PARIS.

PROSPECTS OF THE PARIS CONGRESS OF RELIGIONS
ASSURED.¹

DR. BARROWS, Professor of the University of Chicago, delivered yesterday evening in the auditorium of the *Sociétés savantes* a very important and highly significant lecture. The subject announced, "Religion and Human Fraternity," was designed to bring before the public notice again the project of holding a Congress of Religions at Paris in 1900. It is well known that Professor Barrows was the organiser and President of the Parliament of Religions held in Chicago in 1893. It was this inducement which attracted to the hall in the Rue Serpente a large and select audience, all of whom were extremely interested in the liberal ideas involved in this singular movement for religious union and conciliation, of which the World's Congresses are the most striking manifestation.

M. Leroy-Beaulieu presided over the meeting. On the platform with him were seated MM. le vicomte de Meaux, Frédéric Passy, Bonet-Maury, Lavis, l'abbé Victor Charbonnel, Georges Picot, Théodore Reinach, Buisson, C. Wagner, and others. There were gathered around the lecturer thus a body of men of the most diverse beliefs and convictions, but all of whom had been drawn to the place by the same spirit of tolerance. Is not this grand example an augury of approaching religious peace and union, wherein all believers, and all philosophers who respect the holy workings of conscience, can be joined together by an understanding of good will, not involving fusion, and can proclaim this understanding in an immense congress?

M. Leroy-Beaulieu introduced the orator in a few simple words. He recalled his preponderant rôle in the last Parliament of Religions and remarked how he had aided the progress of mankind by this exhibition of generosity. The moral union of religions, the fraternal accord of men in the same religious aspirations—such is the new dream which is haunting the best souls of mankind, forgetful of the old and sterile quarrels of dogmatism. Of this dream America is the noble inspiration and Dr. Barrows the most valiant and tenacious apostle.

¹From *L'Eclair* of Paris. Communicated by the Abbé Charbonnel.

THE PRESIDENT OF THE CONGRESS OF RELIGIONS.

The orator arose. A beautiful and prophetic head, a high, broad forehead, and large, blue eyes, lighted by amiability, marked his appearance. But this was a prophet of his own country. His attitude was firm and natural; it bore testimony that the prophet when the time came could also be a man of deeds.

In correct French and with only a slight but pardonable American accent, he said that the age of religious divisions and disputes was ended, that henceforward religion should be only a bond of fraternity between man and man, and the most powerful element of peace through love. The Congress of Religions at Chicago opened a new era of religious and intellectual pacification. A second Congress at Paris in 1900 will continue the progress there accomplished.

And here the orator answered a weighty objection which has been raised in Europe. It has been asserted that congresses of this sort admit the parity and proclaim the equal value of all religions. Yes, replied Dr. Barrows, they do involve parliamentary equality, but not doctrinal equality. When the Republic of the United States invited the small Republics of South America to take part in the exposition at Chicago at the same time with the great nations of Europe, was its invitation equivalent to proclaiming the equality of all the countries of the world? Each of these countries showed what it could show of its commercial greatness, and that was all. And so it is with religious congresses. Each is assured in its doctrinal integrity without abdication or abjurement; and all affirm in common the essential principle which serves as the foundation of each individual faith. But that is not tantamount to asserting their equal value. The audience did not fail to applaud this genuinely American explanation. The lecture in other points, too, was a great success.

OPINION OF THE ABBÉ CHARBONNEL.

In the speech of Dr. Barrows, the sole topic had been that of the Congress of Religions. It appeared to us advisable, therefore, to ask Abbé Charbonnel at the close of the lecture what were his impressions, and how far the cause had progressed of which he had continued an unconquerable champion.

"You see," he said to us, "the matter is always under discussion and is being vigorously pushed. I am quite satisfied with the evening's exercises. The organisers have made their preparations without much noise, and are anxious not to give umbrage to any one and not to arouse hushed quarrels; but to be frank with you, their object has been to commence a period of effective agitation for the Congress of Universal Religions in 1900.

"The statements of Dr. Barrows, which five hundred persons have just frantically applauded, mark a beginning of opinion, and they also give us an inkling of the decisions of the powers that be. The man who in the face of difficulties as grave as those now felt in France, made a success of the Parliament of Religions in Chicago, will be able to do the same for the Congress of Religions in Paris. The idea will go its way, and nothing will stop it. Our adversaries will count in vain on inertia and on the conspiracy of silence to prevent a movement which is growing irresistible; we shall carry our campaign to the end, and that a successful one. Four years more! And during that time by defending the idea and the principle of the Congress, we shall have built it up in a manner, and by articles and lectures will have disengaged a mass of opinion. We shall have preached tolerance, liberty of conscience, the equal dignity not of religion but of religious sciences, the union of all hearts in the same glorious sentiment, and finally the sublime religion of the brotherhood of man in the fatherhood of God. And all the world can and must recognise this religion as a supreme blessing for our time of 'moral distress.'"

In fine, the Abbé Charbonnel is more convinced than ever that the year 1900 will see a Congress of Religions at Paris.

ROSMINI: CATHOLIC PHILOSOPHER.

BY ELLIS THURTELL.

ANTONIO ROSMINI-SERBATTI was born in 1797. At the age of twenty-four he had conceived the purpose of passing his life in placing Christian theology upon a sound and modern philosophic basis; and with that lofty object entered the service of the Catholic Church in 1821. By 1848 he had become Minister of Education under Pio Nono. He was ever an advocate of speculative progress and practical reform, though devoted alike to the Church at large and to the person of the Pope. It is even said that one of his works was placed upon the *Index Expurgatorius*. He died in 1855.

Rosmini was a voluminous writer. He seems to have been first formally introduced to inquiring English readers by Davidson's *Rosmini's Philosophical System*, published in 1882.

In 1883 appeared a translation of what is deemed Rosmini's most important and characteristic work, by two members of the English branch of the "Society of the Brothers and Sisters of Charity," or Rosminians. This book is entitled *New Treatise on the Origin of Ideas*. The original, *Nuovo Saggio sull' origine delle idee*, was published in 1830. The edition which the translators used was the fifth Italian one, revised by the author and produced in 1851. The whole work is said by the translators to have enjoyed the direct or indirect sanction of five Popes. We will now turn to the very interesting Preface which these scholars have written, and consider the account therein given of their great master in Catholic philosophy. In dealing, as they particularly profess to do, with the main objections against his speculative scheme, they present us clearly and concisely with their own conception of the scheme, and of its author's philosophic character.

Rosmini, it will surprise most rationalists to learn, "found an answer to all his inquiries in the *Light of Reason*." And one might imagine it to be a present-day Positive or Agnostic Monist, instead of a Catholic Dualist, of whom it is said: "He had to present the entire *Scibile humanum*, both natural and supernatural, as forming but one great and magnificent whole."

His unnamed translators assert that "Rosmini exhibited all the qualities which are usually taken to denote the perfect philosopher. . . . With him education had been, and ever was, a true 'discipline in accuracy of mind.'" Again they say "it may well be claimed that a philosophical erudition as extensive, as deep, and as precise as is contained in his published works, would be sought for in vain in any other writer."

In his *Introduction to Philosophy*, it seems, Rosmini has described his first ardor for metaphysical research; how enthusiastically he read; and how resolutely he summed up the day's result at the day's end. Here too he has given us his own conception of what a philosopher's mental qualifications ought to be. It runs as follows: "In the first place he lays much stress on the absolute necessity of seeking truth and truth alone, firmly persuaded that, in itself and in its consequences, it must lead to good. Next he reminds us that whoever would devote his time to philosophy must cast aside every form of prejudice likely in the least to hinder him from discovering and possessing truth in all its fulness and distinctness. Thirdly, he dwells with special emphasis on what he terms the *liberty of philosophising*."

In confirmation of their rendering of Rosmini's views, the translators give us furthermore his very words. In answer to one who had inquired as to the best disposition and direction of the mind for the pur-

suit of philosophic truth, Rosmini wrote: "To have received a beautifully moulded soul appears to me to be undoubtedly the best of all dispositions. Next to this is elevation of mind and an unswerving consistency of thought. . . . Then must be added perfect freedom from all those fetters by which the littleness of man impedes the flight of genius. The mind must be accustomed to gaze on the ideas themselves, stripped of all the trappings of words, schemata, and methods. It must be made to recognise truth under all forms and colors, to love it under all, to abhor every school or system that would impose limits to these forms of truth, and to study profoundly the meanings of words."

All this is most admirable and might find fitting place in any treatise on the principles of naturalism. And when we come to particulars we are even more struck with the boldness and reasonableness of Rosmini's scheme and method. He had studied the history of the physical sciences and had been profoundly impressed by the advances made in modern times. These immense advances in *result* came, as he saw, from the advance in *method*. "Why," demanded Rosmini, we are actually told, "should not this method be applied to philosophy, to the internal and spiritual facts of the soul and of consciousness?"

"Like Kant, he discovered that whatever is *material* in our knowledge of things is supplied by the senses and experience; and that all in it which is purely *formal* is furnished by the mind." But, unlike Kant, he "discovered" also that the forms of the mind are reducible to one which is not subjective, "but objective and presented to the spirit from without, by God himself." This was a discovery, indeed. Would that we could, in the face of facts, correctly call it one. However, it is interesting to hear the opinion of the very able and equitable translators of this remarkable book, "that it cut up by the roots the chief errors of agnosticism, positivism, materialism, and pantheism, in all the forms in which they can present themselves."

Rosmini's philosophical objection to agnosticism is that "we cannot know phenomena without knowing something beyond them." The contrary opinion is, as he represents it, a conclusion drawn from the premise that all our ideas "come through the senses." And this premise he conceives to be a baseless one.

Now as against pure "sensism," we may admit Rosmini's point. There is no doubt that any agnosticism built upon unassisted sensationalism requires reconstruction. But neither is there any doubt that it can be reconstructed. We really owe an everlasting grudge to Condillac and his otherwise clearsighted followers for their unfortunate one-sidedness in presenting Locke to continental thought. How far-reach-

ing this misrepresentation has been may be seen from Kant's curious confusions on the vexed question of experience. Again and again have modern naturalistic evolutionary thinkers to insist that, in their own positive opinion at any rate, the experience, through which alone, as they hold, valid ideas can come is not a matter of sensation merely; that Locke opined, and Herbert Spencer may be said to have proved, that experience is the product not of sensation only, but of reflexion also.

This being so the evolutionary philosophic naturalists are free to claim consistently that they too have the light of truth to guide them; and to assert that their reflexion is no less capable than is Rosmini's "Light of Reason" to lead towards a rightful rendering of the world's great course of being, so far as it may be decipherable by man. Through this reflective power have many minds in recent days arrived at the really revolutionary view that we *can* know phenomena without *knowing anything* beyond them. That all we can reasonably do is to *infer* what lies beyond. That therefore "what lies beyond" is no true guide for the life either of conduct or of thought. But that the sometimes despised "phenomena"—including as they do the physical, mental, emotional, and moral natures of mankind—are, whether or not the only *needed*, most certainly the only *actual* informers of how we may more or less attain to the whole, the good, the beautiful, the true.

The translators appeal to the "learned" to "take their flight to a world altogether metaphysical and eternal," and so forth. And they insist "that there is a world which only the eye of the mind, illumined by the pure, spiritual light of reason, can look upon." Let them add the light of moral sense to the light of reason—as they would no doubt be willing to do—and we may all be with them. Nay, rather, if the translators and their co-religionists were really true to these two lights would they not be *with us* ere long in their rejection of that supernatural creed which they so strangely, as it seems to us naturalists, deem congruous with the lofty philosophic principles they hold?

Perhaps the most remarkable passage in this extremely interesting Preface (beyond which we cannot now go) is that wherein its authors, Catholic thinkers though they are, assert the claims of reason over authority in the philosophic field. It must not be inferred, they say, "that Rosmini brings the principle of authority into philosophy. No one knew better than he that philosophy is the science of pure reason, that it is wholly built on reason, and that no authority, as such, can claim a place in it."

Such an admission is certainly of profound importance. And not less so is the concluding estimate of Rosmini's mind and character, which, upon this show-

ing, must have been of a singularly elevated type. "For his fellowmen, or rather for God seen in his fellowmen," his interpreters declare, "he sacrificed ease, riches, worldly ambition. The true good, the real happiness of his neighbor was the aim of his every thought and action. When he elaborated what he believed to be the system of truth, and labored to bring it to perfection, when he employed all the resources of a gigantic intellect, and a vast philosophical and theological erudition, it was simply because he was profoundly persuaded that the only way to make men better was through the truth. He held that truth understood, loved, embraced, followed unswervingly, must lead to goodness of heart, to moral perfection, and through this to rest and happiness."

A nobler view of speculative thought than this could no one hold. And it is to the fearless expression of such views that we may most confidently look for the development of those existing forces within the Church which are already disintegrating, and must eventually destroy the sectarianism of all the Churches.

OUTPOSTS OF A NEW SCIENCE.

BY HUDOR GENONE.

EVERYWHERE in the world the rushing course of human thought has worn for itself similar channels through the diversified strata of the natural formations of brain.

As in the crust of this earth we inhabit there is a great underlying primary formation, call it what you please—igneous, plutonic, or primary, in one case *a priori*, of principle; of God on the other, the two remain parallel and analogous to the student of mankind—its origin and its destiny.

Into the depths of this region, the foundation-rock of all thought, all science, all reasoning, it is not the province or purpose of this paper to seek to penetrate. We begin our investigations where practical geology begins—with the early accretions, out of which, particle by particle, age after age, were built up successively the various periods.

The seeming duality of our simile, whereby the solid strata are apparently separated, and thought compared to a river, while character is likened to the rocks of the canyon, disappears upon close and accurate investigations.

The same power gave origin to both, for the very rocks themselves were born of water and that spirit, constant and continuous in its operations, which though intermittent as old orders changed, has never ceased its manifestation while the flux of forces moved on irresistibly forward forever.

The solid rocks, strata piled upon strata, whirled and distorted, worn and wasted, disintegrated and crumbled into mould, and the living things that—

like afreets released from the seal of Solomon—have bloomed because of the soil and the rain, both can trace back their ancient genealogy to one common father, to that perfect and perpetual power of the sunbeam that came down from heaven to raise and support the low and to illumine the darkness.

Life is the child of the sun. The sunbeam is both author and finisher of all our vitalities. The primal cell, the herb-bearing seed, the animal, each after his kind, to mankind, the crowning slope of nature's supreme effort, all are one in their origin, and links in the eternal chain of causation.

Light, heat, activity, electricity; these and all other potencies, coequal and coeval with gravitation, are but phases of that power which is, in one word, influence.

And it is this power, this influence, manifested in the material universe, which, in the lens and prism of the human organism, is transmuted into that godlike attribute, which, whether called spirit or mind or soul or consciousness, has made man in the image of God.

The radical fault of man in attempting to solve those problems commonly called of religion, has been and still is that he has always been that which he now stigmatises as "infidel"—an agnostic.

He has found himself alive in a world demanding thought as a condition of survival, and yet he has deliberately declined thought concerning that life which is, of all kinds of life, the most important for him to know about.

He has found that experience and experiment are the ultimate atoms out of which the reality of reason is made, and yet in the domain of religion has discarded both experience and experiment.

In lower truths, of daily action, of practical affairs, of arts and sciences, he demonstrates fully his faith in results, his confidence in method, and finally his implicit belief in the principles of all his dealings, but in religion, necessarily and naturally the highest of all truth, he puts aside all effort, gives up all method, and deliberately devotes himself to intellectual despair.

I once listened to a series of sermons by an eminent divine on the subject of how to serve God: how to serve Him with the hands, the feet, the lips, all the physical organs of the body, but he never discoursed upon that vastly more important matter, How to serve God with the reason.

Child as I was, when I heard those sermons I remember thinking that the good dominie had made a serious mistake in that matter.

I understand now that he made no mistake. He was like the tethered bullock, and could not graze beyond the narrow circle within whose limits he was bound. And yet he was minister in the church founded

by Him, the chiefest of whose tenets was that his word was not bound.

I am not the only one to recognise this remarkable discrepancy, and I am very far from the first who has endeavored to reconcile the conflicting and as yet seemingly irreconcilable "views" of the divine mission and of divine truth. Indeed it seems as if this modern era, these last years of the nineteenth century, are pre-eminently the age of inquiry, the epoch of doubt and uncertainty, the time of the agnostic.

To "reconcile" religion and science seems to be the aim of countless militant minds. Word has come, blown on the winds, that across the multitudinous seas of doubt lies a new world, fairer than day, rich with the spoils of time, and now countless adventurers are embarking thither.

Colons and Cabots of thought have gone forth in quest of this holy grail, and, returning, have given fanciful accounts of their wanderings, and displayed cargoes of what they claimed to be gold ore from the mines of that immaculate country, whose name is Truth.

Alas! how delusive all such hopes have been, how futile the quest; the glittering spangles have proved nothing but pyrites,—nothing but "fool's gold."

From the earliest of the historic periods until now opinion in some of its versatile and variegated shapes has dominated mankind. In every age and in all quarters of the globe, quite naturally and by a process entirely parallel to physical selection, men have coalesced into three great classes of religionists: those who accept, those who speculate, and those who deny. Acceptance is the mother of credulity; speculation of mysticism, and denial of despair.

These classifications are broad and general. Credulity may be abject fetishism or it may be a pure and perfect faith; mysticism may be and often is credulous, or it may by force of a sedulous training rise to pinnacles of philosophic heights not to be attained by either lethargic or combative intellects, while denial may and does take protean forms, some of whose conclusions lift the doubting infidel into a region where the thinker having ceased to hope for an answer to the eternal why? despair is cancelled from the equation of thoughts.

Epicurian, Stoic, and Cynic amid the groves of Greece; Confucianism, Taoism, and Buddhism in Asia, and in our own time and in all those countries of the West which we call and consider civilised, orthodoxy, mysticism, and infidelity have divided and subdivided the imagination.

The rainbow is the best physical analogy of this mental division; there the three primal colors, while distinct in themselves, and inviolate of themselves, blend and merge insensibly one into another.

As in the hues of the spectrum there are three regions and no defined frontier, so in religious or irreligious thought colors of character may meet and mingle and merge and overlay while yet all the while the essential elements remain fixed and fast and definite.

It is not with the history of religions this paper proposes to attempt dealing; this subject has been entered upon elsewhere, better and more fully than I could expect to do. It will, I think, be well to confine consideration to those theologies with whose general scope and purpose all are presumably familiar.

The triad of mind relations as we know them may be somewhat crudely classed (as previously) into orthodoxy, mysticism, and infidelity.

Disregarding all refinements and dispensing with verniers and micrometers of dogma, doctrine, and articles, orthodoxy means that kind of creed which believes, or claims to believe, in a personal God, a lost individual, a distinct personal individuality after death, a system of rewards and punishments, and a plan of salvation.

Broadly this will, I feel sure, pass as a sufficient definition of the system which we know as Christianity.

But where and how shall we locate our devotees of mysticism? A correct catalogue of all the fantastic fads and fancies of speculation would be as long as Groombridge's of the fixed stars, with the disadvantage that as yet right ascension and declination have no meaning as applied to the creations of the religious juggler. Spiritisms, so called, Christian sciences, faith cures, theosophies; these and countless others akin to them incubate almost daily, and their disciples increase and multiply for a while till a voracious ism—better able and fitter to survive—comes along to swallow the brood.

Of infidelity also there are countless varieties: agnosticisms, deisms, theisms, isms numberless; believers in all sorts and conditions of unbelief; men who are faithful to unfaith and those who are unfaithful to all faith.

When the colors of the mental spectrum are well defined in any single personality, belief, however peculiar, has at least the merit of being consistent, and, in a way, logical.

But how grotesque and ludicrous are those illogical minds in whom are blended confusedly all the colors of the prism, who, chameleon-like, scintillate with the hues of such phases of fancy as they chance to clamber on.

From those who have broken loose from the shackles of creed and church, and from those who yet remain ostensibly identified with some ecclesiastical organization come the same iridescent shimmers of opinion.

From orthodoxy of the Hebrew type, in which the plan of salvation is Mosaic, has come a horde of re-

formers, some of whom, continuing to hold practically the ancient creed are devoted chiefly to effecting changes in ritual, while others are, or seek to be rationalists. Of these latter by far the most extreme school of thought is that of "Ethical Culture."

Felix Adler and his coadjutors are doing a grand work, one of the grandest, best conceived, most sensible works ever originated in America. But the work is purely ethical and humanitarian. Its best endeavor seems to be to make admirable machines of humanity, but to dispense with the mechanic. Religiously it is distinctly non-atheistic, it does not positively deny a God, but practically ignores him.

Ethics is the art of the artisan; religion the art of the artist. It has to do, not with the preparation of pigments, but with color, form, and perspective.

For several years the councils of the Christian Church have been more or less distracted by that phase of "views" to be generally classed as "higher criticism." This cult originated, or acquired its present serious impetus from the editorial labors of the revisers of the Bible.

It has developed along a multiplicity of lines; has solidified some churches, proved reactionary in at least one,—the Protestant Episcopal,—even found a lever in the Roman Catholic, and certainly bids fair to rend apart, if not disintegrate, the Calvinistic communion.

The attitude of Heber Newton in the Episcopal Church is perhaps the most remarkable as illustrative of that broadness which has become the Church's boast. This eminent theologian has so adroitly held his lax theology as to be able to remain a frocked priest while distinctly, positively, and perpetually befouling his own nest with the odium of heterodoxy. For a Christian minister to write and print the statement that the Jesus Christ and the Buddha Christ were on a plane of equality may have been true, but it certainly was not orthodox.

Dr. Briggs's position is, of course, different, but it is, after all, an "infidel" position; it antagonises orthodoxy at the very point always claimed to be least liable to successful antagonism.

To make reason co-ordinate with the Church and the Book is clearly no less infidel than to find a parity between Jesus and Siddārtha.

The very substance of orthodox theology is comprised in three dicta: I. The certainty of a divine revelation; II. The infallibility of the means; III. The entire fallibility of reason.

In the Catholic Church the infallible means are found in an infallible church as interpreter of an infallible book; but Protestantism, having awakened a slumbering power, finds in liberty of conscience concerning the Book a swiftly growing monstrous Frankenstein, to destroy its infallibility.

When the tool begins to think, the hand trembles; when her ministers invoke Reason, it is only a question of time before the Church will become reasonable.

If man is nothing but a masterly mechanism, the former things—in large part still the present things—will never pass away; but if, as we are all inclined to believe, he is free, and has within him a capacity for conscious choice, they will inevitably pass away, and the present order change.

The first steps have been taken. Dr. Briggs and men like minded, while yet clinging tenaciously to some of the older hallowed associations of thought, have set the door of rationalism ajar, and most assuredly it will not be long before mankind will arrange itself both within and without the portal. Inside, the timid; outside, the bold. In the Church the conservative; in the larger Church the radical. Devoted to an ecclesiastical system, the idealists; to a cosmic system, the practical. Sooner or later the line will be sharply drawn between those who seek satisfaction in lethargy and those who seek it by action; between those who supinely want and those who grandly will; between blind faith in some things and clear-sighted faith in all things; between dogma and demonstration; between superstition and science.

The logic of the proposition is unanswerable, that if reason may be used at all in matters of religion, it may be used wholly. If minds may explore this region, the more alert, active, and indefatigable the explorer, the more certain the results of his exploration.

Numerous efforts, all more or less fallacious, and all entirely futile, have been made to "reconcile" religion and science. As men now regard religion, it is a matter whose province is altogether apart from science. It has been written: "If God himself has not revealed the truth to men, they are absolutely and hopelessly in the dark regarding it. They cannot construct any reasonable theory of it. One man's opinion is as good as another's, for nobody's is worth anything. Dogmas of the Church, based on the authority of Scripture, must be announced as something to be believed, not argued about."

So long as religions continue to be regarded as a matter of opinion, this must continue to be, as it is, unqualifiedly true.

Scientific truth has never come except in one way: experience and experiment have furnished data of facts, and by thoughtful consideration of these facts and their reactions and relations principles have been discovered, and, having been tested and found trustworthy, accepted as true by the common consent of mankind.

Inductive or deductive alike, all reasoning must necessarily be founded upon a rock of knowledge, and

knowledge is nothing more than an accurate relation between what is commonly called subjective and objective,—between the knower and the known.

But practically there is a wide difference between the inductive and deductive methods of learning. In chemistry, for instance, how futile a process of deduction would be. In that science the axioms, or "common notions," or "self-evident truths," are identical with the facts themselves, are innumerable, and the principles have only been established by ages of research, tests, and trials, and continual reconstruction of hypotheses.

There is one science all of whose operations are conditioned upon the reverse of this. In mathematics we have a confidence, a faith, if you choose, in principles, so profound, so sure, so safe, so easy, so quickly elucidated, that, like the motions of thought or light, it seems to come instantly, spontaneously, intuitively.

Chemistry shows us a river of truth, large and grand, rolling steadily towards the sea; but we realise that this broad water has come from countless affluents, and these from branches, creeks, and rivulets, and all the mighty current, far up among the distant hills, has trickled out of mossy beds from among the roots of the mountains.

Mathematics takes us directly to the source itself, to the geyser rising out of the heart of the intellect, and in its contemplation we are forced to ignore the unseen effort, which through long centuries drew up the waters from the glassy lakes and the ocean spray.

In one case faith is founded upon the toil and experiment of others; in the other case, it may be founded upon our own knowledge.

So mathematics is essentially a science of deduction; chemistry of induction.

We have ceased to have opinions concerning principles in chemistry; we never had opinions concerning them in mathematics. In both cases we have "faith"; but in one faith has been acquired; in the other it appears to be "given."

Which sort of faith does theology demand? Evidently that of the chemical order. In effect the contention of ecclesiasticism is that to the Church has been confided by supernatural power the sort typified by mathematics; that out of the mouth of apostles, prophets, and priests proceed lessons of wisdom which the multitude are to contemplate and believe, not, as they, at the source, but at a distance, devoutly faithful, faithfully credulous.

Curiously enough, however, the results in the river of truth which the religious are supposed to contemplate are distinctly ethical, while the faith that is demanded of them is purely historical.

Priests of orthodoxy inculcate rules of conduct common to all, but insist upon submission to observ-

ances and acquiescence in doctrines exceedingly variant in degree and often in kind.

There is an undoubted science of evolutionary ethics yet somewhat inchoate in the same way that there is a chemical science; but what hope is there now, or likely to germinate in the future, of a true science of religion?

Count Goblet D'Alviella says that "every serious religion consists of belief, worship, and rules of conduct." What hope does there seem to be for any "reconciliation"? Does it seem possible that science will ever be able to give affirmative answers to the queries of theology that "a personal God," a lost individual, a distinct, personal individuality after death, a system of rewards and punishments and a plan of salvation "will ever be 'believed in' as chemistry is believed in or mathematics?

This expectation seems nothing but an infatuation; the gulf seems utterly impossible between religion and science, between faith and fact.

And yet, looking backward across the flood of years, how brief the time appears when all the sciences were in precisely the condition in which we now find religion. Fifty years ago there was no science of electricity; a hundred, none of geology; two hundred no chemistry, and we need only go far enough backward into the past to note the crude dawn of the earlier sciences of navigation and astronomy among the Phœnicians and Chaldeans.

But the facts were in the world all the time unformulated, waiting the touch of the wand of the magician to give them life. Euclid came and geometry was "revealed." Newton was "inspired," and in like manner,—"each in his own order,"—Volta, Priestly, Davy, Humboldt, Franklin, Edison, Tesla, one by one took their places in that great Walhalla of priests of science, whose foundation and walls and dome are built of eternal truth.

The world does not require that we should abolish the historical religions; but the spirit of progress stands beckoning and bids us, as Jesus did his disciples, "Come and see!"

The science of religion must interpret nature; it must explain the personality of man, the being of God, the true character of life, and death and immortality. It must convert into terms of cause and effect the ideas of reward and punishment, translate plan and salvation and atonement, glibly used in the glossary of priestcraft, by the lexicon of truth.

The science of religion must be an exact science, not founded upon the unknown, still less upon the unknowable. It must assume nothing, condone nothing, conceal nothing. It must account for the cancer as well as the rose, for the earthquake and pestilence as well as the seed-time and harvest, for the simple

as well as the sage, and for all be so plain that even the wayfaring man, though a fool, cannot err therein.

The world is panting and athirst for truth. We are surfeited with superstition. We are tired of doubt. We want no longer the amorphous flocculence of creeds, but demand that from the solution of thought now saturated shall be precipitated a clear and perfect crystal.

The world awaits its revealer. And he shall surely come. Fear not lest we mistake his voice. There is a thrill to truth and we shall know him as on the Western plains some outpost beleaguered by savage foes, hears upon the still air far away like a horn of elfland, the faint blast of the notes of a copper clarion and the throb of rescuing hoof-beats.

'TIS NOT.

BY MATTIE McCASLIN.

'Tis not the softest couches
That give the sweetest rest,
'Tis not the richest viands
That always taste the best,
For beds of down may oft be filled
With thorns that pierce the heart,
And dainty food the sweetness lacks
That hunger can impart.

'Tis not the fairest faces
The fairest names can boast,
'Tis not the whitest fingers
That help the needy most.
Though jewels flash upon the breast,
Think not it is a sign
That other jewels, richer far,
Within it meekly shine.

'Tis not the brightest glitter
Comes from the purest gold,
'Tis not the gayest flowers
The sweetest fragrance hold,
A noble, loving heart may beat
Beneath a ragged coat;
The homeliest bird is often found
To sing the sweetest note.

'Tis not the deepest coffers
The greatest wealth contain,
'Tis not the first upon the earth
The first in heaven remain.
The rich man's far-famed charity
May dwindle with the sight,
While angels with their golden harps
Sing of the widow's mite.

NOTES.

We are indebted to Abbé V. Charbonnel for the leading article of the present number which appeared in Number 2708 of *L'Eclair*, of Paris. The Abbé writes that the people of Europe become more and more interested in the idea of a Religious Parliament, and the lecture of Dr. Barrows has greatly helped to dispel the prejudices that naturally prevailed where the regulations and plans of the Chicago Parliament of Religions were only su-

pericially known. A banquet was given in honor of Dr. Barrows and the toasts given on that occasion were aglow with the spirit that animated the Parliament of Religions at Chicago.

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THE GODS OF THE VEDA.¹

BY PROF. H. OLDENBERG.

We have reviewed in the preceding article² the steps by which the deified forces of nature were transmuted into immortal masters, and protectors of the different conditions and interests of human life. The process is readily comprehended. The lively feeling of owing everything good to the powers of nature, in itself no mean advance upon the earlier crude conceptions, unavoidably dulls with time. The growing cohesion and order of society, the more extensive character of all the enterprises of peace and war at this stage, allows new trains of ideas to press to the front. The power of the king and war-hero now forces itself upon the attention as decisive of destiny; and accordingly in those divinities who personified nature in the forms of preternatural men, the element of nature recedes more and more before the element derived from man. The suggestion of the morning star, or of the moon, pales before the stronger consciousness of being under the merciful protection or the corrective power of heroic and royal divine masters.

These divine lords, as they are pictured in the Veda, all possess strong family resemblances. They are all very powerful, very glorious, very wise, very ready in aid. They all stand out in uniformly Titanic stature, each one like his fellows, but poor in the possession of that matchless beauty in which the Greek saw his gods standing glorious before him. Zeus knits his dark brows, his ambrosial locks tumble forwards, and the Olympic heights tremble; the barbaric god of the Veda "whets his horns and shakes them powerfully like a bull," the same sort of expression as that with which an early Chaldaic hymn, standing at about the same point of evolution, says of its god, "that he lifts his horns like a wild bull." As yet, religious thought and feeling have not advanced the idea of divinity from the point of grandeur to that of infinity, from power to omnipotency, and have not in particular taken the step from multiplicity to unity.

A single God is created by a history like that of the Old Testament, which, in the stress of great national experiences, in triumph and in defeat, so intimately

binds a people with the divinity that controls its destiny, that beside it all other gods disappear. Or, a single God may be created by reflexion seeking over and beyond the heights and depths of existence the one loftiest height or the one inmost germ of all things. The former is the god of heroes and patriots; the latter the still, calm divinity of the solitary speculator. But the bards of the Veda were neither patriots nor philosophers. The peace and comfortable existence of ancient India, the dispassionate character of the popular soul, to which, a deep and intense attachment to its own national existence remained unknown, were but rarely disturbed by national misfortunes or passions such as those with which the history of Israel is filled.¹ And that impulse of philosophical reflexion toward unity in the confusion of phenomena is as yet foreign to the age whose religious beliefs we are here describing. Such an impulse does not begin to show itself until the time of some of the latest poems of the Rig-veda, then, however, growing in the succeeding era to irresistible strength.

The same multiplicity of gods, therefore, prevails in the Veda as of old—not the clean-cut result of a

¹To appreciate thoroughly the difference in the whole tone of historical and religious sentiment in the Veda and in the Old Testament, compare two songs which in a measure occupy corresponding positions in the two literatures—the Song of the Victory of King Suda (Rig-veda, 7, 18) and the Triumphal Song of Deborah (Judges, 5). Both belong to the earliest poetical monuments—are possibly the oldest—of the nation from which they emanate. Both glorify hardly-won victories; the details of the two battles bear great resemblance to each other, so far as may be judged from the vacillating floods of the two hymns of victory. In each a swollen stream brought destruction to the foe.

But how differently does the song of the heroic-souled Jewish patriotes resound from that of the Brahmanic court-priest and poet. In the former, every word glows with passion, with a drunken joy of victory. Every whit of its energy is strained for the fight, the people staked its very soul upon the issue. Jehovah marched forth and all nature joined in the combat; the clouds deluged the earth with waters; the stars in their courses contended against Sisera. We see the hostile leader collapse before the shepherd woman, who gave him milk when he asked for water, and struck him down with her hammer. We see his mother gazing after him and moaning at the window lattice, "Why tarry the wheels of his chariots?"

How different is the atmosphere of the Indian poem! In the foreground stands the priest, busily and successfully performing his office,

"As in pasture rich and fat the cow
Drips milk, so Vashtha's song dripped over thee,
O Indra! Master of the herds art thou,
All say. Incline, accept our noblest offering."

The foe fled like cattle from the pasture when they have lost their herder. Indra struck them down the moment the votive offering was cast upon his altar; all the offered sweets he gave to Sudas to enjoy. What glimpse do we catch here of anxiety and of the outburst of prodigious passion on the part of a people battling for its existence!

¹ Authorised translation from the *Deutsche Rundschau* by O. W. Weyer.
² No. 453 of *The Open Court*.

methodical partition, so to speak, of the administrative offices of the world's affairs among divine officials, but the complex product of manifold historical processes, of a kind of "struggle for existence" between ideas, on the one hand, whose value for the religious consciousness has dwindled away but which often maintain themselves more or less by a sheer faculty of pertinacity and those ideas which press into prominence through being favored by the advance of intellectual and material life.

A final very marked characteristic of these divinities is that the phantasy of their adorers by no means raised them to the highest level of moral majesty, as they did to positions of the greatest power and highest glory. This step of incomparable importance in the evolution of religion—the association of the ideas of God and good—as yet can be descried in but a few faint signs, and this state most surely marks the religion as still a barbaric one. At this stage, the thing most essential to the needs of the devout is that the God be a strong and kindly ruler, and of an easily influenced disposition. But how was it possible that the mighty thunderer of pre-Vedic times, the mighty warrior and bestower of blessings of the Vedic religion, Indra, should be formed of other ethical stuff than they, whose image he was, the terrestrial *grands seigneurs*? The savage battles which fill his existence alternate with savage adventures of love and drink. Very little does he inquire into the sinfulness or rectitude of mankind; but all the more is he desirous of knowing who has slaughtered oxen on his altar and brought as an offering his favorite drink, the intoxicating soma, whose streams "pour into him as rivers into the ocean," and "fill his belly, head, and arms." And it occasionally happens that he is not over particular about remembering the wishes which his worshippers have preferred in their prayers, as when returning in the best of humor to his dwelling from a sacrifice in his honor, he says: "This is what I will do,—no, that: I'll give him a cow!—or shall it be a horse? I wonder if I have really had soma from him to drink?"

Still, if one were to contemplate the picture of the Vedic divinities from this position only, he would be apt to falsely appreciate the manifold complexity of the intermingling currents. Distinct, it may be they were, originally, from the conceptions formed of the gods, yet the ideas of right and wrong, the sympathy naturally felt with the candid and fair man, the repudiation of tortuous treachery, dread of the chains imposed by guilt whether deliberate or unintentional, all this, of course, is well known to the Vedic world, and is expressed with sufficient vivacity in the Vedic poetry. And why, indeed, should not this domain of human interests and laws also find its rulers and representa-

tives among the heavenly beings as well as war, or man's daily occupation, or his domestic life?

Although, therefore, the Vedic divinities as such and taken as a whole manifest no special character of holiness or rectitude, properly speaking, there is among them one particular divinity, Varuna,—originally a lunar divinity, as already said,—who assumes, as peculiarly his own, the office of caring for the mundane moral order—assisted by a circle of less prominent companions, who were originally, it is possible, the sun and the planets. This moral order is looked upon as having been originally established by Varuna, and by Varuna's strong arm and sorcery it is preserved. Varuna detects even the most secret transgression; his snares are set for the treacherous; he sends forth his avenging spirits; he threatens the guilty with misfortune, illness, death. He suffers his forgiveness and pardon to shield the penitent, who make effort to appease him.

In a song of the Rig-veda, a guilt-laden one, pursued by disaster, cries: "I commune thus with myself: When may I again approach Varuna? What offering will he deign to accept, without showing anger? When shall I, my soul reviving, behold again his favor? Humbly, as a servant, will I make reparation to him, merciful that he is, that I may be once more blameless. To them that are thoughtless, the god of the Aryans has given prudence; wiser than the knowing man, he advances them to riches."

Varuna is here called the Aryan god. The historian, however, can hardly approve the bard's claim, for I believe we can discover in the apparently Aryan form of this god the signs of an un-Aryan derivation. This much at all events is certain: that faith in their chief protector of the right extends backward into the epoch when the ancestors of the Indians still formed one people with the ancestors of the Iranians, as they hesitated on the threshold of the Indian peninsula. This god appears among the Indo-Iranians as Varuna, among the Iranians (in the religion of Zoroaster) as the chief ruler of all that is good, Ahura Mazda, or Ormuzd. We cannot trace Varuna beyond the age of the Indo-Iranians into the prior time of the Indo-Europeans. Among the related peoples, like the Greeks or Teutons, we find no signs of him. Much, on the contrary, seems to me to agree in favor of the view that the Indo-Iranians had received this god from without, from the regions subject to Babylonian civilisation. If I am right in this conjecture, is it to be looked upon as merely fortuitous that right at the time when the remotest Semitic and pre-Semitic civilisation had fructified the religion of the Aryans, the point lies where the figure of the sin-avenging and sin-forgiving Varuna begins to separate from the primeval coarseness of such bruiser and

tippler divinities as Indra, and to be distinguished by the sublime traits of sanctity and divine mercy?

It has been remarked that the cult devoted to divinities, at the point of the evolution of the Veda, chiefly assumes the form of the sacrifice. The gods have so far grown beyond human dimensions that the magic spells which could compel them at the will of man, no longer appear as the proper agency with which to influence them. And on the other hand, they are as yet too far removed from pure spirituality for a purely spiritual form of adoration. The worshipper may and must make himself acceptable to them by the simplest measures, industriously, loudly, even obtrusively. Resembling man as they do, they eat and drink like men. Accordingly offerings of food and intoxicating drink were needful, in order to fortify them and to stir them to mighty actions. They had to be flattered; they were to be addressed in the most artfully agreeable style, and in the most superlative expressions possible as to their grandeur and their splendor. Thereupon is the proper moment for the worshippers, who sit around the sacrificial ceremony "like flies about honey," to lay their desires before the gods: desires which—corresponding to the spirit of the age—are ever directed to the palpable goods of earthly existence,—a long life, posterity, the acquisition of property in horses and cattle, favorable weather, triumph over all enemies. The art of properly performing these sacrifices and prayers is the main theme about which the whole spiritual life of the poets of the Rig-veda revolves. To them the sacrifice is the embodiment of all mysteries, the symbol of all the most important and profound of the phenomena of life. "By means of sacrifices, the gods offered sacrifices,—those were the first of all laws," says the Rig-Veda.

The external marks of the Vedic sacrifice are so far simple, that as yet all the elements are wanting to it, which follow in the train of urban life and especially of the development of the fine arts. There are no temples, no images of the divinities. The cult of shepherd tribes, whose migratory manner of life has not yet entirely become a fixed one, is as yet satisfied with a very simple altar,—established with the same facility everywhere,—the level, cleared greensward, over which soft grass is strewn, about the holy fires, as a resting-place for the invisible gods, who quickly collect from the atmospheric regions around.

But there is no lack of artful embellishment of another kind in the Vedic sacrifice,—or even of an over-embellishment, according to Oriental custom. The song of praise and prayer, delivered at the sacrifice, is fashioned after the rules of an elaborate art, growing ever more intricate. It is overlaid with obscure allusions, in which theological mysticism parades its

acquaintance with the hidden depths and crannies of things divine. To utter such a prayer and to offer up such a sacrifice not every one is called or fitted whom the inner impulse moves, but only the trained priest, one belonging to certain families who have formed an exclusive spiritual caste from time immemorial,—the priest who alone is accounted equal to the perilous, sacred duty of eating of the sacrificial feast, and to drink of the soma, the intoxicating drink of the gods. At sacrificial ceremonies of greater importance priests of this kind appear in throngs, singing, reciting, and performing the immense number of prescribed acts with that painful, purely external nicety which is peculiar to every cult standing at this point of historical development, and the displacement of which by the inner soul-life is everywhere the product of protracted later evolution.

Religious ceremony of this sort is, indeed, far from having attained to the "affair of conscience" of the devout believer—to the elevation of a force which exalts and clarifies his inner life. It is—conducted on a large scale and with reference to human interests as a whole—simply what the cult of sorcery of an earlier age had been in a small way and with reference to some particular human want: a practice which any one, who could bear the expense, might have put into motion for himself by the skilled practitioner, to enrich one's self, to prolong life, to avert sickness and all harm.

But here there is repeated, in matters purely of cult, the same characteristic which confronted us in another connexion. Alongside of and interwoven with the formations which carry the special imprint of Vedic culture, everywhere and often in compact masses, there are the remains of hoary constructions, traceable to remoter and even to remotest times. As just remarked, it is a peculiarity of the Vedic cult of the sacrifice, that it concerns itself chiefly with human interests viewed as a whole; but still it was an unavoidable retention, that the supernatural forces should be put into action, upon occasion, for individual and particular situations, in behalf of want or suffering at some particular moment. It is here that the old witchcraft especially retained whatever was left to it of its former importance, in the Vedic age. He who wished to drive away evil spirits, or the substance supposed to have brought an illness, or, similarly, some guilt, had recourse still, as in former ages, to fire, which consumes the hostile thing, or to water which washes it away, or he chased the spirits away with din and alarms, blows and bow-shot. He who wished to produce rain, proceeded much like the rain-conjurer among the savages of our day. He put on black robes, and slew in sacrifice some black-colored beast, in order to attract the black clouds with which it was de-

signed to cover the sky; or, he threw herbs into the water that the grass of his pastures might be splattered by the divine waters. He who wished to prepare himself for particularly holy rites, acted just as the modern savage does, when he strives to transport himself into the exalted state in which man may enjoy communion with the gods. One about to perform the sacrifice of the soma, prepared himself for his holy labor, clad in dark-colored skins, muttering in stuttering speech, fasting until "there is nothing left in him, nothing but skin and bones, till the black pupil disappears from his eye," maintaining his position beside the magic fire which frightened away the evil demons, thus producing within him the necessary condition of inner fever (*tapas*); a practice, which lies in the midst of the Vedic ritual as an unintelligible relic of by-gone ages, but which a modern American Indian or a Zulu would comprehend at once, since very similar customs are familiar to him.

Thus, the religion and the cult of the Veda point on the one hand to the past of the savage religion; on the other hand, they point forward. We have seen that the majority of the Vedic divinities had long since lost their original meaning. Indra is no more the thunderer; nor Varuna the night-illuminating planet. For a time the faded images of the powers, which were once effective in their influence upon human faith, maintain their entity by the sheer force of pertinacity—similar to a movement, which, receiving no fresh impulse, gradually dies away. The point will come at which the motion will cease. The intellect, pressing onward, recognises other forces as the effective. New exigencies of the soul require to be satisfied by other means than those proffered by the benevolence of Indra or Agni.

THIRD STAGE OF FREE THOUGHT—SECULARISM.

BY GEORGE JACOB HOLYOAKE.

"Nothing is destroyed until it is replaced."
—Madame de Staël.

SEEING this wise maxim in a paper by Auguste Comte, I asked my friend Wm. de Fonvielle, who was in communication with Comte, to learn for me the authorship of the phrase. Comte answered that it was the Emperor's (Napoleon III.). It first appeared, as I afterwards found, in the writings of Madame de Staël and more fully expressed by her.

Self-regarding criticism having discovered the insufficiency of theology for the guidance of man, next sought to ascertain what rules human reason may supply for the independent conduct of life—which is the object of Secularism.

At first, the term was taken to be a "mask" concealing sinister features—a "new name for an old thing"—or as a substitute term for scepticism or athe-

ism. If impressions were always knowledge, men would be wise without inquiry, and explanations would be unnecessary. The term Secularism was chosen to express the extension of free thought to ethics. Free thinkers commonly go no further than saying, "We search for truth"—Secularists say we have found it—at least so much as replaces the chief errors and uncertainties of theology.

Harriet Martineau, the most intrepid thinker among the women of her day, wrote to Lloyd Garrison a letter (inserted in the *Liberator*, 1853) approving "the term Secularism as including a large number of persons who are not atheists and uniting them for action, which has Secularism for its object. By the adoption of the new term a vast amount of prejudice is got rid of." When it was found that the "new term" designated a new concept.

Secularism is a code of duty pertaining to this life—founded on considerations purely human—intended mainly for those who find theology indefinite or inadequate, unreliable or unbelievable.

Its essential principles are three:

1. That the improvement of this life is possible by material means.
2. That science is the available² Providence of man.
3. That it is good to do good. Whether there be other good or not, the good of the present life is good, and it is good to seek that good.

Individual good attained by methods conducive to the good of others, is the highest aim of man, whether regard be had to human welfare in this life or personal fitness for another. Precedence is therefore given to the duties of this life.

Being asked to send to the International Congress of Liberal Thinkers, held in Brussels (1886), an account of the tenets of the English party known as Secularists, I gave the following explanation to them.

"The Secular is that, issues of which can be tested by the experience of life.

"The ground common to all self-determined thinkers is that of independency of opinion, known as free thought, which though but an impulse of intellectual courage in the search for truth—or an impulse of aggression against hurtful or irritating error—or the caprice of a restless mind is to be encouraged. It is necessary to promote independent thought—whatever its manner of manifestation—since there can be no progress without it. A Secularist is intended to be a

¹ M. Aurelius Antoninus said, "I seek the truth by which no man was ever injured." It would be true had he said mankind. Men are continually injured by the truth or how do martyrs come or why do we honor them?

² The phrase was a suggestion of my friend the Rev. Dr. H. T. Crosskey about 1854. I afterwards used the word "available" which does not deny, nor challenge, nor affirm the belief of others in a theological providence—who therefore are not incited to assail the effectual proposition that material resources are an available providence where a spiritual providence is inactive.

reasoner—that is as Coleridge defined him—one who inquires what a thing is, and not only what it is, but why it is what it is.

"One of two great forces of opinion created in this age, is what is known as atheism,¹ which deprives superstition of its standing-ground and compels theism to reason for its existence. The other force is materialism which shows the physical consequences of error supplying, as it were, beacon lights to morality.

"Though respecting the right of the agnostic and theist to their theories of the origin of nature, we Secularists regard them as belonging to the debatable ground of speculation. Secularism neither asks nor gives any opinion upon them, confining itself to the entirely independent field of study—the order of the universe. Neither asserting nor denying theism or a future life, having no sufficient reason to give if called upon; the fact remains that material influences exist, vast and available for good, as men have the will and wit to employ them. Whatever may be the value of metaphysical or theological theories of morals, utility in conduct is a daily test of common sense, and is capable of deciding intelligently more questions of practical duty than any other rule. Considerations which pertain to the general welfare, operate without the machinery of theological creeds, and over masses of men in every land to whom Christian incentives are alien, or disregarded."

WITCHCRAFT AND THE RELIGION OF SCIENCE.

Witch prosecution appears to us as rascality pure and simple, but it was not. It was the result of a firm and deep-seated religious conviction, as may be learned from the *Antipalus maleficiorum*, a work of John Trithemius, Abbot of the Monastery of Sponheim (1442–1516), who at the request of Joachim, Markgrave of Brandenburg, investigated the subject, and after years of conscientious study presented to the world his views in a volume of four books, which was completed October 16, in the year 1508, when the pious abbot had reached the mature age of sixty-six years.

Trithemius distinguishes four classes of wizards and witches: (1) Those who hurt and kill others through poison and other natural means. (2) Those who injure others by *Eucunitta*, which is the art of using magic formulas. (3) Those who converse with the Devil personally. (4) Those who have actually concluded a contract with the Devil and have thus procured his assistance for evil designs. Trithemius believes that there is no other way of protecting the commonwealth against the obnoxious influence of these

malefactors than by extirpating them, but best by burning them alive. He says:

"It is to be lamented that the number of witches in all countries is very great, for indeed there is not a village, be it ever so small, without harboring at least one of the third and of the fourth class. But how rare are the judges who punish these crimes against God and nature."

And in another passage the abbot utters the complaint:

"Men and animals die through the infamy of these women, and none considers that it is due to the malignity of witchcraft. There are many who suffer from serious diseases and do not even know that they are bewitched."

The great dangers of witchcraft seemed to demand extraordinary means for combating its evils; and thus the torture, which had formerly been applied only in exceptional and special cases, began to be developed in a most formidable and barbaric way.

Who can without indignation and holy wrath contemplate the instruments of torture used by inquisitors in their infamous vocation? There are thumb-screws, there are blacksmith's tongs and pincers to tear out the fingernails or to be used red-hot for pinching; there is the rack, Spanish boots, collars, chains, etc., there are boards and rollers covered with sharp spikes; there is the "Scavenger's Daughter," also the "Iron Virgin," a hollow instrument the size and figure of a woman, with knives inside which are so arranged that, when closing, the victim would be lacerated in its deadly embrace.

What ingenuity has not been displayed in the invention of these instruments of torture; and one of the executioner's swords, which still hangs in the Torturers' Vault at Nürnberg on the left side of the door, shows in bad Latin the blasphemous inscription, "*Solo Deo Gloria!*"¹

The hangmen took pride in their profession and regarded it as a shame if they could not make their victims confess whatever the inquisitors wanted. Their usual threat was when a heretic, a wizard, or a witch was handed over to them: "You will be tortured until you are so thin that the sun will shine through you." The instruments look horrible enough, but the practice was more horrible than the wildest imagination can depict.

Before the torture began, the accused were forced to drink the witch-broth, a disgusting drink mixed with the ashes of burnt witches, which was supposed to protect the torturers against the evil influence of witchcraft. The filth² of the dungeons was a very effective means to make the prisoner despondent and prepare him for any confession upon which he could be condemned. He was frequently locked up in iron

¹ Husley's term agnosticism implies a different thing—unknowingness without denial.

¹ It ought to be *Solo Deo Gloria!*

² *Carceris squalores* is the expression of the Witch's Hammer.

cuffs fixed in the wall or placed under heavy timbers which prevented the free use of his limbs, rendering him a helpless prey to rats, mice, and vermin of all sorts.

Consider only the fiendish details of the torture applied to a woman in the year 1631 on the first day of her trial:¹

"(1) The hangman binds the woman, who was pregnant, and places her on the rack. Then he stretches her till her heart would break, but had no pity on her. (2) When she did not confess, the torture was repeated, the hangman tied her hands, cut off her hair, poured brandy over her head and burned it. (3) He placed sulphur in her armpits and burned them. (4) Her hands were tied behind her, and she was hauled up to the ceiling and suddenly dropped down. (5) This hauling up and dropping down was repeated for some hours, until the hangman and his helpers went to lunch. (6) When they returned, the master-hangman tied her feet and hands upon her back; brandy was poured on her back and burned. (8) Then heavy weights were placed on her back and she was pulled up. (9) After this she was again stretched on the rack. (10) A spiked board is placed on her back, and she is again hauled up to the ceiling. (11) The master again ties her feet and hangs on them a block of fifty pounds, which makes her think that her heart must burst. (12) This proved insufficient; therefore the master unties her feet and fixes her legs in a vise, tightening the jaws until the blood oozes out at the toes. (13) Nor was this sufficient; therefore she was stretched and pinched again in various ways. (14) Now the hangman of Dreissigacker began the third grade of torture. When he placed her on the bench and put the "shirt" on her, he said: "I do not take you for one, two, three, not for eight days, nor for a few weeks, but for half a year or a year, for your whole life, until you confess; and if you will not confess, I shall torture you to death, and you shall be burned after all. (15) The hangman's son-in-law hauled her up to the ceiling by her hands. (16) The hangman of Dreissigacker whipped her with a horsewhip. (17) She was placed in a vise where she remained for six hours. (18) After that she was again mercilessly horsewhipped. This was all that was done on the first day."

Enough! This is not barbarous, this is not bestial, it is satanic. And such deeds could be done in the name of God, for the sake of the religion of Jesus, and by the command of the highest authorities of the Christian Church.

Witch prosecution with its terrors of torture and the fagot were only the main result of the belief in a personal devil. There are other consequences which, though less important, are sometimes bad enough in themselves. We mention a few of them: (1) there were persons who actually tried to make contracts with the Devil; (2) people possessed of a lively imagination began to dream that they stood in all kinds of relations to the Evil One. There are cases in which imaginary witches surrendered themselves voluntarily to the Inquisition; (3) soldiers entertained the hope of rendering themselves bullet-proof; and (4) there were plenty of fools who tried to become rich by magic.

The most remarkable case of bestial demonolatry with all its incidental crimes, is recorded in the annals

of France where Giles De Rais (also spelled Raiz and Retz), one of the greatest dignitaries of the State, a descendant of the highest noble families of Brittany, and a marshal of France, was charged with kidnapping about one hundred and fifty women and children, who, after being subjected to all kinds of outrages, were solemnly sacrificed to Satan.¹ The facts seem impossible but the complete records of the case are still extant, according to which Rais was convicted and executed in 1440. The history of his life has apparently contributed to the formation of the legend of Bluebeard.

Among the persons who gave themselves up to the Inquisition we mention Katharine Jung of Amdorf, Hessa, who confessed to her own father that she was a witch. The poor man regarded it as his duty to denounce her, and after ten days, on May 11, 1631, the girl was executed.

Another case of comparatively recent date happened in Alvebrode, Hanover. An old spinster, daughter of the widow Steingrob, had a brother who suffered from attacks of asthma. Her mother was blind and lame, and her sister had died of consumption. Some people in the village suggested that the attacks which came upon her brother were due to witchcraft, and at last the old spinster herself declared she was a witch and described her relations with the Devil in the minutest terms. She was convinced herself that she had bewitched her mother and sister and could injure people by a mere glance. Anxious about the welfare of the villagers, she warned them to avoid her, and tried to drown herself in an attack of melancholy, but she was rescued and imprisoned. The physician, a sensible and humane man, declared, judging from bodily symptoms that she suffered from a disease which had confused her mind, but she could not be prevailed upon to submit to treatment; she insisted that she was as healthy as a fish and that the Devil could not be driven out by medicine. She said: "It is in vain to try to cure a witch. I deserve death and shall gladly die, but please do not burn me, have me dispatched with the sword. Everything will be well when I am dead." Thereupon the physician resorted to a stratagem. He persuaded her that her neck was sword-proof, and succeeded in inducing her to take medicine to make her neck soft again for decapitation. She was then treated according to the prescriptions of her physician, with bodily exercise and regular diet and sleep until her mind improved, and she forgot all about witchcraft and her sword-proof neck.

Christian Elsenreiter, a student of Passau, palmed off upon credulous soldiers for making them bullet-proof a slip of paper upon which he wrote, "Devil help me, body and soul I give to thee!" The paper

¹ Translated from König, *Ausgeburten des Menschenwahns*, p. 130. See also Soldan, *Hexenproceste*, p. 269-270.

¹ See *Encyclo. Brit.*, Vol. XX., p. 238.

had to be swallowed, and Elsenreiter claimed that he who would die of it within twenty-four hours would go to hell, but he who survived would be bullet-proof all his life.

A Saxon Colonel had been hit twice during his military career by a bullet, but in each case a Mansfeld-Thaler had protected him. This incident gave rise to the notion that Mansfeld-Thalers make one bullet-proof, and there was no officer in the imperial army during the Turkish wars who did not carry at least one of them about his person. The price of Mansfeld-Thalers at that time was fifteen times their face value.

Various kinds of magic wands and divining-rods which were supposed to indicate the place where treasures lay hidden, were made in great quantities. There are innumerable magic formulas and exorcisms, most of them invoking God or the trinity, or Jesus Christ, in Hebrew or Latin; especially the words Jahveh (J h v h) and Adonai play an important part and were believed to be very effective. Among the magic symbols which are met with in old documents the triangle, the cross, the pentagram, and the signs of the planets are preferred; but other figures such as squares, hexagrams, circles, and fantastic combinations of irregular lines are also quite frequent. Conjurations were made according to various prescriptions; a circle was drawn at midnight where two roads cross; it was lit with wax candles made after specific recipes. The conjurer had to prepare himself by fasts and prayers, sometimes by partaking of the holy communion at church, and when at last he failed to find the treasure or to accomplish his purpose, whatever it may have been, he had reason to believe that he made some trifling mistake in his preparations.

The facts of witch prosecution with its kindred superstitions are an object lesson. How much mistaken are those who believe that religion has nothing to do with ethics, and that a religious conviction exercises no influence upon a man's conduct! There are ethicists, professors of ethics, and ethical preachers, who imagine that they are able to teach ethics without referring to religion, and to make people good without touching their convictions as to the nature of the world and the import of life. But a wrong world conception will beget a wrong morality; a false religion will unfailingly produce bad and injurious ethics; and even the grossest errors will, if they have their way, find expression in the grossest abominations of misguided conduct.

The inquisitors and witch prosecutors were by no means scoundrels pure and simple. Most assuredly there were scoundrels among them; but there is no doubt that the movement of the inquisition and witch prosecution took its origin from purer motives. It was to the popes and grand inquisitors and to many

princes and other people who promoted the policy, a matter of conscience; they simply attended to it as a religious duty, sometimes even with a heavy heart and not without great pain.

Torquemada, the grand inquisitor of Spain, was in his private life one of the purest and most conscientious of men, and he was so tender-hearted that he was obliged to leave the inquisitorial tribunal and quit the room as soon as the torture of a heretic began. He would cry about the obstinacy of those who had given themselves over to Satan; but though his heart was bleeding, he condemned thousands and thousands to the cruelest tortures and the most dreadful death for the sake of salvation and the glory of God—of that monster god in whom he believed, that abominable idol which was worse than the Moloch of ancient Phenicia.

When complaints reached Pope Innocent III. about the cruelty of Conrad of Marburg, the first Inquisitor General of Germany, he said, "the Germans were always furious and therefore needed furious judges." Pope Leo X., referring to cases of witchcraft that happened in Brixen and Bergamo, grieves in a brief of 1521 at "the obstinacy of the culprits, who would rather die than confess their crimes." In the same document the Holy Father complains about the impiety of the Venetian Senate who prevented the inquisitors from performing their duties. And similar expressions are not unfrequent in later papal bulls and briefs, all of which prove that the horrors of the inquisition are ultimately due, not to ill will or even to the desire for power, but to error which had assumed the shape of a deep-seated religious conviction.

Among the Protestants, the Calvinists come nearest in zeal to the Roman Catholic inquisitors. In Geneva, Switzerland, the home of Calvin, five hundred persons were, within three months, executed for heresy and witchcraft. The protocols of the city in the year 1545 declare that the labor of torture and execution exceeded the strength of the hangman; and the complaint is made that, "whatever torture be applied, the malefactors still refuse to confess."

It would not do to say with our agnostic friends that religion is concerned with matters unknowable; and that therefore we should leave it alone! Religion is the most important problem of life, and we can ignore it as little as a reckless storage of dynamite in crowded parts of great cities. We must investigate the religious problem and replace the old errors with their dualistic superstitions by sound and scientifically correct views. At the bottom of all the terrors of the inquisition and witch prosecution lies a serious endeavor to do what is right; and this power can be utilised as well for the progress and elevation of man-

kind as for the suppression of reason and sound judgment.

The truth is that the confidence in science has already become a religious conviction with most of us. The faith in scientifically provable truth has slowly, very slowly and by almost imperceptible degrees, but steadily and surely taken root in the hearts of men. To-day it is the most powerful factor of our civilisation, in spite of various church dogmas which are declared to be above scientific critique and argument; for these dogmas are becoming a dead letter. There are several conservative and prominent churchmen who publicly confess that the dogmas of the Church must be regarded as historical documents and not as eternal verities.

The world-conception of our industrial and social life, of international intercourse, and all serious movements on the lines of human progress has even now to a great extent practically become the religion of science, although the fact is not as yet definitely and openly acknowledged; and any sectarian faith that endeavors to set forth its claim of recognition does it and can do it only on the ground that it is one with scientific truth. For there is nothing universally true, nothing catholic, nothing genuinely orthodox, except those truths that are positively demonstrated by science.

THE NEW POET.

BY J. ARTHUR EDGERTON.

O, great new poet, the world waits for thee,
To voice the wondrous hopes of all mankind;
To sing the matin song of the To Be;
To reach the heart-chord of the age; and find
A tongue for prophecies and prayers and tears
Of this, our time—its travail and its pain;
But more, to picture forth the brighter years,
That wait across the Future's shining main.
Thy song will echo to the busy roar
Of life and labor, and the city's hum,—
The spirit of these later days,—but more,
'Twill tell the promise of the days to come.
'Twill say, "The world's year only touches spring;"
And all mankind will pause to hear thee sing.

BOOK NOTICES.

Macmillan & Co. have made arrangements for the issue in New York and London of a *Dictionary of Philosophy and Psychology* under the editorial supervision of Professor Baldwin of Princeton University. It will contain concise definitions of all the terms in use in the whole range of philosophical study, and such historical matter under each term as may be necessary to justify the definition given, while it will also give very full bibliographies both of philosophy generally and of the special topics which are connected with it. The following gentlemen will contribute original matter: Prof. Andrew Seth, Edinburgh University; Prof. John Dewey, Chicago University; Prof. Josiah Royce, Harvard University; Prof. R. Adamson, Glasgow University; Prof. W. R. Sorely, Aberdeen University; Prof. J. McK. Cattell, Columbia University; G. F. Stout and W. E. Johnson, Cambridge

University; Prof. E. B. Titchener, Cornell University; Professor Baldwin, the Editor, Princeton University; Prof. Joseph Jastrow, Wisconsin University. (Macmillan & Co., 66 Fifth Ave., New York, and London.)

Important Biological Works.

ON GERMAL SELECTION. AS A SOURCE OF DEFINITE VARIATION. By Prof. August Weismann. Pages, xii, 61. Price, 25 cents.

The present booklet is the latest development of Dr. Weismann's theory of evolution. He seeks by his doctrine of germinal selection to explain the necessary character of adaptations, while yet retaining Darwin's theory of natural selection. Variations are shown to be determinate, but without the aid of the Lamarckian principle. The Preface contains Weismann's views on scientific and biological method, and the Appendix sketches the history and the present state of the discussion on selection and variation. (Just published.)

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THE OPEN COURT.

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DEVOTED TO THE RELIGION OF SCIENCE.

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THREE PRINCIPLES VINDICATED.

BY GEORGE JACOB HOLYOAKE.

"Be wisely worldly, but not worldly wise."
—Francis Quarles.

1. *Of material means as conditions of welfare in this world.*—Theology works by "spiritual" means, Secularism by material means. Christians and Secularists both intend raising the character of the people, but their methods are very different. Christians are now beginning to employ material agencies for the elevation of life, which science, and not theology, has brought under their notice. But the Christian does not trust these agencies, the Secularist does, in whose mind the secular is sacred. Spiritual means can never be depended upon for food, raiment, art, or national defence.

Why morality has made so little way under Christianity, has been owing to men's attention being diverted from noticing the material results of conduct and being led to believe that Spiritualism could ensure human welfare.

The Archbishop of York (Dr. Magee), a clear-headed and candid prelate, surprised his contemporaries (at the Diocesan Conference, Leicester, October 19, 1889) by declaring that "Christianity made no claim to rearrange the economic relations of man in the state, or in society. He hoped he would be understood when he said plainly that it was his firm belief that any Christian state, carrying out in all its relations, the Sermon on the Mount, could not exist for a week. It was perfectly clear that a state could not continue to exist upon what were commonly called Christian principles."

From the first, Secularism had based its claims to be regarded on the fact that only the rich could afford to be Christian, and the poor must look to other principles for deliverance.

Material means are those which are calculable, which are under the control and command of man, and can be tested by human experience. No definition of Secularism shows its distinctiveness which omits to specify *material* means as its method of procedure.

But for the theological blasphemy of nature, representing it as the unintelligent tool of God, the Secular

would have ennobled common life long ago. Sir Godfrey Kneller said, "He never looked on a bad picture but he carried away in his mind a dirty tint." Secularism would efface the dirty tints of life which Christianity has prayed over, but not removed.

2. *Of the providence of science.*—Men are limited in power, and oft in peril, and those who are taught to trust the supernatural are betrayed to their own destruction. We are told we should work as though there were no help in heaven, and pray as though there were no help in ourselves. Since, however, praying saves no ship, arrests no disease, and does not pay the tax-gatherer, it is better to work at once and without the digression of sinking prayer-buckets into empty wells, and spending life in drawing nothing up. The one word illuminating secular life is *self-help*. The Secularist vexes not the ear of heaven by mendicant supplications. His is the only religion that gives heaven no trouble.

3. *Of goodness as fitness for this world or another.*—Goodness is the service of others with a view to their advantage. There is no higher human merit. Human welfare is the sanction of morality. The measure of a good action is its conduciveness to progress. The utilitarian test of generous rightness in motive may be open to objection,—there is no test which is not,—but the utilitarian rule is one comprehensible by every mind. It is the only rule which makes knowledge necessary, and becomes more luminous as knowledge increases. A fool may be a believer,¹ but not a utilitarian who seeks his ground of action in the largest field of relevant facts his mind is able to survey.

Utility in morals is measuring the good of one by its agreement with the good of many. Large ideas are when a man measures the good of his parish by the good of the town, the good of the town by the good of the county, the good of the county by the good of the country, the good of the country by the good of the continent, the good of the continent by the cosmopolitanism of the world.

Truth and solicitude for the social welfare of others are the proper concern of a soul worth saving. Only minds with goodness in them have the desert of future

¹The *Guardian* told us about 1887 that the Bishop of Exeter confirmed five idiots.

existence. Minds without veracity and generosity die. The elements of death are in the selfish already. They could not live in a better world if they were admitted.

In a noble passage in his sermon on "Citizenship" the Rev. Stopford Brooks said: "There are thousands of my fellow-citizens, men, and women, and children, who are living in conditions in which they have no true means of becoming healthy in body, trained in mind, or comforted by beauty. Life is as hard for them as it is easy for me. I cannot help them by giving them money, one by one, but I can help them by making the condition of their life easier by a good government of the city in which they live. And even if the charge on my property for this purpose increases for a time, year by year, till the work is done, that charge I will gladly pay. It shall be my ethics, my religion, my patriotism, my citizenship to do it."¹ The great preacher whose words are here cited,—like Theodore Parker, the Jupiter of the pulpit in his day, as Wendell Phillips described him to me,—is not a Secularist, but he expresses here the religion of a Secularist, if such a person can be supposed to have a religion.

A theological creed which the base may hold, and usually do, has none of the merit of deeds of service to humanity, which only the good intentionally perform. Conscience is the sense of right with regard to others, it is a sense of duty towards others which tells us that we should do justice to them; and if not able to do it individually, to endeavor to get it done by others. At St. Peter's Gate there can be no passport so safe as this. He was not far wrong who, when asked where heaven lay, answered: "On the other side of a good action."

If, as Dr. James Martineau says, "there is a thought of God in the thing that is true, and a will of God in that which is right," secularism, caring for truth and duty, cannot be far wrong. Thus, it has a reasonable regard for the contingencies of another life should it supervene. Reasoned opinions rely for justification upon intelligent conviction, and a well informed sincerity.

The Secularist, without the assumption of an infallible creed, is without the timorous indefiniteness of a creedless believer. He does not disown the creed because theologians have promulgated Jew-bound, unalterable articles of faith. The Secularist has a creed as definite as science, and as flexible as progress, increasing as the horizon of truth is enlarged. His creed is a confession of his belief. There is more unity of opinion among self-thinkers than is supposed. They all maintain the necessity of independent opinion, for they all exercise it. They all believe in the

moral rightfulness of independent thought, or they are guilty for propagating it. They all agree as to the right of publishing well-considered thought, otherwise thinking would be of little use. They all approve of free criticism, for there could be no reliance on thought which did not use, or could not bear that. All agree as to the equal action of opinion, without which opinion would be fruitless and action a monopoly. All agree that truth is the object of free thought, for many have died to gain it. All agree that scrutiny is the pathway to truth, for they have all passed along it. They all attach importance to the good of this life, teaching this as the first service to humanity. All are of one opinion as to the efficacy of material means in promoting human improvement, for they alone are distinguished by vindicating their use. All hold that morals are effectively commended by reason, for all self-thinkers have taught so. All believe that God, if he exists, is the God of the honest, and that he respects conscience more than creeds, for all free thinkers have died in this faith. Independent thinkers from Socrates to Herbert Spencer and Huxley¹ have all agreed:

In the necessity of free thought.
In the rightfulness of it.
In the adequacy of it.
In the considerate publicity of it.
In the fair criticism of it.
In the equal action of conviction.
In the recognition of this life, and
In the material control of it.

The Secularist, like Karpos the gardener, may say of his creed, "Its points are few and simple." They are: to be a good citizen, a good husband, a good father, and a good workman. I go no further," said Karpos, "but pray God to take it all in good part and have mercy on my soul."²

How Secularism Arose.

"We must neither lead nor leave men to mistake falsehood for truth. Not to undecieve is to deceive."—*Archbishop Whately*.

BEING one of the social missionaries in the propaganda of Robert Owen, I was like H. Viewssiew, a writer of those days, a "student of realities." It soon became clear to me, as to others, that men are much influenced for good or evil, by their environments. The word was unused then, "circumstances" was the term employed. Then as now there were numerous persons everywhere to be met with who explained everything on supernatural principles with all the confidence of infinite knowledge. Not having this advan-

¹ See *Biographical Dictionary of Free Thinkers of all Ages and Nations*, by J. M. Wheeler, and *Four Hundred Years of Free Thought from Columbus to Ingalls*, by Samuel Porter Putnam, containing upwards of 1,000 biographies.

² Dialogues between Karpos the gardener and Bashaw Tucton, by Voltaire.

¹ Preached in reference to the London County Council election, March, 1892.

tage, I profited as well as I could by such observation as was in my power to make. I could see that material laws counted for something in the world. This led me to the conclusion that the duty of watching the ways of nature was incumbent on all who would find true conditions of human betterment, or new reasons for morality—both very much needed. To this end the name of Secularism was given to certain principles which had for their object human improvement by material means, regarding science as the providence of man and justifying morality by considerations which pertain to this life alone.

The rise and development (if I may use so fine a term) of these views may be traced in the following records.

1. "Materialism will be advanced as the only sound basis of rational thought and practice." (Prospectus of the *Movement*, 1843, written by me.)

2. In the book for which five prizes were awarded to me, being lectures of the Manchester Order of Odd-fellows. These Degree Addresses (1846) were written on the principle that morality, apart from theology, could be based on human reason and experience.

3. The *Reasoner* restricts itself to the known, to the present, and seeks to realise the life that is. (Preface to the *Reasoner*, 1846.)

4. A series of papers were commenced in the *Reasoner* entitled the "Moral Remains of the Bible," one object of which was to show that those who no longer held the Bible as an infallible book, might still value it wherein it was ethically excellent. (*Reasoner*, Vol. V., No. 106, p. 17, 1848.)

5. "To teach men to see that the sum of all knowledge and duty is *secular* and that it pertains to this world alone." (*Reasoner*, Nov. 19, 1851. Article, "Truths to Teach," p. 1.

This was the first time the word "Secular" was applied as a general test of principles of conduct apart from spiritual considerations.

6. "Giving an account of ourselves in the whole extent of opinion, we should use the word *Secularist* as best indicating that province of human duty which belongs to this life." (*Reasoner*, Dec. 3, 1851, p. 34.

This was the first time the word "Secularist" appeared in literature as descriptive of a new way of thinking.

7. "Mr. Holyoake, editor of the *Reasoner*, will lay before the meeting [then proposed] the present position of Secularism in the provinces." (*Reasoner*, Dec. 10, 1851, p. 62.)

This was the first time the word "Secularism" appeared in the press.

The meeting above mentioned was held December 29, 1851, at which the statement made might be taken

as an epitome of this book. (See *Reasoner*, No. 294, Vol. 12, p. 129. 1852.)

8. A letter on the "Future of Secularism" appeared in the *Reasoner*. (*Reasoner*, Feb. 4, 1852, p. 187.)

This was the first time Secularism was written upon as a movement. The term was the heading of a letter by Charles Frederick Nicholls.

9. "One public purpose is to obtain the repeal of all acts of Parliament which interfere with Secular practice." (Article, "Nature of Secular Societies," *Reasoner*, No. 325, p. 146, Aug. 18, 1852.)

This is exactly the attitude Secularism takes with regard to the Bible and to Christianity. It rejects such parts of the Scriptures, or of Christianity, or Acts of Parliament, as conflict with or obstruct ethical truth. We do not seek the repeal of all Acts of Parliament, but only of such as interfere with Secular progress.

10. "The friends of 'Secular Education' [the Manchester Association was then so known] are not Secularists. They do not pretend to be so, they do not even wish to be so regarded, they merely use the word Secular as an adjective, as applied to a mode of instruction. We apply it to the *nature* of all knowledge. We use the noun Secularist. No one else has done it. With others the term Secular is merely a descriptive, with us the term is used as a subject. With others it is a branch of knowledge, with us it is the primary business of life, the name of the province of speculation to which we confine ourselves.¹ When so used in these pages the word "Secularism" or "Secularist" is employed to mark the distinction.

A Bolton clergyman reported in the *Bolton Guardian* that Mr. Holyoake had announced as the first subject of Lectures, "Why do the Clergy Avoid Discussion and the Secularists Seek it?" (*Reasoner*, No. 328, p. 294, Vol. 12, 1852.

These citations from my own writings are sufficient to show the origin and nature of Secularism. Such views were widely accepted by Liberal thinkers of the day, as an improvement and extension of free thought advocacy. Societies were formed, halls were given a Secular name, and conferences were held to organise adherents of the new opinion. The first was held in the Secular Institute, Manchester (Oct. 3, 1852). Delegates were sent from Societies in Ashton-under-Lyne, Bolton, Blackburn, Bradford, Burnley, Bury, Glasgow, Keighley, Leigh, London, Manchester, Miles Platting, Newcastle-on-Tyne, Oldham, Over Darwen, Paisley, Preston, Rochdale, Stafford, Sheffield, Stockport, Todmorden.

Among the delegates were many well known, long

¹ See article "The Seculars—the Propriety of Their Name," by G. J. Holyoake. *Reasoner*, p. 177, Sep. 1, 1852.

known, and some still known—James Charlton (now the famous manager of the Chicago and Alton Railway), Abram Greenwood (now the cashier of the Co-operative Wholesale Bank of Manchester), William Mallalieu of Todmorden (familiarily known as the "Millionaire" of the original Rochdale Pioneers), Dr. Hiram Uttley of Burnley, John Crank of Stockport, Thomas Hayes, then of Miles Platting, now manager of the Crumpsall Biscuit Works of the Co-operative Wholesale Society, Joseph Place of Nottingham, James Motherwell of Paisley, Dr. Henry Travis (socialist writer on Owen's system), Samuel Ingham of Manchester, J. R. Cooper of Manchester, and the present writer.

THE DEVIL-CONCEPTION IN PROTESTANT COUNTRIES

LUTHER'S NOTION OF THE DEVIL.

THE Reformation, although in many respects a great progress, changed little the belief in the Devil. Luther was, in his demonology, a real child of his time; he saw the Devil everywhere, he struggled with him constantly, and overcame him by his confidence in God. He sang of him:

"And were this world with devils filled
That threaten to undo us;
We will not fear, for God hath willed
His truth to triumph through us.

Our ancient vicious foe
Still seeks to work his woe.
His craft and power are great
And armed with cruel hate.
On earth is not his equal.

The Prince of this world
His banner has unfurled;
But he can harm none
For he is all undone;
One little word defeats him."

The Devil was to Luther a real, living power, a concrete personality, and he used to characterise him as the good Lord's hangman, and the instrument of his anger and punishment.¹ God needs the Devil for a servant and utilises his malignity for the procreation of the good (x, 1259).

Luther's belief in the Devil was not only very realistic but also almost childishly ingenuous. When at work he was prepared for his incessant interference, and when going to rest he expected to be disturbed by him. Luther was not afraid of him, yet the efforts he made in conquering the Evil One are sufficient evidence that he regarded him as very powerful. He protested he would go to Worms though every tile on the roofs of the city were a Devil; he saw the fiend

grinning at him while he translated the Bible, and threw the inkstand at his Satanic Majesty.¹

By and by the familiarity between Luther and the Devil increased: "Early this morning," Luther tells us in his *Tischreden*, "when I awoke the fiend came and began disputing with me. 'Thou art a great sinner,' said he. I replied, 'Canst not tell me something new, Satan?'"

Luther was inclined to believe in the Devil's power of assisting wizards and witches in their evil designs. Following St. Augustine's authority he conceded the possibility of *incubi* and *succubæ*, because Satan loves to decoy young girls in the shape of handsome young men. He also accepted the superstition of changelings and declared that witches should suffer death; but when once confronted with a real case, he insisted, when his counsel was sought, on the most scrupulous circumspection. He wrote to the judge:

"I request you to explore everything with exactness so as to leave no trace of fraud . . . for I have experienced so many deceptions, frauds, artifices, lies, treacheries, etc., that I can scarcely make up my mind to believe. Therefore see and convince yourself to your own satisfaction, lest you be mistaken and I may be mistaken through you."²

Although it is true that Luther's views of the Devil were as childish as those of his contemporaries, it would be rash to denounce the Reformation for having accomplished no progress and having done nothing to suppress the barbarous superstitions of demonology. Luther's God-conception was purer and nobler than the God-conception of the leading churchmen and popes of his time, and thus his faith, in spite of its crudities, led, after all, to purer conceptions which were destined gradually to overcome the old traditional dualism.

Luther demanded that Christ must not only be recognised as the Saviour of mankind, but that every man should be able to say, "He has come to save me personally and individually." Luther thus carried the religious life into the very hearts of men and declared that there was no salvation in ceremonies, absolutions, or sacraments; unless one had individually, in one's own nature and being, vanquished the temptations of Satan. The most dangerous idols are, according to Luther, the pulpit and the altar, for sacraments and ceremonies cannot save. They are symbols instituted to assist us. Those who believe that ceremonies possess any power of their own are still under

¹ The story has been doubted, yet, considering the character of Luther, it is not only possible but probable. If Luther did not throw the inkstand at the Devil, the anecdote is, to say the least, *ben trovato*; it characterises excellently his attitude toward Satan.

² *Angeli Annales Marchie Brandenburgicae*, p. 326 (quoted by Soldan, p. 302). The original reads: "Rogo te, omnia velis certissime explorare, ne subit aliquid doli . . . Nam ego tot fucis, dolis, technis, mendaciis, artibus, etc., hactenus sum exagitatus ut cogar difficilis esse ad credendum. . . . Quare vide et prospice tibi quoque ne fallare et ego per te fallar."

¹ Walch, *Tischreden*, v, 839; v, 1109; viii, 1234; x, 1257; xii, 481, and 2043.

the influence of the pagan notion that evils can be averted by sacrifices and exorcisms.

LUTHER'S SUCCESSORS.

While Luther instinctively abhorred persecutions of any kind, he still retained those beliefs which were the ultimate cause of witch prosecution. We must, therefore, not be astonished to see even in Protestant countries a revival of the horrors which had been inaugurated by the Inquisition.

The most curious work of Protestant demonology is the *Theatrum Diabolorum* by Sigmund Feyerabend, a voluminous collection of the orthodox views of Luther's followers concerning the existence, power, nature, and demeanor of devils.

Luther's belief in the Devil was crude, but he was even here morally great, strong in his religious sentiment, and serious in his demand that every one personally should honestly wage a war with the powers of evil, and that no church, no intercession of saints, no formulas or rituals had any saving power. Luther's followers retain all the crudities of their master and to some extent his moral seriousness, but they fall below the manliness of his spirit.

Feyerabend's *Theatrum Diabolorum*, "which," as the title says, "is a useful and sensible book," contains a great number of essays written by such prominent little authorities as Jodocus Hockerus Osnaburgensis, Hermannus Hamelmannus, Andreas Musculus, Andreas Fabricius Chemnicensis, Ludovicus Milichius, and others. The Reverend Hocker explains in forty-eight chapters almost all possible problems connected with devils whose number in Chapter VIII. is, according to Borrhous, calculated to be not less than 2,665,866,746,664. Others describe special kinds of devils, such as the devil of blasphemy, VI; the dance-devil, VII; the servants' devil, VIII; the hunting devil, IX; the drink-devil, X; the wedlock devil, XI; devil of unchastity, XII; the miser's devil, XIII; the devil of tyranny, XIV; the laziness devil, XV; the pride devil, XVI; pantaloons devil, XVII; the gambling devil, XVIII; the courtier's devil (represented in a drama of five acts, the scene being at the court of Darius), XIX; and the pestilence devil, XX. The author of this last chapter, the Rev. Hermann Strack, concludes by saying: "When we can obtain medicine let us not have a contempt for God's valuable gifts, but withal let us always and all the time rest our confidence and main comfort upon the only God."

Almost all these treatises, poor though they may be as literary, theological, or pastoral exhortations, yet show the rationalistic tendency of discovering the devil in the vices of man, and this method became more and more established until in these latter days Satan himself was boldly and directly by Protestant theo-

logians declared to be a mere abstract idea, and a personification of evil. Yet this step was not taken at once and mankind had to pass first through a long period of wavering opinions, of conflicting propositions, uncertainties, venomous controversies, and anxious research for the truth.

SHAKESPEARE'S IDEA OF THE DEVIL.

The Protestant Devil became somewhat more cultured than the Catholic Devil, for the advancement noticeable in the civilisation of Protestant countries extended also to him. Says Mephistopheles in Faust:

"Culture which smooth the whole world licks
Also unto the Devil sticks."

To note the progress, let us compare Wyntoun who wrote early in the fifteenth century and Shakespeare. Wyntoun's witches are ugly, old hags, Shakespeare's are, although by no means beautiful, yet interesting and poetical; they are "so withered and so wild in their attire that look not like the inhabitants o' th' earth and yet are on it." It is a poetical fiction representing temptation. And in this same sense the very word Devil is frequently used by Shakespeare. We are told, "'tis the eye of childhood that fears a painted Devil," and one fiend, as we read in Shakespeare, is the invisible spirit of wine. "The Devil," we read in Hamlet, "hath power to assume a pleasing shape." And the meaning of this sentence is plainly psychological, as we learn from another passage in which Polonius says to his daughter:

"With devotion's visage
And pious action we do sugar o'er
The Devil himself."

MILTON'S SATAN.

The Protestant Devil as a poetical figure received his finishing touches from Milton. And Milton's Devil acquires a nobility of soul, moral strength, independence, and manliness which none of his ancestors possessed, neither Satan, nor Azazel, nor his proud cousins the Egyptian Typhon and the Persian Ahriman. The best characterisation of Milton's Satan is given by Taine. Taine ridicules Milton's description of Adam and Eve, who talk like a married couple of the poet's days. "I listen, and hear an English household, two reasoners of the period—Colonel Hutchinson and his wife. Heavens! Dress them! Folk so cultivated should have invented first of all a pair of trousers." The picture of the Good Lord is still more severely criticised. He says: "What a contrast between God and Satan!" Taine continues:

"Milton's Jehovah is a grave king, who maintains a suitable state, something like Charles I.

"Goethe's God, half abstraction, half legend, source of calm oracles, a vision just beheld after a pyramid of ecstatic strophes, greatly excels this Miltonic God, a business man, a schoolmaster,

a man for show! I honor him too much in giving him these titles. He deserves a worse name.

"He also talks like a drill-sergeant. 'Vanguard, to right and left the front unfold.' He makes quips as clumsy as those of Harrison, the former butcher turned officer. What a heaven! It is enough to disgust one with Paradise; one would rather enter Charles the First's troop of lackeys, or Cromwell's Ironsides. We have orders of the day, a hierarchy, exact submission, extra-duties, disputes, regulated ceremonials, prostrations, etiquette, furnished arms, arsenals, depots of chariots and ammunition."

How different is the abode of Satan. Taine says:

"The finest thing in connexion with this Paradise is hell.

"Dante's hell is but a hall of tortures, whose cells, one below another, descend to the deepest wells."

Milton's hell is the asylum of independence; it may be dreary but it is the home of liberty that scorns abject servility. Milton describes the place as follows:

"'Is this the region, this the soil, the clime,'
Said then the lost Archangel, 'this the seat
That we must change for heaven? this mournful gloom
For that celestial light? Be it so, since he,
Who now is Sovran, can dispose and bid
What shall be right: farthest from him is best,
Whom reason has equal'd, force hath made supreme
Above his equals. Farewell, happy fields,
Where joy for ever dwells! Hail, horrors; hail,
Infernal world! and thou, profoundest hell,
Receive thy new possessor; one who brings
A mind not to be changed by place or time.
The mind is its own place, and in itself
Can make a heaven of hell, a hell of heaven.
What matter where, if I be still the same,
And what I should be; all but less than he
Whom thunder hath made greater? Here at least
We shall be free; the Almighty hath not built
Here for his envy; will not drive us hence:
Here we may reign secure; and in my choice
To reign is worth ambition, though in hell:
Better to reign in hell, than serve in heaven.'"

It has been frequently remarked that Milton's Satan is the hero of *Paradise Lost*, and, indeed, he appears as the most sympathetic figure in the greatest religious epic of English literature. His pride is not without self-respect which we cannot help admiring; Satan exclaims:

"Is there no place
Left for repentance, none for pardon left?
None left but by submission: and
That word disdain forbids me. . . ."

And how noble appears Milton's Satan! Milton personifies in Satan the spirit of the English Revolution; Milton's Satan represents the honor and independence of the nation asserted in the face of an incapable government. Satan's appearance shows strength and dignity:

"He above the rest
In shape and gesture proudly eminent,
Stood like a tower."

And his character is distinguished by love of liberty. Taine describes him as follows:

"The ridiculous Devil of the Middle Ages, a horned enchanter, a dirty jester, a petty and mischievous ape, hand-leader to a rabble of old women, has become a giant and a hero.

"Though feebler in force, he remains superior in nobility, since he prefers suffering independence to happy servility, and welcomes his defeat and his torments as a glory, a liberty, and a joy."

The Devil naturally acquires noble features which make him less diabolical and more divine in the measure that the God-conception of an age becomes the embodiment of the conservatism of the ruling classes. When the name and idea of God are misapplied to represent stagnation, our clergy ought not to be astonished to see Satan change places with God. A new sect of Devil-worshippers might arise and aspire for advancement and progress in the name of Satan. Protestantism, however, decried centuries ago as the work of the Devil, has gained so much influence now that it became itself a great conservative power in the world, and that its noble aspirations were first attributed to the influence of the Devil is only preserved in verse and fable.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE RESPONSIBILITY OF GOD.

To the Editor of *The Open Court*:

It is always very unpleasant to me to be obliged to disagree, yet duty often leads where the harmony of the mind is marred. My aim is (and doubtless yours is, too) to get upon a basis of truth which no logic can touch. There are no antagonisms to truth; hereby we know when truth is spoken. After a careful study of your writings I cannot help saying that there is, to me, something which destroys the harmony of the whole, and I attribute this fact to the fact that you appear to be afraid of letting go the religious supposition of the responsibility of man in that sense. You seem to think that people who embrace science will need to be spurred to moral action, and that people of all sects can adapt themselves to the principles of science. Now, science is only for those who are naturally moral; who cannot perform an immoral act by reason of their complete, moral organisation. They are people who cannot, who have no desire to do evil, no more than a good tree can bring forth evil fruit; hence science teaches particularly how God reigns and evolves, not that mankind of one generation are the prime factors of the development of the next. The God of science is not the same as in religion, an idle looker-on; He is the prime mover of all things. Religion is an adaptation of God according to the principles of mechanics. Its place is first (throwing all the responsibility upon man), because preponderance of power is necessary on that side until man is delivered from the power of the law of sin. Hells and devils have played their parts for this purpose, too. For this reason man has needed error,—things that are not have been taught as though they really were. But pure science must be free from all such ideas; not "one jot or tittle" of error can be carried over into its pure domain. Where good people are, there is no need of telling them that they can "make or mar." After stating that all things are controlled by universal law, it seems a contradiction to me to say that a good man can "make or mar." After we have said that the earth is governed by law in its revolutions, we know that nothing can mar its action. It is the same with good people,—they must be good, they cannot be bad, evil repels them.

"Every law of nature is a power which can be adapted to our wants only when we adapt ourselves to it." Now, it is a fact that man cannot adapt himself to any law of nature, only so far as nature, or God, has adapted him to it; same as nature adapts the grass to erection against gravity; hence I would say that every law of nature is a power which adapts matter in one condition to the needs of matter in another. We have fallen so into the habit of exalting man unduly that it is hard to break away. But reason will never be clear until we do. It is the function of science to clear reason and to show principles free from contradictions. In my former communication I used the term atheistical, because I do not find in all your writings God at the base and all the way through, and because you said we are our own saviours. They wear a Buddhistic aspect to my mind; hence my criticism. Pure science must preach God the Saviour, not man. Heredity is helpless to cause progress. An ocean-steamer could never have been built if there had not been something more, in its generation, than the knowledge of a rude canoe. The first skiff builder could not transmit more than he knew. God adapted him to make a rude canoe. By more involution of intelligence God adapted other men years after to build a better boat, and so on up to our finished floating ocean palace. The moral line of development is the same. Immorality cannot transmit morality. Moral involution must equal moral evolution,—God being the source. If there is any language similar to the above in any of your works, I would be very much pleased to find it. Man is simply an auxiliary adapted by God to the work which he is to perform. He cannot do any more, neither can he do any less, than is in the combination of which he is a factor, to produce a result of any kind. This is why so little is accomplished when we desire so much. Grass cannot grow without sunshine and rain,—these are gifts of God. The gospel of Jesus was the power of God unto salvation,—God was exalted then, not man. The Catholic Church reversed the order by reason of its weakness, and made it (the Gospel) the will of man unto damnation. It made man responsible instead of God. God was in that change,—it was a necessary one, because the preponderance of power must be on the weaker side. But science must reverse the order again, because many people are now fit to embrace the truth. The Gospel of Jesus shows that God is responsible, because His kingdom is within, or among us, and the heaven will work until all is leavened,—not man will work until all is leavened. I am simply complying with the invitation in the "Religion of Science" to criticize. If I do not make a point in the article sent for publication, you have the privilege to show me my error. I feel justified in making the criticism on the ground that truth must be authority in the future, and that all assertions must be corroborated by evidence. It cannot be shown that we are our own saviours, or that one generation is utterly dependent upon another.

JOHN MADDOCK.

To the Editor of The Open Court:

Possibly some one has already called your attention to an interesting analogue to the sermon of Rev. G. T. Smith referred to by you on page 4803 (Feb. 6). It has but just come under my notice, and I am sufficiently struck by it to ask, if you find time, to look at the recent book by Rev. J. P. Coyle, *The Spirit in Literature and Life*, at page 50.¹ Dr. Coyle, I am sure, speaks for the now dominant school of thought in the Christian Church of all creeds, and certainly, if that be so, there is room for you to modify your view as to the *strangeness* of Dr. Smith's sermon, and perhaps as to what really is the theology of the Church of to-day in its essential features.

Besides this, may I not venture to suggest that you seem to

¹ I would also refer you to Genung's *Epic of the Inner Life*, *passim*, especially pp. 45 ff., 190 ff.

have failed wholly to comprehend the meaning of the term "responsibility" as used in Mr. Smith's sermon? I think a reading of Dr. Coyle's remarks on the same subject would help you to understand that Mr. Smith's thought (as Dr. Coyle's) is far removed from the idea contained in the following sentence near the end of your article, "He . . . will no longer throw the responsibility of his misfortunes on others, be they gods or men." I see, in fact, no connexion between the two. Mr. Smith and Dr. Coyle agree in presenting simply the idea that a true conception of such a God as can be accepted as the source of ethical judgement, must embrace the thought of this being absolutely bound to do right, i. e. of this "responsibility" to be as good as he requires others to be. Of course, the thought is far-reaching, and disastrous to much old-school theology, but you will find few Christian thinkers of to-day who will not join you in hailing such a disaster!

W. I. FLETCHER.

In reply to Mr. Fletcher we would say that the word *responsibility* may be defined in a sense in which we would not hesitate to say that God is responsible for all the happenings in the world. God is not responsible in so far as no one can call him to account or blame him, or say that he is guilty of an accident in special cases. However, the constitution of the cosmos is of a definite character, and all that exists is thereby conditioned. Defining "God" as the determinant of the suchness of existence, we may say God is responsible in the sense that all things are determined by the character of the universe.

But when we declare that God is the all-conditioning feature of existence, we do by no means imply that wherever God manifests Himself in conscious beings, such as men, He would (as Mr. Maddock claims) in every single incarnation be irresponsible. On the contrary, God's responsibility here appears in all its tremendous importance. God, if regarded in *abstracto* as the all-life with its cosmic order, is that which conditions all; and the same law that makes steam-engines possible is the reason of an explosion. Who will praise him for the one and blame him for the other? He remains the same in both. If we speak of God's responsibility, we should bear in mind that we mean something else than the responsibility of a man entrusted with the performance of certain duties.

Mr. Maddock imagines that I am "afraid of letting go the religious supposition of the irresponsibility of man." There is no fear of that kind in me, whatever. I simply endeavor to describe things as they are. I am not blind to the fact that God is in all, and that God (in the sense defined above) is responsible for all that exists, in so far as he gives character to life in every form. But I am also aware that man's deeds have consequences, and thus within the limited sphere of his influence man can make or mar. The deeds of man are indeed a factor in the development of life; and man's consciousness of the importance of his deeds is also of importance, for it will stimulate him to make the best of it.

That the idea of responsibility is not a mere makeshift will appear when we consider two men of the same character in the same position. Both have the idea that all their deeds are determined by law, and that they are such as they are according to the circumstances which produced their character. But suppose the one imagines that for that very reason he is irresponsible, that is to say, can not be held to account, while the other comes to the opposite conclusion and feels that he is responsible and can be held to account. He knows that his deeds will have according to law definite results. If he chooses that which pleases him best at the moment, he may afterwards have to blame himself for not having done the right thing; and this consideration is the sentiment of responsibility.

Responsibility, wherever it exists, is not an exception to the law of the determinateness of all actions and decisions, but for

that reason it is not a mere illusion. It is a real factor in the life of man, the presence or absence of which is of paramount importance.

There is a difference between "fatalism" and "determinism." The doctrine of fatalism declares that man's fate is foreordained whatever he may do, while determinism declares that man's fate is definitely and unequivocally determined not only by the circumstances alone in which man is, but also and especially, by his deeds. I am a determinist, and I believe it to be a matter of experience that a man who regards himself as a responsible being, i. e. he who knows that he can make or mar, will endeavor to be both energetic and circumspect, while he who holds himself irresponsible, the fatalist, who imagines that he cannot make or mar, will be indifferent or reckless.

There is a great difference between the state of being determined and the state of being compelled to do a certain thing. All compulsion is by external force or pressure; while determination is of one's own free choice, whenever it takes place according to one's own character. Man is not always compelled to follow a certain line of action, but he is under all circumstances, even where he has a free choice, determined by his own nature according to the conditions which affect him.

Mr. Maddock says "man has needed error," viz., the error of believing in his responsibility and in heaven and hell; but he needs error no longer. I would say that man needs truth not only now, but has always needed truth; yet being incapable of grasping the truth in its purity he formulated it first in allegories and symbols. The allegories of religion were useful not because the error of a literal belief was needed, but because the truth contained in the allegory was conducive to man's well-being and was the best that could be had at the time.

There is a truth in Mr. Maddock's expression that "pure science must preach God the Saviour," but we add that God can become our saviour only if the recognition of the saving truths be incarnated in our souls, and in this sense man must be his own saviour. In other words, God is the principle of salvation; yea, he is the path of salvation, but man must be his own saviour by discovering and walking on the path. And this, I would say, is the main idea of Christianity. Christianity is the gospel of salvation through the God-man. Man, accordingly, is not merely "an auxiliary adapted by God to the work which he is to perform," but he is God incarnate. He is the highest revelation and manifestation of God known to us. Thus, it is true that God is exalted in man and man by God.

Science is, as says Mr. Maddock, not only for those who are naturally moral. Science is for all. Those who are immoral will become moral if the truth of science will illumine not only their minds but also their hearts.

And now in conclusion, at Mr. Maddock's request, a few quotations from my own writings concerning the all-importance of the God-idea:

"Eliminate self and let man become an embodiment of truth, an incarnation of God." *The Monist*, Vol. IV., No. 3, App. p. 20.

"While science does not speak of God, it teaches God; for every law of nature is a part of God's being . . . The God of the Religion of Science is not a person . . . We should neither call God personal nor impersonal, but superpersonal." *Religion of Science*, pp. 22-23.

"Human reason is rational only in so far as it conforms with, as it reflects, as it describes the order of the cosmos, . . . the All, God, that which creates the mind." *The Monist*, Vol. II., p. 240.

"Any kind of theology which still recognises special creation-acts, or miracles, or breaks in evolution, we do not hesitate to say, is not yet free from paganism, for it still sticks to the religious conception of the medicine-man that God is a great magician. The God of the medicine-man lives in the realm of the unknown

and he appears in man's imagination where the light of science fails . . . Suppose there were or could be exceptions to the law of causation, to the conservation of matter and energy, or to the continuity of evolution would that not rather be a draw-back in nature? Are the patches on a coat better proof that it was made by a tailor than the whole coat? Should we call God to rescue only where science fails? . . . The God of science is the God of truth, and evidence of his existence is not found in the darkness of ignorance but in the light of knowledge. God's being is not recognised in the seeming exceptions to natural laws, but in the natural laws themselves. God's existence is not proved by our inability to trace here or there the order of cause and effect, as if a disorder in the world made it divine; on the contrary, the only rational ground of a faith in God is the irrefragable cosmic order of the universe. It is true that we have to give up the idea of a personal God, but is not a superpersonal God greater than the idol which we have made unto our own likeness?" *The Monist*, Vol. II., pp. 91-92.

"The God-idea is the basis of ethics. It matters little whether we use or avoid the name God, for the atheist has also a God-idea in his conception of that existence in which he lives and moves and has his being. This God-idea is always the ground from which we derive our rules of conduct; and whenever we change, not our terminology but our idea of God, we shall as a matter of consistency have to change our views of ethics also." *The Monist*, Vol. II., p. 582.¹

EDITOR.

¹See also *The Idea of God*, p. 23; *The Monist*, Vol. III., pp. 256-257 ff., Vol. IV., p. 415; Vol. V., p. 400 and 552; *Fundamental Problems, Primer of Philosophy*, and *The Soul of Man* contain several chapters on the subject; but the references are too numerous to quote.

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A PETITION TO THE CONGRESS OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA,

TO ENACT THE FOLLOWING STATUTE TO BE CALLED

AN ACT FOR THE REMONETIZATION OF SILVER.

Sec. 1. *Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled,* There shall be coined of standard silver a coin to be named the "ounce."

Sec. 2. The "ounce" shall contain one ounce of fine silver alloyed with so much copper as to make it standard silver.

Sec. 3. There shall also be coined half, quarter, tenth, twentieth, and hundredth parts of the "ounce." The one-hundredth part of the "ounce" shall be named the "doit," and the above-fractional ounces shall bear the imprint of fifty doits, twenty-five doits, ten doits, five doits, and one doit. The coins of five doits and one doit may be coined of baser metal and be of lower inherent value than their face-value, but must be redeemed in "ounces" when presented at the Treasury.

Sec. 4. It shall be the duty of the Secretary of the Treasury to keep himself informed regarding the relative market value of the gold and copper contained in the "dollar" to the silver and copper contained in the "ounce," and to publish the thus ascertained price of the dollar and of five, ten, and twenty dollars in "ounces" and doits, as well as that of the "ounce," and of five, ten, and twenty "ounces" in dollars and cents respectively.

Sec. 5. The Secretary of the Treasury shall also issue Treasury notes of the denominations five, ten, and twenty "ounces" to be redeemable at the Treasury or at any of the Sub-Treasuries on demand. He shall keep on hand for this purpose one-third of the amount of the issue of these Treasury notes in coined "ounces."

Sec. 6. The "ounce" shall be accepted by the Treasury and Sub-Treasuries at the above-published price in all payments due to the Government in dollars and cents; and also the dollar shall be received

at the above published price, in all payments contracted in "ounces" and doits.

Sec. 7. It is to be the policy of the Secretary of the Treasury to exchange dollars for "ounces" and "ounces" for dollars at the Treasury and Sub-Treasuries at the published prices, for any amount presented to be so exchanged.

Sec. 8. Commencing with January first, 1897, all internal revenues shall be assessed and collected in "ounces" and doits, the rates of taxation to be previously fixed by the Secretary of the Treasury in "ounces" and doits, so as to be the equivalent of the present rates in dollars and cents, under his publication of the first of December, 1896.

Sec. 9. All payments by the Government hereafter to be contracted for shall be contracted for in such a manner that one-half their total amount shall be in dollars and cents and one-half their total amount in "ounces" and doits, as nearly as this can be arranged by the Secretary of the Treasury, who is hereby authorized to this effect.

Sec. 10. After January first, 1897, the "ounce" shall be a legal tender for the payment of all debts in dollars and cents, at the price at which the "ounce" is being redeemed in dollars or fractions thereof at the Treasury or Sub-Treasuries of the United States, unless otherwise contracted for; and *vice versa* the dollar shall in like manner be legal tender for debts in "ounces" and doits.

Sec. 11. The Secretary of the Treasury shall cause to be coined into "ounces" and fractional "ounces" all bar silver and all coined silver now in the vaults of the Treasury and not necessary in his judgment to meet any obligations of the Government.

Sec. 12. The Secretary of the Treasury shall also cause to be coined into "ounces" and fractional "ounces," free of charge, all standard silver presented for such coinage at the Treasury.

Sec. 13. The sum of one million dollars is hereby appropriated, to be expended at the discretion of the Secretary of the Treasury, for putting this law into effect and for keeping it so.

Sec. 14. After January first, 1897, all national banks shall be required, when so requested, to open accounts with their customers and make loans to them

in "ounces," in the same manner as they now make loans and keep accounts in dollars, without prejudice to either of these coins.

Sec. 15. This law shall take effect immediately upon its passage.

EDWARD C. HEGELER.

NOT ANTI-CHRISTIAN.

THERE are two notices on the publications of the Open Court Publishing Co. made in two religious journals which deserve some comment on our part. One appeared in the *Western Christian Advocate* (Vol. LXIII., No. 18) and contains a fair and impartial summary of Ribot's, F. Max Müller's, Prof. Cope's and other books, which we need not reprint here, but the statement is prefaced with the following words:

"The publications of the Open Court Publishing Co. are anti-Christian. Designed to 'propound, develop, and establish the Religion of Science,' they are the product of a spirit which regards the Christian Church as the synonym of bigotry and ignorance, and Christ as one of the great founders of ethnic (sic!) religion. They possess the quality of apparent sincerity, and are strong in the strength of the latest developments of physical science."

We are aware of the fact, and do not hesitate to say so, that there are many Christians whose Christianity consists in Christianised paganism, but for that reason we do not condemn the Church. On the contrary, we believe in the invisible Church, which is the ideal church of the future, and trust that the religious evolution of mankind is dominated by the effort of a constant approach toward truth, pure and undefiled. *The Open Court* may antagonise various church dogmas, but it does not antagonise either Christianity or the Church.

It is a great mistake on the part of our contemporary to characterise *The Open Court* and the Open Court publications as "anti-Christian," and to say that it "regards the Christian Church as a synonym of bigotry and ignorance." Far from antagonising religion, we endeavor to purify it; far from destroying Christianity, we mean to fulfil it. No religion can be regarded as complete until it be reconciled with scientific truth, and that exactly is the work of *The Open Court*.

Whether our contemporary agrees with the results at which we arrive, is a different question. If it does not agree, it is welcome to criticise our statements, but it is decidedly a misconception to regard us as enemies.

Some time ago we were attacked by Mr. Ellis Thurtell, of England, and by Mr. Alfred Martin, of the Free Church of Tacoma, Washington, for the very opposite reason, that we would not countenance an utter rejection of Christianity.

In order to avoid confusion, we do not call ourselves Christian as though we belonged to that class of Christians who make of Christianity a creed and promulgate it as a sectarian affair. Our Christianity is broader than the creed of the Churches, and since we gladly accept everything we find to agree with scientific truth, we are not willing to be shut out from the truth that can be found in other religions, be it Judaism, Buddhism, Mohammedanism, Confucianism, Parseeism, or Brahmanism. We believe with the Bible that God did not speak through the mouth of Moses only, nor that He revealed himself once only about 1,900 years ago, but that he (to use the words of St. Paul, *Hebr. i. 1*) "at sundry times and divers manners spake in time past unto the fathers," and he speaks to us still in our own private and personal experience and through the revelations of science, for science (in so far as it is genuine science) is holy, and there are scientific truths, as, for instance, the doctrine of evolution, which will soon be found out to be religious truths of great importance.

A similar spirit, of regarding our publications as hostile to Christianity, is evinced in a review of *The Religion of Science*, which appeared in a late number of *The Congregationalist* (May 7, 1896). There we read:

"We come to the review of this book with a strange mixture of sensations. In the first place, it is a sign of the times, a witness to a scientific reaction from the bald materialism which was so common among specialists and the half-educated a few years ago. It is a distinctly reverent, though not always discriminating and clear-seeing, or polite and charitable, book. But we can hardly think the author cares very much for our opinion after reading what he says about 'Name-Christians,' among whom he certainly would include us, and of whom he says: 'The so-called faithful Christians have made themselves a religion little better than that of fetish worshippers, and practise in many respects an ethics exactly opposite to the injunctions of Christ. . . . They believe in the letter of mythological traditions, and fail to recognise the spirit of the truth.'"

"Dr. Carus's book may help some who are caught in the despair of materialism doubt up to a freer air, but for one whose thought of God is that of acquaintance founded upon long experience it can only lead down into the fog of uncertainty."

"There is no religion of science,—for God is not known by sense-perception, which is the only instrument of search which science employs,—but there is a science of religion in which the phenomena of faith may be observed, co-ordinated, and compared, and the material for this exists in unnoticed abundance in the world."

Whether or not *The Congregationalist* belongs to the class which in *The Religion of Science* is characterised as "Name-Christians," I cannot say; but I have the good confidence that *The Congregationalist* and its readers aspire to belong to the other category, "the followers of Christ." The author of *The Religion of Science* has repeatedly enjoyed the honor of speaking from the Congregational platform of the

town where he resides, and he found the church open enough to listen to words that might be different from the traditional line of thought of pulpit speeches. There may be differences among Congregationalists, and not all Congregational ministers may be as broad as the Rev. F. S. Bayne, of La Salle, Ill. This much is sure that I enjoyed repeated exchanges of thought with the Rev. Dr. Gilbert (a well-known leader among the Congregationalists and the late editor of the *Advocate*), which were both profitable to me and sympathetic, as I met in him a Christian who did understand that the trend of the philosophy of *The Open Court* was not anti-Christian. What men need in these days is to understand one another, and to know exactly what they mean. We may be sure that the narrowest dogmatist will appear to Freethinkers in a better light, and Freethinkers like Col. Ingersoll will receive more credit for sincerity by Christians than is commonly granted them.

The Congregationalist declares that "there is no religion of science." If the editor of the *Congregationalist* would kindly look up the definition of the religion of science, he would revoke his statement, for by Religion of Science we do not mean any new-fangled system, but simply and solely a religion based on the facts of life, carefully stated, critically considered and according to the best methods of comprehension at our command. Religion ultimately rests upon those eternal needs of man's soul, the experiences of his afflictions, the comfort that he needs in his struggles, his hopes, and the convictions that will strengthen him in temptations, and teach him the performance of his duties.

The crude facts of life teach us nothing; they must be methodically reduced to system, in other words, they must be digested by science. This is the meaning of a "Religion of Science," which is a term at once concise and expressive.

If Christianity agrees, or can be made to agree, with the Religion of Science, we accept it, but a conception of Christianity which antagonises scientific truth and demands blind faith in man-made creeds or dogmas that are contradictory to scientific truth, is not acceptable. How we interpret the doctrines of God and immortality is sufficiently set forth in the pamphlet *The Religion of Science* and in other publications of ours.

Our critic rejects the idea of a Religion of Science on the ground that "God is not known by sense-perception." Did our critic, who believes himself to be more clear-seeing than the author of *The Religion of Science*, forget that there is no scientific truth known by mere sense-perception? Take, for instance, mathematics, logic, arithmetic, or any of the formal sciences; there is no sense-perception in any one of

them; indeed, the characteristic feature of all these sciences is the omission of all sense-perception; they are "purely formal," or, as Kant called them, "ideal." Since these sciences are the very instrument of all science, and since without them science would be impossible, as the application of their principles to sense-perception is the condition of all science, we should say that the characteristic feature of science is that it rises above mere sense-perception. Sense-perception is not, as our critic says, "the only instrument of search which science employs," but it is the object of science. Sense-perceptions are the material of science which by purely mental methods are worked out into scientific and systematic statements.

Certainly there is "a science of religion," as our critic observes; and many noble workers have been active in its elaboration: The late Professor Roth of Tübingen and Prof. Max Müller of Oxford; the Old Testament Bible investigators, De Wette, Kuenen, Holtzmann, Cornill, Sayce, and many others. But there is also a Religion of Science, a religion the main characteristic of which is veracity, or a living faith in the divinity of verifiable and provable truth. P. C.

THE RISE OF PHILOSOPHIC RELIGIOUS THOUGHT.¹

BY PROF. H. OLDENBERG.

THE prevailing mood and, even more yet, the forms of mental expression in which the thought and life of the mendicant Buddhist monks revolved possess an almost contemporary double upon Greek soil: the creations of the West and the East corresponding closely to each other to an astonishing degree, in matters the most essential as well as in the most subordinate, even to the coining of rally-words about which the religious consciousness loves to concentrate, or to the drawing of similes which aim to make the grand direction of events in some sort palpable to the imagination, and which, while apparently of inferior import, often really belong to the most powerful factors of religion.

It is plainly no mere accident that a harmony between the ideas of two people, so widely separated both in space and national characteristics, should be so much more strongly and variously accentuated, just at the period of evolution of which we are here speaking, than it was before that time. The myth-building imagination which holds sway during the earlier periods, proceeds without aim or method upon its course. It receives its impulse from chance; accident combines in it capriciously materials widely divergent in character; as if at play, accident pours into its lap, out of a copious horn, forms which are sometimes of noteworthy depth and meaning, sometimes absurd, but which are ever changing and displacing each other. But when reflexion, presently

¹ Authorised translation from the *Deutsche Rundschau* by O. W. Weyer.

developing into sustained and systematic investigation takes a grasp of some firmness and certainty on the problems of the cosmos and human existence, the scope of possibilities contracts. However untrained the mind may be in this age, yet the things that appear to it perforce as realities, go far to compel human ideas into a fixed and constrained course, like a stream into its bed; and thus the most manifold lineaments, showing remarkable resemblances to each other, are similarly impressed upon analogous courses of thought in widely different parts of the world, as was the case with those which preoccupied the Greek and Indian minds.

Being wholly without any knowledge as to the time-limitations of Vedic antiquity, we can hardly attempt to estimate the number of centuries lying between the origin of the Rig-Veda hymns and the rise of Buddha, the founder of the Buddhistic monastic order. But we have sufficient reason to fix the latter event as having taken place in the latter half of the sixth century before Christ. The religious movements which prepared the way for it and created a sort of Buddhistic atmosphere before the appearance of Buddha, must certainly have occupied a length of time which is to be measured by centuries. So much is certain that great historical changes occurred in India between the age of the bards who sang at the Vedic altars, and that of the Buddhistic monastic thinkers. The tribes who had originally settled as shepherds in the northwest corner of the peninsula, and who were still close to the gates by which they had shortly before entered India, had in the meantime penetrated still farther. Having taken possession of a broad domain stretching down the Ganges, the period of migration and of conquest over the obscure aborigines is over. Cities have long since risen in the midst of the villages in which had lived the herd owners of the older time,—some of them were great municipalities, seats of all the commotion and activity of splendid despotic Oriental courts, where commerce and manufactures are highly developed, where life receives zest from a voluptuously refined luxury, and where have become established sharp social differentiations of rich and poor, master and slave. The conditions have thus been prepared, where, abandoning gradually the careless and aimless existence, for the day as it were, of the earlier period, the human mind of the new period now becomes maturer and more thoughtful, may begin to weave a connected fabric of reflexions upon the import, the end, and the value of human existence.

Accordingly, in India, very similarly and at almost the same time as in Greece, edifices of spiritual thought and doctrine arise which soar to a height far above the ancient structures. And they can, indeed, be described, almost with completeness and in detail, with-

out feeling the necessity of intermingling any distinctively Indian or Greek characteristics in the description; so much is the type developed by the one people like that developed by the other.

To the devout worshipper of the former age, communing with his god by means of sacrifice and prayer, the knowledge of his god and of the art by which the god's favor may be secured, does not appear as something self-achieved or self-created, or indeed created by any person. Rather, it is an intuition, the presence of which is a simple fact, and the possession of which by one's self as well as by every other rational being is a matter of course. But a change takes place. The intellect, as it proceeds in its experience of the toil and the pleasure of personal search, learns to know the elation of finding, the pride felt in knowledge which has been personally achieved and wrested from reality after many long and painful struggles. A man enjoys the final triumph of his vision, the keenness of which he has himself trained, and which is able to penetrate to the centre of things, differently from the masses, common-place beings, who stop at the surface of things. Among them he feels himself like one who can see among the blind.

Evidently enough, those possessed of such a vision are not sufficiently numerous to compose more than small knots of thinkers made up of the serious kind, of those whose sentiments are of the more delicate or refined sort, of those who cultivate their inner life with more than ordinary zeal. In the bosom of these elite bands, embodying their spiritual acquisitions to the greatest degree of perfection, there can or must be certain particular individuals, dominating personalities, who, however, can be the leading spirits that they are only because they express with the greatest energy in their own persons the same life and action that animates their companions.

Thus, in sharp contrast with the great mass of the unenlightened, there is developed the type of half-heroic, half-philosophic heroes or virtuosi. A conception of this sort is hardly conceivable in a time like that of the Veda, or of Homer. True, he who had distinguished himself as a fine bard, or as an expert sacrificer, or as an adept and successful priest and sorcerer, may have had his honors in that age, too. But he was always nothing more than the type of a genius, a prominent expert in the use of the tools of the religious trade which had representatives everywhere. But the men whom we are now looking at are something very different. They were, or so appeared to be, persons who possessed a distinctive stamp of their own; they were sublime pathfinders, pioneers, not to be compared with other mortals, steeped in the powers of a peculiar mystical completeness and perfection.

It is a part of the essential character of such men

that they are conceivable to the creed of their followers only in the singular. The name of such a single individual is needed as a rally-cry around which the co-endearers can unite; and if such a personage never actually existed, recourse is had to the dim recesses of the mythical past for one of the obscurely grandiose names of that misty world, and around it are concentrated their spiritual possessions in which men find such great bliss and often consolation.

Whilst the personal position of the devotee with reference to his religious belief is thus undergoing modification and becoming a very different one, the matter and content of the belief itself is at the same time assuming a new aspect, too.

Those supernatural giants, who were the gods of the older age, now cease to govern the world according to human-like caprices. The government is transferred to powers of another kind, which, although they were well-known ere this, in a primitive form, to the intellect, leave the low, contracted sphere of superstition and advance to the heights of thought, which afford a wider vision:—forces and substances which are put in action by the mechanism of an impersona necessity, their action being the kernel of the cosmic process itself.

These forces and substances are, of course, very different, indeed, from those which modern learning recognises as the recondite fundamental factors of being and happening. As the products of an analysis, which has still to learn the task of being thorough, they are rather the most prominent and first noticeable of the light and shadow masses of the universe, natural laws and impulses which most frequently press upon his attention. Thus, the physical elements like water and fire, members which exert so much attractive force upon the intellect in the youthful period of the human mind, the great impulses of love and hatred, the fluctuation of happening (becoming) and being with its immutable calm. Substances and forces, of which the importance varies with place and people, but which, taken as a whole, have everywhere the same appearance, and therefore belong properly to the same category of reflexions upon the world and its course.

The human soul is the special object to which this incipient rumination now more and more directs itself. To those ages of spiritual childhood, wholly preoccupied with phenomena, the outer world follows the period of youth, which gradually becomes introspective, with all the earnestness of youth, all its sense of honor, its heaving bosom panting with the thirst after boundless ideals. The ego is subjected to investigation to see if the secret cannot be found in it for the attainment of those ideals. There is a growing desire to find a clue for the labyrinth of the phenomena of the

soul. Efforts are made to dissect its parts or forces; to comprehend the influences mutually exerted by them upon each other; to observe the entrance and cessation of the soul's various functions.

Of foremost importance in these new lines of thought is the idea of the migration of the soul. True, this idea does not suddenly step forth, full-grown and matured, now for the first time. The beginnings of the doctrine appear everywhere to be traceable to the dawn of religion; that the soul of the deceased can make its dwelling-place, temporarily or permanently, in animals, plants, or in other things of every sort, is a belief spread over the whole world among peoples of low civilisation.

It was reserved for the subtler refinement of the age we are now speaking of, however, to impress with the strongest kind of emphasis the additional idea upon this doctrine, of its continuation through endless stretches of futurity, the horror of eternal futility, inexhaustible endurance.

The hitherside of life, which had circumscribed almost all the hopes and desires of the ancients, now appears petty and meaningless, being contrasted with the vast spaces beyond; the terrestrial life becomes a mere place of preparation. Whatever of good one has performed here below, whatever of sin committed, will redound to him over there, perhaps infinitely magnified,—as reward or punishment.

In the literature of an age working on this idea, the type of voyages to the nether world and hell, play a prominent part: not the mere tales of story-tellers as in the time of the Odyssey, but writings animated with the purpose of picturing vividly to the senses the awfulness and the inexorability of the punishment to be surely expected in the hereafter for even small transgressions. Throughout is dominant an austere, even anxious solicitude, to preserve the personal ego from contamination, even the most trifling, in order to secure for it a completeness and perfection which will impart confidence and hope to it while upon the dark journey of the hereafter. But the chief good, which belongs to such a complete perfection,—the objective point to which those journeys tend,—is the final release from the soul's migration, the exaltation of self over all finite rewards and punishments, the entrance of the soul into the world of things eternal.

It is part of the character of the age here portrayed—that which we have called the spiritual youth of man—that it can recognise as its objective point only an absolute one,—one embracing within itself the absolute perfection. As soon as the intellect grows fond of absorbing itself in the antitheses of the transitory and the eternal, of happening and being, it is unavoidable that the destiny of everything incomplete, imperfect, should appear to be swept along in the stream

of the incessant process of becoming and passing away. But in the existence of the perfect, all movement in the sense of change, which necessarily cleaves to the concept of the unattained goal or summit, must have ended; and the dwelling-place of the perfect must lie in some sphere which spreads over and above the inappeasable unrest of the imperfect.

But who is it that may attain to this highest goal? The answer might be and was given: "He who had been purified by special consecrations, by the observance of special mysterious regulations, and even by the precepts of sorcery." But in this age, everything necessarily led to a new turn of belief. Mention has been made of how, in those contracted circles where the thoughts just laid down were cultivated, the thinker's self-appreciation and seriousness induced a growing consciousness of his differentiation from and superiority to those who were without the pale, the thoughtless, the blind. That world of eternal things is intelligible only to the thinker. And the thinker alone, therefore, may participate therein. True, the motive, dating from a far remoter time, which was allowed to the good man,—even the commonplace member of society, so long as he is good,—that of the hope of reward in the hereafter, has not lost all of its old effectiveness. But it is subordinate to the more powerful motive, that the chief and incomparable salvation in a world, of which but the few have knowledge, can accrue,—not to the poor in spirit, but only to those elect few, the thinkers, whose whole life is directed to the one pursuit of shaking off terrestrial imperfections, and of thus achieving a citizenship in the empire of things eternal.

There is necessarily much of the local color wanting to our portrayal of these views,—much of all the concrete reality. For the purpose has been to trace the general outline of a particular stage of religious evolution common alike to India and Greece. This general abstract assumed concrete shape in India in Buddhism and its kindred forms; in Greece in a movement first manifest under the cloak of the ancient mysteries, presently struggling again and again toward precision and clearness of thought, as the reflective mind strives to tear the veils which obstruct its vision, only to fall back as often into the former twilight of mysteries again,—all the forms of this movement, however, breathing forth the same spirit, the wishing one's self out of this transitory world into the eternal world.¹

Here, prominently, the mysteries of Orpheus present themselves to notice: that mysterious doctrine and cult of sects concentrating about the much-fabled

name of the bard of Thrace. Dating, as it appears¹ from the sixth century before Christ, and cultivated at Athens, and many other places, especially in the Greek colonies of Lower Italy, this doctrine and cult sought to prepare its devotees, as "The Pure," for the future glory by ceremonies of consecration, sacred teaching, and the holy orders of the "Orphean Life." Our knowledge of the peculiar ideas of this cult is very limited. But whoever approaches the little which has been preserved, with the dogmas and the poetry of the Indian mendicant monks in mind, will often be surprised, at coming upon what seems a bit of Buddhism in the midst of Greek civilisation.

Alongside of the Orphean mysteries, and closely related to them, stands the sect of Pythagoreans, established by and named after a man whose powerful, deeply forceful personality shines through the mist of a meagre legendary tradition with astonishing clearness. Whilst the best-known characteristic of the Pythagorean speculations is the attempt to discover in numbers the most secret and essential kernel of all things, yet our attention here is chiefly to be directed to the efforts of these closely confederated companions to liberate the soul of its imprisonment (for as such they looked upon corporeal existence), and from the bonds of the soul's migration.

We cannot attempt here to follow the current of these religious-philosophical speculations in the Greece of the sixth and fifth centuries B. C., through all its various ramifications. It is, however, to be mentioned that the influence of the Orphean and Pythagorean ideas continues, clearly recognisable, up to the very acme of all Greek thought, up to Plato's time. Plato's conceptions as to the chief aims of human existence stand in closest contact with those of his mystic predecessors. True, it is with a strength of which the latter fall far short, that his intellect attempts to break the shackles of creed and imagination, and to gain the conquest of a complete scientific certainty. But quickly enough—soonest of all in the problems of the human soul and its future destiny—he, too, finds that he has gotten to the boundary-lines of those regions, the entrance to which is barred to even the philosopher's cognition and proof.

It is Plato's fashion not to stop for such a reason. When the dialectician halts, the poet begins to speak: and in pictures of profound beauty, the poesy of Plato unrolls its grand views of the hereafter, the subterranean realm of the shades, and the realm of light and eternal ideas. He is accustomed to fortify himself by an appeal to what he has heard "from men and women who are wise in things divine;" what Pindar and many other of the poets, "such of them as are inspired," have uttered; but it is especially the Orpheans from whose dark wisdom he loves on such occasions

¹ The chief features of this movement have lately been portrayed with as much sage penetration, as fine restoration of the sentiment, by E. Rohde, *Psyche* (1893), p. 395 ff. At many points, what here follows is an acceptance of his views.

to draw half-mantled and half-revealed matter, images from the same realm, intermediate between thought and invention, in the twilight of which the creations of Buddhism, too, have their being.

We shall next throw a glance at the chief features of both the Indian and the Greek chains of thought, in which embodiments of the type just described in the history of religion may be recognised. The close relationship between the two sects of ideas will be confirmed throughout.

WITCH PROSECUTION AFTER THE REFORMATION.

AT THE time of the Reformation witch prosecution ceased for a while. It made room for another mania not less ugly and condemnable. Its place was filled by heresy persecution. Not only did Roman Catholic governments worry their Protestant subjects almost to death by confiscating their property, chasing them with hounds to mass, exiling entire districts, and ignominiously executing their leaders; but Protestants in their turn, too, regarded it as their religious duty to do the same to all dissenters. Luther himself, be it said to his everlasting honor, did not persecute, and so long as he lived, he succeeded in preventing among his followers all persecutions. Calvin, however, ordered Servetus to be burned alive, because his belief in the trinity differed from his own; and King Henry VIII. of England resolutely suppressed all opposition to the religious views he happened to hold at the time, with a high hand; nor did he shrink from shedding blood (although we must grant that he exercised much judgment by confining his persecution to a comparatively few powerful opponents and thus spared the country the horrors of a religious war).

While thus the fear of witchcraft was set aside for a time, the dangerous belief in the power of Satan continued and lay hidden like burning coals under ashes. The religious superstitions remained practically the same, and it is natural that the epidemic reappeared, although in a weaker form. Even Protestant countries (North Germany, Sweden, England, and the English colonies in America) were visited by this spiritual plague, and a number of lay judges appeared who showed the same zeal as the Dominican inquisitors in Catholic countries. Thus the Mayor Pheringer, of Nördlingen, swore to exterminate the brood of sorcerers, and Judge Benedict Carpozow, of Leipsic, condemned more than a hundred persons to die at the stake for witchcraft.

The Protestants of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries were on the average perhaps more serious in their religious beliefs than Roman Catholics of the same period, and thus it happened that some French prelates of the Roman Church, being more worldly wise and deeper imbued with the advancing spirit of

the world than many bigoted Protestants, displayed infinitely more common sense than their Protestant brethren.

This became particularly patent in the famous case of Martha Brossier, a French peasant girl, who, in 1588, claimed to be possessed of a devil. The excitement was great, and the pulpits resounded with alarming denunciations apt to renew all the terrors of former witch prosecutions. But Bishop Miron of Angers, and Cardinal de Gondy, Archbishop of Paris, remained calm in their minds and had the case investigated not only according to a truly rational method, but even in a spirit of humor. When the never failing tests with exorcisms through sacred books and holy water were administered, Bishop Miron so arranged matters that the possessed girl was induced to draw wrong conclusions, and lo! simple spring-water and the reading of a line from Virgil regularly brought on epileptic fits, while neither the old reliable exorcisms nor the holy water produced any effect.

Believers in Satanic possession were not satisfied with Bishop Miron's experiments, for they regarded them as a proof of the cunning of the Devil who thus slyly deceived his enemies. The case was brought before the Archbishop de Gondy, but he, too, proved sceptical and declared after some judicious experiments that the demeanor of the possessed girl was a mixed result of insanity and simulation.

In spite of the sound judgment shown by these and other prelates the prosecutions of witches continued. In the case of Urban Grandier, a priest, who was accused by the Ursuline nuns at Loudun in Western France of having exercised Satanic powers upon their minds, the Bishop of Poitiers and the Archbishop of Bordeaux recognised the malicious hostility and hysterical bitterness with which the nuns bore witness against their preacher. Grandier was not innocent in other respects, but considering the innumerable contradictions in the statements of his enemies, the Archbishop dismissed the case. He was honorably reinstated in his position. But that was not the end of it. It happened that M. de Laubordemont, a cousin of the prioress, while attending to some business of the French Government in Loudun, heard of the story and gave a highly-colored report to Cardinal Richelieu, at whose instance the investigation was renewed. In this second trial the defendant had no chance; for Laubordemont was appointed judge. He had Grandier cruelly tortured and, although the latter bravely refused to confess and some of the nuns revoked their evidence, he was yet sentenced to be hanged and then burned.¹

The belief in witchcraft bore no less terrible fruit on the free soil of Protestant America than in Europe.

¹ Soldan, *Hexenproceste*, pp. 370-378.

Death sentences for witchcraft now and then occurred after the foundation of the New England colonies; but the last and most terrible outbreak took place in Salem, Massachusetts, as recorded in Upham's *History of Salem Witchcraft*, and in Drake's *Witchcraft Delusion in New England*. Under the baneful influence of the religious teachings of Increase Mather and his son, Cotton Mather, two Boston clergymen, the Rev. Samuel Parris, minister of the church in Salem, began to have a case of witchcraft investigated, which, as says President Andrew Dickson White¹, "would have been the richest of farces had they not led to events so tragical." The possessed behaved like maniacs in court and charged a poor old Indian woman with having bewitched them. Her husband, an ignorant fool, was induced to testify against her. This easy success emboldened the believers in witchcraft, among whom the Putnam family played a prominent part. They began to prosecute some of the foremost people of New England; several men and women were executed, many fled for their lives, and a reign of terror ensued. Any person once suspected and accused was doomed. As an instance we quote the case of Mr. Burroughs, a clergyman, who on account of petty parish quarrels with the Putnam family had been dismissed from the ministry. President White says:

"Mr. Burroughs had led a blameless life, the only thing ever charged against him by the Putnams being that he insisted strenuously that his wife should not go about the parish talking of her own family matters. He was charged with afflicting the children, convicted, and executed. At the last moment he repeated the Lord's Prayer solemnly and fully, which it was supposed no sorcerer could do, and this, together with his straightforward Christian utterances at the execution, shook the faith of many in the reality of diabolical possession."

President White continues:

"Ere long it was known that one of the girls had acknowledged that she had belied some persons who had been executed, and especially Mr. Burroughs, and that she had begged forgiveness; but this for a time availed nothing. Persons who would not confess were tied up and put to a sort of torture which was effective in securing new revelations."

"In the case of Giles Cory the horrors of the persecution culminated. Seeing that his doom was certain, and wishing to preserve his family from attainder and their property from confiscation, he refused to plead. He was therefore pressed to death, and, when in his last agonies his tongue was pressed out of his mouth, the sheriff with his walking-stick thrust it back again."

Increase and Cotton Mather were the last defenders of diabolical possession and witchcraft on American soil; the latter saw in his later years a new era dawning upon his country. Vigorously and successfully censured by Robert Calef, a courageous Boston

merchant, he bemoaned the decay of the religious spirit among the growing generation, and even to his dying hour regarded the mere unbelief in witchcraft as an attack upon the glory of the Lord.

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¹ See his "New Chapters in the Warfare of Science," *Popular Science Monthly*, May, 1889, p. 11. Compare also König, *Ausgaben des Menschenwahn*, pp. 488-494.

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THOMAS JEFFERSON AND RELIGION.

BY E. F. POWELL.

LOOKING over the writings and correspondence of Thomas Jefferson for other purposes I have so often come upon references to religious theories and convictions that I have a thought of the great statesman quite as if he were also a distinguished theologian. Had he been born in New England it is highly probable he would have become a preacher—a Channing before Channing. It would be much better for readers of religious books if they would brush aside the diluted speculations of a later date, and go to the stronger, manlier words found in the writings of Franklin, Adams, and Jefferson. Adams and Jefferson, although for a short period during the dominance of federalism, alienated, renewed the friendship of early years; and their old age was made beautiful by a love that was expressed in a remarkable correspondence. The letters that passed between them cover science, literature, art, politics, history, and theology. At last, on the 4th of July, 1826, their letters ended forever, and they joined in another realm, for another era of love and progress. Adams, not knowing that Jefferson was sick—for it took seven days to carry news from Boston to Monticello—died whispering: "But Jefferson lives." So great was his confidence in the wisdom of this wonderful friend of his that he was content to leave the Republic if only Jefferson still lived to watch over its destinies.

A letter to Adams dated August 15, 1820, is an excellent illustration of Jefferson's methods of thinking. "Enough of criticism; let me turn to your puzzling letter of May 21 on matter, spirit, motion, etc. Its crowd of scepticisms kept me from sleep. I read it and laid it down; read and laid it down; again and again; and to give rest to my mind I was obliged to recur ultimately to my habitual anodyne. 'I feel therefore I exist.' I feel bodies which are not myself; there are other existences then. I call them *matter*. I feel them changing place. This gives me *motion*. Where there is an absence of matter I call it void, or nothing, or immaterial space. On the basis of sensation, of matter and motion, we may erect the fabric of all the certainties we can have or need. I can con-

ceive *thought* to be an action of a particular organisation of matter, formed for that purpose by its creator, as well as that attraction is an attribute of matter. When once we quit the basis of sensation, all is in the wind. To talk of immaterial existences is to talk of nothings. To say that the human soul, angels, God are immaterial, is to say they are nothings—or that there is no God, no angels, no soul. I cannot reason otherwise; but I believe I am supported by Locke and Stewart. At what age of the Christian Church this heresy of immaterialism or masked atheism crept in I do not exactly know. But a heresy it is. Jesus taught nothing of it. He told us, indeed, that God is a spirit—but did not define a spirit as not material. The ancient fathers held spirit to be light, thin, an ethereal gas—but still matter. Origen says: 'Deus ipse corporalis est; sed graviorum tantum corporum ratione incorporeus.' St. Macarius, speaking of angels, says: 'Quamvis enim subtilia sint, tamen in substantia, forma et figura, secundum tunitatem naturæ eorum corpora sunt.' Jefferson adds quotations, in Greek and in Latin, from Justin Martyr, Ocellus d'Argens, St. Basil, etc.; showing a remarkable familiarity with classic languages and literature, as well as theology. He goes on to argue in favor of what he calls materialism. "Rejecting all organs of information therefore but senses, I rid myself of the Pyrrhonisms with which an indulgence in hyper-physical speculations disquiet the mind. A single sense may sometimes be deceived; never all our senses together; with their faculty of reasoning. I am sure that I really know many, many things, and none more surely than that I love you with all my heart; and pray for the continuance of your life until you shall be tired of it yourself."

Again, to Adams he writes: "The result of your fifty or sixty years of religious reading in four words, 'be just and good,' is that in which all our inquiries must end, as the riddles of all the priesthoods end in four words, '*ubi panis, ibi deus.*'" He refers to a biographer who had asked him if it was true that he had changed his religious views. "My answer was, Say nothing of my religion. It is known to myself and my God alone. Its evidence before the world is to be sought in my life. If that has been honest and dutiful

to society, the religion which has regulated it cannot be a bad one. Affectionately adieu, Th. Jefferson."

Perhaps the most important letter of all as bearing on theological matters is one to Dr. Benjamin Waterhouse. In it he sums up the doctrines of Jesus as: "(1) There is only one God, and he all-perfect. (2) There is a future state of reward and punishment. (3) To love God with all thy heart, and thy neighbor as thyself, is the sum of religion. These are the great points on which he endeavored to reform the religion of the Jews. But compare with those the demoralising dogmas of Calvin. (1) That there are three Gods. (2) That good works or love of our neighbor are nothing. (3) That faith is everything; and the more incomprehensible the proposition the more merit in the faith. (4) That reason in religion is of unlawful use. (5) That God from the beginning elected certain individuals to be saved, and certain others to be damned; and that no crimes of the former can damn them; no virtues of the latter save. Now, which of these is the true Christian? He who believes and acts on the simple doctrines of Jesus? Or the impious dogmatists, as Athanasius and Calvin? Verily I say these last are the false shepherds, foretold as to enter not by the door into the sheepfold. They are usurpers of the Christian name, teaching a counter religion. Their blasphemies have driven thinking men into infidelity, who have too hastily rejected the supposed author himself. Had the doctrines of Jesus always been preached as pure as they came from his lips the whole civilised world would now have been Christian. I rejoice that in this blessed country of free inquiry and belief, which has surrendered its creed and conscience to neither kings nor priests. The general doctrine of one only God is reviving; and I trust that there is not a young man now living in the United States who will not die a Unitarian.

"But much I fear that when this great truth shall be re-established, its votaries will fall into the fatal error of fabricating formulas of creed and confessions of faith, the engines which destroyed the religion of Jesus, and made of Christendom a mere Aeldama. How much wiser are the Quakers, who, keeping within the pale of common sense, suffer no speculation to impair the love of brethren. Be this the wisdom of Unitarians; this the holy mantle which shall cover within its charitable circumference all who believe in one God and who love their neighbor." His anticipation of the future of Unitarianism was correct; for it was then just at the threshold of a struggle to suppress Theodore Parker and the Religion of Humanity.

He was at this time devoting his whole strength to the founding of a university system. Satisfied that a National University at Washington could not precede,

but must follow State Universities, he labored to establish a State University for Virginia. Before he could secure a charter, Judge Woodward, his devoted friend, and whom during his presidency he had appointed Chief Justice of Michigan, had created in that wilderness a university on his friend's plan. In this university it was provided that no religious creed should be taught. And it is the most curious commentary on Jeffersonianism, that for about ten years the only two professors were Father Richard, a Jesuit priest, and Rev. John Monteith, a Presbyterian clergyman. The charter of the Virginia University followed in 1822. Jefferson wrote to Dr. Cooper: "In our University, you know, there is no professorship of divinity. A handle has been made of this to disseminate an idea that this is an institution not merely of no religion, but against all religion. Occasion was taken at the last meeting of the Visitors to bring forward an idea to silence the calumny. In our annual report we suggest that different religious sects establish each for itself a professorship of its own tenets, on the confines of the University. I think the invitation will be accepted by some of the sects from candid intentions, and by others from jealousy and rivalry. By bringing the sects together and mixing them, we shall soften their asperities, neutralise their prejudices, and make the general religion a religion of peace, reason and morality." Here was the idea of a comparative study of religions, adopted by the University of Paris about 1875, suggested by the fertile brain of Jefferson in 1822.

It was a peculiarity of Jefferson that he was as outspoken in his religious convictions as in his political. He says to James Smith that he writes with freedom because, while claiming a right to his Unitarian convictions, he yielded to others as freely equal freedom. "Both religions make honest men." His friendship with Priestley was based partly on the grounds of science and learning, partly on theological sympathy. Priestley had had his house razed and burned in England, and had fled to the wilds of Pennsylvania. Jefferson's desire was to make him the leading professor in his university.

The bitter antagonism of New England Federalists was more to Jefferson's religious views than to his political,—but they abhorred both. There was not a shade of political policy in his retort, "From the clergy I expect no mercy; they crucified their Saviour who preached that his kingdom was not of this world. And all who practise on that precept must expect the extreme of their wrath." This is, however, an exceptional passage in Jefferson's letters. As a rule they are forbearing, generous, tolerant, and pacificatory.

In summing up what this country owes to this pre-eminent statesman, we must add the present freedom

of our university system from theological thralldom. Heretofore the colleges had been founded mainly to confirm sectarian views in religion, and to educate ministers. Before establishing the University of Virginia he undertook to reform the College of William and Mary. This he failed to accomplish. "The college," he writes, "is an establishment of the Church of England; the Visitors must be all of that Church; the professors must subscribe to the Thirty-nine Articles; its students learn its catechism." Religious jealousies took alarm and refused to pass Jefferson's reform bill.

We must not underestimate the religious importance of the revolution of 1800 that placed Jefferson in the presidency. It was not a mere struggle of Republicans with Federalists to control the shaping of political events. It put an end to such legislation as the Alien and Sedition Acts, and to the partisan harangues of Supreme Judges; but equally it ended the power of Puritanism to make Washington the seat of a semi-theological government. Our country to-day is a land where Church cannot control the State any more than the State can control the Church. The eighteenth century found Calvin in full control of New England; and his spirit as dominant in the State as in the Church. It was a fixed determination of such men as Pickering, Wolcott, Strong, Ames, and Cabot to at least dominate the nation's sentiments. Failing in this, in 1803, they undertook to secede and form a separate Northern Confederacy. Jefferson's superb statesmanship prevented both their aims, and gave us a government untinted with theology.

But best of all was Jefferson's belief in the ethics of politics. At thirty-three he wrote the Declaration of Independence. Eleven years later he was the author of the Northwest Ordinance, that forever debarred slavery from our Territories. In 1784 he was nearly successful in excising slavery from the great Southwest. He lost his ordinance by only one vote,—and to the end of his life he mourned over that one lacking vote. With Madison's aid he abolished primogeniture and the established church in Virginia, but did not succeed in equally determined efforts to abolish slavery. In the draft of the Declaration of Independence that Jefferson first drew up he indicted George III. for "having waged cruel war against human nature itself, violating its most sacred right of life and liberty in the persons of a distant people who never offended him, captivating and carrying into slavery in another hemisphere, or to incur death in the transportation thither, determined to keep open a market where men should be bought and sold." But this sentence was struck out in committee. Speaking of the Northwest Ordinance, Webster said: "I doubt whether one single law of any law-giver ancient or

modern has produced effects of more marked and lasting character. It fixed forever the character of the population in that vast region northwest of the Ohio." It is impossible to compare the ethical character of the legislative efforts of Jefferson and Madison with that of later times without asking if our political life has undergone degeneration.

THE WHITE ROOM.

BY VOLTAIRINE DE CLEYRE.

IT WAS an artist's masterpiece. He had wrought it all with his own hands, after his idea, which grew as he wrought. It was not square nor long nor round, nor any regular shape, such as we are used to thinking of rooms; it was wider here and narrower there, and had strange turns and niches and carvings and arches; and in all these there were bits of statuary, or tiny fountains, or flowers, or curious sea things gathered from many shores, shells and corals and ocean feathers, picked up years apart. The light came from above as all light should, and the dazzling beauty of the ceiling was like a broken arc from a cave's roof, so white and gleaming was it with the strange substance he had made; and the walls had all the wild fantastic tracery of the frost-forests on our winter windows, which God paints—but no man. The statues were all white, of unflawed marble; and the silken curtains looped back from the small bed were snow. The fish in the little fountains had silver scales, and in the recess where he had made an aviary were four pure-plumed birds. And all the flowers and all the curious sea things were white. The divans were of spotless velvet, and the rugs upon the glistening floor, wrought in strange patterns by his own deft fingers, were of white velvet too. There was a little case of books bound in blanch covers, and beside it a silver-stringed harp, mantled in a stainless case. There was one picture, only one. If it had been made for sale! But now it is only I to write of it, I, who saw it once after all was finished. He was an impressionist, my artist, long before the impressionists began to make noise in the world. He painted the white light of a day, as it lies on sky and water,—only a stretch of sky and water, seen of a summer afternoon, when the clouds drift like curled feathers and the boats are sleeping on Canarsie Bay. That was the last touch to the White Room, except the Easter-lilies he placed in the great vase between the tall wax tapers. He had been working fifteen years that day,—for her, the Soul of the White Room, herself the whitest thing, his pure-faced Scandinavian girl with the chiselled face that looked out with saint's eyes from under its aureole of pale hair as if the breath of the High One had blown upon her, and no other. So she had seemed to him when he married her, and so with his steadfast love she

seemed to him now. Fifteen years! And he had said no word to her in all that time of the marvel he was creating for her,—all with his own hands, which was the only true art. It had taken very long. And all that time that he had wandered and searched and wrought, for her, only for her, she had been living with that beautiful, meek, white patience of hers, in the dirty, narrow city alley, where they had *had* to live when young and poor; complaining nothing,—only now and then wishing for a little more of his presence, suggesting perhaps some little trifle, which he did not buy, partly to prove her excellence, partly because of the great thing he was making. And when he saw a darker blue of disappointment settle in her eyes would say, "My girl shall have something far better some day."

And now it was come to pass. To-morrow he would take her, when the third lily should have opened a little wider. She should see his white dream, of which she was the angel,—had been for so many years. She should understand what she had been to him, who had not wrought for the praise of men but for one woman only.

And thinking so he turned into the alley-way, lifting his eyes to the small-paned window.

THERE WAS NO LIGHT.

Yes, she had gone. There was a letter badly spelt and written, but it told a world. She had waited, she had been patient, she had served, she had not asked much, she had been promised as we promise children stars in the morning if they sleep now. She had wanted a little, only a little, every day; nothing grand, nothing more than ordinary; a common rag-carpet would have done, a cheap frame or so for the bright prints she had saved to trim the naked walls; some other little things, no matter what now; she knew she should never get them. He had not noticed perhaps; his life had lain outside; he had seen things. But for her it had been so weary. She was going away; it was wrong, perhaps, but she should not come back.

Now the artist was a little more than an artist. He was a philosopher, too. So he did not act like a common man. He did not groan to his friends, nor take to drink, nor talk of suicide, nor grow sour to men and bitter to women. He lived on in the old place, quite the same. He played with other women's children, and sat late at the door on summer nights reading his paper by the street-light. But still he went alone to the house under the trees, by the water-side, and saw that the White Room was kept very white, long after the lilies had withered.

And the end of it all was that one night he found her in the gutter, quite drunk and dying. And he took her in his arms and rode with her to the water-side and carried her to the White Room, and laid her,

all soiled, on the white bed, and there she died. Just before, she unclosed her misty eyes and shuddered: "Ugh! The horrid fancies in the liquor. It looks all white, white, like a Dead-house! Powdered grave-stones! Ugh! If there were only a bit of blue or red."

He dug her grave with his own hands. He worked all night to line it with the gayest blooms of Life, and laid her in when the morning was streaking crimson against the azure. To-day she sleeps under violets and carnations, with no white stone at foot or head.

ABOLITION OF WITCH PROSECUTION.

THE first protests against witch prosecution were raised at the time when the two inquisitors Sprenger and Inquisitoris, fortified with the unequivocal authority of his Holiness the Pope, carried on their criminal profession in the boldest way. The outrages of the Inquisition were pointed out in a pamphlet entitled *Dialogus de lamiis et pythouibus mutieribus*, written in 1489 by Dr. Ulrich Molitoris, an attorney of Constance. Two other prominent men of the juridical profession, Alciatus and Ponzinibius, expressed themselves in the same spirit; they declared bodily excursions of witches and similar things to be pure imagination. But their arguments were of no avail, for Bartholomæus de Spina, the master of the holy palace, declared that jurists could not understand the case of witchcraft.

There is a remarkable instance on record that the hangman of Vienna refused to perform his office on October 21, 1498. The execution had to be delayed until another hangman could be procured.¹ Another case is mentioned by Soldan.² Katharine Hensel of Feckelberg was sentenced to die in June, 1576, but when at the place of execution she pleaded her innocence, the hangman refused to execute her. The case was referred to the Palsgrave George John of Veldenz who after a careful examination of the trial ordered an acquittal and condemned the township Feckelberg to bear the costs.³

The famous Erasmus of Rotterdam published a letter in the year 1500 in which he spoke of devil-contracts as an invention made by the witch prosecutors; but his satire had no effect; for, in the meantime, fagots were constantly burning all over Europe.

The first successful attempt—successful only temporarily and in a limited degree—of stopping witch prosecution came from a Protestant physician, Johannes Weier (Latin "Wierus" or "Piscinarius"). He was born in Grave, 1515, had studied medicine in

¹Schlager, *Wiener Skizzen aus dem Mittelalter*, II., n. F., p. 35; mentioned by Roskoff, II., p. 294; König and others.

²*Hexenprocesse*, p. 255.

³Quoted in *Neue Zustände* of the German translation of Weier's *De præstigiis demonum*.

Paris, and travelled in Africa, where, as he tells us, he had had a good opportunity of studying sorcery. Then he went to Crete, and on his return was elected body-physician to Duke William of Cleves. His work of six books, *De prestigiis Dæmonum et incantationibus ac Veneficiis*, appeared in 1563. He still believes in the Devil and in magic, but he rejects the possibility of witchcraft and compacts with the Devil. He boldly accuses monks and clergymen of being, under the pretext of serving religion, most zealous servants of Beelzebub. William, Duke of Cleves, Frederic, Count of Palatine, and the Count of Nürwenar, followed Weier's advice and suppressed all witch prosecution.

Twenty years after Weier another heroic man, a Protestant, named Meyfart, rector of the Latin school of Coburg, raised his voice of warning. His booklet was a sermon of "Admonitions to the powerful princes and the conscientious preachers," by which word he meant the Dominican fathers who were the official witch prosecutors. He reminded them of the day of judgment, when they would be held to account for every torture and tear of their victims.

Weier and Meyfart made a deep impression. But a reaction followed. How little, after all, Weier succeeded in conquering the belief in witchcraft, which he had temporarily shaken, can be learned from the fact that in the Protestant Electorate of Saxony a criminal ordinance was issued in the year 1572 which threatens all people making a compact with the Devil "to be brought from life to death on the fagot."

Witch prosecution continued unabated, yet it is noteworthy that even authors advocating their practice now begin to demand greater care and more circumspection. As an instance we mention Thomas Erastus, a Heidelberg physician, in his work *De lamiis et strigibus*, 1577, which is a new digest of the contents of the Witches' Hammer in the form of a dialogue. Other defenders of witchcraft of the same period, however, were as fierce and superstitious as ever; such were Jean Bodin, a Frenchman, the Germans, Scribonius, a professor of Marburg, Peter Binsfeld, the Suffragan Bishop of Treves, and especially Judge Nicolaus Remigius, the author of the *Dæmonolatria*.

Cornelius Loos, a canonicus and professor at the University of Treves and a devout Catholic Christian, was unfortunate enough to be more clear-headed than his bishop, Peter Binsfeld. Recognising the baseness of judges in the cases of witchcraft he wrote a book *De vera et falsa magia*. The book was never published; it was stopped in the press and its author sent to prison. In 1593 Loos was forced to recant on his knees before the assembled dignitaries of the Church. He died in 1595 by the plague, which probably saved him from an execution at the stake. Loos's manuscript was supposed to be lost but was discov-

ered of late by Prof. George Lincoln Burr of Cornell University.¹

Adam Tanner² (1572-1632), and Paul Laymann (1575-1635), two Jesuits of South Germany, strongly advised the judges to be very careful in lawsuits against witches. When death overtook Tanner on a journey in a little place called Unken, the parishioners refused to grant him a Christian burial, because a "hairy little imp" was found among his things on a glass plate. It was an insect prepared for the microscope.³ The curate of Enken, however, succeeded in convincing his congregation of the harmless nature of the "imp," and they at last consented to the interment in their cemetery.

Most touching is the narrative of another Jesuit, a noble-minded man, who takes a prominent place among the strugglers against the dreary superstition of burning witches. This man is Friedrich Spee von Langenfeld (1591-1635), a poet and the author of a collection of songs called *Trutznachtigall* (spite nightingale), whose warnings remained unheeded, "as a voice crying in the wilderness." His "*Cautio criminalis*" (published anonymously⁴ in 1631) was an appeal, much needed at the time, to the German authorities anent their legal proceedings against witches.

Spee was engaged in Franconia as pastor, and had prepared not fewer than two hundred persons accused of witchcraft for their death at the stake. Scarcely thirty years of age, he was asked one day by Philip of Schoenborn, Bishop of Würzburg, why his hair had turned gray. "Through grief," he said. "Of the many witches whom I prepared for death, not one was guilty." The reply must have burnt in the soul of the questioner, for ever after Philip of Schoenborn remained under its influence. Spee confessed to the Bishop that he was the author of the "*Cautio criminalis*," and the Bishop did not betray the confidence of the young Jesuit.

Says Spee in his "*Cautio criminalis*":

"In these proceedings no one is allowed to have legal assistance or defence, however honest it may be. For it is claimed that it is a *crimen exceptum*, such a crime as is not subject to the rules of ordinary legal proceedings. And even if an attorney were allowed, he would from the beginning become suspicious himself, as a patron and protector of witches, so that all mouths are shut and all pens blunted, and one can neither speak nor write. . . . I swear solemnly that of the many persons whom I accompanied to the stake, there was not one who could be said to have been duly convicted; and two other pastors made me the same confession from their experience. Treat the heads of the Church, the judges, myself, in the same way, as those unfortunate ones, let us undergo the same tortures, and you will convict us all as wizards."

¹ See *New York Evening Post*, Nov. 13, 1885.

² Sometimes spelled "Thanner." See König, ib. II., p. 572, and Roskoff, II., p. 308.

³ König says it was a mosquito, and Roskoff a flea.

⁴ That Spee von Langenfeld was the author of the "*Cautio criminalis*" was discovered by Leibnitz.

Spee did not deny the possibility of witchcraft; he was a faithful believer in the dogmas held by the Church of his age. He merely objected to the abuses of witchcraft and recommended clemency.

Philip of Schoenborn became Archbishop of Mayence, and to his honor be it said that under his government no fagots were lit.

In Holland witch prosecution abated in 1610; in Geneva, Switzerland, it ceased in 1632.

Christine, Queen of Sweden, as the first act after her accession to the throne, issued a proclamation on February 16, 1649, which applied also to all the Swedish possessions on German soil, to stop all proceedings of the Inquisition and witch prosecution. Gabriel Naudé, a Frenchman (he died 1680), wrote against witch prosecution, and, although the Parliament of France which convened at Rouen insisted on the existence of witchcraft and on the necessity of the capital punishment of witches, Louis XIV. decreed in 1672 to dismiss all cases of witchcraft. To be sure, he re-introduced the law of capital punishment of witches in 1683, but did not fail to limit the power of the judges.

In England witch prosecution abated in the year 1682. Glanville, a fanatic Englishman of Somerset, felt himself called upon to refute the writings of Gabriel Naudé and found many followers, but Dr. Webster, a physician, stood up against Glanville's superstitious propositions. Glanville thereupon proceeded to hunt witches, but the English Government ordered Mr. Hunt, a justice of the peace, of Somerset, to stop him.

Horst (in his *Zauberbibl.*, VI., 310) publishes a strange instance of the fanaticism of the seventeenth century which appeared anonymously under the title *Druten-Zeitung*, in 1627, praising in poor verses the great deeds of the Inquisition. According to Horst's authority, they are written by a Protestant who expresses his joy and gratitude to God that in the adjoining Catholic countries the extirpation of witchcraft had been a success. Thus it is apparent, that in spite of Weier and Spee, the idea of witchcraft and of the necessity of witch prosecution was still deeply rooted in the minds of the people.

At the end of the seventeenth century the polemics against the belief in the Devil began to grow bolder and ever bolder. A Dutch physician, Anton van Dale, no longer attributes the pagan oracles to the influence of the Devil, but to priestly fraud (*De oraculis Ethnicorum*, Amsterdam, 1685), and set the people to thinking on witch prosecution (see his work *Dissertationes de origine ac progressu Idololatriæ*, etc., 1696). He thus prepared the way for the two great reformers Bekker and Thomasius, who openly and squarely denounced witchcraft as a superstition and at last suc-

ceeded in abolishing the official prosecutions of witches by the authorities of State and Church.

Balthasar Bekker, a Dutch clergyman of German descent, published in 1691-1693 a work entitled "The Enchanted World" (*De betoverde Wereld*), which was a thorough and careful examination of the belief in devils, witches, and the legal suits conducted against witches. Bekker is a faithful Christian who undertakes to prove that the existence of a personal Devil is a superfluous assumption. His book is a formidable attack upon the Inquisition and its habits of ensnaring its innocent victims. And the success of the book was as great as it was deserved. Within two months four thousand copies were sold. And yet did Bekker fail to convince his contemporaries. A flood of refutations appeared, and the synod to whom he presented his work, a Protestant body, condemned his views and discharged him from the ministry.

The seeds sown by Bekker were reaped by Christian Thomasius (1656-1718), professor at the University of Halle, who waged a relentless war against witch prosecution. He denied the bodily corporeality of the Devil, which serves him as an argument to deny the possibility of making a compact with him. His main writings are *Dissertatio de crimine magiæ* and *De origine et progressu processus inquisitorii contra sagas*.

Thomasius was more successful than his predecessors. All official witch prosecutions ceased, and the Devil was no longer an object of universal awe. King Frederick the Great of Prussia was the first who followed England's example to forbid the application of any kind of torture in legal proceedings.¹

The Inquisition was still in existence during the first quarter of the nineteenth century in Spain, a country distinguished by its ultra-Roman conception of Christianity.

When in 1808, after the battle of Ramosiera, the French troops under General La Salle conquered Toledo, they opened the dungeons of the Inquisition. The cells were dark and unclean holes, scarcely large enough to allow a man to stand upright, and most of the prisoners that were brought up to daylight had become stiff and crippled by the maltreatment of the torturers. Unhappily they and their liberators, a detached troop of lancers, were cut off by a furious mob of Spaniards from the main body of the French army. General La Salle hurried to their rescue but came too late; he found only the mangled bodies of the slaughtered.

¹The last remnant of the application of torture in Prussia is a simple wooden box, still preserved in the castle of Stettin. The judges had to deal with an obdurate criminal whose guilt in matters of forgery was apparent but he could not be prevailed upon to confess. In obedience to the order of Frederick the Great, the judges did not dare to extort a confession; but they had a coffin-like box made in which the delinquent was placed, leaving his head free and causing him no direct pain. It is reported that he confessed within twenty-four hours.

In a subterranean vault General La Salle found a wooden statue of the holy virgin dressed in silk, her head surrounded with a golden halo, her right hand holding the standard of the Inquisition. She was fair to look at, but her breast was covered with spiked armor; and her arms and hands were movable by machinery concealed behind the statue. The servants of the Inquisition explained to General La Salle that it was used for bringing heretics to confession. The delinquent received the sacrament at the altar in the presence of the dimly illumined statue, and was once more requested to confess. Then two priests led him to the statue of the *Madre dolorosa* which miraculously seemed to welcome him by extending her arms. "She beckons you to her bosom," they said; "in her arms the most obdurate sinner will confess," whereupon the arms closed, pressing their victim upon the spikes and knives.

Napoleon I. suppressed the Inquisition (in Spain December 4, 1808, and in Rome one year later), but it was revived by Ferdinand VII., King of Spain, June 21, 1813. Its last victims were a Jew who was burned, and a Quaker school-master who was hanged in 1826.

In the middle of the eighteenth century Pater John Joseph Gassner, vicar of Klösterle in Coire, a Roman Catholic clergyman, acted on the theory that the majority of diseases arose from demoniacal possession and he cured himself and his parishioners by exorcism. The success of his cures made a great stir in the world and threatened a dangerous reaction. Some declared he was a charlatan, while others believed in him.

Mesner, at the request of the Elector of Bavaria, made investigations and said that he explained his miracles as spiritualistic magnetic influences, while Lavater maintained that the curative element consisted solely in the glorious name of Jesus. Gassner lived some time in Constance, afterwards in Ratisbon, partly protected, partly distrusted by his ecclesiastical superiors. In 1775 he went to Amberg, then to Sulzbach, where the halo of his miraculous cures waned. The Prince-Bishop of Ratisbon declared in his favor, but Emperor Joseph II. forbade his exorcisms in the whole Roman empire. The Archbishops of Prague and Salzburg rejected him, and even Pope Pius VI. disapproved of him.

Gassner's exorcisms renewed the interest taken in the problem of the existence of the Devil. The question was discussed in several publications, among which we mention "a humble petition for information to the great men who do no longer believe in a Devil," written anonymously from the orthodox standpoint by Professor Köster, of Giessen, editor of a religious periodical. It was answered in another pamphlet: "Humble reply of a country-clergyman," whose au-

thor claims that the biblical Satan is an allegory, idols are called "nothings" in Hebrew, and the Devil is one of these nothings. He offers rationalistic explanations of the Bible, representing, for instance, the tempter of Christ as "a sly messenger and spy of the synagogue," and declaring the theory of a Devil to be idolatry disguised in orthodoxy, and a sublimated Manicheism. The author concludes: "I had rather that the people fear God than the Devil. The fear of God is the beginning of wisdom, but the fear of the Devil, whatever be its results, is no Christian adornment."

The number of anti-diabolists increased rapidly, even among the clergy; yet the belief in a personal Devil remained the orthodox view, and if we are not mistaken it is still regarded as an essential dogma of the Christian faith by many theologians, especially among those who display a contempt for worldly culture and secular science.

AN AMERICAN GIRL.

BY KENNETH ADAIR.

THERE had been a lively discussion on the veranda on the much mooted question of "The Attitude of the American Woman toward Labor," and we had listened with amusement to the sallies, half-satirical, half-humorous, of a tall girl whose large brown eyes looked out from a perfectly untroubled countenance. As she rose with a low-voiced "Good night" I turned to Fitzedward and exclaimed, "There is a woman whom I will venture never knew a care!"

"You are wrong, Kenneth, that girl has drunk the cup of sorrow to its bitterest dregs, and has felt the keenest smart that poverty can inflict."

I was interested and begged the story which I knew must lie behind my friend's grave words. He gave it in substantially these words:

"I will not dwell upon the story of her deeper griefs, sorrow is sacred; suffice it to say that almost penniless she came to Cleveland and began an unavailing search for employment as a stenographer, and at length found herself footsore and weary with scarce a penny in her pocket and no prospect of work before her. She had lived upon one scanty meal a day for over two weeks, and now she wondered vaguely how much longer her strength would last, and why the universal verdict of mankind had been that it is better 'for the mind to suffer the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune.' She smiled as she thought how often she had stood before her school in days that were past and told the pupils how the world needed the trained mind and the willing hand, and now with the best training the best schools afford, she was upon the verge of starvation, while the weary miles she had walked that day in search of employ-

ment attested her willingness to labor. The next day and the next she sought work, but she had become too weak to take the tests imposed in our city offices, and the confusion of hunger caused her to write with trembling hand and transcribe inaccurately.

"At length she passed a café where help was needed, and going in applied for work. 'Have you ever "waited table"?' was asked. A shudder seized her at the thought of any of her friends happening in and finding her 'waiting table,' as the manager phrased it. 'No,' she replied, 'but I can wash dishes rapidly,' bitterly reflecting how she had rebelled in girlhood when called upon to wash the china and silverware at home. With rare courtesy the manager did not ask her name, but gave her the work she desired, and for two weeks she washed dishes for her meals and continued her search for work as a stenographer.

"One day she came into the café, and extending her hand told the manager that she had found work at last, and thanked him for his kindness. For months afterward she took her lunch at the café, and for several weeks it was noticed that her check was larger than her meal would justify. Once only the manager ventured to remonstrate. 'I choose to pay for my former meals in this way,' she said. 'But you worked for them,' he urged. 'Forget it,' was the proud response, 'Forget that I have ever been here, save as a customer!' and he was fain to obey.

"My sister to whom she told the story in a burst of confidence one day, asked why she did not borrow money from some friend. 'My physician,' was the reply, 'at that time gave me but little hope of my ever regaining my strength, and what if I had died and left an unpaid debt! I might have applied to a minister in Cleveland to whom I had loaned money, and to whose salary I had subscribed liberally in former years, but,' smiling bitterly, 'I was neither criminal nor an outcast, and wanted work, not charity.'"

"That is the very point," I exclaimed, "if one-tenth of the effort was put forth to save those who are willing to work from drifting into crime through enforced idleness, that is wasted in trying to reform the naturally vicious . . ."

"Such people do not drift into crime, Kenneth," broke in Fitzedward in his impetuous way, "they simply die by inches of spiritual starvation and outraged sensibilities."

Then followed a prolonged discussion, for Fitzedward is positive, not to say obstinate, as well as impulsive, and I mildly, but firmly, decline to be convinced against my better judgment.

At length I recurred to the brown-eyed girl and asked Fitzedward how she preserved that serene look and manner.

There was a little quiver in Fitzedward's voice, "Oh, we all wear our mask in the world's eye; this girl has hers better adjusted than the most of us, is all, I fancy."

BOOK NOTICES.

The third volume of the Harvard Oriental Series is entitled *Buddhism in Translations* and is by Henry Clarke Warren. It contains, in five chapters, collections of translated passages from various Pali sources, many of which have never as yet appeared in any European language. It is the most valuable collection relating to Southern Buddhism that has yet appeared in English, French, or German. The first chapter contains passages on Buddha, the second on sentient existence, the third on karma and rebirth, the fourth on meditation and Nirvana, and the fifth on the order of Buddhist monks. Each chapter is prefaced by a very brief introductory discourse containing important hints. The diligence of the author is stupendous and the system of the collection is admirable. The book will prove indispensable to any one interested in Buddhism, and considering the popularity of the subject we are glad to notice the price is only \$1.20. This is cheap for a big volume of five hundred and twenty pages, printed in the best style, on the best paper, and in good cloth binding. The Harvard Oriental Series could scarcely offer the book for this price if it were published by a business-house that must look out for its business-interests. It appears to be a foundation in the interest of spreading knowledge among the people. The editor of the Series is Charles Rockwell Lanman, Professor of Sanskrit in Harvard University.

A review of Mr. Warren's Book on Buddhism will appear in the next number of *The Monist*.

LATIN MASTERED IN SIX WEEKS. A New Method of Teaching the Language. By C. T. DeBrisay, B. A. Fourth Edition. Toronto: C. M. Ellis. 1895. Pages, 27.

A suggestive pamphlet full of good hints and worthy of consideration for all those who teach either Latin or Greek, or any of the dead languages.

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THE STRENGTH OF BEAUTY.

BY PROF. WOODS HUTCHINSON.

I.

IF THERE be anything in the universe which is universally regarded as weak, fragile, and incapable of protecting itself, it is beauty. Beauty is the wing of the butterfly, the petal of the flower, which shrivels at a touch or a breath, and can only be preserved by packing in down or covering with a glass case; how, then, can it be said to have any connexion with "strength"? Moreover, it is essentially transitory, evanescent, here to-day, gone to-morrow, like the bloom upon the peach, or the blush of the rose, and what strength can there be without stability? Nay, so superficial and so fleeting is it that we are gravely warned against it by moralists of all creeds as something positively deceitful, a snare and a delusion to those who permit themselves to gaze upon it with pleasure. In short, nothing could be more universally and unanimously discredited officially, and yet—and yet—it drags everybody and everything at its chariot wheels, including the moralist himself.

By a strange inconsistency we decry it, and yet we desire it above all things. Which is genuine and well founded, our instinctive attraction to it, or our distrust of it? The former by all means, the latter is but a survival of the priestly distrust of everything in nature. From a naturalistic standpoint we do not hesitate to assert that beauty is one of the strongest and holiest influences in the world. It is nature's stamp of approval, her certificate of strength, of wholesomeness, and of purity. Whenever an object or organism reaches a certain degree of perfection, beauty inevitably results.

That beauty is a mark and sign of strength and vigor, needs but little illustration or defence. Of all that family of giants, the great elemental forces, the storm, the flood, the frost-king, midnight with its terrors, the avalanche, the forest fire, none can for a moment compare in strength with the sweet golden sunlight, the loveliest and the strongest thing in the world. And it is a singular coincidence that that metal which was first prized solely on account of its golden hue, wearing the colors of the sun-god, as it was believed, has since been proved by the univer-

sal experience of the race, to be the toughest and most indestructible of them all, not only the most beautiful but one of the most useful and most valuable of the metals. Next to the glamour of the sunshine, the most charming, the most grateful thing to the eye of man is the sweet green of the grass, as it robes the hillsides, and carpets the meadows, or gems the lawn. Nothing could appear more fragile, more exquisite than its host of tiny spears, rippling before every breeze, and shrivelling at the touch of the frost. "To-day it is—to-morrow it is cast into the oven," and yet its march is as irresistible as that of an army with banners—and its life-time longer than that of the granite rocks. It pushes itself everywhere that a patch of soil, the thickness of paper, is to be found, and tiny tho' it is, it slowly but surely strangles the giant weeds one after the other: the nettle, the burdock, the tare, nay,—even the thorn and the young oak or maple. Gentlest and loveliest of the herbs of the field, it is also the most irresistible, while without it the human race could not exist a single generation.

Literally "all flesh is grass," in a far wider sense than the one intended by the psalmist.

In the animal kingdom illustrations of this relationship abound. Among the fishes, for instance, any artistic eye can at once pick out in an aquarium the active, vigorous, courageous fishes, those that will fight to the death, "game" as the angler emphatically calls them, simply by the sheen of their scales, and the graceful, willowly curves of their outlines.

Take the silvery, crimson-spangled trout, the glittering salmon, the steel-barred mackerel, and the gorgeous muskallonge, and contrast them with the yellow cat-fish, the clumsy carp, the slimy eel and the flabby cod, and comment is unnecessary; no need to put them on the end of a line to see which is the most vigorous.

Walk out into the open country and watch our feathered cousins as they flit or swoop about on their various errands and see if the swiftest and strongest will not pick themselves out by beauty either of color or form. There goes into that flowering shrub one of those winged gems, a humming bird, looking like a flying green electric spark with a feathered dynamo attached. A drop of pure beauty, and yet no steam-

engine of ten times his bulk could begin to do his work, and even the lordly eagle would be utterly incapable of keeping himself suspended in his fashion the live-long day. Compare the iris-hued neck and vivid colors of the swift-flying pigeon and ringdove with the dull colors and pudgy forms of the short-flying hedge-birds, the thrush, the robin, the wren.

What a difference between the bright colors and graceful lines of the sparrow-hawk and the sombre tints and shapeless mass of the screech-owl, between the superb eagle and the disgusting vulture.

* Among quadrupeds the rule still holds. The accepted emblems of strength, of ferocity, of fleetness are the horse, the tiger, the deer, and they are all three the most striking types of beauty, which can well be found. On the other hand, the recognised types of feebleness, of stupidity, and of slowness are the sheep, the ass, the sloth-bear, and here again the eye alone would promptly distinguish between the two groups. They look just what they are. Even in our own species, the superiority from a purely artistic standpoint of the Zulu over the Hottentot, the Arab over the Negro, the Anglo-Saxon over the Tasmanian is as marked as from a physical and an intellectual one.

In fact, in the bird or animal world, beauty *must* be strong and fleet to defend itself against, or escape from, the attention which it inevitably attracts and the desire which it excites.

The second thing that beauty stands for in nature's picture-writing is health and wholesomeness. Ruskin in a most brilliant passage has asserted the holiness of color, declaring it is a sign of sweetness and purity wherever found. And the Fifth Gospel emphatically supports his contention. The difference in significance between the clear, deep, sparkling blue of the cloudless sky with its promise of warmth and sunlight, of soft zephyrs and gentle dews, and that of the black, jagged storm-cloud or the dull, leaden pall which heralds the pitiless November rain is noticed by the merest child.

Take a handful of wet clay from the ruts of a country road in winter, and could anything be more unattractive, more depressing, more hopelessly useless? And yet, fuse that clay again and again in the crucible, each time rejecting the dross, subject it to high pressure and keep on refining until an absolutely pure, silicate of aluminium is reached, with every crystal of typical shape, and behold, instead of the muddy lump a clear, sparkling, blue gem of almost diamond hardness and value—the sapphire. Just as soon as absolute purity is reached, its “hall-mark” beauty appears, and with it hardness and value. Take a lump of dull black, grimy coal, and simply refine it

to its purest possible form, and behold, the diamond with its dazzling rays. Cover the fresh, green, wholesome grasses of the river-bottom by the muddy waters of the June freshet and you have in their place a reeking coat of slime, poisoning the whole air with its malarial vapors, and as offensive to both eye and nostril in its decay as it was attractive in its bloom. Let loose a bevy of children in a half-wild garden copse and they will come back with their little arms and chubby fists filled with roses and lilies, and stained with strawberries, leaving untouched with almost unerring instinct the nettles, the nightshades, and the toadstools.

The vast majority of edible and wholesome fruits are bright and attractive in coloring while the poisonous berries and fungi are usually dull and pale, if not actually repulsive in hue.

Nine-tenths of the bright-colored berries and fruits of our hedge-rows and copses are either edible or harmless; popular superstition to the contrary notwithstanding. Even in those families of plants which have poisonous members the color-line is the line of safety. Take, for instance, the *Solanum* family, and we have, on the one hand, the crimson globe of the tomato and the coral berries of scarlet *solanum*, both harmless and refreshing—and on the other hand, the dull-purple berries of the deadly nightshade with their leaden murderous hue, and the sickly, sallow, greenish-white of the poisonous potato-apple. Even in the tropics it is comparatively seldom that the traveller is lured to his destruction by the brilliant and seductive colors of strange fruits, although the general impression given by romantic literature is that the colors are there mainly for that special purpose. To such an extent has this theological prejudice been carried that a species was practically invented for the purpose of supporting it, and marvellous accounts are gravely related by the early Jesuit missionaries of a so-called “Upas tree,” with gorgeously attractive yellow and crimson fruit and shining, green leaves—but so intensely poisonous that not only was the mere taste of its fascinating fruit rapidly fatal, but even the odor of the tree itself, so that it was dangerous to sleep or even lie down under its shade. It is needless to say that while every region which it was declared to inhabit has been thoroughly explored, no such tree as the Upas or anything resembling it has ever been discovered by botanists, and yet this precious parable has been so industriously preached from the pulpit as a moral lesson upon the “deceitfulness of beauty,” that the name of this imaginary tree has become a household word and its Borgia-like reputation has done much to encourage, if not actually to cause that distrust of beauty which is so firmly rooted in the popular mind. Its true habitat, however, is the Garden of

Eden, of whose celebrated apple it is probably a lineal descendant.

In the animal kingdom the same rule holds, for while great beauty is often associated with ferocity, yet this latter is only occasional, and the habitual murderers, the professional assassins and liars-in-wait, like the alligator, the rattlesnake, the puff-adder, and the shark, bear the brand of Cain on every inch of their surface—in their dull, muddy, blotchy colors, uncouth or hideous shapes and general repulsiveness of appearance.

Further than this the physiologist and the biologist unite in asserting the sweeping dictum "No life without color"! In the plant world the universal emerald coloring-substance, chlorophyll, is not only the beauty but the very life-essence of the tissues. It is the powerful wizard through whose spells alone can the sun-god be conjured up to furnish the energy which we term "vital" and pile granule upon protoplasmic granule and cell upon cell. Life is simply embodied sun-light and *must* be beautiful like its source. The life-essence of the animal organism is ruby-red and its presence or absence is a well-known sign of health or of disease. We speak familiarly of "the ruddy hue of health" and the pale and sickly cast of delicacy or disease. The ashy cheek of the consumptive, the muddy, earthy hue of the skin in kidney disease or cancer, the sallow, saffron tints of jaundice, the sickly green of anæmia, speak for themselves to any eye that is not color-blind. The coloring of the healthy skin, hair, and eye is fresh, warm, and vivid, the tints of disease of every sort, of gangrene, of ulceration, of suffocation, the hues of death and decomposition, are dull, cold, and ghastly. Filth and famine, pestilence and decay, are all alike, either colorless or repulsive in hue. "The pestilence that walketh in darkness" is in its appropriate environment.

Browning goes not a whit too far when he declares:

"If you get beauty and naught else beside,
You get about the best thing God invents."

Beauty is God's own trade-mark, and they that bear it not in their foreheads, be they cowed inquisitor or filthy fakir, colorless nun, or sexless and shapeless monk, sadly-sober Puritan or harlequin Salvationist, haggard and sallow-cheeked Mammon-worshipper or flat chested and bespectacled female apostle of "Culture," are to that extent none of His. And yet not a few of His avowed children hold it a thing to be rigidly avoided in their dress, persons, and even surroundings. "Beauty is deceitful and favor is vain" is their cry. This ascetic denial of the holiness of beauty has led to as sad excesses as even its licentious deification in the Attic decadence.

So far we have been mainly considering beauty of color, as an index, but when we come to regard beauty of form, its significance is at once even more obvious and striking. The chief element in beauty of outline is symmetry, and symmetry simply means balance, equipoise, efficiency, and generally either speed or strength. The second important element is the curve, and the curve essentially denotes elasticity, movement, vigor.

A thoroughbred race-horse can almost invariably be picked out of a mob of ordinary horses, simply by the long and graceful curves of his neck, loin, and quarters, and the general beauty and symmetry of his figure. That beauty of form is usually associated with great speed, strength or intelligence, and generally with all three among the lower animals, will be readily admitted, but that the same rule holds true in our own species, even in these over-civilised days, will be equally promptly doubted, if not denied. And yet I venture to assert that a careful study of the elements which make for beauty in the human body as a whole and in its various parts, will amply prove this position.

Take the highest form of beauty of which our bodies are capable, the grace of carriage, of bearing, the poetry of motion, and it essentially consists of and depends upon the rippling, springy vigor of muscle, combined with the broad, deep chest of good lung-power, the thin flanks of endurance, the wide hips and well-rounded thighs of weight-carrying form, the straight back held in place by the powerful bow-string of loin-muscles. The woman who possesses the exquisite charm of a graceful bearing, the man who "carries himself well," will be found in nine cases out of ten to be possessed of distinctly greater strength, speed or endurance than their less attractive sisters and brothers of equal weight, age and training. We sometimes imagine that the tedious "setting-up drill" of all systems of military training is mainly for the purpose of giving the lines of the regiment a uniformly erect appearance upon parade, chiefly a matter of display, but this is far from the truth. On the contrary, it is insisted upon so invariably because the experience of countless generations has shown that the elements which make up an erect, "soldierly" bearing are the very ones which indicate the development of the highest possible degree of vigor, of speed and endurance.

The same will be found true of the various regions and parts of the body. We will begin with a region where the standards are supposed to be entirely at variance, the waist-line, whose flowing curves from arm-pit to hip are rightly regarded as forming the chief beauty of the trunk-outline. Fashion and popular taste demand simply a rapid inward slope to as

small a waist as possible, regardless of all other elements of the curve, which breaks abruptly below into a clumsy shelf-like projection. Physiology and hygiene denounce this as unhealthy and crippling. Beauty and health appear to be at loggerheads here. But it is only with a false ideal of beauty that there is any conflict. Call in the artist, the anatomist to decide the dispute, and he will instantly side with the physiologist. The ideas of "beauty" of the fashion-plate, the modiste, and Mrs. Grundy are often widely different from those of the artist, the architect, the naturalist, and it is with the latter only that we are concerned. We may well paraphrase Madame Roland and exclaim: "Oh Beauty, what crimes are committed in thy name!" In the vast majority of these conflicts between beauty and common sense the fault lies in a false ideal of beauty. The ideal waist of the artist is that of the Venus de Milo, and every line of it fulfils to perfection the demands of the hygienist for the highest lung-power combined with ease and vigor of movement.

Another similar instance of conflict between grace and efficiency is that between the popular and hygienic ideals of a beautiful foot. These differ widely indeed. The popular demand in a feminine foot is that it shall be a narrow-pointed, elongated body, curved, or, more accurately, humped into a nearly horseshoe-shaped arch, the pillars of which are within a few inches of each other and consist of the compressed tips of the inner toes and a high, narrow heel brought forward almost directly under the center of gravity. Its functions as an organ of support and locomotion are ruthlessly disregarded, and instead of a series of long, low, graceful arches it is distorted into the resemblance of a link of sausage pointed at one end, or a banana in convulsions.

The physician, the skilled pedestrian denounce it as deformed, useless, painful and almost disabled, and again the artist cordially unites in their attack and demands the very same outlines that they do.

The plan of the healthy, natural foot is an exquisite combination of arches, one long and low from the heel to the balls of the toes, the other short and high crossing this at right angles a little in front of the ankle joint. These are composed mainly of a number of wedge-shaped bones, but there is little that is "bony" or rigid about them, as their form is mainly preserved by the tension of three muscles of the leg whose tendons attach themselves to both the upper and under surface of their keystones in a most ingenious manner, if we may use such a term with becoming reverence. Thus the weight of the body is naturally supported upon the intersection of two graceful, yielding, living suspension-arches hung upon elastic cables of muscle, which by their expansion and con-

traction give a beautiful, springy elasticity to the gait. But in order to do this they must, like all other springs, expand so that the foot ought to become markedly both longer and wider when weight is placed upon it. For this change in form the modern "pretty" shoe makes absolutely no adequate provision, and not only this, but by throwing a ridiculous peg-shaped heel far forward, to give an appearance of shortness to the foot, the longitudinal arch is completely broken, the weight thrown directly upon the sensitive instep, and the centre of gravity of the whole body disturbed. The elasticity of the gait is destroyed, just as if a block of wood had been wedged between the flanges of a carriage-spring.

The physiologist demands a long, low, gently arching slope from heel to toes, with a broad, graceful, fan-like expansion across the ball of the foot, and this is precisely the form which has been immortalised by Du Maurier in "*les beaux pieds de Trilby*." Mechanically the human foot is one of the most exquisitely adjusted, effective, and enduring instruments in the world, it will run down and tire out any hoof, pad or paw that moves. Artistically for beauty of outline, harmony of curves, dimples and grace of movement it is equally unsurpassed. Here again beauty and strength go hand in hand, and fashionable deformity and feebleness.

The beauty of finely-moulded shoulders and rounded arms and tapering wrist is dependent not upon the form of the bones nor even upon the amount of adipose or fatty tissue—mere plumpness is not beauty, but upon the live contour and rippling grace of muscle.

So much so is this the case, that it is probable that our décolleté form of evening dress has in spite of the denunciations heaped upon it by both the moralist and the medical faculty been a most powerful influence in elevating the standard of vigor and improving the physique of the women of our better classes.

As for beauty of complexion, although universally decried as only "skin deep," in its natural and only truly attractive form, it forms one of the best and most reliable indices of health and vigor. It may be imitated, but no paints, cosmetics, or local "treatments" of any sort can begin to reproduce the rich, warm, vivid depth of coloring, the translucent, creamy whiteness, and the velvety gloss of the surface, which is as absolutely dependent upon pure blood and springy muscle as a red June rose is upon its vigorous stem and roots in a fertile soil. A fine complexion instead of a mere surface-finish is the exquisite blossom of health and purity throughout the entire body and literally "goes to bone," as its counterpart, "ugliness," is proverbially declared to do. An artificial complexion usually deceives nobody but its wearer. In that

important realm of decorative art, dress, the coincidence between beauty and healthfulness is no less striking. From the Greek chiton and the Spanish mantilla to the graceful Persian divided skirt and mantle which the celebrated Worth kept hanging upon the walls of his studio as his ideal of the beautiful in feminine costume—the lines of artistic beauty and of hygienic utility coincide almost absolutely.

The corset, the bell-skirt with its street-cleaning attachment, the crippling multiplicity of petticoats and the ridiculous bustle are offences alike against the canons of art and the rules of health.

WITCHCRAFT AND MIRACLES.

A LATIN proverb says: "*Si duo faciunt idem, non est idem*" (if two do the same thing, it is not the same thing); and this is true not only of individuals, but also of nations and of religions. It is a habit common among all classes of people to condone the faults of their own kind but to be severe with those of others. The oracles of Delphi were divine to a Greek mind, but they were of diabolical origin according to the judgment of Christians. Jesus was a magician in the eyes of the pagans, while the Christians worshipped him as the son of God who performed miracles.

The priests of Pharaoh and Moses perform the same tricks, but the deeds of Moses alone are regarded as miracles, and the Israelites claim that he could accomplish more than the Egyptians. The Therapeutes and other Gnostics practised the healing of the sick by the laying on of hands and by praying, in somewhat the same way as the early Christians did. Simon Magus and his disciples were believed by the early Christians to possess power over demons;¹ but Simon was a competitor of the Apostles, and therefore his deeds were not regarded as divine. Before an impartial tribunal the methods and aspirations of both parties would resemble one another more than the one-sided statements of Christian authors at first sight seem to warrant. The accusation made against Simon by Luke, of having offered money to the Apostles for communicating to him the Holy Ghost, is as unreliable as the charges of pagan authors hurled against the Christians.

Minucius Felix puts the common notions, which in his days prevailed in Greece and Italy concerning the practices of the Christians, into the mouth of Cæcilius who describes them as a desperate class of vulgar men and credulous women threatening the welfare of mankind. He states that they are atheists, for they cherish a contempt for temples, spit at the gods, and ridicule religious ceremonies; that their own cult is a mixture of superstition and depravity; that they possess secret symbols by which they recog-

nise one another; that they call themselves brothers and sisters, and degrade these sacred words by sensuality. Further, it is said, that they adore a donkey's head, and that their worship is obscene. The libel culminates in the assertion that the reception of new members is celebrated by slaughtering and devouring a child covered all over with flour, which is an obvious perversion of the Communion, but Cæcilius declares that it is done because partnership in guilt is the best means of securing secrecy. Lastly, he adds, that on festival days they celebrate love feasts which after the extinction of the lights end with sexual excesses.

Similar accusations are found in various authors, and even the noble-hearted and high-minded Tacitus speaks of Christians with contempt.

Justinus Martyr in his *Apologia* makes the asseveration that the Christians are innocent, but leaves the question open whether the heretics, such as the Gnostics, might not be guilty of these abominations (App. II., p. 70), and Eusebius directly claims that the practices that prevailed among the heretics were the direct cause of the evil rumors concerning the life of the Christians.

While we must bear in mind that the moral rigidity of the Gnostics leaves upon the whole no doubt about the purity of their life, we may grant the probability of the presence of black sheep among them. But the same is true of the Christians, as we know for certain on the good authority of St. Paul who in his First Epistle to the Corinthians, after an enumeration of such sinners as will not inherit the kingdom (5, 8-11—the passage remains better unquoted) says, "and such were some of you." Accordingly, there can be no doubt about it that there were abuses in the Church of Corinth. St. Paul believes the rumor of a sin, "that is not so much as named among the Gentiles," and the Second Epistle is the best evidence that the Corinthians did not deny the facts. They repent, whereupon St. Paul recommends charity toward the main offender (2 Cor., ii, 6-11), saying: "To whom ye forgive anything, I forgive also."

The various aberrations among the Christians which were very apparent in many of their most prominent leaders, such as Constantine the Great, must not astonish us, because Christianity originated in an age of unrest, and the new movement was the centre of attraction for all kinds of eccentricity. In spite of various excrescences, we cannot but say, that Christianity opened to the world new vistas of truth. Represented by such men as St. Paul, it tended toward purity of heart; but the same is true of the Gnostics and the Manichees. The accusations on both sides rest mainly upon partisan statements and cannot be trusted, or at least must be used with due reserve. But it is natural that here as always, the same things

¹ *Iren. adv. haer.*, I., 20-21; *Justin Martyr*, App. II., pp. 69-70; *Ephraim ad. haer.*, XXII, 1; *Euseb.*, *H. E.*, II., p. 13.

are no longer the same when reported of people of another faith. Thus the virtues of the pagans are to St. Augustine only polished vices, and the heroism of Christian martyrs is mere obstinacy in the opinion of Roman prætors.

One of the most characteristic features of the prescientific age is man's yearning for the realisation of that which is unattainable by natural means. The belief in magic will inevitably prevail so long as the dualistic world-conception dominates the minds of the people, and in that period of civilisation supernatural deeds are expected as the indispensable credentials of all religious prophets. It is the age of miracles and witchcraft.

Miracles and witchcraft possess this in common that both are supposed to supersede the laws of nature, but there is this difference that the miracle is believed to be the supernatural power of one's own religion, while witchcraft is the miracle of heretics. Miracle is anything contra-natural that is legitimate; and witchcraft is the same thing, but illegitimate; the former is supposed to be done with the help of God, the latter with the help of Satan; the former is boasted of as the highest glory of the Church, the latter is denounced as the greatest abomination possible.

Now we know that wherever contra-natural feats are believed, there the strangest events will be experienced by those who are under the suggestion of the belief; and then at once a competition will originate between those who represent the established religion and others who perform, or pretend to perform, similar deeds. The former are prophets and saints, and they work miracles; the latter are wizards and witches, and their art is called witchcraft.

It is natural that wizards and witches are always represented as obnoxious, and it is said that their art is practised to injure the welfare of mankind. Nevertheless, some very mean deeds are counted as miracles, while good deeds if only performed by believers in other gods are branded as witchcraft.¹ Moreover, all priests are unanimous in condemning the application of charms and spells, except those of their own religion, even though they be used for the best and purest ends. A faith-cure by heretics would not be countenanced by the Church, but official processions with prayers and sprinkling of holy water were still employed in French Canada during a late small-pox epidemic.²

The belief in magic is a natural phase in the evolution of mankind. The medicine-man who dispels diseases by spells; the prophet who by an appeal to

his Deity (be it Baal, or El, or Javeh) undertakes to cause fire to fall from heaven, and to make rain; the medium who vaticinates or foretells fortunes and calls the dead from Spirit-Land: they all attempt to practise magic, and a religion that proposes to accomplish the salvation of man by miracles, be it the miracles of their founders or the continued miracles of church institutions, such as sacraments, pilgrimages, sprinkling of holy water, mass-reading, or other rites supposed to possess other than a purely symbolical significance, is a religion of magic. In brief, a religion of magic is based on a belief in the contra-natural, and as soon as a religion of magic becomes an established institution, it will develop the notion of witchcraft by a discrimination between its own miracles and those of other people who are unbelievers.

How similar the notions of legitimate and illegitimate miracles are, may be learned from the writings of Agrippa of Nettesheim (1486-1535), one of the greatest sages and philosophers of the age of the Reformation, who proclaimed that the perfection of philosophy could be attained by magic, which in distinction to black magic³ he called "natural" or "celestial" magic, and which, he assumed, leads to a perfect union with God. His book, *De Occulta Philosophia*, written in 1510 but published only in 1531, exhibits his belief in the possibility of creating hatred and love by spells, of discovering thieves, confounding armies, making thunderstorms and rain, all of which he expects to accomplish by magic through a mystical union with God. Witches are frequently accused of the very same feats, only that they were said to have performed them through the assistance of the Devil. In spite of the resemblance which Agrippa unconsciously had discovered between witchcraft and miracles, he remained unmolested, for his views were at the time commonly accepted. Nor would he ever have excited the hostility of the Papal party had he not lectured with fervor, at the University of Dôle, Burgundy (1509), on Reuchlin's book, *De Verbo Mirifico*, and had he not, in 1519, when Syndic at Metz, ventured to save the life of a witch that had fallen into the hands of the Inquisitor Nicolas Savini.⁴

Agrippa's celestial magic is not different from black magic; for both kinds of magic consist in the hope of contra-natural accomplishments. When after years of various disappointments Agrippa discovered that there was no magic, be it black or white, he came to the conclusion that there was no science. As the agnostic who, after having wrongly formulated the problems of philosophy, and finding his mind hopelessly entangled in confusion, pronounces the

¹ There are miracles attributed in the Christian Apocrypha even to Jesus himself, which would be criminal.

² Thus, in 1521, a physician of Hamburg was executed for witchcraft because he had saved the life of a babe which the midwife had given up as lost. See Soldan, *Hexenprocesse*, p. 326.

³ The idea and name of black magic originated from a corruption of the word necromancy into nigromancy.

⁴ *De Vanitate Scientiarum*, Chap. 96; *Epist. libr.*, II., pp. 38-40, quoted by Soldan, *Hexenprocesse*, p. 325.

dreary doctrine of the impossibility of knowledge, so Agrippa of Nettesheim began to despair not only of magic, but also of science; and he wrote, in 1526, his "Proposition about the Incertitude and Vanity of the Sciences and Arts; and about the excellence of the word of God."¹

All in all, we find that a religion of magic involves a belief in witchcraft. Where sacraments are employed as exorcisms, every attempt at exercising extraordinary powers is regarded not as impossible but as a lack of loyalty. Hence heresy and witchcraft are always declared to be closely allied, for witchcraft is nothing but the performance of miracles without the licence of an established Church, which claims to have a monopoly in supernaturalism.

The belief in and the prosecution of witchcraft are the necessary result of a firmly established religion of magic. All the religions of magic are naturally intolerant. As soon as one of them triumphs over its rivals, as soon as it is worked out into a systematic creed and organised in an institution such as the Church, it will, like all combinations or trusts, with all means at its command insure and perpetuate its supremacy. Considering that the mediæval Church was practically a religion of magic, witch prosecution was the inevitable result of the Pope's ascendancy, and it continued in Protestant countries as an heirloom of the Dark Ages so long as the belief in magic was retained.

The belief in witchcraft ceased naturally with the ascendancy of science. The more Christianity became imbued with the scientific spirit of the eighteenth century, the rarer became the fog, and the fires were at last extinguished forever. Nothing could stop the terrible mania for burning witches, neither the fear of future punishments for the tortures inflicted upon many innocent victims, nor the pangs of conscience that were now and then felt by the judges, nor Christian charity and love—there was only one remedy, viz., a clear insight into the nature of things revealing the impossibility of witchcraft; and that one remedy afforded an unflinching cure.

Those who doubt the religious import of science need only consider what science has done for mankind by the radical abolition of witch prosecution, and they will be convinced that science is not religiously indifferent, but that it is the most powerful factor in the purification of the religions of mankind. P. C.

THE BUDDHA GAYA CASE.

MR. H. DHARMAPALA, the fervid Buddhist and secretary of the Maha-Bodhi Society, has published a pamphlet in which he complains of the persecution that Buddhists have to suffer at

the hands of the British Government in India. It is difficult for us to understand the case, for the policy of the British Government has always been to enforce in religious questions a rigorous impartiality, and there is little probability that the English would unnecessarily increase the number of complications that they have on hand now. We quote a few passages without further comment.

There is a condensed statement of the case on page 6 which reads as follows:

"The Buddhists who visit Buddha-Gaya are put to great inconvenience for want of accommodation. There is no proper Rest-house, and to avoid all inconveniences the Maha-Bodhi Society decided to purchase the Maha-Bodhi village from the Tikari Raj. Since 1893 negotiations were carried on between our accredited representative and the Tikari Raj. Mr. Dhar-mapala appealed to the Buddhists of Siam, Japan, Burma, and Ceylon for funds. The sale of the land was advertised in the *Calcutta Gazette* of August 14, 1895, but it was postponed again for 20th January, 1896. The Buddhists of Siam raised a lac (100,000) of rupees and the Foreign Minister of Siam telegraphed to the Acting Siamese Consul in Calcutta to ascertain whether the land was for sale. The Siamese Consul inquired from the Chief Secretary to the Government of Bengal whether the land was for sale, and the Siamese Consul was informed that there was no truth in the report, and the Consul telegraphed to the Siamese Foreign Minister that there was 'No truth in the report.' Having given this incorrect information to the Siamese Foreign Minister, immediate steps were taken by the Chief Secretary to coerce the Tikari Raj Manager to break off the transaction and prevent the sale."

The Japanese had sent a Buddha statue to be deposited in the Bodhi-Gaya temple, but for some reason, unknown to us, it has now to be removed. This is the letter which contains the direction:

"To H. Dharmapala, Esq. Sir: Under instructions of the Commissioner of the Patna Division, I have the honor to request you will remove the Japanese Image of Buddha, now in the Burmese Rest-house in Bodhi-Gaya, from that place, and from the precincts of the Bodhi-Gaya Temple.

"2. If you do not comply with this request within one month from this date, the Government will take possession of the Image, and will deposit it in the Indian Museum in Calcutta, where it will remain until it is reclaimed on such conditions as the Government may think fit to impose. I have the honor to be, Sir, your most obedient servant,

"H. SAVAGE, District Magistrate, Gaya."

While we are sorry for the disappointment of Mr. Dharmapala in his endeavor to create a center of Buddhism in Buddha Gaya, that would be what Rome is to the Roman Catholics, Benares to the Hindus, and Mecca to the Mohammedans, we cannot help thinking that his failure will be for the best of the future of Buddhism. Religion does not consist in keeping sacred certain days, or places, or relics, or in making pilgrimages to holy shrines. There is little use in holding a historically sacred place which is situated in a country of unbelievers. The Christians can tell a story about this which ought to open the eyes of enthusiasts. The Crusades were a useless sacrifice of much money and blood for a phantom—the possession of Jerusalem as the most sacred spot of Christianity. While the restoration of Palestine under present conditions would be a comparatively easy affair to the Christian powers, it is not done and will never be done, because civilised mankind has outgrown the idea that there is any religious merit in pilgrimages. The possession of historically noteworthy spots is a matter of fancy and must be classed in the same category with the passion for making collections of curiosities.

¹De Incertitudine et Vanitate Scientiarum et Artium, atque Excellentia Verbi Dei Declamatio. Published in 1530.

Should Buddhists be anxious to do something for their religion that would restore to it its pristine glory and preserve its future vitality, they should found an institution for the education of Buddhist preachers. If our advice were sought, we should propose to invest the money destined for the restoration of a spot of soil near the Buddha Gaya, in stipends to be given to promising youths willing to study Buddhism in the light of Western philosophy and modern criticism. It would not be expensive to buy or rent a little cottage in one of the best American university towns (for instance in Cambridge, Mass., where Professor Lanman at present holds the chair of Pāli) and to provide for the reception of Buddhist students who would avail themselves of the advantages of Western science. Buddhists should at the same time study Christianity in its most advanced form, its tendencies and methods, its mode of worship by sermons, and songs, and charitable and social institutions, together with its missionary propaganda. Least of all should a study of the natural sciences be neglected, especially psychology and all those branches that bear on the doctrine of evolution.

Should Buddhist students from Japan, Ceylon, or Siam live in a Buddhist home, they would be able to preserve their home habits, and yet imbibe all those influences which would infuse new life and higher aspirations into the Buddhist religion. They would be missionaries of Buddhism to Christians, and would take back to their various Buddhist countries the spiritual blessings of Christian nations.

NON-EXISTENCE.

BY CHARLES SLOAN REID.

One single, awful second—
And mighty ages roll,
The dusts of many million years,
Through nature's staid control,
Pass and re-pass from earth to life,
And pay successive toll.

One painless, blissful second—
And aged swans have sung
Ten thousand thousand farewell songs
To their succeeding young:
And still that blissful second lasts,
While systems fall, unstrung.

NOTES.

The Sanghamitta Girl's School is a college for Buddhist girls and it is the only one that gives them a higher education in Ceylon. It has been established six years, and is supported by contributions from Buddhists who sympathise with the cause of female education. The Principal, Louisa R. Ratnaweera, calls for help from those who sympathise with the cause of woman's education, and will be pleased to receive contributions for this purpose. Communications may be addressed to the President of the Women's Educational Society of Ceylon, Mrs. Mallika Hevavritama (Mr. Dharmapala's mother), or to H. S. Perera, Esq., Manager of *The Buddhist*, 61 Maliban street, both Colombo, Ceylon.

Some time ago we mentioned the Musaeus School and Orphanage for Buddhist Girls of Colombo, Ceylon, conducted by Mrs. Mary Higgins, a native German lady, *née* Musaeus, who is a descendant of a patrician Frankfort family, the same to which the well-known poet Musaeus, the author of the Musaeus Fairy Tales, belongs. Mrs. Higgins devotes her whole life to the education of Buddhist girls and is now publishing a little magazine entitled *Rays of Light* bearing the motto, "Be just and fear not." We must add that the anti-vivisectional tendency is unduly prominent. Subscription terms, 1s 6d. or Rs. 1.25.

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HOW SECULARISM WAS DIFFUSED.

BY GEORGE JACOB HOLYOAKE.

"Only by varied iteration can alien conceptions be forced on reluctant minds."

—Herbert Spencer.

IN 1853 the Six Night Discussion took place in Cowper Street School Rooms, London, with the Rev. Brewin Grant, B. A. A report was published by Partridge and Oakley at 2s. 6d., of which 45,900 were sold, which widely diffused a knowledge of Secularistic views. Our adversary had been appointed with clerical ceremony, on a "Three years mission" against us. He had wit, readiness, and an electric velocity of speech, boasting that he could speak three times faster than any one else. But he proved to be of use to us without intending it,

"His acrid words
Turned the sweet milk of kindness into curds,"

whereby he set many against the cause he represented. He had the cleverness to see that there ought to be a "Christian Secularism," which raised Secularism to the level of Christian curiosity. In Glasgow, in 1854, I met Mr. Grant again during several nights discussion in the City Hall. This debate also was published, as was one of three nights with the Rev. J. H. Rutherford (afterwards Dr. Rutherford) in Newcastle on Tyne, who aimed to prove that Christianity contained the better Secularism. Thus that new form of free thought came to have public recognition.

The lease of a house, 147 Fleet Street, was bought (1852), where was established a Secular Institute, connected with printing, book-selling, and liberal publishing. Further conferences were held in July, 1854, one at Stockport. At an adjourned conference Mr. Joseph Barker (whom we had converted) presided.¹ We had a London Secular Society which met at the Hall of Science, and held its Council meetings in Mr. Le Blond's handsome house in London Wall. This work, and much more, was done before and while Mr. Bradlaugh (who afterwards was conspicuously identified with the free-thought movement) was in the army.

It was in 1854 that I published the first pamphlet on "Secularism the Practical Philosophy of the People." It commenced with showing the necessity of

independent, self-helping, self-extricating opinions. Its opening passage was as follows:

"In a state of society in which every inch of land, every blade of grass, every spray of water, every bird and flower has an owner, what has the poor man to do with orthodox religion which begins by proclaiming him a miserable sinner, and ends by leaving him a miserable slave?" as far as unrequited toil goes.

"The poor man finds himself in an armed world where might is God, and poverty is fettered. Abroad the hired soldier blocks up the path of freedom, and the priest the path of progress. Every penniless man, woman, and child is virtually the property of the capitalist, no less in England than was the slave in New Orleans.¹ Society blockades poverty, leaving it scarce escape. The artisan is engaged in an imminent struggle against wrong and injustice; then what has he the struggler, to do with doctrines which brand him with inherited guilt, which paralyse him by an arbitrary faith, which denies saving power to good works, which menaces him with eternal perdition?"

The two first works of importance, controverting Secularist principles, were by the Rev. Joseph Parker and Dr. J. A. Langford; Dr. Parker was ingenious, Dr. Langford eloquent. I had discussed with Dr. Parker in Banbury. In his *Six Chapters on Secularism*² which was the title of his book, he makes pleasant references to that debate. The *Christian Weekly News* of that day said: "These Six Chapters have been written by a young provincial minister of great power and promise, of whom the world has not yet heard, but of whom it will hear pleasing things some day." This prediction has come true. I had told Mr. Freeman that the "young preacher" had given me that impression in the discussion with him. Dr. Parker said in his first Chapter that, "If the New Testament teachings oppose our own consciousness, violate our moral sense, lead us out of sympathy with humanity, then we shall abandon them." This was exactly the case of Secularism which he undertook to confute. Dr. Langford held a more rational religion than Dr. Parker. His *Answer*, which reached a "second thou-

¹ Not altogether so. The English slave can run away—at his own peril.

² Published by my, then, neighbour, William Freeman, of 69 Fleet Street, himself an energetic, pleasant-minded Christian.

sand, had passages of courtesy and friendship, yet he contented with graceful vigor against opinions—three-fourths of which justified his own.

In an address delivered Sept. 29, 1851, I had said that, "There were three classes of persons opposed to Christianity:—

"1. The dissolute.

"2. The indifferent.

"3. The intellectually independent.

"The dissolute are against Christianity because they regard it as a foe to sensuality. The indifferent reject it through being ignorant of it, or not having time to attend to it, or not caring to attend to it, or not being able to attend to it, through constitutional insensibility to its appeals. The intellectually independent avoid it as opposed to freedom, morality and progress." It was to these classes, and not to Christians, that Secularism was addressed. Neither Dr. Parker nor Dr. Langford took notice that it was intended to furnish ethical guidance where Christianity, whatever might be its quality, or pretensions, or merit, was inoperative.¹

The new form of free thought under the title of the "Principles of Secularism" was submitted to John Stuart Mill, to whose friendship and criticism I had often been indebted, and he approved the statement as one likely to be useful to those outside the pale of Christianity.

A remarkable thing occurred in 1854. A prize of £100 was offered by the Evangelical Alliance for the best book on the "Aspects, Causes, and Agencies" of what they called by the odious apostolic defamatory name of "Infidelity."² The Rev. Thomas Pearson of Eyemouth won the prize by a brilliant book, which I praised for its various relevant quotations, its instruction and fairness, but I represented that its price (10s. 6d.) prevented numerous humble readers from possessing it. The Evangelical Alliance inferred that the "relevancy" was on their side, altogether, whereas I meant relevant to the argument and to those supposed to be confuted by it. They resolved to issue twenty-thousand copies at one shilling a volume. The most eminent Evangelical ministers and congregations of the day subscribed to the project. Four persons put down their names for a thousand copies each, and a strong list of subscribers was sent out. Unfortunately I published another article intending to induce readers of the *Reasoner* to procure copies, as they would find in its candid pages a wealth of quotation of free-thought opin-

ion with which very few were acquainted. The number of eminent writers, dissentients from Christianity, and the force and felicity of their objections to it, as cited by Mr. Pearson, would astonish and instruct Christians who were quite unfamiliar with the historic literature of heretical thought. This unwise article stopped the project. The "Shilling Edition" never appeared, and the public lost the most useful and informing book written against us in my time. The Rev. Mr. Pearson died not long after; all too soon, for he was a minister who commanded respect. He had research, good faith, candor, and courtesy, qualities rare in his day.

Secular Instruction Distinct from Secularism.

"A mariner must have his eye on the rock and the sand as well as upon the North Star."
—*Maxim of the Sea.*

It is time now to point out, what many never seem to understand, that Secular instruction is entirely distinct from Secularism. In my earlier days the term "scientific" was the distressing word in connexion with education, but the trouble of later years is with the word "Secular." Theological critics run on the "rock" there.

Many persons regard Secular teaching with distrust, thinking it to be the same as Secularism. Secular instruction is known by the sign of separateness. It means knowledge given apart from theology. Secular instruction comprises a set of rules for the guidance of industry, commerce, science, and art. Secular teaching is as distinct from theology as a poem from a sermon. A man may be a mathematician, an architect, a lawyer, a musician, or a surgeon, and be a Christian all the same; as Faraday was both a chemist and a devout Sundamanian; as Buckland was a geologist as well as a Dean. But if theology be mixed up with professional knowledge, there will be muddle-headedness.¹ At a separate time, theology can be taught, and any learner will have a clearer and more commanding knowledge of Christianity by its being distinctive in his mind. Secular instruction neither assails Christianity nor prejudices the learner against it—any more than sculpture assails jurisprudence, or than geometry prejudices the mind against music. If the Secular instructor made it a point, as he ought to do, to inculcate elementary ideas of morality, he would confine himself to explaining how far truth and duty have sanctions in consideration purely human—leaving it to teachers of religion to supplement at another time and place, what they believe to be further and higher sanctions.

Secular instruction implies that the proper busi-

¹ In 1857 Dr. Joseph Parker published a maturer and more important volume, *Helps to Truth Seekers, or, Christianity and Secularism*, containing "The Secularistic Theory—A Critique." At a distance of more than thirty-five years it seems to me an abler book, from the Christian point of view, than I thought it on its appearance.

² A term of intentional offence as here used. Infidelity means treachery to the truth, whereas the heretic has often sacrificed his life from fidelity to it.

¹ Edward Baines (afterwards Sir Edward) was the greatest opponent of his day, of national schools and Secular instruction, sent his son to a Secular school, because he wanted him to be clever as well as Christian. He was both as I well knew.

ness of the school-teacher is to impart a knowledge of the duties of this world; and the proper business of Chapel and Church is to explain the duties relevant to another world, which can only be done in a second-hand way by the school-teacher. The wonder is that the pride of the minister does not incite him to keep his own proper work in his own hands, and protest against the school-teacher meddling with it. By doing so he would augment his own dignity and the distinctiveness of his office.

By keeping each kind of knowledge apart, a man learns both, more easily and more effectually. Secular training is better for the scholar and safer for the state, and better for the priest if he has a faith that can stand by itself.

If the reader does not distrust it as a paradox, he will assent that the Secular is distinct from Secularism, as distinct as an act is distinct from its motive. Secular teaching comprises a set of rules of instruction in trade, business, and professional knowledge. Secularism furnishes a set of principles for the ethical conduct of life. Secular instruction is far more limited in its range than Secularism which defends secular pursuits against theology, where theology attacks them or obstructs them. But pure secular knowledge is confined to its own pursuit, and does not come in contact with theology any more than architecture comes in contact with preaching.

A man may be a shareholder in a gas company or a waterworks, a house owner, a landlord, a farmer, or workman. All these are secular pursuits, and he who follows them may consult only his own interest. But if he be a Secularist, he will consider not only his own interest, but, as far as he can, the welfare of the community or the world, as his action or example may tell for the good of universal society. He will do "his best," not as Mr. Ruskin says, "the best of an ass," but "the best of an intelligent man." In every act he will put his conscience and character with a view so to discharge the duties of this life as to merit another, if there be one. Just as a Christian seeks to serve God, a Secularist seeks to serve man. This it is to be a Secularist. The idea of this service is what Secularism puts into his mind. Professor Clifford exclaimed: "The Kingdom of God has come—when comes the Kingdom of man? A Secularist is one who hastens the coming of this kingdom: which must be agreeable to heaven if the people of this world are to occupy the mansions there."

DEVIL STORIES AND DEVIL CONTRACTS.

IN THE popular literature of mediæval times, the Devil plays a most important rôle. While he continues to be the incarnation of all physical and moral evil, his main office becomes that of a general mischief-

worker in the universe; he appears as the critic of the good Lord, as the representative of discontent with existent conditions, as the desire for an increase of wealth, power, and knowledge; he is the mouth-piece of all who are anxious for a change in matters political, social, and ecclesiastical. He is identified with the spirit of progress so inconvenient to those who are satisfied with the existing state of things, and thus he is credited with all aspirations for improvement. In a word, he is characterised as the patron of both reform and revolution.

I. DEVIL STORIES.

The literature of devil stories and legends is very extensive. We select here a number of the most representative from among them:

Several legends indicate an origin by hallucination: For example the famous temptations of St. Anthony. St. Hilarian, when hungry, saw a number of exquisite dishes. St. Pelagia, who had been an actress in Antioch, lived the life of a religious recluse in a cave on the Mount of Olives. The Devil offered to her a number of rings, bracelets, and precious stones, which disappeared as quickly as they came. Rufinus of Aquileja relates the story of a monk, a man of great abstinence, living in a desert. One evening a beautiful woman appeared at his hermitage asking for a night's shelter. She conducts herself with modesty at first, but soon begins to smile, to stroke his beard, and to pat him. The monk becomes excited and embraces her fervently, when, lo! the whole apparition vanishes, leaving him lonely in his cell. He hears the laughter of devils in the air, and, despairing of his salvation, he went back into the world and fell an easy prey to the temptations of Satan.

It was a gnostic notion to regard the whole nature of objective existence as a work of the Devil. And the Church, in spite of its opposition to the views of gnosticism, adopted this doctrine. All nature was devilish. The monk retired from the world, but he took with him into the solitude the memory-pictures of his life. Memory-pictures are part of our soul, and a man who suddenly cuts off all new impressions, so that his experience becomes a blank, will have hallucinations as naturally as a man who falls asleep will have dreams. The darkness of the present will exhibit the self-luminary of past impressions; the emptiness of his solitary mode of existence will allow the slumbering memory-images to rise into bodily presence. A very interesting letter of St. Hieronymus to the virgin Eustochia, which exemplifies the truth of this explanation, is still extant. St. Hieronymus writes:

"Alas! how often, when living in the desert, in that dreary, sunburnt loneliness, which serves as an habitation to the monks,

did I believe myself revelling in the pleasures of Rome. I sat lonely, my soul filled with affliction, clothed in wretched rags, my skin sunburnt like an Ethiopian. No day passed without tears and sighs, and when sleep overcame me, I had to lie on the naked ground. I do not mention eating and drinking, for the monks drink, even if sick, only water, and regard cooking as a luxury. And if I, who had condemned myself from fear of hell to such a life, without any other society than scorpions and wild beasts, often imagined myself surrounded by dancing girls, my face was pale from fasting, but in the cold body the soul was burning with desires, and in a man whose flesh was dead, the flames of lust were kindled. Then I threw myself helpless at the feet of Jesus, wetted them with tears, dried them again with my hair, and subdued the rebellious flesh by fasts of a whole week. I am not ashamed to confess my misery; I am rather sorry for no longer being such as I was. I remember still how often, when fasting and weeping, the night followed the day, and how I did not cease to beat my breast until at the command of God peace had returned."

The legend of Merlin, as told by Bela in the old chronicles, characterises a whole class of stories.

The defeated Satan intends to regain his power by the same means through which God has vanquished him. He decides to have a son who shall undo Christ's work of redemption. All the intrigues of hell are used to ruin a noble family until only two daughters are left. The one falls into shame, while the other remains chaste and resists all temptations. One night, however, she forgets to cross herself, and thus the Devil could approach her—even against her will. The pious girl undergoes the severest penance, and when her time came, she had a son whose hairy appearance betrayed his diabolical parentage. The child, however, was baptised and received the name Merlin. The excitement in heaven was great. What a triumph would it be to win the Devil's own son over to the cause of Christ. The Devil gave to his son all the knowledge of the past and the present; God added the knowledge of the future, and this proved the best weapon against the evil attempts of his wicked father. When Merlin grew up, he slighted his father and performed many marvellous things. He was full of wisdom, and his prophesies were reliable. It is generally assumed that after his death he did not descend into hell but went to heaven.

Similar is the story of Richard the Devil, the hero of a modern opera. The Duchess of Normandy, the old legend tells us, had no children. Having implored the help of God in vain, she addressed herself to the Devil who satisfied her wish at once. She had a son who was a mischief from babyhood. Being very courageous and strong, he became the chief of a band of robbers. He was knighted to temper his malignity, but this appeal to his feeling of honor failed to have effect. In a tournament he slew thirty knights; then he went out into the world to seek adventures. On his return he became a robber again. One day, when he had just strangled all the nuns of a cloister, he re-

membered that he had a mother and decided to visit her. But when he made his appearance, her servants dispersed in wild fear. For the first time in his life he was impressed with the idea that he had become odious to his fellow-men, and becoming conscious of his evil nature, he wanted to know why he was worse than others. With his sword drawn, he forced his mother to confess the secret of his birth. He was horror-struck, but did not despair. He went to Rome, confessed to a pious hermit, submitted willingly to the severest penance and combated the Saracens who happened to be laying siege on Rome. The emperor offered him his daughter as a reward. And now the two records of Richard's fate become contradictory. Not knowing the truth, we state both impartially. Some say that Richard married the emperor's daughter who was in love with him; others declare that he refused the match and crown, and returned to his hermit confessor, into the wilderness where he died blessed by God and mankind.

Not all the sons of the Devil, however, join the cause of the good Lord. Eggelino, the tyrant of Padua, forces his mother to confess the secret, that he and his brother Alberico were sons of Satan. Eggelino boasts that he will live as befits the son of the Evil One. He succeeds with the assistance of his brother in becoming the tyrant of Padua, commits terrible crimes and dies at last in misery and despair. The story is dramatised by Albertino Mussato in his *Eccerius*.

DEVIL CONTRACTS.

The Devil, fighting with God for the possession of mankind, was supposed to have a special passion for catching souls. Being the prince of the world he could easily grant even the most extravagant wishes of man, and was willing to pay a high price for his soul. Thus originated the idea of making compacts with the Devil; yet it is worthy of note that in these compacts the Devil is very careful to establish his title to the soul of a man by a faultless legal document. He has, as we shall learn, sufficient reason to distrust all promises made him by men and saints. Following the authority of the old legends, we find that even the good Lord frequently lends his assistance to cheating the Devil out of his own. He is always duped and the vilest tricks are resorted to to cheat him. While thus the Devil, having learned from experience, always insists upon having his rights insured by an unequivocal instrument (which in later centuries is to be signed with blood); he, in his turn, is fearlessly trusted to keep his promise, and this is a fact which must be mentioned to his honor, for although he is said to be a liar from the beginning, not one case is known in all devil-lore in which the Devil attempts to cheat his stipulators.

He appears as the most unfairly maligned person, and as a martyr of simple-minded honesty.

The oldest story of a Devil-contract is the story of Theophilus, first told by Eutychian, who declares he had witnessed (!) the whole affair with his own eyes.

Theophilus, an officer of the Church and a pious man, living in Adana, a town of Cilicia, was unanimously selected by the clergy and by the laymen as their bishop, but he refused the honor from sheer modesty. So another man became bishop in his stead. The new bishop unjustly deprived Theophilus of his office. The latter deeply humiliated went to a famous wizard and made with his assistance a compact with Satan, renouncing Christ and the Holy Virgin. The bishop at once restores Theophilus to his position, but Theophilus repents his crime and takes refuge in the Holy Virgin. After forty days fasting and praying he is rebuked for his crime but not comforted; so he fasts and prays thirty more days, and receives at last absolution. Three more days and the fatal document is returned to him. Now Theophilus relates the whole story in the presence of the bishop to the assembled congregation in church; and after having divided all his possessions among the poor dies peacefully and enters into the glories of paradise.

Even popes are said to have made compacts with the Devil. An English Benedictine monk, William of Malmesbury, says of Pope Sylvester II., who was born in France, his secular name being Herbert, that he entered the cloister when still a boy. Full of ambition, he flew to Spain where he studied astrology and magic among the Saracens. There he stole a magic-book from a Saracen philosopher, and returned flying through the air to France. Now he opened a school and acquired great fame, so that the King himself became one of his disciples. Then he became Bishop of Rheims, where he had a magnificent clock and an organ constructed. Having raised the treasure of Emperor Octavian which lay hidden in a subterranean vault at Rome, he became Pope. As Pope he manufactured a magic head which replied to all his questions. This head told him that he would not die until he had read Mass in Jerusalem. So the Pope decided never to visit the holy land. But once he fell sick, and asking his magic head, was informed that the church's name in which he had read Mass the other day was "The Holy Cross of Jerusalem." The Pope knew at once that he had to die. He gathered all the cardinals around his bed, confessed his crime, and, as a penance, ordered his body to be cut up alive and the pieces to be thrown out of the church as unclean.

Sigabert tells the story of the Pope's death a different way. There is no penance on the part of the Pope, and the Devil takes his soul to hell. Others

tell us that the Devil constantly accompanied the Pope in the shape of a black dog, and that this dog gave him the equivocal prophecy.

The most famous, most significant, and the profoundest story among the legends of devil-contracts is the saga of Dr. Johannes Faustus. Whether the hero of the Faust legend derives his name from the well-known Strassburg goldsmith Faust, the companion of Gensfleisch vom Gutenberg, the inventor of printing, or whether he was a historical personality is an open question. Certain it is that all the stories of the great naturalists and thinkers whom the people at the time regarded as wizards were by and by attributed to him, and the figure of Dr. Faustus became the centre of an extensive circle of traditions. The tales about Albertus Magnus, Johannes Teutonius (Deutsch), Trithemius, Abbot of Sponheim, Agrippa of Nettesheim, Theophrastus, and Paracelsus, were retold of Faust, and Faust became a poetical personification of the great revolutionary aspirations in the time immediately preceding and following the Reformation. The original form of the legend represents the Roman Catholic standpoint. Faust is allied with the Devil, he worked his miracles by black art, and has to pay for its practice with his soul. Faust begins his career in Wittenberg, the university at which Luther taught. Faust is the embodiment of natural science, of historical investigation, of the renaissance, and of modern discoveries and inventions. As such he subdues nature, restores to life the heroes of ancient Greece, gathers knowledge about distant lands, and receives Helena as the ideal of classic beauty.

As the fall of the Devil is, according to biblical authority, attributed to pride and ambition, so progress and the spirit of investigation was denounced as Satan's work and all inquiry into the mysteries of nature was regarded as magic. Think only of Roger Bacon, that studious, noble monk, and a greater scientist than his more famous namesake, Lord Bacon! When Roger Bacon made some experiments with light, and the rainbow-colors of light, at the University of Paris, the audience ran away from him terrified, and his life was endangered because he was suspected of practising the black art.

Faust is the representative of scientific manliness. He investigates, even though it may cost him heavenly bliss; he boldly studies nature, although he will be damned for it to hell; he seeks the truth at the risk of forfeiting his soul. According to the mediæval theology Satan fell simply on account of his manly ambition and high aspiration, and yet Faust dares to break and eat of the forbidden fruit of the tree of knowledge. According to Marlow's Faustus Lucifer fell, "not only by insolence, but first of all by aspiring

pride." Mephistopheles seems to regret, but Faustus comforts him, saying :

"What is great Mephistopheles so passionate,
For being deprived of the joys of heaven?
Learn thou of Faustus manly fortitude,
And scorn those joys thou never shalt possess."

The oldest Faust book, dated 1587, is preserved in one single copy only which is now carefully preserved in Ulm. Scheible has published it in his work *Dr. Johannes Faust* (3 Vols., Stuttgart, 1846). The preface states that the publisher had received the manuscript from a good friend in Speyer, and that the original story had been written in Latin. The contents of this oldest version of the Faust legend are as follows:

Faust, the son of a farmer in Rod, near Weimar, studied theology at Wittenberg. Ambitious to be omniscient and omnipotent like God, he dived into the secret lore of magic, but unable to make much progress, he conjured the Devil in a thick forest near Wittenberg. Not in the least intimidated by the Devil's noisy behavior, he forced him to become his servant. Faust, being the master of demons, did not regard his salvation endangered, and when the Devil told him that he should nevertheless receive his full punishment after death, he grew extremely angry with him and bade him quit his presence, saying: "For your sake I do not want to be damned." When the Devil had left, Faust felt an emptiness not experienced before, for he had become accustomed to his services. Accordingly, he ordered the Devil to return, who now introduced himself as Mephistopheles. The name is derived from the Greek *μη τό φως φιλής*, "not-the-light-loving," and was afterwards altered into Mephistopheles. He now made a compact with the Devil who consented to serve him for twenty-four years, Faust allowing him afterwards to deal with him as he pleased. The contract was signed by Faust with his blood, which he drew with a penknife from his left hand. The blood, running out of the wound, formed the words: *Homo fuge* (man, fly!). This startles Faust, but he remains resolute.

Mephistopheles entertained his master with all kinds of merry illusions, with music and visions. He brought him dainty dishes and costly clothes stolen from royal households. Faust became luxurious and desired to marry. The Devil refused, because marriage is a sacrament. Faust insisted. Then the Devil appeared in his real shape which was so terrific that Faust was frightened. He gave up the idea of marriage, but Mephistopheles sent him devils who assumed the shape of beautiful women, and made him dissolute.

Faust conversed with his servant about eschatological subjects, and heard many things which greatly

displeased his vanity. The Devil said, "I am a Devil and act according to my nature. But if I were a man, I would rather humiliate myself before God than before Satan."

Faust became sick of his empty pleasures. His ambition was to be recognised in the world as a man who can explain nature, presage future events, and so excite admiration. Having received sufficient information concerning the other world, he wanted to come into direct contact with it, and Mephistopheles introduced to him a number of distinguished devils. When the visitors left, the house was so full of vermin that Faust had to withdraw. But he did not neglect his new acquaintances on that account, but paid them a visit in their own home. Riding upon a chair built of human bones, he visited hell and contemplated with leisure the flames of its furnaces and the torments of the condemned.

Having safely returned from the infernal region, he was carried in a carriage drawn by dragons up to heaven. He took a ride high in the air, first eastwards over the whole of Asia, then upwards to the stars, until they grew before his eyes on his approach into big worlds, while the earth became as small as the yolk of an egg.

His curiosity being satisfied in that direction, he concentrated his attention to the earth. Mephistopheles assumed the shape of a winged horse upon which he visited all the countries of our planet. He visited Rome and regretted not having become pope, seeing the luxuries of his life. He sat down at his table invisible and took away the daintiest morsels, and the wine from the pope's very lips. The pope, believing himself beset by a ghost, exorcised its poor soul, but Faust laughed at him. In Turkey he visited the Sultan's harem, and introduced himself as the prophet Mohamet, which gave him full liberty to act as he pleased. Beyond India he saw at a distance the blest gardens of paradise.

Faust, being invited in his capacity of magician to the Emperor Charles the Fifth, made Alexander the Great, the beautiful Helen, and other noted persons of antiquity appear before the whole court. Faust fell in love with Helen, so that he could no longer live without her. He kept her in his company and had a child by her, a marvellous boy who could reveal the future.

When the twenty-four years had almost elapsed, Faust grew melancholy, but the Devil mocked him. At midnight, on the very last day, some students who had been in his company heard a frightful noise, but did not dare to enter his room. They found him on the next morning torn to pieces in his room. Helen and her child had disappeared, and his famulus Wagner inherited his books and magic art.

This briefly is the contents of the *Volksbuch*.

A transcription of the Faust-book in rhymes was published as early as 1587 in Tübingen. Another version of the Faust legend was Widmann's Hamburg-edition of 1599. It is less complete than the first Faust book and lacks in depth of conception while it abounds rather more in coarse incidents. Widmann's version became the basis of several further editions, 1674 by Pfitzer in Nürnberg, 1728 in Frankfurt and Leipsic. Faust must have appeared on the stage, for the clergy of Berlin filed a complaint that Faust publicly abjured God on the stage. The puppet-play Faust was compiled for the amusement of peasants and children, in fairs and market places. Yet it was powerful enough to inspire Goethe who saw it still performed when a boy, to write the great drama which became the most famous work of his life.

English editions appeared very early, and Marlowe, the greatest pre-Shakespearian dramatist, used the Faust story for one of his dramas, which is still extant.

Goethe's Faust represents the Protestant standpoint. Goethe's Mephistopheles is not as grand as Milton's Satan, but he is not less ingenious in conception. Mephistopheles is "the principle that denies." He is not a hero, not a noble-souled rebel like Milton's Lucifer, but the spirit of criticism, of destruction, of darkness. As such he plays an important part in the economy of nature. Says the Lord in the Prelude to Faust:

"Man's active nature seeks too soon the level;
Unqualified repose he learns to crave;
Whence, willingly, the comrade him I gave,
Who works, excites, and must create, as Devil."

And Mephistopheles characterises himself in these words:

"I am the spirit that denies!
And justly so: For all things from the void
Called forth, deserve to be destroyed:
T'were better, then, were naught created.
Thus, all which you as sin have rated,—
Destruction,—aught with evil blent,—
That is my proper element."

In Goethe's conception, Faust allies himself with the spirit of negation and promises to pay the price of his soul on condition that he should find satisfaction; but Faust finds no satisfaction in the gifts of the spirit that denies. However, he does find satisfaction after having abandoned the chase for empty pleasures in active and successful work for the good of mankind. Goethe's Faust uses the Devil, but Faust rises above his negativism. However, he inherits from the revolutionary movement the love of liberty. Says the dying Faust:

"And such a throng I fain would see,—
Stand on free soil among a people free."

This Faust cannot be lost. His soul is saved. Mephistopheles now ceases to be a mere incarnation of badness, his negativism becomes the spirit of critique. The spirit of critique, although destructive, leads to the positivework of construction; and thus Faust becomes a representative of the bold spirit of investigation and progress which characterises the age of the Reformation.

We ask in fine: How can we explain the origin of devil-stories and devil-contracts, and what is their significance? Our answer in brief is: The devil-stories are myths in which Christian mythology is carried to the extreme. Symbols are taken seriously, and from the literal belief of the Christian dogmas the imagination weaves these pictures which to our ancestors were more than mere tales that adorn a moral.

In modern times, the figure of the Evil One begins to lose the awe he exercised during the middle ages upon the imagination; he develops more and more into a harmonious character. Victor Hugo uses him as a relief for his political satire. No more trenchant sarcasm in poetic form can be imagined than his lines on Napoleon III. and Pope Pius IX. He says:

"One day the Lord was playing
For human souls (they're saying)
With Satan's Majesty.
And each one showed his art:
The one played Bonaparte,
The other Mastai.

An abbot sly and keen,
A princelet wretched mean,
And a rascal, upon oath,
God Father played so poorly,
He lost the game, and surely
The Devil won them both.

'Well, take them!' cried God Father,
'You'll find them useless rather!'
The Devil laughed and swore:
'They'll serve my cause, I hope.
The one I'll make a pope,
The other emperor!'

[Un jour Dieu sur la table
Jouait avec le diable
Du genre humain hai;
Chacun tenait sa carte,
L'un jouait Bonaparte
Et l'autre Mastai.

Un pauvre abbé bien mince,
Un méchant petit prince,
Polisson hasardeux!
Quel enjeu pitoyable!
Dieu fit tant que le diable
Lui gagna tous les deux.

Prends! cria Dieu le père,
Tu ne sauras qu'en faire!

Le diable dit: erreur!
Et, ricanant sous cape,
Il fit de l'un un pape,
De l'autre un empereur.]

The Devil in the literature of to-day is of the same kind: a harmless fellow at whose expense the reader enjoys a hearty laugh. Lesage's novel *The Devil on Two Sticks* is a poor piece of fiction, and Hauff's *Memoirs of Satan* are rather lengthy. *Hell up to Date* is a genuine Chicago production of modern style. The author introduces himself as a newspaper reporter who interviews "Sate," and is shown round the Inferno. He finds that "Hell is now run on the broad American plan." "Captain" Charon, who began his career as a ferryman with a little tub of a "rowboat," is now running big steamers on the Styx, "the only navigable river in hell." Judge Minos sits in court, and an Irish policeman introduces the poor wretches one by one. The lawyers are condemned to be gagged, and their objections are overruled by Satan; the inventor of the barbed wire fence is seated naked on a barbed wire fence; tramps are washed; policemen are clubbed until they see stars; quack doctors are cured according to their own methods; poker fiends, board of trade gamblers, and fish-story tellers are treated according to their deserts; monopolists are baked like pop-corn, and clergymen are condemned to listen to their own sermons which have been faithfully recorded in phonographs.

SONNET TO DEATH.

BY MARY MORGAN (GOWAN LEA).

Why wilt thou, Death, approach with cruel mien,
The blackness of the night upon thy wings,
So that thy ghastly shadow tremor brings,
Filling with awe the vast unknown, unseen?

Art thou a friend in sooth disguised as foe,
So masked as to appear the end of all?
An onward step perchance,—the heavenly call
To somewhat far more glorious than we know?

Then why not seek us as an angel fair,
With beauty radiant and the joy of life,
Wafting us skyward to a music rare,
Our souls forever free from earthly strife?

Ah! thus, with hearts exultant might we rise
To meet thee as life's greatest, sweetest prize!

BOOK NOTICES.

A useful book for the young student of natural history, and one which, if handled with intelligence, will enable him to dispense with the services of a teacher, is Dr. Alfred C. Stokes's *Aquatic Microscopy for Beginners; or, Common Objects from the Ponds and Ditches*, which is now in its third edition, published by Edward F. Bigelow. Portland, Conn. The microscope, its parts and uses are described, and successive chapters are devoted to the description and directions for the treatment of microscopic

aquatic plants, desmids, diatoms, fresh-water algae, rhizopods, infusoria, hydras, rotifers, etc. There is a good glossary and index. (Pages, 326; price, \$1.50.)

Important Biological Works.

ON GERMAL SELECTION. AS A SOURCE OF DEFINITE VARIATION. By Prof. August Weismann. Pages, xii, 61. Price, 25 cents.

The present booklet is the latest development of Dr. Weismann's theory of evolution. He seeks by his doctrine of germinal selection to explain the necessary character of adaptations, while yet retaining Darwin's theory of natural selection. Variations are shown to be determinate, but without the aid of the Lamarckian principle. The Preface contains Weismann's views on scientific and biological method, and the Appendix sketches the history and the present state of the discussion on selection and variation. (Just published.)

PRIMARY FACTORS OF ORGANIC EVOLUTION. By Prof. E. D. Cope. Illustrations, 121. Pages, 550. Tables, Bibliography, and Index.

A handbook of the Neo-Lamarckian theory of evolution by one of its foremost representatives. Places special stress on the evidence drawn from the field of paleontology, especially in the United States. (Just published.)

"One of the most noteworthy of recent contributions to science."—*Chicago Evening Post*.

THE DARWINIAN THEORY. By the late George John Romanes, LL. D., F. R. S., etc. Pages, 460. Illustrations, 125. Cloth, \$2.00. New edition.

POST-DARWINIAN QUESTIONS. By G. J. Romanes. Pages, 334. Cloth, \$1.50. (Recently published.)

AN EXAMINATION OF WEISMANNISM. By G. J. Romanes. Pages, 236. Cloth, \$1.25. Paper, 35 cents.

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CHRISTIANITY AND PATRIOTISM.¹

BY COUNT LEO TOLSTOI.

I.

FOUR years ago there came to Russia a well known French agitator for war with Germany, who essayed to prepare the ground for a Franco-Russian Alliance. He paid us a visit in our village. We were then in the field making hay. On our return we made his acquaintance, and during lunch he told us about his service in the war of 1870, how he was taken prisoner, how he escaped, and how he gave a patriotic pledge never to cease agitating for war with Germany until France had redeemed her glory and integrity.

All the pleadings of our guest about the necessity of an alliance between Russia and France for the purpose of restoring France's former boundaries, power, and glory, and in the interest of our own safety against Germany's evil designs, met with no success. To his arguments that France could not rest satisfied until her provinces were restored to her, we answered that neither could Prussia rest satisfied until she had avenged herself for Jena, and that, should the French *revanche* be successful now, Germany would still have to square matters up again, and so on *ad infinitum*.

To his argument that the French are bound to liberate their brethren in Alsace-Lorraine, we answered that the condition of the inhabitants, of the majority of the laboring men of Alsace-Lorraine, was hardly worse now, under the German rule, than it had been before under the French rule. And for the simple reason that certain Alsatians preferred to be French citizens, or that because he, our guest, desired to vindicate the glory of the French arms, it did not follow by any means that we should deliberately bring about the appalling evils incident to war, for in fact we could not sacrifice to that end a single human life.

Furthermore, being Christians, we could not approve of war, because war requires the slaughter of men, whereas Christianity not only forbids all murder, but actually demands the exercise of benevolence towards all men, who are our brethren, without regard to nationality. A Christian government, we said, in undertaking a war, in order to be consistent, ought not only to remove the crosses from its churches, dedicate

its temples to other purposes, give the clergy a different occupation, and forbid the circulation of the New Testament,—but it should also renounce all the precepts of morality that follow from the Christian doctrines. *C'est à prendre, ou à laisser*, we told him. To draw people into a war before Christianity had been stamped out of existence, would be a deceit and a fraud, but one which nevertheless is practised right along. As for our own part, we had seen into that deceit and could not submit to it.

As there was neither music, champagne, nor anything else befogging our heads, our guest only shrugged his shoulders, and with the habitual French amiability told us that he was very grateful for the cordial hospitality which he found in our home, and extremely regretted that his ideas had not met with a similar welcome.

II.

After the foregoing conversation we went out into the fields, and, hoping to find there among the people more sympathy for his ideas, he requested me to translate to an old and sickly, but still industrious, moujik, Procopy, our comrade in toil, his plan of action against the Germans, which consisted, as he expressed it, in squeezing from both sides the German who stood between the Russians and the French. The Frenchman presented his idea to Procopy graphically by placing his white fingers against the sweaty sides of the peasant.

I remember Procopy's good-natured and derisive surprise when I explained to him the Frenchman's words and gestures. Procopy evidently considered his proposition about the squeezing of the Germans as a joke, never entertaining the idea that a mature and learned man could talk in a sober state about the desirability of war.

"Well, suppose we do squeeze him from both sides," he answered, pitting joke against joke, "we'll have him cornered, won't we; and then we'll have to make room for him?"

I translated the answer to my guest.

"*Dites lui que nous aimons les Russes*," he said. These words perplexed Procopy even more than the proposition about squeezing the German, and he grew suspicious.

¹ Translated from the Russian by Paul Berger.

"Who is he?" he inquired of me, looking distrustfully at my guest. I told him that he was a Frenchman, a man of wealth.

"What is his business?" was his next question. I told him again that he had come here to effect an alliance between the Russians and the French in case of war with Germany. Procophy was evidently quite displeased, and, turning to the women who were sitting near a pile of hay, ordered them in a strict tone of voice, which fully expressed his feelings, to go on with their work.

"Here, you old crones," he said, "wake up, bestir yourselves! Now is the time for squeezing the German. The hay is not half gathered yet, and it looks as if harvest would begin in a few days." Then, as if being loath to offend a stranger and a visitor by his remarks, he added, shaping his stubby teeth into a good-natured smile: "Better come to work with us, and let the German go. When the work is over, we'll celebrate it, and we'll have the German with us, too. He is a man like ourselves."

With that Procophy shouldered his pitchfork and joined the women.

"O, le brave homme!" laughingly exclaimed our polite Frenchman.

And thus ended at that time his diplomatic mission to the Russian people.

The sight of those two men, so diametrically opposed in stations of life—on the one hand, the well-fed and well-groomed Frenchman, with a silk hat and a long coat of the latest cut, vivacious and elegant and in the best of health, demonstrating energetically with his white hands how we were to squeeze the German; and, on the other, the ungainly peasant, with his hair full of hay, his skin all dried up from hard work, sun-burnt, always tired, yet toiling hard despite his work-swollen fingers, in home-made overalls, with old, worn-out sandals, a huge pitchfork of hay on his shoulder, and moving along with that economical gait which is so characteristic of the laboring man—I say the sight of those two men, so different in all respects, was fraught for me with profound significance at the time, and I vividly recollected the scene on the occasion of the Toulon-Paris festivities.

The one, the Frenchman, impersonated a class in the world who had grown fat on the people's labor, men who afterwards recklessly used that people as food for powder; the other, Procophy, was a type of the food-for-powder class who had reared and put bread into the mouths of all those who were afterwards to lord it over him.

III.

"Well, but the French have been deprived of two provinces, two favorite children have been torn away from their mother. Russia cannot permit Germany to

make laws for her and interfere with her historical mission in the East; nor can she entertain the possibility of losing, like the French, her Ostsee Provinces, Poland, or the Caucasus. Germany, too, cannot suffer the thought of losing those advantages as regards France, which she has acquired at the cost of such great sacrifices. England cannot afford to yield her maritime preponderance to some one else." And so on *ad infinitum*.

In such arguments it is generally presumed that the Frenchman, the Russian, the German, and the Englishman must be ready to sacrifice everything he has, in order to recover the lost provinces, in order to insure their influence in the East, in order to rule the seas, etc.

It is presumed that the sentiment of patriotism, in the first place, is always innate in all men, and secondly, that it is such a lofty sentiment, that, where it is absent, it should be cultivated.

Neither the one nor the other presumption is correct. I have lived for half a century in the midst of the Russian people, and genuine Russians at that, and yet in all that time I have never seen nor heard any manifestation or any expression of such a sentiment, if I except the patriotic formulas and machinery which are learned in military service or from books, and which are afterwards mechanically repeated by empty-headed or corrupt individuals. I have never heard among the mass of people themselves any expression of patriotic sentimentality. On the contrary, I have repeatedly heard from earnest and respectable men words of total indifference and even of contempt for all manifestations of patriotism. I have also observed the same phenomenon among the workmen of other countries, and my observations have been corroborated time and again by intelligent Frenchmen, Germans, and Englishmen.

The working people are too much preoccupied with the absorbing business of gaining a subsistence to bother about the political questions that evoke the sentiment of patriotism. The questions of Russia's influence in the East, of German unity, of the restoration of the French provinces, etc., do not interest him, because, first, he is generally ignorant of the circumstances at the origin of those questions, and also because his interests in life are totally independent of political and state interests.

To a man of the people it is indifferent where this or that boundary-line is marked out, who shall possess Constantinople, whether Saxony shall or shall not become a member of the German Union, or whether Australia and the Matabeleland shall belong to England; he is even indifferent as to whom he has to pay his taxes to, and as to which army his sons serve in. But it is all important for him to know the amount

of his tax, the length of the military service, the time he will have to pay for his land in, or how much he can get for his work. All these are questions independent of general state or political interests.

And so it happens that despite all the energetic measures resorted to by governments to imbue the people with a sentiment of patriotism and to suppress the sprouting of socialistic ideas, yet the latter are constantly striking deeper roots among the masses, while the spirit of patriotism, so skillfully nourished by the government, is not only not affecting them, but is slowly disappearing, and now lingers only among the higher classes whose purposes it serves. If it happens sometimes that patriotism does get possession of the masses, it is only because the masses have been subjected to vigorous hypnotic influence by the government and the ruling classes, and it lives only as long as that influence lasts.

Thus, for instance, in Russia, where patriotism in the shape of love for and loyalty to the Church, the Tzar and the mother country is excited in the Russian people by all available means, through the medium of the churches, schools, the press, and the most varied kinds of ceremonies,—notwithstanding all this, I say, the Russian laboring man, who constitutes one hundred millions of the Russian people, despite his undeserved reputation of being especially loyal to his faith, his Tzar, and his mother country, is a race of men the most free imaginable from the illusions of patriotism and of loyalty to his creed, his Tzar, and his country.

As to his faith, that orthodox, governmental faith, he hardly knows what it is, and no sooner does he know it than he abandons it and becomes a rationalist; in other words, he embraces a faith which can neither be attacked nor defended. As to his Tzar, notwithstanding the continual and forceful admonitions he receives on this head, he treats him as he does all despotic authorities, if not condemning him outright, yet regarding him with absolute indifference. And as to his mother country, if we do not understand by that his village or township, he is either absolutely ignorant of what it is, or else he makes no distinction between it and the surrounding States. Formerly the Russian emigrants used to go to Austria and to Turkey; and in the same manner now they settle indifferently within the Russian domain or outside it, in China or elsewhere.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE STRENGTH OF BEAUTY.

BY PROF. WOODS HUTCHINSON.

II.

So far we have been for the most part combating popular impressions, but we now come to a sense in which beauty is even proverbially strong, and that is

in its influence. It has been a most potent influence in our development and is yet in our daily life even in these Philistine days.

In all ages its power for good and for evil has formed one of the principal themes of song and story.

It was no mere accidental coincidence that made the "fatal beauty" of Helen the mainspring of the movement of the grandest epic poem of the ages; nor simply a figure of speech which described the beauty of Paris as causing discord upon Olympus itself.

From Venus and Here to Madame de Pompadour and Ninon de l'Enclos, from Cleopatra to Mary Queen of Scots the power of beauty has swayed not only minds of men, but the destinies of nations.

The sweet face of the Madonna has been one of the most potent and purest influences in the sway of Christianity, and the saintly features of Beatrice inspired the majestic vision of Dante.

And strange as it may seem in anything so fleeting, so proverbially evanescent, there is a genuine physical basis for all this metaphor and poetry, and the sway of beauty is most powerful not in camp and court, but in the field, in the cottage, in the home. From the lowest to the highest forms of animal life, nay, through the larger part of the plant-world as well, we find it exercising its sway.

Naturalists had long been puzzled to account for the wonderful beauty and wealth of color and elaborateness of markings displayed by all sorts of living forms from the pansy to the peacock.

It was popularly assumed with a self-conceit that was amusing in its proportions and *naïveté* that they were placed there for our especial benefit and sole enjoyment, and their presence was actually made one of the principal props of the old "argument from design."

Even the Master in his earlier investigations was at a loss to account for their presence, but later, their true meaning dawned upon him, and he declared them instead of merely provisions for our own selfish enjoyment, to be means of progress second only in power to natural selection. Without them, nearly one-half of the vantage gained by vigor, agility, or intelligence would be lost, and in many cases the organism would soon become extinct. In plants, for instance, the vivid tints and gorgeous markings of their petals are signals to attract the insects whose visit is absolutely necessary to their fertilisation. The silvery scales, the ruby fins, and the superb lustres in all colors of the rainbow in fishes are for the purpose of charming and attracting the opposite sex.

The velvety plumage, the wonderful shadings and markings and the matchless song of birds, alike the wonder, the joy, and the despair of the artist, the poet, the musician are simply aids to courtship as is

proved by their presence for the most part only in the mating-season, and exercise a profound influence upon the development of the species.

The royal coat of the leopard, the majestic antlers of the monarch of the glen, the splendid stripes of the zebra, the tossing mane of the war-horse that "clothes his neck with thunder," not merely delight the eye, but form a prominent part of that wonderful engine of progress, sexual selection.

In our own species nature's masterpiece in colors, in outlines, and expression—the human face divine, owes its very existence to the power of this instinct in us for beauty. Her next most wonderful feat—the ivory whiteness and satin-like suppleness of the human skin can be traced solely to this same cause, as can also the rippling splendor of that "glory of woman,"—her hair. No possible explanation can be given for these on grounds of utility, they are a pure outgrowth of our love of the beautiful.

"Beauty only skin-deep" indeed! it has entered into the very blood, bone, and marrow of the race for countless generations. With its advent hand-in-hand with love, the stern law of the "survival of the fittest" loses half its terrors, for a new element is introduced into the problem of "fitness," a new world is opened up for selection. It has swayed and softened not only the hearts of men, but the great elemental forces and relentless laws of nature herself. And has it lost any of its primeval power to day? Not a whit. It sweeps everything before it as almost no other influence can. Even in this mercenary age the value of beauty as a dower is second to none. That a lovely woman should have the talent and wealth of half a province at her feet is as natural and excites no more surprise than that the discovery of gold should be followed by a wild rush of eager-eyed prospectors. It is exchangeable for a large equivalent in cash in any mart, and that is apotheosis in the nineteenth century, the sincerest tribute it can pay it. To its possession the renowned and omnipresent "woman in the case" owes all her power. It still gives to-day to the individual possessing it, as it has always done in past ages and species, a greater (power of) control over his or her influence upon the generation to follow, than any other single attribute with which they could be endowed.

As to the value and safety of beauty as a guide and incentive, there will be found wide difference of opinion. The Puritan, and his name is legion, when this question is under discussion, denounces it as absolutely untrustworthy and misleading, one of the cunning snares of the Evil One; the philosopher and the man of the world alike, while admitting its desirability, regard it as too feeble and evanescent a thing to be permitted to seriously influence conduct. And upon

this point all would agree that any desire or effort to attain personal beauty would not only be unprofitable but positively unbecoming. And yet it is just as legitimate and far more wholesome to desire to be beautiful as it is to desire to be rich, or intellectual, or famous. Indeed, we have no hesitation in declaring that whatever may be the "chief duty of man," the "chief duty of woman" is to be beautiful. Not only in mind and character, but also in face and form, in voice and in dress. And I am glad to say woman has always proved faithful to her mission.

By her unswerving devotion to her God-given instinct, in the face of indifference, nay, of ridicule and denunciation, she has builded better than she knew, and I am convinced that not a little of the superior purity of woman's moral nature is due to her devotion to beauty. Woman's love of beauty has done well-nigh as much for the world as man's love of liberty. Both have led to excesses, but these have been mainly due to false ideas of their true nature, and in the overwhelming mass of their influence they take rank among the purest and most ennobling impulses that stir the human bosom. To be beautiful is just as legitimate and elevating an ambition as to be brave, to be strong, to be pure, and its attainment will usually include all four.

The good, the true, the beautiful are not synonymous terms, but a sincere and intelligent pursuit of either will almost invariably be found to include both the others in its scope. The love of beauty is as holy as any other religious impulse. Contrast it for a moment with the love of riches, which, legitimate enough in moderation, is so easily changed into that ruthless greed of gain, that selfish disregard for the rights of others, and that degrading tendency to measure all human hope by their net pecuniary results and achievement, which is the curse of the present century. Compare it for a moment with those other qualities which are usually rated so far above it in proverbial philosophy: with prudence, with economy, with thrift, and that whole brood of so-called small virtues which so easily hatch into vices and make the niggard, the coward, the miser. Nay, even place it by the side of that overwhelming ambition for culture, which is now sweeping like a prairie fire through the feminine mind, (and like a prairie-fire feeding chiefly upon straw,) darkening the heavens with its smoke clouds, deafening the ear with its roar, and threatening the male of the species with ignominious destruction, or a mere toleration of his existence, leaving behind it—ashes, in the form of a thin layer of dislocated and undigested information and a pungent blue vapor of polite omniscience and irritating cleverness.

Beauty is not only far better and safer as a goal

than any of these but it belongs in an entirely different class. Our instinct for it is no mere selfish personal greed, but one of the great trinity of religious aspirations. Although ranking lower in importance than the instinct for the Good and the instinct for the True, it is nevertheless equally holy and equally essential to the perfect development of character. Even alone it will lead to some wonderfully perfect results.

The master impulse in the Greek nature was the worship of the beautiful. Beauty, and physical beauty at that, was the *summum bonum* of the entire race, and yet in its pursuit they developed not only a sculpture and an architecture which has been the despair of the world ever since, but a physique which for vigor and athleticism has scarcely yet been equalled, a philosophy marvellous both in its depth and its brilliancy, a literature which will live as long as the world endures, and a system of political thought which is still the model of our highest institutions.

As an incentive this third grace has one decided advantage over the other two, which is that it is instantly recognised and appreciated by all. The good may often appear hard and stern, the true is to many cold and even cruel, but upon the face of beauty rests ever, as it were, the smile of divine approval which kindles an instant response in every heart. Show man beauty as a part of the goal of his upward struggle and you arouse his enthusiasm at once. No need to urge him to love beauty, he couldn't help it if he tried.

Beauty is no mere accident of nature, no mere surface-play of the elements, it is a part of the very constitution of the universe. If anything be immanent, be divine, it is. Wherever we turn its smiling face welcomes us. Whether it be in the rosy mist that ushers in the pearly dawn, the golden cataract of the noon-day sunshine, or the flaming hosts of sunset in their crimson and purple and velvet. In the soft and rippling tide of green which floods the landscape every spring, the luxuriant shade and dancing, waving abundance of meadow and corn-field in the golden glow of summer or the crimson and purple flames of the autumn woodlands and vineyards, filling the air with the haze of their soft, blue smoke. It smiles at us from the rosy tints, the sparkling eyes and the dimpled curves of infancy, it glows in the eye, it mantles in the cheek, it is revealed in the splendid bearing of that crown and glory of the universe, woman, it glistens in the silvery locks of the delicate grace and delicate dignity of ripe, old age.

We can but echo the words of the bard :

"Oh world, as God has made it,
All is beauty!
And knowing this is love,
And love is duty."

LITERATURE IN AMERICA.

BY MONCURE D. CONWAY.

MR. LECKY, in his new work, *Democracy and Liberty*, has a passage on Literature in America which is all the more important because in the same book he has strained every point, and even the facts, to place our country politically in the most favorable light. He admits, with friendly reluctance, that in the nineteenth century America has not, in Literature, produced "anything comparable to what might have been expected from a rich, highly educated, and pacific nation, which now numbers more than sixty million souls, and is placed, in some respects, in more favorable circumstances than any other nation in the world." He quotes Sir Henry Maine as saying, in his work on *Popular Government*, that the want of International Copyright has crushed authorship in the American home market by the competition of the unpaid and appropriated works of British authors, and "condemned the whole American community to a literary servitude unparalleled in the history of thought." Mr. Lecky says there is much truth in this, but adds that "Democracy is not favorable to the higher forms of intellectual life." He rightly ignores our so-called International Copyright Act of 1891, being too polite to pronounce it the sham it is.

It is very easy to answer these criticisms with the triumphant retort of the Hon. Elijah Pogram, the original jingo portrayed by Dickens, "My bright home is in the settin' sun." But no patriotic outburst can give us a fair literary record for the century nearing its close. It cannot be said that England has neglected American authors. Irving, Longfellow, Bancroft, Emerson, Bryant, Motley, Holmes, Hawthorne, Lowell, Thoreau, Mark Twain, Walt Whitman, Henry James, Bret Harte, Howells, to name authors that occur to me, have received full recognition and substantial royalties in England. I do not underrate our list of nineteenth century American authors; in some of them are signs of an original genius rarely visible in Europe; but gather up all their productions, and how small is the harvest compared with those of England, France, and Germany! Why is this? Is it due to "Democracy" that many of them were for years parted from the undowered hand of Literature and driven to seek livelihood in Custom Houses, clerkships, professorships, consulates, legations? Is it because their country cares nothing for literature that our great authors in the past have so few successors?

At the close of the American Revolution, Thomas Paine wrote: "The state of literature in America must one day become a subject of legislative consideration. Hitherto it has been a disinterested volunteer in the service of the revolution, and no man thought of profits; but when peace shall give time and oppor-

tunity for study, the country will deprive itself of the honour and service of letters, and an improvement of science, unless sufficient laws are made to prevent depredations on literary property." A hundred and fourteen years have passed since Paine so wrote, and the sufficient laws have not yet been enacted.

In the earlier part of the present century there was perhaps more excuse for this national neglect, yet we cannot fail to feel some scandal at seeing early Americans of genius coming over to England for professional education, for culture, and recognition. Darwin was not four years old when a South Carolinian made the discovery of Natural Selection, which he announced in the Royal Society in London. "In this paper," says Darwin, "he (Dr. W. C. Wells) distinctly recognises the principle of natural selection, and this is the first recognition which has been indicated." After being knocked about in America—now running a theatre, now a newspaper—Wells came in advanced life to find honor and resources in England. That was a long time ago, but how much better is it now, when the nation is wealthy, and can astonish the world with its exhibition of unparalleled prosperity and material progress?

There is as much culture and genius in America as in any other country. No one can mingle with the youth and the teachers in American colleges without knowing that there is many a Wells who, had he any fair opportunity for the play of his powers, might achieve as much as any foreign author,—probably more. It is a scandal that while writers like Lecky, Morley, Bryce, Balfour, and others are summoned with enthusiasm to help direct the government of England, the American nation should find no use for a literary man except occasionally to send him out of the country to some foreign court or consulate; but it is not only a scandal, it is an outrage, that in pretending to make a law for the protection of literary property owned by foreign authors it should really enact one legalising the piracy of sixty per cent. of the books annually issued in Europe. For at least sixty per cent. of European authors are unable to fulfil the monstrous conditions imposed by the Act of 1891 on copyright, and their works are made lawful prey.

These are the first productions of new authors whose names are not marketable until the first work has reached success. Could the young English author offer his first book to an American publisher along with press reviews of it, and proofs of its success in his own country, he could command a fair price; but the American publishers have provided against that fairness by a Bill making it necessary to publish his book simultaneously with its publication in Europe. The negotiation must precede any possibility of a suc-

cess that might determine the real value. And this fraud the typographers and publishers together made absolute by the provision that such simultaneous publication should involve the complete manufacture of the book in America. So the young author must either pay for manufacturing his book in America, or take any pittance a publisher may offer, or forfeit all copyright in America. He may make something by his second work, but his first one is at the mercy of the American publisher.

But, as Montesquieu said, man never puts a chain around his brother's neck without the other end coiling around his own. The wrong done by the Act of 1891 to the foreign author weighs equally, or even more, on the American author; for, as I have said, only forty per cent., at most, of European authors can afford to fulfil the pecuniary conditions of copyright in America, and our American writers have to compete with the remaining mass, whose appropriation can no longer be even branded as "piracy," since it is now legalised. And although I have ascribed this fraudulent measure to certain trade interests, it could not have been enacted but by the fault of eminent American authors who allowed their names and influence to be used for the Act without examining it. Mr. Lowell was president of the Copyright League, and sounded the honorable watchword, "There is one thing better than a cheap book, and that is an honest book;" but unfortunately he did say to his League, "There is one thing better than a Copyright Law, and that is an honest law." It was largely his influence that drew authors into a blind alliance with keen-eyed trade unions in passing a law which authorises the "dishonest" books deplored by Lowell. His voice was assumed to be that of English authors also; and his noble label is now covering an adulterated mixture for the foreign author, and a poison for American literature. It is probable that Congress passed it and President Harrison signed it in ignorance of its real character. The President offered its "advantages" to England on condition that she would "reciprocate," in evident ignorance that English copyright had long been as open to foreign as to British authors.

If England had really "reciprocated," and passed a law requiring every book published in London to be manufactured there, and forbidding importations of sheets or plates, Americans might have been brought to their senses or to their integrity. An American may print his book at home, send a dozen copies to England, and his work is safe from all encroachment until he chooses to send over more copies. The book's success in America becomes its marketable property in England and in every European nation. This is civilisation. The American Act is uncivilised. The just principles of literary property are perfectly set-

tled: since the Berne Congress they have become the common law of Europe. In America these laws of literary property are acknowledged in principle by every man of common sense. The Act of 1891 has never been defended in America, except by the disgraceful plea that certain selfish trades had to be compromised with,—that half a loaf is better than no bread,—and so forth. This is mere surrender to a tyranny admittedly without principle. The United States has lately menaced three monarchies in three months, and it is to be hoped that after the presidential election is over (of course!) our American government's attention may be directed to the manufacturing monarchy in our own borders, which has placed our country outside the honorable Republic of Letters. But this oppression will not end until American authors inaugurate their revolution, form their Congress, pass their Declaration of Independence, and frame their Constitution on the principles of equity acknowledged by all honest and intelligent people and adopted by all civilised nations except our own,—which above all other nations requires their adoption, any adequate development of literature in America being impossible under the present conditions.

THE ORIGIN OF THE PARLIAMENT OF RELIGIONS.

THE universal interest which is felt in the World's Parliament of Religions gives importance to all the material facts connected with it. Among other questions which have been asked is one which comes to us from over the sea, and to which we have thought it proper that an answer should be given. The question is:

"Who was the veritable author of the World's Parliament of Religions, held at Chicago in 1893?"

This question has been sufficiently answered by Rev. Dr. John Henry Barrows, the historian of the Parliament, to whose writings we will briefly refer. In an article in *The Forum*, for September, 1894, Dr. Barrows says: "Charles C. Bonney, a broad-minded lawyer of Chicago, is entitled to the great and lasting honor of having originated and carried to success, in spite of numerous obstacles, the entire scheme of the World's Congresses of 1893. The Parliament of Religions was one of more than two hundred of these conventions; and was, according to Mr. Bonney, 'the splendid crown' of the series."

In his *History of the Parliament*, Dr. Barrows gives in full the official addresses of President Bonney at the Opening and Closing Sessions. In this opening address, President Bonney, in welcoming that imposing assembly, more widely representative than any ever convened by king or emperor, by patriarch or pope, in referring to the origin of the Parliament said:

"When it pleased God to give me the idea of the

World's Congresses of 1893, there came with that idea a profound conviction that their crowning glory should be a fraternal conference of the World's Religions. Accordingly the original announcement of the World's Congress scheme, which was sent by the Government of the United States to all other nations contains, among other great themes to be considered, 'The Grounds for Fraternal Union in the Religions of Different Peoples.' At first the proposal of a World's Congress of Religions seemed to many wholly impracticable. It was said that the religions had never met, but in conflict, and that a different result could not be expected now. A Committee of Organisation was nevertheless appointed to make the necessary arrangements. This committee was composed of representatives of sixteen different religious bodies. Rev. Dr. John Henry Barrows was made Chairman. With what marvellous ability and fidelity he has performed the great work committed to his hands, this Congress is a sufficient witness."

At the Closing Session of that world-embracing convocation, President Bonney, expressing his joy and gratitude over the great event, said:

"The wonderful success of this first actual congress of the religions of the world is the realisation of a conviction that has held my heart for many years. I became acquainted with the religious systems of the world in my youth, and have enjoyed an intimate association with leaders of many churches during my maturer years. I was thus led to believe that if the great religious faiths could be brought into relations of friendly intercourse, many points of sympathy and union would be found, and the coming unity of mankind in the love of God and the service of man be greatly facilitated and advanced. Hence, when the occasion arose, it was gladly welcomed, and the effort more than willingly made. What many deemed impossible, God has finally wrought."

Rev. L. P. Mercer's Review of the World's Religious Congresses of 1893, contains a statement in reference to this subject. Mr. Mercer says that "in the whole series of Congresses the Parliament of Religions took pre-eminence, and justly so, not only because of the importance and the universal interest of the subject, but because it was central in the original conception, and its success the constant care of the President of the Auxiliary. In conversations with him, in the spiritual intimacy of years, he often dwelt upon the desirability and feasibility of such a universal conference."

In an account of "The Genesis of the World's Religious Congresses of 1893," printed in *The New Church Review* for January 1894, Mr. Bonney traces back to his youth his preparation for that great work, and shows that in his early years he became deeply

interested in what is now known as the science of comparative religions, and read extensively on that subject. In this article he describes the origin and the evolution of the idea of a comprehensive and well-organised intellectual and moral exposition of the progress of mankind, and the organisation of the Parliament of Religions as a part of that exposition.

That "the World's Congresses of 1893, crowned by the Parliament of Religions," were essentially a new thing in the world is clearly shown by Prof. Max Müller in *The Arena* for December, 1894, where he tells us that neither the Religious Council of the Buddhist King Asoka at Pataliputra, B. C. 242; nor the Council of Nicaea, A. D. 325; nor the convocation of the Emperor Akbar, at Delhi, in the sixteenth century, can justly be regarded as detracting from the originality of the World's Religious Parliament at Chicago.

An author is defined to be "one who begins, forms, or originates, a prime mover." In this sense, it seems clear that President Charles Carroll Bonney was the author and general director of the World's Parliament of Religions, and that Chairman John Henry Barrows was the organiser and conductor of the Parliament. Mr. Bonney originated and outlined the plan, and Dr. Barrows completed it and carried it into effect.

Mr. Bonney is a man of deep religious convictions. He is a Christian who believes that the revelation of God is continuous and ever present, not only in the cosmos at large but also and mainly in the religious aspirations of the human heart. He therefore believes it to be man's duty to do his best in making God's kingdom come. Being a man of stern impartiality, he was specially fitted to act as the President and leader of a convention where men of most heterogeneous convictions met in friendly intercourse. Dr. Barrows at the same time distinguished himself by firmness and tact, both rare qualities which are indispensable for leaders of men and especially for the chairman of a Religious Parliament. The combination of these two characters at the right time and at the right place was one of the main reasons which lead to the success of the World's Parliament of Religions in Chicago.

P. C.

BOOK NOTICES.

The favorable impression which the *Popular Scientific Lectures* of Professor Mach created in English, in which language they were first published in collected form, gave rise to a widespread demand for them in German, in compliance wherewith the firm of Johann Ambrosius Barth of Leipzig has just issued a handy and attractive German edition of the same, much resembling their English counterpart. Our readers will be pleased to learn that The Open Court Publishing Co. have decided to incorporate, in the early fall, these valuable lectures of Professor

Mach in their Religion of Science Library, where a still greater reduction in their cheapness will bring them within easy reach of every student.

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CHRISTIANITY AND PATRIOTISM.¹

BY COUNT LEO TOLSTOI.

IV.

AN OLD friend of mine, D., was wont to pass his winters on his Russian estate, or rather in his village, while his wife, whom he visited occasionally, lived in Paris. It was a habit of his, on long wintry evenings, to have a chat with an illiterate but very intelligent and respectable moujik,—the village marshal,—who would then bring in to him his daily report. The subject of that talk was usually the superiority of the French governmental system over ours. This was on the eve of the last Polish revolt, and the intermeddling of the French government in our affairs was much resented. The Russian patriotic press was raving with indignation at such conduct, and had succeeded in so inflaming the ruling classes that the situation was becoming very critical, and there was considerable talk of war.

My friend, having read the papers, was enlightening the marshal on the existing relations between Russia and France. Being under the influence of the press, my friend was telling him that in case of war (he was a military man in retirement) he would join the army and fight the French. At that time *revanche* against the French seemed the proper thing for patriotic Russians on account of the disaster of Sebastopol.

"Why, what is the use of going to war?" inquired the marshal.

"What? Would you permit the French to dictate to us?"

"But you said yourself that things were better arranged in their country," the marshal replied quite earnestly. "Why not let them arrange things the same over here?"

My friend told me that this argument had struck him so forcibly that he was unable to make a reply, and that he only laughed, as people do on awakening from a deceptive dream.

Similar reasoning may be heard from every sober-minded Russian workingman, provided he is not under the hypnotic influence of the government. They tell us about the love of the Russian people for their

religion, their Tzar, and their country, and yet there is not a community of peasants in all Russia that would hesitate between the two following places of domicile: One in Russia, their own adored country, with the Russian Father-Tzar, as they call him in the books, and with the holy Orthodox faith, but with less and poorer land; and the other one outside of Russia, in Prussia, China, Turkey, or Austria, without the Father White Tzar and the Orthodox faith, but with more and better land. The question under which government he must live (he knows that every government will pluck him alike) has infinitely less importance for the Russian peasant than the question whether the water is good, whether the soil is of the right kind, and whether his cabbage grows well.

It may be said, however, that this indifference of the Russians comes from the knowledge that they will fare better under any government than they do under their own, there being none worse in Europe than the Russian. But this is not true; for we observe the same phenomenon among the English, the Dutch, and the German emigrants who go to America, and among others who come to Russia.

The shifting of the European populations from one rule to another—from the Turkish to the Austrian, or from the French to the German—is fraught with so few changes in their condition of life, that in no case can it arouse discontent among the working classes, provided they are not excited artificially by the governments and by the ruling classes.

V.

As a proof of the existence of patriotism people are wont to adduce its manifestation during great crises and festivities, as, for instance, in Russia during a coronation, or in France at the time of the declaration of war against Prussia, or in Germany during the celebration of victories.

But one ought to know how these manifestations are prepared.

The popular enthusiasm is prepared mostly artificially by those whose interests it serves; the degree of enthusiasm exhibited shows only the degree of skill on the part of the managers. This business is one of a long standing, and, consequently, the expert man-

¹ Translated from the Russian by Paul Borger.

agers of popular enthusiasm sometimes display a high degree of originality.

When Alexander II. was the heir apparent to the throne, and, as the hereditary custom was, commanded the Preobrajensky regiment, he happened to visit it one day in its quarters. No sooner had his carriage appeared in the camp, than the soldiers came running out of their tents in their shirt sleeves and received their most august commander, as they have it in the books, so enthusiastically, that many of them actually made the sign of the cross as they ran at full speed after his carriage. All who witnessed the scene were deeply moved by this expression of naïve loyalty and love on the part of the Russian soldier towards their Tzar and his heir, and by the apparently spontaneous religious enthusiasm which was exhibited in the soldiers' faces and actions, and especially in their making the sign of the cross.

Yet all this had been artificially prepared beforehand, in the following manner. After the regular review, on the eve of the foregoing occurrence, the Tzarevitch informed the brigade commander that he intended to pay a visit to his regiment on the morrow.

"When shall I expect Your Imperial Majesty?" was the answer.

"In the evening. But make no demonstrations, please."

As soon as the Tzarevitch left, the brigadier called the company-commanders together and ordered them to see to it that on the morrow all the men should have clean shirts on, and that as soon as they perceived the Tzarevitch's carriage—which would be signalled to them—they should run out to meet him, one and all, with loud "hurrahs," and that every tenth man in the company should make, in running, the sign of the cross. The commanding sergeants went to their companies, drew them up in files and, counting from the right, stopped at every tenth man: "One, two, three . . . eight, nine, ten,—Sidorenko, you'll cross; one, two, three, four . . . etc., Ivanow will cross." Everything was done as ordered, and the impression of enthusiasm was complete on the Tzarevitch, as it was also on all present, on the officers, the soldiers themselves, and even on the brigade-commander who was the author of the whole proceeding. In this manner, although perhaps in not so coarse a form, patriotic manifestations are prepared everywhere.

Thus, wherever the authorities succeed, by a series of simultaneous and concerted measures, which are always at their command, in bringing the vulgar masses into an abnormally excited state, they say to us: Behold, this is a spontaneous manifestation of the popular will. Such manifestations as recently took place in Toulon and in Paris, or in Germany during the reception of the Emperor and Bismarck, or such as

take place in Russia during all solemnities, only prove that the means of exciting the masses which are lodged in the hands of the authorities and the ruling classes, are so powerful that those possessing them can call forth at any time any kind of manifestation they wish, by simply appealing to the people's patriotic sentiments. But on the other hand, nothing proves so effectively the absence of patriotism in the people as just these tremendous efforts, which are periodically made by the authorities and ruling classes for artificially exciting the patriotism of the people.

If the patriotic spirit is so innate in the people, why not let it show itself freely and of its own accord, instead of exciting it continually by all sorts of artifices? Let them stop in Russia, for a while at least, the practice of compelling the people to swear allegiance to every new Tzar, let them cease saying solemn prayers for the Tzar during every mass, let them cease celebrating his birthdays with the tolling of bells, with illuminations and the compulsory stoppage of work; let them cease placing his image in every public place, let them cease printing his name in large letters in all the prayer-books, calendars, and text-books; let them cease extolling him in all the books and papers which are printed for that purpose; let them cease throwing people into prison for the least disrespectful word said of him,—let them cease doing all such things, and then we shall see how much inclination there is inborn in the Russian people, in the genuine working classes, in Procopy, in Ivan, to adore his Tzar, who for his pains delivers him into the hands of the landed proprietor and the rich capitalist.

Thus it is in Russia. And it is so elsewhere. Let the ruling classes of other countries, of Germany, of France, of Italy, and the rest, cease exciting the patriotism of their people and we shall see how innate this imaginary spirit is in the populations of our time.

Their method, however, is to begot the minds of the people from infancy by every possible means—by the perversion of educational text-books, by the celebration of public masses, by sermons, speeches, books, papers, and monuments. They gather together a few thousand people by bribery or by force, further increasing their number by loafers, and when this mob amid the booming of cannon and the strains of music, blinded by all sorts of glitter, yells what has been suggested to it beforehand, they call it an expression of the popular will.

But, in the first place, it is only about one ten-thousandth part of the whole population who do the yelling during such festivities; in the second place, out of all this mass, about one-half is gathered by some strong attraction, if not collected forcibly, as is done in Russia; in the third, out of all those thousands only a few score really know what is the matter, while the

rest would yell and wave their caps just as frantically if something else and exactly the contrary took place in its stead; and lastly, the police are always present on such occasions ready to grab any one who has the hardihood or misfortune to yell something different from what has been prescribed by the authorities.

In France, under Napoleon I., they welcomed with the same enthusiasm the war against Russia, as they did later Alexander I. against whom that war had been waged; and then again they greeted with enthusiasm Napoleon, and later the allies, and then the Bourbons, the Orleans, the Republic, Napoleon III., and Boulanger. In Russia they receive equally well, to-day Peter, to-morrow Catherine, the day after Paul, Alexander, Constantine, Nicolas, Prince Lichtenberg, the Slavonian brethren, the Prussian king, and the French sailors, or in fact any one whom the authorities wish them to welcome. The same takes place in England, in America, in Germany, and in all other countries.

The so-called patriotism of our time is, on the one hand, a certain mood, or frame of mind, which is being constantly aroused in the people and maintained by school, religion, and a venal press, to suit the wishes of the government; and on the other hand, it is a temporary excitement aroused in the lower classes—who are both morally and intellectually inferior—by the ruling classes, and then vaunted by them as the will of the whole people.

VI.

"But," some one will say, "granting the people are void of the sentiment of patriotism, the reason is they have not as yet reached the plane of this lofty sentiment, which is a marked characteristic of every educated man. And if they have not yet acquired this sentiment, they must be educated to it. This is just what the government is doing."

Such remarks are generally heard from representatives of the ruling classes, who are so confident that patriotism is a lofty sentiment, that the simple men of the people, not experiencing that sentiment themselves, have a consciousness of guilt, and at once seek to assure themselves that they have it, or, at least feign having it.

What now is that lofty sentiment which, in the opinion of the ruling classes, should be ingrafted in the minds of the people?

Strictly speaking, it is nothing more nor less than the preference of one's own government and people over any other government and people, a sentiment well expressed in the German patriotic song:

"Deutschland, Deutschland über Alles."

Replace Deutschland by Russland, Frankreich, Italien, or N. N., and you have an extremely lucid form of the lofty sentiment of patriotism. It may be

that this sentiment is very desirable and very useful to the authorities and to the integrity of States, but one cannot help seeing that it is not in any respect lofty. On the contrary, it is very stupid and immoral. It is stupid because if every State considers itself the superior of all others, then evidently all of them are wrong. It is immoral because it necessarily leads every man who possesses it to seek advantages for his own State at the expense of other States,—a desire absolutely antagonistic to the fundamental and generally accepted moral law, which is: Do not do unto others what you would not have them do unto you.

Patriotism could be a virtue in the ancient world where it demanded of every man devotion to what was then the highest attainable ideal, that of the mother-country. But how can it be a virtue in our day when it demands what is contrary to the ideal both of our religion and morality,—the denial of the equality and the 'fraternity of man, and the acknowledgment of the supremacy of one State, of one people above all others. Furthermore, this sentiment not only is not a virtue now, but it is undeniably a vice. Patriotism in its true sense has neither material nor moral grounds for existence.

Patriotism could have meaning in the ancient world where every people, more or less homogeneous in its composition and professing the same state creed, formed, as it were, an island in the midst of a threatening sea of barbarians.

It is clear that, under such circumstances, patriotism, which was the impulse to repel invasions of barbarians who were ready to overthrow public institutions, to rob and to capture men and women, was then a very natural sentiment, and the man of that time, in order to save himself and his countrymen, was naturally justified in preferring his own people to others, and in cherishing animosity towards the surrounding barbarians, and even in killing them in defence of his people.

But what meaning can that sentiment have in our Christian era? What justifies a man now-a-days, a Russian for instance, in killing the French, or the Germans; or what justifies the French in killing the Germans, when they know very well, however ignorant they may be, that the people of the fellow-nation against whom their patriotic enmity is excited, are no barbarians, but men like themselves, Christians, often of the same creed and denomination as they, wishing nothing but peace and a peaceful exchange of the products of labor, and, furthermore, having the same common interests, industrial, or commercial, or intellectual, or all three together. It happens very frequently that a certain portion of people of one nation are more intimately connected with the people of another nation than with their own countrymen, as is

the case with men in the employment of a foreigner, or with merchants generally, and particularly with men of science and artists.

Besides, the very conditions of life have changed in our times, where the so-called mother-country, as distinguished from everything around it, has ceased to be so well defined as it was in the ancient world, where the individuals composing it belonged to the same race and to the same creed. An Egyptian's, a Jew's, a Greek's patriotism is clear to us. In defending their country they defended their race, their creed, their institutions, and their birthplace.

But in what does the patriotism of an Irishman in the United States consist, who by creed belongs to Rome, by race to Ireland, and by residence to the United States? In the same predicament are the Bohemian in Austria, the Pole in Russia, Prussia, and Austria, the Hindu in the British Empire, the Tartar and the Armenian in Russia and Turkey. And leaving aside individuals of subjugated races, the citizens even of our most homogeneous states, such as Russia, France, and Prussia, cannot have the same sentiment of patriotism as that which characterised the ancients, because their whole life's interests frequently lie outside their nation and in the very country against which their patriotic hatred is excited. A man's family-interests may be there; his wife may be a foreigner; his economical interests, his capital may be there; his intellectual, his scientific, and artistic interests,—they all may be abroad, in the very country he is expected to make war against.

Why patriotism is impossible in our time is mainly because, despite all our efforts to suppress the sense of Christianity in the course of 1800 years, it nevertheless crops out into our lives and has such a hold on it, that even men most coarse and stupid cannot help seeing the total incompatibility of patriotism with those moral precepts which guide their lives.

THE DISTINCTIVENESS MADE FURTHER EVIDENT.

BY GEORGE JACOB HOLYOAKE.

"The cry that so-called secular education is Atheistic is hardly worth notice. Cricket is not theological; at the same time, it is not Atheistic."—*Rev. Joseph Parker, D. D., Times*, October 11, 1894.

NOR is Secularism atheism. The laws of the universe are quite distinct from the question of the origin of the universe. The study of the laws of nature, which Secularism selects, is quite different from speculation as to the authorship of nature. We may judge and prize the beauty and uses of an ancient edifice, though we may never know the builder. Secularism is a form of opinion which concerns itself only with questions the issues of which can be tested by the experience of this life. It is clear that the existence of

deity and the actuality of another life, are questions excluded from Secularism, which exacts no denial of deity or immortality, from members of Secularist societies. During their day only two persons of public distinction—the Bishop of Peterborough and Charles Bradlaugh—maintained that the Secular was atheistic. Yet Mr. Bradlaugh never put a profession of atheism as one of the tenets of any Secularist Society. Atheism may be a personal tenet, but it cannot be a Secularist tenet, from which it is wholly disconnected.

No one would confuse the Secular with the atheistic who understood that the Secular is separate. Mr. Hodgson Pratt, a Christian, writing in *Concord* (October, 1894), a description of the burial of Angelo Mazzeni, said "the funeral was entirely Secular," meaning the ceremony was distinct from those of the Church, being based on considerations pertaining to duty in this world.

In the indefiniteness of colloquial speech we constantly hear the phrase, "School Board education." Yet School Boards cannot give education. It is beyond their reach. Most persons confuse instruction with education. Instruction relates to industrial, commercial, agricultural, and scientific knowledge and like subjects. Education implies the complete training and "drawing out of the whole powers of the mind."¹ Thus instruction is different from education. Instruction is departmental knowledge. Education includes all the influences of life; instruction gives skill, education forms character.

The Rev. Dr. Parker is the first Nonconformist preacher of distinction who has avowed his concurrence with Secular instruction in Board Schools. When Mr. W. E. Forster was framing his Education Act, I besought him to raise English educational policy to the level of the much-smoking, much-pondering Dutch. "The system of education in Holland dates from 1857. It is a Secular system, meaning by Secular that the Bible is not allowed to be read in schools, nor is any religious instruction allowed to be given. The use of the school-room is, however, granted to ministers of all denominations for the purpose of teaching religion out of school-hours. The schoolmaster is not allowed to give religious instruction, or even to read the Bible in school at any time."² No State rears better citizens or better Christians than the Dutch. Mr. Gladstone, with his customary discernment, has said that "Secular instruction does not involve denial of religious teaching, but merely separation in point of time." It seems incredible that Christian ministers, generally, do not see the advantage of this. I should probably have become a Christian preacher myself, had it not

¹ Henry Drummond gave this definition in the House of Commons, and it was adopted by W. J. Fox and other leaders of opinion in that day.

² Report from the Hague, by Mr. (now Right Hon.) Jesse Collings, M. P., May, 1870.

been for the incessantness with which religion was obtruded on me in childhood and youth. Even now my mind aches when I think of it. For myself, I respect the individuality of piety. It is always picturesque. Looking at religion from the outside, I can see that concrete sectarianism is a source of religious strength. A man is only master of his own faith when he sees it clearly, distinctly, and separately. Rather than permit Secular instruction and religious education to be imparted separately, Christian ministers permit the great doctrines they profess to maintain to be whittled down to a School Board average, in which, when done honestly towards all opinions, no man can discern Christianity without the aid of a microscope. And this passes, in these days, for good ecclesiastical policy. In a recent letter (November, 1894) Mr. Gladstone has re-affirmed his objection to "an undenominational system of religion framed by, or under the authority of, the State." He says: "It would, I think, be better for the State to limit itself to giving secular instruction, which, of course, is no complete education." Mr. Gladstone does not confound Secular instruction with education, but is of the way of thinking of Milton, who says: "I call a complete and generous education that which fits a man to perform justly, skilfully, and magnanimously all the offices, both private and public, of peace and war." Secular instruction touches no doctrine, menaces no creed, raises no scepticism in the mind. But an average of belief introduces the aggressive hand of heresy into every school, tampering with tenets rooted in the conscience, wantonly alarming religious convictions, and substituting for a clear, frank, and manly issue a disastrous, blind, and timid policy, wriggling along like a serpent instead of walking with self-dependent erectness. This manly erectness would be the rule were the formula of the great preacher accepted who has said: "Secular education by the State, and Christian education by the Christian Church is my motto."¹ Uniformity of truth is desirable, and it will come, not by contrivance, but by conviction.

Some one quoted lately in the *Daily News* (September 19, 1895) the following sentences I wrote in 1870:

"With secular instruction only in the day school, religion will acquire freshness and new force. The clergyman and the minister will exercise a new influence, because their ministrations will have dignity and definiteness. They will no longer delegate things declared by them to be sacred to be taught second-hand by the harassed, overworked, and oft-reluctant schoolmaster and schoolmistress, who must contradict the gentleness of religion by the peremptoriness of the pedagogue, and efface the precept that 'God is love' by an incontinent application of the birch. . . . It is not secular instruction which breeds irreverence, but this ill-timed familiarity with the reputed things of God which robs divinity of its divineness."

¹ The Rev. Joseph Parker, D. D.

The Bible in the school-room will not always be to the advantage of clericalism, as it is thought to be now.

Mr. Forster's Education Act created what Mr. Disraeli contemptuously described as a new "sacerdotal caste,"—a body of second-hand preachers, who are to be paid by the money of the State to do the work which the minister and the clergyman avow they are called by heaven to perform,—namely, to save the souls of the people. According to this Act, the clergy are really no longer necessary; their work can be done by a commoner and cheaper order of artificer. Mr. Forster insisted that the Bible be introduced into the school-room, which gives great advantage to the Freethinker, as it makes a critical agitation against its character and pretensions a matter of self-defence for every family. Another eminent preacher, Mr. C. H. Spurgeon, wrote, not openly in the *Times* as Dr. Parker did, but in *The Sword and Trowel* thus: "We should like to see established a system of universal application, which would give a sound secular education to children, and leave the religious training to the home and the agencies of the Church of Christ." It is worthy of the radiant common sense of the famous orator of the Tabernacle that he should have said this anywhere.

Self-Defensive for the People.

"What suits the gods above
Only the gods can know;
What we want is This World's sense—
How to live below."

By its nature, Secularism is tolerant with regard to religions. I once drew up a code of rules for an atheistic school. One rule was that the children should be taught the tenets of the Christian, Catholic, Moslem, Jewish, and the leading theological systems of the world, as well as Secularistic and atheistic forms of thought—that when the pupil came to years of discretion he might be able, intelligently, to choose a faith for himself. Less than this would be a fraud upon the understanding of a man. In matters which concern himself alone, he must be free to choose for himself, and know what he is choosing from. That form of belief which has misgivings as to whether it can stand by itself, is to be distrusted.

It is the scandal of Christianity that, for twenty-five years, it has paralysed School Board instruction by its discord of opinion as to the religious tenets to be imparted; while in Secularity there is no disunity. Everybody is agreed upon the rules of arithmetic. The laws of grammar command general assent. There are no rival schools upon the interpretation of geometrical problems. It is only in divinity that irreconcilable diversity exists. When Secular instruction is conceded, denominational differences will be respected,

as aspects of the integrity of conscience, which no longer obstruct the intellectual progress of the people.

But there are graver issues than the pride and preference of the preacher—namely, the welfare of the children of the people. What the working classes want is an industrial education. Poverty is a battle, and the poor are always in a conflict—a conflict in which the most ignorant ever go to the wall. The accepted policy of the State leaves the increase of population to chance. It suffers none to be killed; it compels them to be kept alive, and abandons their subsistence to the accident of capitalists requiring to hire their services. Thus our great towns are crowded with families, impelled there by the wild forces of hunger and of passion. From the working classes thus situated, the governing class exact from each parent four duties:

1. That he shall give the parish no disquietude by asking it to maintain his family.
2. That he shall pay whatever taxes are levied upon him.
3. That he shall give no trouble to the police.
4. That he shall fight generally whomsoever the Government may see fit to involve the nation in war with.

Whatever knowledge is necessary to enable the future workman to do these things, is his right, and should be given to him in his youth in the speediest manner; and any other inculcation which shall delay this knowledge on its way, or confuse the learner in acquiring it, is a cruelty to him and a peril to the community which permits; and the State, were it discerning and just, would forbid it.

In April, 1870, in a letter which appeared in the *Spectator*, I wrote as follows:

"In the speech of the Bishop of Peterborough, delivered at the Educational Conference at Leicester, and published in a separate form by the National Education Union, his Lordship quotes from a recent letter of mine to the *Daily News* some words in which I explained that 'unsectarian education amounts to a new species of parliamentary piety.' It is a satisfaction to find that the Bishop of Peterborough is able to 'entirely endorse these words.' The Bishop asks: 'Whose words do you suppose they are? They are the words of that reactionary maintainer of creeds and dogmas—Mr. Holyoake.' So far from being a 'reactionary' in this matter, I have always maintained that every form of sincere opinion, religious or secular, should have free play and fair play. I have never varied in advocating the right of free utterance and free action of all earnest conviction. The State requires a self-supporting and tax-paying population. But the State cannot insure this, except by imparting *productive* knowledge to the people. It is necessary for the people to receive, it is the interest of the State to give, *productive* instruction in national schools."

If people realised how much extended secular instruction is needed, they would be impatient with the obstruction of it by contending sects. Children want industrial education to fit them for emigrants. A knowledge of soils, of cattle, of climate, and crops,

and how to nail up a wigwam and grow pork and corn, is what they need. For want of such knowledge Clerkenwell watchmakers, Northampton shoemakers, Lancashire weavers, and Durham miners perish as emigrants, and their bones bleach the prairies. Yet all orthodox teaching turns out its pupils uninstructed, for, as Tillotson has said, "He that does not know those things which are of use and necessity for him to know, is but an ignorant man, whatever he may know beside." To know this world, and the Secular conditions of prosperity in it, is indispensable to the people.

Christianity is entirely futile in industry. If a workman cannot pay his taxes, the most devout Chancellor of the Exchequer will not abate sixpence in consideration of the defaulter's piety. The poor man may believe in the Thirty-nine Articles, be able to recite all the Collects; he may spend his Sundays at church, and his evenings at prayer-meeting; but the reverend magistrate, who has confirmed him and preached to him, will send him to gaol if he does not pay. The sooner workmen understand that Christianity has no commercial value, the better for them.

Why should purely Secular instruction be regarded with distrust, when purely religious education does not answer? It does not appear in human experience that purely religious teaching, even when dispensed in a clergyman's family, is a security for good conduct. It is matter of common remark that the sons of clergymen turn out worse than the sons of parents in other professions.

We want no whining or puling population. The elements of science and morality will give children the use of their minds, and minds to use, and teach justice and kindness, self-direction, self-reliance, fortitude, and truth. There is piety in this instruction,—piety to mankind,—exactly that sort of piety for the want of which society suffers.

The principles for which during two centuries Non-conformity in England has contended are, that the State should forbid no religion, impose no religion, teach no religion, pay no religion. In 1870, the year in which Mr. Forster's Act came into operation, I was the only person who issued a public address to the "School Board Electors" in favor of free compulsory, and Secular instruction. Two of the proposals, the least likely to be favorably received, have since been adopted. The turn of the third must be near, unless fools are always at the polls.

Rejected Tenets Replaced by Better.

"False ideas can be confuted by argument, but it is only by true ideas they can be expelled."—*Cardinal Newman*.

ERROR will live wherever vermin of the mind may burrow; and error, if expelled, will return to its ac-

customed haunt, unless its place be otherwise occupied by some tenant of truth. Suppose that criticism has established:

1. That God is unknown.
2. That a future life is unprovable.
3. That the Bible is not a practical guide.
4. That providence sleeps.
5. That prayer is futile.
6. That original sin is untrue.
7. That eternal perdition is unreal.

What is free thought going to do? All these theological ideas, however untrue, are forces of opinion on the side of error. After taking these doctrines out of the minds of men, as far as reasoning criticism may do it, what is proposed to be put in their place? When we call out to men that they are going down a wrong road, we are more likely to arrest their attention if we can point out the right road to take.

No mind is ever entirely empty. The objection to ignorance is not that it has no ideas, but that it has wrong ones. Its ideas are narrow, cramped, vicious. It likes without reason, hates without cause, and is suspicious of what it might trust. It is not enough to tell a man who is eating injurious food that it will harm him. If he has no other aliment, he must go on feeding upon what he has. If you cannot supply better, you cannot reproach him who takes the bad. But if you have true principles, they should be offered as substitutes for the false. Secularist truth should tread close upon the heels of theological error.

1. For the study of the origin of the universe Secularism substitutes the study of the laws and uses of the universe, which, Cardinal Newman admitted, might be regarded as consonant to the will of its author.

2. For a future state Secularism proposes the wise use of this, as he who fails in this "duty nearest hand" has no moral fitness for any other.

3. For revelation it offers the guidance of observation, investigation, and experience. Instead of taking authority for truth, it takes truth for authority.

4. For the providence of Scripture, Secularism directs men to the providence of science, which provides against peril, or brings deliverance when peril comes.

5. For prayer it proposes self-help and the employment of all the resources of manliness and industry. Jupiter himself rebuked the waggoner who cried for aid, instead of putting his own shoulder to the wheel.

6. For original depravity, which infuses hopelessness into all effort for personal excellence, Secularism counsels the creation of those conditions, so far as human prevision can provide them, in which it shall be "impossible for a man to be depraved or poor." The aim of Secularism is to promote the moralisation

of this world, which Christianity has proved ineffectual to accomplish.

7. For eternal perdition, which appals every human heart, Secularism substitutes the warnings and penalties of causation attending the violation of the laws of nature, or the laws of truth—penalties inexorable and unevadable in their consequences. Though they extend to the individual no farther than this life, they are without the terrible element of divine vindictiveness, yet, being near and inevitable—following the offender close as the shadow of the offence—are more deterrent than future punishment, which "faith" may evade without merit.

The aim of Secularism is to educate the conscience in the service of man. It puts duty into free thought. Men inquired for self-protection, and from dislike of error. But if a man was in no danger himself, and was indifferent whether an error—which no longer harmed him—prevailed or not, Secularism holds that it is still a duty to aid in ending it for the sake of others. It was W. J. Fox, the most heretical preacher of his day, who said (1824): "I believe in the right of religion and the duty of free inquiry." He is a very exceptional person—as we know in political as well as in questions of mental freedom—who cares for a right he does not need himself. A man is generally of opinion, as I have seen in many agitations, that nobody need care for a form of liberty he does not want himself. It is as though a man on the bank should think that a man in the water does not want a rope. Duty is devotion to the right. Right in morals is that which is morally expedient. That is morally expedient which is conducive to the happiness of the greatest numbers. The service of others is the practical form of duty. "He," says Buddha, "who was formerly heedless, and afterwards becomes earnest, lights up the world like the moon escaped from a cloud."

Constructiveness is an education which attains success but slowly. Some men have no distinctive notion whatever of truth. It seems never to have occurred to them that there is anything intrinsic in it, and they only fall into it by accident. Others have a wholesome idea that truth is essential, and that, as a rule, you ought to tell it, and some do it. This is a small conception of truth, but it is good as far as it goes, and ought to be valued, as it is scarce. If any one asks such a person whether what he says is what he *thinks*, or what he *knows*, to be true, he is perplexed. The difference between the two things has not occurred to him. He has been under the impression that what he believes is the same thing as what he knows, and when he finds the two things are very different, his idea of truth is doubled and is twice as large as it was before.

There is yet a larger view, to which many never

attain. To them all truth is truth of equal value. All geese are geese, but all are not equally tender. Though all horses are horses, all are not equally swift. Yet many never observe that all facts are not equally succulent or swift, nor all truth of equal value or usefulness.

Social truth has three marks,—it must be explicit, relevant to the question in hand, and of use for the purpose in hand. But it requires some intelligence to observe this, and judgment to act upon it.

THE LIBERAL CONGRESS.

During the first World's Parliament of Religions, a movement for a closer fellowship originated among liberal-minded religious leaders of our country, and the following call received six hundred signatures:

"Believing in the great law and life of love, and desiring a nearer and more helpful fellowship in the social, educational, industrial, moral, and religious thought and work of the world, the undersigned unite in calling an American Congress of Liberal Religious Societies, and such other Churches and Organisations, of any name, as may be willing to recognise a common duty and to work in the spirit of kinship herein indicated."

The American Congress of Liberal Religious Societies met for the first time in 1894 and was duly organized and incorporated. The convention was a success but the name of the Congress was criticised by Dr. Momerie and other prominent members. At the same time the demand was made by Rev. A. M. Judy to definitely formulate the scope and purpose of the new fellowship. The resolutions of the Rev. A. M. Judy and the recommendations of Dr. Momerie were referred to a committee consisting of the Reverends A. N. Alcott of Elgin, R. A. White of Englewood, Mr. Leo Fox of Chicago, and Dr. Paul Carus as Chairman, to which are added the Rev. Dr. Jenkin Lloyd Jones as Secretary, and Dr. H. W. Thomas as President ex-officio. Their report reads as follows:

"Continuing in the spirit in which the work of the Liberal Congress was begun, the committee to whom the resolutions of the Rev. A. M. Judy and the recommendations of Dr. Momerie were referred, recommend the promulgation of the following resolutions in explanation of the aims of the Congress:

"RESOLVED (1): That the name of this Corporation shall be THE LIBERAL CONGRESS OF RELIGION.

"RESOLVED (2): That the purpose of the Congress be the promotion of LIBERALISM and CATHOLICITY in religion.

"*Liberalism* does not imply indifference as to what may be truth or error, but denotes a willingness, nay a desire, to listen with kindness and in patience to the arguments of others; and *catholicity* means the universality of truth which once recognised and established upon sound evidence will be acceptable to all.

"Thus our aim is to acquire for ourselves and to help others to acquire for themselves, a more and ever more definite knowledge of religious truth, available for the various needs of practical life. The means by which we endeavor to promote our cause are to be determined by the Liberal Religious Congress and its officers as circumstances may demand.

"Our Bond of Union is not a common creed, but a common purpose, which we propose to pursue through earnest self-criticism and self-discipline, with a reverent but fearless love of truth and in brotherly forbearance as well as mutual respect and good will. The Liberal Congress is undenominational, but not anti-denominational. It does not assume the authority of deciding which denomination is right, but respects the convictions of all. Leaving its members free to hold their own views, it commends in religious discussions the avoidance of all insinuations of hypocrisy, and expressions of disdain or contempt.

"The Liberal Congress regards a fearless investigation of religious problems as a religious duty; for all truth is sacred, and science is not a purely human and profane pursuit, but a divine revelation. A revelation of truth cannot be gained without our own effort, be it by personal experience, in the emotional life of the soul, or by close investigation.

"Since evolution is the law of life, we desire to progress with the age, and avail ourselves of the new light that is still in store for us.

"While we propose to avoid quarrels about accidentals, we are anxious to come to an agreement concerning the one thing that is useful. Rituals and symbols may vary according to taste, historical tradition, and opinion, but the essence of religion can only be one and must remain one and the same among all nations, in all climes, and under all conditions. The sooner mankind recognises it, the better it will be for progress, welfare, and international relations, for it will bring glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace toward the men of good-will."

F. C.

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CHRISTIANITY AND PATRIOTISM.¹

BY COUNT LEO TOLSTOI.

[CONTINUED.]

VII.

AT ONE time, patriotism was necessary for the creation and the defence of strong States composed of heterogeneous populations. But as soon as Christian enlightenment internally transformed and gave to one and all of these States the same foundation, patriotism not only became superfluous, but it became the only obstacle to that union of the nations for which they had been prepared by Christianity.

The patriotism of our time is a cruel tradition of the past, and it keeps itself alive only by a sort of inertia and by dint of the efforts of the ruling classes, who are conscious that on it rests not only their authority, but also their existence. The patriotism of our time is like the false timbers of a building, which were necessary for the erection of the building, but which have not been removed because they serve a certain purpose to a few men, although they obstruct the use of the building.

Among Christian peoples there cannot exist any cause for strife. It is impossible to imagine even how and why a Russian and a German workingman living in their respective capitals and along their respective frontiers and toiling peacefully at their tasks, should ever suddenly quarrel. Much less it is possible to imagine the enmity of a Kazán peasant towards the German whom he is supplying with wheat and who, in his turn, is furnishing that peasant with scythes and all sorts of agricultural machinery. The same applies to the French, the German, and the Italian workingman. It is even ridiculous to think of any quarrel among men of science and art, or among the men of letters of the different nationalities, since all of them have the same common interests, totally independent of national or the State interests.

The governments cannot afford to let people live in peace, because the main, if not the only excuse for their existence is the pacification of the people and the adjustment of international difficulties. With that end in view, the governments provoke hostile sentiments among the people under the cloak of patriotism

and then pretend to labor towards a pacific settlement of the difficulty. They are just like the Gypsies, who, having wrought a horse to a high pitch of excitement by whipping it in its stall and by other nefarious means, drag it out by the halter and pretend that they cannot manage the fiery steed.

We are assured that the governments are very anxious about preserving peace. But how do they preserve it?

People live happily along the shores of the Rhine, holding peaceful intercourse with one another, when suddenly, through the quarrels and intrigues of kings and emperors, a war breaks out, and it becomes necessary for the government of France to bring some of those inhabitants under its rule. Centuries pass, people become used to their new conditions, when again the governments commence to quarrel and go to war on the most trifling pretext, and this time the Germans deem it necessary to bring those inhabitants back under their rule. In this manner hatred is constantly kept up between the French and the Germans. Again, the Germans and the Russians are living happily along their respective frontiers, exchanging peacefully the products of their labor, when suddenly the very institutions which exist for securing the welfare of the people, begin to quarrel, and to bicker, and, for want of something better to do, and to gain a mere trivial point, or to humiliate an adversary, institute a tariff war which does not affect them in any way, but from which the people seriously suffer.

I mention these last two examples of governmental action, which have had the design of exciting mutual hatred among nations, because they are of a very recent date. There is not, however, in the whole range of history a single war which was not brought on by the governments alone, without any reference to the popular interests, to which even a successful war is always harmful.

The governments assure their people that they are threatened by a foreign invasion, or are menaced by internal foes, and that their only salvation is in an implicit obedience to the government. Every government justifies its existence and its outrages, saying that without it the people would fare worse. Having convinced the people that they are in danger, it is an

¹ Translated from the Russian by Paul Borger.

easy task for the governments to keep the people in subjugation. After gaining a mastery over its own people, the government compels it to attack another people. In this manner the people are led to believe that they are in danger of a foreign invasion.

Divide et impera. Patriotism in its simplest, clearest, and most undoubted meaning is for rulers nothing else but a means of realising their ambitious and venal ends; for the governed it is a renouncing of human dignity, intelligence, and conscience, and a slavish submission to the rulers. Wherever patriotism is championed, it is preached invariably in that shape. Patriotism is slavery. The advocates of arbitration reason thus: two animals cannot divide their prey without a scuffle. This is the way children and barbarians act. Intelligent men settle their differences by recourse to argument and persuasion and by submitting their disputes to disinterested, intelligent men. This is what the nations of our time ought to do. The logic of it seems correct. The nations of our time have reached a period of enlightenment, they experience no mutual enmity, and they could settle all their differences in a peaceful manner. But its logic is correct only in so far as it applies to the people alone, and provided also that the people are not under the influence of the government. As to people who obey the authorities implicitly, they cannot be wise, because the very act of submission to government is *per se* a sign of the greatest foolishness.

Wherein is the wisdom of men who bind themselves in advance to do everything (including murder) that the authorities may direct—authorities who may have gotten accidentally into that position.

Men who will promise implicit obedience to persons wholly unknown to them in St. Petersburg, Vienna, or Paris, cannot be wise, while the governments, that is, the men possessing governmental authority, are even less wise; for they cannot help abusing their great authority, cannot help having their heads turned by their immense power. For this reason international peace cannot be brought about by means of conventions and arbitrations, as long as there is blind obedience to rulers.

As long as there is patriotism, there will be blind submission, i. e., readiness on the part of the people to obey every measure having in view the defence of their country against some pretended dangers.

On this patriotism stood the power of the French kings before the Revolution; on it was based the might of the Committee of Public Safety after the Revolution. The same patriotism erected Napoleon's power (as Consul and Emperor); on it, after Napoleon's downfall, stood the dominion of the Bourbons, and later that of the Republic and of Louis Philippe, and of the Republic again, and of Bonaparte again, and,

lastly, of the Republic. The same patriotism came near placing Boulanger in power.

It is a fearful thing to say, but there has never been a joint outrage of this kind perpetrated by one group of men upon another, but it has been done in the name of patriotism. In the name of patriotism, years ago, the Russians and the French sought to exterminate each other, in its name now the Russians and the French are preparing to assault the Germans. But let wars alone. In the name of patriotism the Russians are crushing the Poles, and the Germans are doing the same with the Slavs; in the name of patriotism the Communists murdered the Versaillesists, and *vice versa*.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

MORALITY INDEPENDENT OF THEOLOGY.

BY GEORGE JACOB HOLYOAKE.

"Religion, as dealing with the confessedly incomprehensible, is not the basis for human union, in social, or industrial, or political circles, but only that portion of old religion which is now called moral."

—Professor Francis William Newman.

BISHOP ELLICOTT was the first prelate whom I heard admit (in a sermon to the members of the British Association for the Advancement of Science) that men might be moral from other motives than those furnished by Christianity. Renan says that Justin Martyr "in his *Apology*, never attacks the principle of the empire. He wants the empire to examine the Christian doctrines." A Secularist would have attacked the principle, regarding freedom as of more consequence to progress than any doctrine without it.

Those who seek to guide life by reason are not without a standard of appeal. "Secularism accepts no authority but that of nature, adopts no methods but those of science and philosophy, and respects in practice no rule but that of the conscience, illustrated by the common sense of mankind. It values the lessons of the past, and looks to tradition as presenting a storehouse of raw materials to thought, and in many cases results of high wisdom for our reverence; but it utterly disowns tradition as a ground of belief, whether miracles and supernaturalism be claimed or not claimed on its side. No sacred Scripture or ancient Church can be made a basis of belief, for the obvious reason that their claims always need to be proved, and cannot without absurdity be assumed. The association leaves to its individual members to yield whatever respects their own good sense judges to be due to the opinions of great men, living or dead, spoken or written; as also to the practice of ancient communities, national or ecclesiastical. But it disowns all appeal to such authorities as final tests of truth."¹

¹ I owe the expression of this passage, whose comprehensiveness and felicity of phrase exceed the reach of my pen, to Professor Francis William Newman.

Morality can be inspired and confirmed by perception of the consequences of conduct. Theology regards free will as the foundation of responsibility. But free will saves no man from material consequences, and diverts attention from material causes of evil and good. Under the free will doctrine the wonder is that any morality is left in the world. It is a doctrine which gives scoundrels the same chance as a saint. When a man is assured that he can be saved when he believes, and that, having free will, he can believe when he pleases, he, as a rule, never does please until he has had his fill of vice, and is about to die,—either of disease or by the hangman. If by the hangman, he is told that, provided he repents before eight o'clock in the morning, he may find himself nestling in Abraham's bosom before nine. Free will is the doctrine of rascalism. It is time morality had other foundation than theology. The relations of life can be made as impressive as ideas of supernaturalism. But in this Christians not only lend no help, they disparage the attempt to control life by reason. When Secularism was first talked of, the President of the Congregational Union, the Rev. Dr. Harris, commended to the Union the words of Bishop Lavington of a century earlier (1759): "My brethren, I beg you will rise up with me against mere moral preaching."¹ A writer of distinction, R. H. Hutton, writing on "Secularism" in the *Expositor* so late as 1881, argues strenuously that moral government is impossible without supernatural convictions. The egotism of Christianity is as conspicuous as that of politics. No ethic is genuine unless it bears the hall-mark of the Church. Secularism does not deny the efficacy of other theories of life upon those who accept them, and only claims to be of use as commending morality on considerations purely human, to those who reject theories purely spiritual.

Any one familiar with controversy knows that Christianity is advertised like a patent medicine which will cure all the maladies of mankind. Everybody who tries reasoned morality is encouraged to condemn it, and is denounced if he commends it.

It is a maxim of Secularism that, wherever there is a rightful object at which men should aim, there is a secular path to it.

Nearly all inferior natures are susceptible of moral and physical improvability, which improvability can be indefinitely advanced by supplying proper material conditions.

Since it is not capable of demonstration whether the inequalities of human condition will be compensated for in another life, it is the business of intelligence to rectify them in this world. The speculative worship of superior beings, who cannot need it, seems a lesser duty than the patient service of known inferior

natures and the mitigation of harsh destiny, so that the ignorant may be enlightened and the low elevated.

Christians often promote projects beneficial to men; but are they not mainly incited thereto by the hope of inclining the hearts of those they aid to their cause? Is not their motive proselytism? Is it not a higher morality to do good for its own sake, careless whether those benefited become adherents or not?

Going to a distant town to mitigate some calamity there, will illustrate the principle of Secularism. One man will go on this errand from pure sympathy with the unfortunate; this is goodness. Another goes because the priest bids him; this is obedience. Another goes because the twenty-fifth chapter of Matthew tells him that all such persons will pass to the right hand of the Father; this is calculation. Another goes because he believes God commands him; this is theological piety. Another goes because he is aware that the neglect of suffering will not answer; this is utilitarianism. But another goes on the errand of mercy because it is an immediate service to humanity, knowing that material deliverance is piety and better than spiritual consolation; this is Secularism.

One whose reputation for spirituality is in all the Churches says: "Properly speaking, all true work is religion, and whatsoever religion is not work may go and dwell among the Brahmins, the Antinomians, Spinning Dervishes, or where it will. Admirable was that maxim of the old monks, *Laborare est orare* (Work is worship).¹ In his article on Auguste Comte, Mr. J. S. Mill says he "uses religion in its modern sense as signifying that which binds the convictions, whether to deity or to duty,—deity in the theological sense, or duty in the moral sense. This is the only sense in which a Secularist would employ the term. Religious moralism is a term I might use, since it binds a man to humanity, which religion does not." "Without God," said Mazzini to the Italian workingmen forty years ago,—"without God you may compel, but not persuade. You may become tyrants in your turn; you cannot be educators or apostles." One night, when Mazzini was speaking in this way, in the hearing of Garibaldi, arguing that there was no ground of duty unless based on the idea of God, the General turned round and said: "I am an Atheist. Am I deficient in the sense of duty?" "Ah," replied Mazzini, "you imbibed it with your mother's milk." All around smiled at the quick-witted evasion.

In one sense Mazzini was as atheistic in mind as orthodox Christians. He disbelieved that truth, duty, or humanity could have any vitality unless derived from belief in God. Devout as few men are, in the Church or out of it, yet Mazzini believed alone in God. Dogmas of the Churches were to him as though

¹British Banner, October 27, 1852.

¹Carlyle, *Past and Present*.

they were not; yet there were times when he seemed to admit that other motives than the one which inspired might operate for good in other minds. In a letter he once addressed to me there occurred this splendid passage:—

"We pursue the same end,—progressive improvement, association, transformation of the corrupted medium in which we are now living, the overthrow of all idolatries, shams, lies, and conventionalities. We both want man to be, not the poor, passive, cowardly, phantasmagoric unreality of the actual time, thinking in one way and acting in another; bending to power which he hates and despises; carrying empty popish or Thirty-nine Article formulas on his brow, and none within; but a fragment of the living truth, a real individual being linked to collective humanity,—the bold seeker of things to come; the gentle, mild, loving, yet firm, uncompromising, inexorable apostle of all that is just and heroic,—the Priest, the Poet, and the Prophet."

Mazzini saw in the conception of God the great "Indicator" of duty, and that the one figure, "the most deeply inspired of God, men have seen on the earth was Jesus." Mazzini's impassioned protest against unbelief was itself a form of unbelief. He believed only in one God, not in three. If Jesus was inspired of God, he was not God, or he would have been self-inspired. But, apart from this repellent heresy, if Theism and Christianity are essential to those who would serve humanity, all propaganda of freedom must be delayed until converts are made to this new faith.

The question will be put, Has independent morality ever been seen in action?

Voltaire, at the peril of his liberty and life, rescued a friendless family from the fire and the wheel the priests had prepared for them. Paine inspired the independence of America, and Lloyd Garrison gave liberty to the slaves whose bondage the clergy defended. The Christianity of three nations produced no three men in their day who did anything comparable to the achievement of these three sceptics, who wrought this splendid good, not only without Christianity, but in opposition to it. Save for Christian obstruction, they had accomplished still greater good without the peril they had to brave.

None of the earlier critics of Secularism, as has been said (and not many in the later years), realised that it was addressed, not to Christians, but to those who rejected Christianity, or who were indifferent to it, and were outside it. Christians cannot do anything to inspire *them* with ethical principles, since they do not believe in morality unless based on their supernatural tenets. They have to convert men to Theism, to miracles, prophecy, inspiration of the Scriptures, the Trinity, and other soul-wearying doctrines, before they can inculcate morality they can trust. We do not rush in where they fear to tread. Secularism moves where they do not tread at all.

Ethical Certitude.

"You can tell more about a man's character by trading horses with him once than you can by hearing him talk for a year in prayer meeting."—*American Maxims*.

A FORM of thought which has no certitude can command no intelligent trust. Unless capable of verification, no opinion can claim attention, nor retain attention, if it obtains it.

If a sum in arithmetic be wrong, it can be discovered by a new way of working; if a medical recipe is wrong, the effect is manifest in the health; if a political law is wrong, it is sooner or later apparent in the mischief it produces; if a theorem in navigation is erroneous, delay or disaster warns the mariner of his mistake; if an insane moralist teaches that adherence to truth is wrong, men can try the effects of lying, when distrust and disgrace soon undeceive them. But if a theological belief is wrong, we must die to find it out. Secularism, therefore, is safer. It is best to follow the double lights of reason and experience than the dark lantern of faith. "In all but religion," exclaims a famous preacher,¹ "men know their true interests and use their own understanding. Nobody takes anything on trust at market, nor would anybody do so at church if there were but a hundredth part the care for truth which there is for money."

Mr. Rathbone Greg has shown, in a memorable passage, that "the lot of man—not perhaps altogether of the individual, but certainly of the race—is in his own hands, from his being surrounded by *fixed laws*, on knowledge of which, and conformity to which, his well-being depends. The study of these and obedience to them form, therefore, the great aim of public instruction. Men must be taught:

"1. The *physical laws* on which *health* depends.

"2. The *moral laws* on which *happiness* depends.

"3. The *intellectual laws* on which *knowledge* depends.

"4. The *social and political laws* on which *national prosperity and advancement* depend.

"5. The *economic laws* on which *wealth* depends."

Mr. Spurgeon had flashes of Secularistic inspiration, as when engaging a servant, who professed to have taken religion, he asked "whether she swept under the mats." It was judging piety by a material test.

There is no trust surer than the conclusions of reason and science. What is incapable of proof is usually decided by desire, and is without the conditions of uniformity or certitude.

Duty consists in doing the right because it is just to others, and because we must set the example of

¹ W. J. Fox.

doing right to others, or we have no claim that others shall do right to us. Certitude is best obtained by the employment of material means, because we can better calculate them, and because they are less likely to *deceit* us, or *betray* us, than any other means available to us.

Orthodox religions are pale in the face now. They still keep the word of material promise to the ear, and break it to the heart; and a great number of people now know it, and many of the clergy know that they know it. The poor need material aid, and prayer is the way *not* to get it; while science, more provident than faith, has brought the people generous gifts, and inspired them with just expectations. What men need is a guide which stands on a business footing. The Churches administer a system of foreign affairs in a very loose way, quite inconsistent with sound commercial principles. For instance, a firm giving checks on a bank in some distant country—not to be found in any gazetteer of ascertained places, nor laid down in any chart, and from which no person who ever set out in search of it were ever known to return—would do very little business among prudent men. Yet this is precisely the nature of the business engaged in by orthodox firms.

On the other hand, Secularism proposes to transact the business of life on purely mercantile principles. It engages only in that class of transactions the issue of which can be tested by the experience of this life. Its checks, if I may so speak, are drawn upon duty, good sense, and material effort, and are to be cashed from proceeds arising in our midst—under our own eyes—subject to ordinary commercial tests. Nature is the banker who pays all notes held by those who observe its laws. To use the words of Macbeth, it is here, "on this bank and shoal of time" upon which we are cast, that nature pays its checks, and not elsewhere; which are honored now, and not in an unknown world, in some unknown time, and in an entirely unknown way. By lack of judgment, or sense, the Secularist may transact bad business; but he gives good security. His surety is experience. His references are to the facts of the present time. He puts all who have dealings with him on their guard. Secularism tells men that they must look out for themselves, act for themselves, within the limits of neither injuring nor harming others. Secularism does not profess to be infallible, but it acts on honest principles. It seeks to put progress on the business footing of good faith.¹ Adherents who accept the theory of this life for this life dwell in a land of their own—the land of certitude. Science and utilitarian morality are kings in that country, and rule there by right of

conquest over error and superstition. In the kingdom of Thought there is no conquest over men, but over foolishness only. Outside the world of science and morality lies the great Debatable Ground of the existence of Deity and a Future State. The Ruler of the Debatable Ground is named Probability, and his two ministers are Curiosity and Speculation. Over that mighty plain, which is as wide as the universe and as old as time, no voice of the gods has ever been heard, and no footsteps of theirs have ever been traced. Philosophers have explored the field with telescopes of a longer range than the eyes of a thousand saints, and have recognised nothing save the silent and distant horizon. Priests have denounced them for not perceiving what was invisible. Sectaries have clamored, and the most ignorant have howled—as the most ignorant always do—that there is something there, because they want to see it. All the while the white mystery is still unpenetrated in this life.

But a future being undisclosed is no proof that there is no future. Those who reason through their desires will believe there is; those who reason through their understanding may yet *hope* that there is. In the meantime, all stand before the portals of the untrodden world in equal unknowingness. If faith can be piety, work is more so. To bring new beauty out of common life—is not that piety? To change blank stupidity into intelligent admiration of any work of nature—is not that piety? If our towns and streets be made to give gladness and cheerfulness to all who live or walk therein—is not that piety? If the prayer of innocence ascend to heaven through a pure atmosphere, instead of through the noisome and polluted air of uncleanness common in the purlieus of towns and of churches, and even cathedrals—is not that piety? Can we, in these days, conceive of religious persons being ignorant and dirty? Yet they abound. If, therefore, we send to heaven clean, intelligent, bright-minded saints—is not that piety? It is no bad religion—as religions go—to believe in the good God of knowledge and cleanliness and cheerfulness and beauty, and offer at his altar the daily sacrifice of intelligent sincerity and material service.

We leave to others their own way of faith and worship. We ask only leave to take our own. Carlyle has told us that only two men are to be honored, and no third—the mechanic and the thinker: he who works with honest hand, making the world habitable; and he who works with his brain, making thought artistic and true. "All the rest," he adds with noble scorn, "are chaff, which the wind may blow whither it listeth." The certainty of heaven is for the useful alone. Mere belief is the easiest, the poorest, the shabbiest device by which conscientious men ever attempted to scale the walls of Paradise.

¹ See *Secularism a Religion which Gives Heaven no Trouble*.

DEMONOLOGY OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

THE free thought movement of the eighteenth century and a better scientific conception of nature relieved mankind of the unnecessary fear of the Devil, and the nineteenth century could begin to study the question impartially in its historical and philosophical foundation.

Kant found the principle of evil in the reversal of the moral world order. "The Scriptures lay down," he says, "man's moral relation in the form of a history, representing the opposite principles in man as external facts, as Heaven and Hell. The significance of this popular conception, dropping all mysticism, is that there is but one salvation for mankind, which lies in his embracing in his heart the moral maxims."

Following the example of Kant, theologians began to give a rational explanation of the Devil. Daub, a disciple of Schelling, attempted to construct a philosophical devil, in his book *Judas Iscariot, or Evil in its Relation to Goodness*, defining Satan, the Antichrist and enemy of God, as the hatred of all that is good.

Schenkel regards the Evil One as a manifestation that appears in the totality of things and characterises him as that which is collectively bad. "Satan, accordingly, is a 'juridical person,'" and this explains his extraordinary and superindividual power; but he has not as yet succeeded in becoming a single, concrete personality, and let us hope that he probably never will. Hase does not deny the possibility of an influence of spiritual powers, good as well as evil, upon man, "but," says he, "the Devil appears only when he is believed to exist; and the effects of his influence being explicable only in the light of man's nature, the reality of such beings remains problematic."

Reinhard, although inclined to supernaturalism, doubts whether the Scriptural Devil is to be taken seriously; and De Wette speaks of the Devil as a popular conception (*Volksvorstellung*). Schleiermacher in his famous work *The Christian Faith According to the Doctrines of the Evangelical Church* (1821; fourth edition, 1842) declares the idea of the Devil, as historically developed, to be "untenable" and "unessential to a Christian's belief in God."

Martensen believes in the Devil not as an idea, but as an "historical person." He is in the beginning only the principle of temptation; as such he is a cosmic principle. He is not yet bad, but the potentiality of badness. He does not really become the Devil until man has allowed him to enter his consciousness. Man, accordingly, gives existence to the Devil. Lücke opposes Martensen: "The Devil as a symbol is absolutely bad, but as a fallen creature he cannot be absolutely bad. We have no other conception of the Devil than as the representative of sin."

This is an attempt to conciliate the theological conception with the philosophy of his time.

David Friedrich Strauss did not consider it necessary to refute the doctrine of Satan's personality, which he regarded as utterly overthrown, while modern mysticism shows an inclination to emphasise the importance of the traditional Satanology.

Dogmatic theologians in the ranks of English and American Protestants endeavor to preserve the traditional views of hell and Devil, without, however, making much practical use of these doctrines. They no longer discuss the problem at length but still uphold the belief in the personality of the Evil One. For instance, Professor Schaff scarcely enters into a detailed exposition of the subject, and Dr. William G. T. Shedd, who devotes in his great work *Dogmatic Theology* one or several chapters to every Christian dogma, omits a particular discussion of Satan. Passages in the chapter on hell nevertheless prove that he believes in both a personal Satan and an eternal personal punishment on the ground of scriptural evidence.

The liberal theology of to-day urges that Jesus makes thirst for justice, love of God and man, the conditions for entering into the Kingdom of God. A belief in the Devil, it is claimed, is nowhere demanded and can, to say the least, not be regarded as essential; it is not so much Christian and Jewish, as pagan; it is a survival of polytheistic nature-worship and of pagan dualism, quite natural at a time when the sciences were still in their pre-scientific period characterised by astrology and alchemy, and when the irrefragability of nature's laws was not as yet understood. The belief in a personal Devil, accordingly, and all the practices resulting therefrom, were rather due to ignorance than to religion.

There are still plenty of believers in a personal Devil, but their influence has ceased to be of any consequence. Vilmar regards the belief in an individual devilish personality as an indispensable qualification of a real theologian, saying: "In order rightly to teach and take charge of souls, one must have seen the Devil gnashing his teeth, and I mean it bodily, not figuratively; he must have felt his power over poor souls, his blasphemy, especially his sneer." Similarly, another German theologian, Superintendent Sanders, shows a great zeal in his defence of the Biblical Devil in his pamphlet *The Doctrine of the Scriptures Concerning the Devil* (1858), and Dr. Sartorius, following Hengstenberg's orthodoxy, says that, "he who denies Satan cannot truly confess Christ." Twes-ten, however, although accepting the belief in a personal devil, concedes that the necessity of his existence cannot be deduced from the contents of our religious consciousness. Fr. Reiff (in *Zeitfragen des christlichen Volkslebens*, VI., 1, 1880) declares that

there is a Kingdom of Evil as much as there is a Kingdom of God. The belief in a personal Prince of Darkness is the counterpart of a personal God. And Erhard wrote an apology of the Devil, not so much for the sake of the Devil as for the traditional idea that the nature of evil is positive and not merely negative.

The Roman Catholic Church of to-day still holds in theory the same views as in the Middle Ages; but the secular authorities will never again allow themselves to be influenced in their legal proceedings by the opinions of inquisitors.

Görres,¹ one of the ablest and most modern defenders of the Roman Church, complains about the purely medical view which regards witch prosecution as a mere epidemic in disregard of what Görres is pleased to call "the facts of witchcraft." He finds the ultimate cause of witchcraft and sorcery in the apostasy from the Church, which had become fashionable in those days. Dr. Haas, another Roman Catholic, takes the same view in his inquiry into witch prosecution.² He concedes that witchcraft is a revival of pagan notions mixed with a false conception of Christianity (p. 68), but he still shares with the inquisitors of yore and with Pope Innocent III. the belief in the actuality of witchcraft. Like Görres, Haas regards "witchcraft as the product of heresy" and calls the former "a cousin" and "a daughter" of the latter. Both to him "result from unbelief, uncleanness, pride, eccentricity." Both are manias or illusions (*Wahn-ge-schöpfen*); "they maltreat and are maltreated, and thus they increase, until they are opposed with reason and vigor." The only trouble was that the remedy of inquisitorial reason and vigor was worse than the disease. Haas continues: "For the minds of many were not yet free from error (i. e. heresy), and when the house was swept and cleaned, worse spirits entered, and matters were worse than ever."

The Inquisition, the natural result of a belief in the Devil, is now powerless; "still," says the Rev. G. W. Kitchin, in the *Encyclopædia Britannica*:

"Its voice is sometimes heard; in 1856 Pius IX. issued an encyclical against somnambulism and clairvoyance, calling on all bishops to inquire into and suppress the scandal, and in 1865 he uttered an anathema against freemasons, the secular foes of the Inquisition."

The Rev. Mr. Kitchin sums up the present state of things as follows:

"The occupation of Rome in 1870 drove the papacy and the Inquisition into the Vatican, and there at last John Bunyan's vision seems to have found fulfilment. Yet, though powerless, the institution is not hopeless; the Catholic writers on the subject, after long silence or uneasy apology, now acknowledge the facts and seek to justify them. In the early times of the 'Holy Office' its friends gave it high honor; Paramo, the inquisitor,

declares that it began with Adam and Eve ere they left Paradise; Paul IV. announced that the Spanish Inquisition was founded by the inspiration of the Holy Spirit; Muzarelli calls it 'an indispensable substitute to the Church for the original gift of miracles exercised by the apostles.' And now again, from 1875 to this day a crowd of defenders has risen up: Father Wieser and the Insbruck Jesuits in their journal (1877) yearn for its re-establishment; Orti y Lara in Spain, the Benedictine Gams in Germany, and C. Pouillet in Belgium take the same tone; it is a remarkable phenomenon, due partly to despair at the progress of society, partly to the fanaticism of the late pope, Pius IX. It is hardly credible that any one can really hope and expect to see in the future the irresponsible judgments of clerical intolerance again humbly carried out, even to the death, by the secular arm."

Roman Catholic authors are, as a rule, too worldly wise to precipitate or provoke a discussion of the history of either the Inquisition or the doctrine of the Devil, but whenever they cannot avoid a discussion of the subject they claim that the Inquisition was a secular institution (so Gams of Ratisbon and Bishop Hefele), or defend the measures taken by the Inquisition. They have not as yet acquired sufficient insight, or, if they have the insight, they do not possess the moral strength to condemn the whole institution, and with it the policy of the Popes Innocent III., Gregory IX., Urban IV., John XXII., and others whose names are compromised in matters of witch prosecution.

Devil exorcism is not yet extinct in Roman Catholic countries. The exorcism performed in Germany by Father Aurelian on Michael Zilk, the son of a Catholic father and Protestant mother, with the especial permission of the Bishop Leopold von Eichstadt, is a sufficient evidence of the Egyptian darkness that still penetrates the minds of a great mass of our Christian brethren, among them members of the higher clergy.³

Mr. E. P. Evans, who quotes the curious occurrence,⁴ furnishes another interesting fact. He says:

"Pope Leo XIII. is justly regarded as a man of more than ordinary intelligence and more thoroughly imbued with the modern spirit than any of his predecessors, yet he composed and issued, November 19, 1890, a formula of an 'Exorcismus in Satanam et Angelos Apostolos.' His Holiness never fails to repeat this exorcism in his daily prayers, and commends it to the bishops and other clergy as a potent means of warding off the attacks of Satan and casting out devils."

The holy coat of Treves is still exercising its power over the minds of many credulous people and works miracles that are seriously believed, while the dancing-procession of Echternach is not only not abolished but encouraged by the Church. Pope Leo XIII. has granted a six years' absolution to all those who would take part in the performance. There are on an aver-

¹ Die Teufelsaustreibung in Werndorf. Nach den Berichten des P. Aurelian für das Volk kritisch beleuchtet von Richard Treutels. Munich, Schöb & Co. 1892. This curious treatise can no longer be obtained in the book-market.

² Popular Science Monthly, December, 1892, p. 161.

³ Die Hexenprocesse, ein kulturhistorischer Versuch. Tübingen. 1865.

⁴ Quoted by Roskoff, p. 239, from Christliche Mystik, III., 66.

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age about ten thousand persons who annually join in this stupid survival of the Middle Ages.

The personal Devil is dead in science, but he is still alive even in Protestant countries among the uneducated; and the number of those who belong to this category is legion. The Salvation Army is still in our midst singing:

"Come join our army, the foe must be driven;
To Jesus, our captain, the world shall be given.
If Hell should surround us we'll press through the throng.
The Salvation Army is marching along."

The following vigorous verse reminds one of Parsecism:

"Christian, rouse thee, war is raging.
God and fiends are battle waging,
Every ransomed power engaging,
Break the Tempter's spell.
Dare ye still lie fondly dreaming,
Wrapt in ease and worldly scheming,
While the multitudes are streaming
Downwards into Hell?"

A good illustration of their personal attitude toward the Evil One appears in these lines:

"The Devil and me, we can't agree,
I hate him and he hates me.
He had me once, but he let me go,
He wants me again, but I will not go."

The Devil of the Salvation Army proves that there is still a need of representing spiritual ideas in drastic allegories; but though Satan is still painted in glaring colors, he has become harmless and will inaugurate no more witch prosecutions. He is curbed and caged, so that he can do no more mischief. We smile at him as we do at a tiger behind the bars in a zoölogical garden.

P. C.

NOTES.

The Outlook of June 27, 1896, says with reference to *The Gospel of Buddha* that "the unlearned reader" ought to be told "that no life of Buddha is contemporary; none was written for over a thousand years after his death;"—in reply to which we have to say, that the narrations of Buddha's life, like the Christian gospels rose into existence gradually. The first personal recollections written down were the Thera-Vāda, the words of the elder, which are analogous to the *Māya rōn kyplov*. The Buddhist canon was settled at the second council and may be considered as established in the times of Ashoka, who lived in the third century before Christ, for the books regarded as canonical are enumerated in some of the rock-inscriptions. That lives of Buddha were written before the beginning of the Christian era may be proved by the fact that the first Buddhist missionaries to Tibet and China carried with them various important sacred books and among them lives of Buddha. Prof. Samuel Beal, formerly a Christian missionary to China and the translator of the Fo-Sho-Hing-Tsan-King writes in his Preface to the *Sacred Books of the East*, Vol. XIX., page xvii: "We may conclude therefore that such a life of Buddha was in circulation in India in a written form at or before the beginning of our era. It was brought thence by Ku-fa-lan, and translated into Chinese A. D. 67-70. M. Stanislas Julien, in the well-known communication found on page

xvii n. of the translation of the Lalita Vistara from Tibetan by M. Foucaux, speaks of this work as the first version of the Lalita Vistara into Chinese." In addition to these lives of Buddha we ought to mention that the most important philosophical book of Buddhism "The Questions of King Melinda" was written, as says Prof. T. W. Rhys Davids, "a considerable time before Buddhagosa and after the death of King Meander," who lived in the second century B. C., that is to say shortly before or about the beginning of the Christian era. While it is true that "no life of Buddha is contemporary" there can be no question about it that at the beginning of the Christian era all the most important Buddhist scriptures existed in the form or nearly in the form that we possess them now.

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THE SPIRITUAL SIGNIFICANCE OF EATING, FROM THE BUDDHIST POINT OF VIEW.

TRANSLATED FROM THE JAPANESE OF OUCHI SEIRAN BY
KEIJIRO NAKAMURA.

WE are destined to follow that which we believe. The belief may be sublime and great, but its practical use must have its beginning in petty things. And if we be not ashamed to apply our great ideal to any unimportant thing, then we can say that we are prepared to become believers in Buddhism.

There are very many things which are low and instinctive, but nothing more instinctive than eating. Suppose that many of the poor, uneducated class are assembled, they are prone to speak about eating. Even fools and idiots are pleased to eat. The old saying of "using chopsticks" is now the proverb for unimportant and easy tasks.

What are our ideal manners in regard to this instinctive practice? I observe that Christians offer prayer before eating, and I always admire the beautiful custom. What then, is there in Buddhism, the greatest and sublimest of religions, that relates to the ceremony of eating?

Buddha has taught us a ceremony of eating which has descended to us through our predecessors and is preserved in each sect; and however each may differ in detail from the other, their fundamental thought is the same. And thus this ceremony has been practised in various ways among the priests, but very seldom among the laymen. According to the teachings of the Daijō (great vehicle), no distinction should be made between the priest and the layman. Why, then, do we make any distinction between them in the matter of eating? Therefore, though I am not a priest, I have practised this ceremony with my wife and children for twenty years, and I am proud to be a believer in the teachings of the Daijō.

There are two great divisions in the significance of eating; the first, the preparation; the second, the partaking. In the first place we should study why we need the food. If we say that we need it simply to fill our stomachs, what distinction can we make between man and animals? What is our destiny? What did Buddha teach us? If we do not practise what he

taught us while we are in this world, how can we save our souls? Here, I mean this human body is the root from which grows our Buddhahood, hence we call it the sacred embryo and holy germ. Only through this body can we understand Buddha's law; and in the end, also become Buddha. Then it follows that eating is to develop this sacred embryo, to sustain this holy germ. Therefore, the eating itself bears the same sacred meaning. Why ought we not to respect it? In *Imakio* (one of the sacred books) it is said "if we are wise in eating we will be 'tau' in all things, and if we are 'tau' in all things we will be 'tau' in eating."

Shoyo Taishi interpreted it thus: "This is to consider both eating and the law of Buddha equally. Hence if the law is holy, then the eating must be holy; and if the law is next to Buddha, then the eating must be also next to Buddha."

Baso Taishi in explaining the previous quotation says: "If we conceive the world holily in our mind then everything is holy; if we conceive it in reason, then everything is in reason. Hence the 'tauing' all things is, in Buddhism, a thorough understanding or infinite enlightenment. Eating in the proper manner and with the proper sense is part of this sacred understanding." The food should have proper preparation also, therefore Yu-jenshi said, "we should regard common household cooking even as imperial household cooking."

It was Shoyo Taishi who taught us to say, "honorable boiled rice" instead of "boiled rice"; "let the rice be honorably whitened" instead of saying "pound the rice"; to say "augustly cook the honorable soup" instead of "boil the soup"; to say, "there are augustly sitting rice, vegetables, salt, and soup"; but never to say "dinner is on the table." Furthermore, he taught us to give great respect to the grain, greater respect to the cooking, and greatest respect to the food when prepared and placed upon the table. When everything is prepared we should burn incense by the table and worship Buddha nine times while offering a portion to him, and then the remainder is offered to all priests. All of the proceedings in this ceremony are conducted by a certain priest who is called "Tenza," meaning "Honorable Steward." This office was created by Buddha, and has been existing ever since.

One day Shoyo Taishi saw a man spreading seaweeds before the temple. He wore a large hat to protect his head from the heat and had a bamboo cane in his hand to support his body which was bent like a bow. His eyebrow was like a stork's feather. This old man was working hard under the burning sun, with the perspiration running down profusely. The Taishi went near him and said, "Who are you?" And he answered, "I am the Tenza of the Temple." The Taishi asked him how old he was and he said sixty-eight. Shoyo Taishi asked again, "Why do you not hire a man?" Then the Tenza replied, "*He* is not *me*." The Taishi continued, "You are right, sir, but how can you dare to work in such a hot day as this?" But the old man answered, "Time does not wait."

Now think of what this old man said: "*He* is not *me*." What a faithful idea! Go into the far interior of the country and you may find the aged man and woman calling a grain of rice, Bôdhisattvas (next to Buddha). They do not disregard even a single grain. At the table they pray, and they take their chopsticks and press them to their forehead before eating.

In contrast to this there are the promising young men studying the philosophy of Buddha and yet disregarding this beautiful, old custom. If we ask them what they believe, they may give us deep, profound, and sublime ideas, but if we examine what they do, we are often astonished that they are so near to animals in their behavior. They are only discussing and believing, but they do not practise what they believe, and are ashamed when they see the honest, old peasants.

By examining one piece of dust we may find such truth as is in the sacred book. This shows that we must be careful observers of everything and thoughtful examiners of our own conduct.

* * *

The individual is private and limited; society or the universal whole is public or eternal. If we offer this individual to the universe, we turn this limited thing to the use of the eternal object. For instance, all the luxuries about which history tells us of the Ashikaga dynasty have disappeared, but those things which were wrought in the same dynasty for the public benefit, such as temples, public highways, and bridges, are still remaining and of importance to the public. The historical relics of the Kamakura dynasty, and the old temples of the Nara dynasty are other examples. Thus the usefulness of the public property does not cease, while on the contrary, private property must perish when the family is exterminated.

No matter how poor and ungifted, if we offer our person to society and endeavor to do everything for the public benefit we are advancing wisely from the finite to the infinite. As soon as we offer this body to

society, it is no longer the private property of the individual; and thus we shall merge our personal desires in the public interest. Hence, eating and drinking are not to satisfy our private desires but to prepare ourselves to be of public service.

There are five things to be observed:

First, measure the merit of the labor spent in preparing the food.

Once on a time there was a priest who was called Kaikai Jenshi. He used to prepare his own food in the leisure of his study. He had a habit of going to the mountain to gather the wood, to the well to draw his own water, and to wash the floor. His disciples offered their assistance but he refused. One day one of his disciples quietly cooked the food and replaced all utensils. Then the old priest refused to eat and said, "If I do not work one day I do not eat one day."

There is another old saying that one grain of rice is heavier than Mt. Himalaya. Rishiu says:

"The farmer tilled all the day long
And his perspiration dropped and wetted the ground.
Who knows about the rice in the dish?
Each grain represents labor."

Secondly, we must consider whether we have performed our duty before we eat.

Thirdly, we must avoid three evils, namely: greediness, discontent, and disregard. The eater desires to gain an agreeable thing. If he find anything not pleasing, he despises it. If it is neither pleasing nor displeasing, then he disregards it. All these emotions must be restrained in regard to food. One must be able to eat any wholesome food with the same regard.

Fourthly, receive the food as if taking medicine. Do not take too much when it is delicious, nor take too little when it is poor. In taking medicine, it does not matter whether it is sweet or bitter, we study whether it serves its purpose. So it is in foods, we must simply take those which give best nourishment, because eating is not to satisfy the private person but to sustain a public person which has already been offered to the use of society.

Fifthly, simply take food in order to achieve virtue. Take it in order to comprehend yourself, to comprehend others, and to comprehend everything. To comprehend yourself is not alone to know what you are, but embraces the achievement of your duty.

As soon as the cooking is done, divide the food into four parts and one for the Buddha, law, and priests; the second, for parents, sovereign, teachers, and neighbors; the third, for those who are in heaven and even in hell; and the rest to be eaten after prayer. In the first mouthful of your food, you must think to exterminate all evil, in the second, to perpetuate all good, the third mouthful think to help all creatures and to lead them towards Nirvâna. In every swallow of drink and in every mouthful of food as you partake

of it say, "Abhor all evil, abide in all good and help all creatures." These are three fundamental needs for purification which every Buddhist must accomplish. No matter how sublime and profound other Buddhist teachings may be, they do not surpass these three aspirations. As you move your hand, as you walk or sit, you must keep these aspirations in your mind, and when you eat and drink you must not forget them, either.

If you bear these precepts in mind with every mouthful of food, the result will be great. In the first place, you will have no stomach-trouble, you will not be afflicted by the cholera-plague. Your life will be easy and your sentiments serene, and besides you will always be of public service and usefulness. Furthermore, in the three worlds of the past, present, and future, hand and hand with Buddha you acquire discipline in the infinite ocean of religion. What a valuable thing is eating and drinking! If you are wise (*tau*) in eating and drinking, you are wise (*tau*) in the law.

The Shinshu is the simplest sect in its ceremonious forms. The greatest priest of this sect, Rennyo Shonin, once said to his disciple that he should not forget at the time of eating that the food is provided by Amida, and that every time in drinking a glass of water he must be reminded that he is drinking it for the sake of enlightenment.

Be careful not to say any food is tasteful or distasteful; be careful not to say whether plenty or little, as it is but medicine to support life. If we satisfy our hunger and thirst that is enough. If we have the slightest idea of dissatisfaction, we forget that we are parts of the universal existence.

Let us nourish this body of appearances, in order to gain enlightenment. And when we attain it, we will be safe even on the ocean of pain.

CHRISTIANITY AND PATRIOTISM.¹

BY COUNT LEO TOLSTOI.

[CONTINUED]

VIII.

ONE would expect that with the spread of education and the increased intercourse of nations, the enormous growth of the public press, and the absence of all danger from foreign invasion, the illusion of patriotism would become more and more difficult to maintain and would finally be an impossibility.

The trouble is that the very means for its removal are being more and more monopolised by the governments and that these means enable them to excite the mutual enmities of the races in the same degree as the superfluity and the harm of patriotism grow more obvious.

¹Translated from the Russian by Paul Borger.

The difference between the present and the past in this respect is that there being more men at present participating in the advantages incident to patriotism, there are consequently more of them to participate also in the spread and maintenance of that strange superstition. The harder it becomes for the government to maintain its power, the greater is the number of the men with whom it is willing to share it.

Formerly a small clique of rulers had it all their own way: the emperors, the kings, the princes, their officials, and their soldiery. At present, the participants of that power and its concomitant advantages are not only the officials and the clergy, but also the capitalists, small and large, the land-owners, the bankers, the members of the Houses of the Legislature, the school-teachers, and the village officials, the scientists and the artists, and, especially, the newspaper writers. All these persons spread, consciously or unconsciously, the falsehood of patriotism which is so necessary for their maintenance. This falsehood, thanks to the increased means of its propagation and thanks to the increased numbers of its propagators, is inculcated so successfully that, despite the greater difficulties it encounters, the percentage of the deluded people remains the same.

A hundred years ago, the illiterate people, totally ignorant of the composition of their government and of the surrounding nations, yielded blind obedience to the local officials and the nobility, and were virtually their slaves. It was sufficient for the government to keep those officials and that nobility in hand by means of bribery and by a system of rewards, in order to get the people to do its bidding. Now, when people can read, more or less, when they know all about their government and about the neighboring nations; when individuals from among the people move from place to place with ease, disseminating the news of what is going on in the world, a simple and outright demand of obedience is not sufficient: it is necessary to befog the truthful notions which people have concerning their life, and to spread among them other notions, antagonistic to their interests and untruthful as regards their life and standing with other nations.

Thanks to universal enlightenment, to the public press, and the present facilities of intercourse, and, furthermore, having everywhere their agents, the governments succeed by means of circulars, orders, sermons, schools, and newspapers, in imbuing the people with the wildest and the most perverted notions concerning their true interests, the intercourse of nations, their character, and their intentions; and the people, crushed and ground down by hard labor, obey blindly, having neither time nor facilities for verifying the truthfulness of the representations made to them or the justice of the demands imposed upon them.

The individuals from among the people who succeed in emancipating themselves from their hard lot, who acquire an education, and who, consequently, understand the deceit practised upon the masses, are subjected to such a pressure in the form of threats, bribery, and hypnotic influence by the government, that they almost all, without exception, side with the government, and, accepting the well-paid positions of school-teacher, clergymen, officers, clerks, etc., themselves participate in the spread of that deceit which mires their brethren and has crushed their fathers. It seems as if there were nets spread at the doors of education, the meshes of which entangle every one who by one means or another has emancipated himself from the lot of the down-trodden masses.

At first, on comprehending the terrible cruelty of this deceit, one involuntarily feels indignant at the persons who, from personal, venal, or vain ends, are the cause of this fatal illusion; one feels impelled to tear the mask from the faces of these cruel deceivers. But the trouble is that the deceivers deceive, not because they wish to do so, but because—they cannot help it. They deceive not consciously, Machiavellically, but, mostly, with a naïve conviction that they are doing something good and lofty, and in this they are confirmed by the sympathy and the approval of their associates. Feeling dimly that both their power and remunerative positions depend on the maintenance of that deceit, they are attracted to it involuntarily, and are fully convinced that what they are doing is useful to the people.

In the same manner all foreign ministers, diplomats, and all classes of officialdom put on their gorgeous uniforms decorated with ribbons and crosses, and indite zealously on beautiful paper their vague, complicated, useless communications, reports, rescripts, projects, fully convinced that without their wonderful performances the life of the nations would come to a standstill and fall to pieces.

Military men, arrayed in their ridiculous uniforms, discussing earnestly what guns are the best to kill men with, are fully convinced that their manoeuvres and their reviews are things highly important and absolutely indispensable for the people.

This conviction is also shared by the priests who preach patriotism, by the journalists, and by the composers of patriotic verses and text-books for which they are well remunerated.

All the doings of these men are mostly unconscious; they act in this manner out of necessity, or because their whole life is based on the deceit supporting their acts, and because they can do nothing else, whereas their present doings call forth the approval and the sympathy of society. Being bound together by common interests, they naturally approve of each other's

doings: the emperors and the kings approve of the doings of the military men, the officials, and the clergy; while the military, the officials, and the clergy second the cause of the emperors and the kings, and of each other. Furthermore, the masses of the people, the urban masses in particular, being unable to comprehend the meaning of all these acts, involuntarily ascribe to them an extraordinary and supernatural import. The masses seeing, for instance, that triumphal arches are being put up, that certain personages are arraying themselves in uniforms, in priestly robes, in crowns, that fireworks are being shot off, that cannon are booming and bells ringing, that regiments are marching by to the sound of music, that papers and telegrams and couriers are flying hither and thither, seeing that some grotesquely uniformed men are constantly riding from place to place with anxious faces, that they are saying something, writing something,—the masses seeing all this, I say, and being unable to ascertain that it is all done without the least necessity, ascribe to it an extraordinary and mysterious meaning and receive all these demonstrations either with yells of delight or with respectful silence. These expressions, sometimes of delight and always of respect, on the part of the mob, sanction still further the foolish doings of these men.

William II. recently had a new throne made for himself with some special ornaments, put on a white dress-coat, tight-fitting trousers, and a helmet with a bird crowning it, and, throwing over his shoulders a red cloak, made his appearance before his subjects and sat on that new throne fully convinced that it was an act very useful and important; while his subjects not only did not find anything ridiculous about it, but, on the contrary, thought that the sight was a very solemn one.

THE ETHICAL METHOD OF CONTROVERSY.

BY GEORGE JACOB HOLYOAKE.

"It was one of the secrets of my craft in the old days, when I wanted to weld iron or work steel to a fine purpose, to begin gently. If I began, as all learners do, to strike my heaviest blows at the start, the iron would crumble instead of welding, or the steel would suffer under my hammer, so that when it came to be tempered it would 'fly,' as we used to say, and rob the thing I had made of its finest quality."

—Robert Collyer, D. D.

"THEY who believe that they have truth ask no favor, save that of being heard; they dare the judgment of mankind; refused co-operation, they invoke opposition, for opposition is their opportunity." This was the maxim I wrote at the beginning of the Secularistic movement, to show that we were willing to accept ourselves the controversy, which we contended was the sole means of establishing truth. No propo-

sition, as Samuel Bailey showed, is to be trusted until it has been tested by very wide discussion. We soon found that the free and open field of Milton was not sufficient. It needed a "fair" as well as a "free and open encounter." Disputants require to be equally matched in debate as in arms.

The Secularist policy is to accept the purely moral teaching of the Bible, and to convert its theology, in such respects as it contradicts and discourages ethical effort. Yet theological questions are always sought to be forced upon us. The Rev. Henry Townley followed me to the *Leader* office (1853-1854) to induce me to discuss the question of the "existence of God." I never had done so, and objected that it would give the impression that Secularism was atheistic. He was so insistent and importunate that I consented to discuss the question with him. Never after did I do so with any one. The Rev. Brewin Grant endeavored to get my acceptance of propositions which pledged me to a wild opposition to Christianity. Mr. Samuel Morley, honorable in all things, admitted I had objected to it, but in the end I assented to it, that the discussion might not be broken off. Thomas Cooper was persistent that I should discuss with him the authenticity of the Scriptures. What I proposed was the proposition that the authenticity of the Scripture, its miracles, and prophecies are quite apart from moral truth.

The discussion took place in the city of York, lasting five nights. Canon Robinson and Canon Hey presided alternately. Mr. Cooper was an able man in dealing with the stock propositions of Christianity; but their relevance as tests of morality was an entirely new subject to him. He protested rather than reasoned, and declared he would never discuss the question of the ethical test of the truth of Scriptures; nor have I ever found any responsible minister willing to do so down to this day. Thus Christians should condemn with reservation the tendency in Secularists to debate theology, seeing how reluctant they are to do otherwise themselves. Christians seem incapable of understanding how much the objection to their cause arises in the revolt of the moral sense against it.

On first meeting Richard Carlile in 1842, some years before Secularism took a distinctive form, he invited me to hear him lecture upon the principles of the *Christian Warrior*,¹ of which he was editor, and to give my opinion thereon. In doing so I explained the ideas from which I have never departed; namely, that no theologic, astronomic, or miraculous mode of proving Scriptural doctrine could ever be made even intelligible, except to students of very considerable research. Such theories, I contended, must rest, more or less, on critical and conjectural interpretation, and

could never enable a workingman to dare the understanding of others in argument. Scientific interpretation laid entirely outside Christian requirements, and seemed to Christians disingenuous evasion of what they took to be obvious truths. My contention was that the people have no historic or critical knowledge enabling them to determine the divine origin of Christianity.

On the platform he who has most knowledge of Hebrew, Greek, and Latin will always be able to silence any dissentient who has not equal information. If by accident a controversialist happen to possess this knowledge, it goes for nothing unless he has credit for classical competency. In controversy of this nature it is not enough for a man to know; he must be known to know before his conclusions can command attention. To myself it was not of moment whether the Scriptures were authentic or inspired. My sole inquiry was, Did they contain clear moral guidance? If they did, I accepted that guidance with gratitude. If I found maxims obviously useful and true, judged by human experience, I adopted them, whether given by inspiration or not. If precepts did not answer to this test, they were not acceptable, though all the apostles in session had signed them. To miracles I did not object, nor did I see any sense in endeavoring to explain them away. We all have reason to regret that no one performs them now. It was our misfortune that the power, delegated with so much pomp of promise to the saints, had not descended to these days. If any preacher or deacon could, in our day, feed five thousand men on a few loaves and a few small fishes, and leave as many baskets of fragments as would run a workhouse for a month, the Poor Law Commissioners would make a king of that saint. But if a precept enjoined me to believe what was not true, it would be a base precept, and all the miracles in the Scriptures could not alter its character; while, if a precept be honest and just, no miracle is wanted to attest it; indeed, a miracle to allure credence in it would only cast suspicion on its genuineness. The moral test of the Scriptures was sufficient, since it had the commanding advantage of appealing to the common sense of all sorts and conditions of men, of Christian or of Pagan persuasion. Ethical criticism has this further merit, that on the platform of discussion the miner, the weaver, or farm-laborer is on the same level as the priest. A man goes to heaven upon his own judgment; whereas, if his belief is based on the learning of others, he goes to heaven second-hand.

When Mr. J. A. Froude wrote for John Henry Newman the *Life of St. Belletine*, he ended with the words: "And this is all that is known, and more than all, of the life of a servant of God." In the Bible there appears to be a great deal more than was ever known.

¹ The last periodical Mr. Carlile edited.

This does not concern the Secularist, though it does the scholar. If there be moral maxims in the Scripture, what does it matter how they got there?

Its Discrimination.

"There is nothing so terrible as activity without insight."—Goethe.

In 1847 I commenced in the *Reasoner* what I entitled "The Moral Remains of the Bible,"—a selection of some splendid moral stories, incidents, and sentences having ethical characteristics such as I doubted not would "remain" when the Bible came to be regarded as a human book. I wrote a "Logic of Life."¹ My *Trial of Theism* was only "as accused of obstructing Secular life," as stated on the title-page. The object was to show how much useful criticism could be entered upon without touching the questions of authenticity, or miracles, or the existence of deity. Thus it was left to opponents to declare that things morally incredible were inspired by God. In this case it was not I, but *they*, who blasphemed.

Take the case of Samson's famous engagement with the Philistines at Ramath,—Lehi surrounded by a band of warlike Philistines (though, as the text implies, 3,000 of his own armed countrymen were at hand). Samson, who had no weapon, was not given one by them, but had to look about for a "new jawbone of an ass." With this singular instrument he killed, one after the other, a thousand Philistine soldiers, who were big, strong men, and, unless every blow was fatal, it must have taken several blows to kill some of them.

Are there three places in the human body where a single blow will be sure to kill a man? Did Samson know those places? And was he always able to direct his blow with unerring precision to one or other of those particular spots? If the thousand Philistines "surrounded" him, how did he keep the others off while he struggled with the one he was killing? It is not conceivable that the Philistines stood there to be killed, and meekly submitted to ignoble blows, death, and degradation. The jawbone must have been of strange texture to have crashed through armor, and have turned aside spears and swords of stalwart warriors without chipping, splitting, or breaking in two. What time it must have taken Samson to pursue each man, beat off his comrades, drag him from their midst, give him the asinine *coup de grâce*, drag and cast his dead body upon the "heaps" of slain he was piling up! What struggling, scuffling, and turmoil of blood and blows Samson must have gone through! Spurred all over with blood, Barnum would have bought him for a Dime Museum as the deepest-colored Red Indian

known. No Deerfoot could have been nimbler than Samson must have been on this mighty day. When this Herculean fight was over, which, with the utmost expedition, must have occupied Samson six days,—which would give 166 killed single-handed per day,—the only effect produced upon Samson appears to have been that he was "sore athirst." Even after this extraordinary use of the jawbone it was in such good condition that, a hollow place being "clave" in it, a fount of water gushed forth for refreshing this remarkable warrior. Were it not recorded in the Bible, it would be said that the writer intended to imply that the jawbone of the ass is to be found only in the mouth of the reader.

Can it need miracle or prophecy, authenticity, or inspiration, to attest this story of the Jewish Jack-the-Giant-killer? What moral good can arise from a narration which it is reverence to reject? By leaving it to the Christian to say it is given by "inspiration" of God, it is he who blasphemes. But if the question of authenticity were raised, the character of the narrative would be lost sight of, and would not come into question; while the test of moral probability decides the invalidity of the story within the compass of the knowledge of an ordinary audience.

In the same manner, keeping to the policy of affirmation, he who maintains the self-existence, the self-action, and eternity of the universe can be met only by those who defame nature as a second-hand tool of God. Such are atheists towards nature, the author of their existence, and God must so regard them.

A single precept of Christ's, "Take no thought for the morrow," has bred swarms of mendicants in every age since this day; but a far more dangerous precept is "Resist not evil," which has made Christianity welcome so many tyrants. Christ, whatever other sentiments he had, had a slave heart. Every friend of freedom knows that "resistance is the backbone of the world." The patriot poet² exclaims:

"Land of our Fathers—in their hour of need
God help them, guarded by the passive creed."

No miracle could make these precepts true, and he who proved their authenticity would be the enemy of mankind.

Whether Christ existed or not affected in no way what excellence and inimitableness there was in his delineated character. His offer of palpable materialistic evidence to Thomas showed that he recognised the right of scepticism to relevant satisfaction. His concession of proof in this case needed no supernatural testimony to render it admirable.

The reader will now see what the policy of Secularist advocacy is,—mainly to test theology by its eth-

¹ Companion to the "Logic of Death," both contained in *The Trial of Theism*.

² Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes.

ical import. To many all policy is restraint; they cry down policy, and erect blundering into a virtue. Whereas policy is guidance to a chosen end. Mathematics is but the policy of measurement; grammar but the policy of speech; logic but the policy of reason; arithmetic but the policy of calculation; temperance but the policy of health; trigonometry but the policy of navigation; roads but the policy of transit; music but the policy of controlling sound; art but the policy of beauty; law but the policy of protection; discipline but the policy of strength; love but the policy of affection. An enemy may object to an adversary having a policy, because he is futile without one. The policy adopted may be bad, but no policy at all is idiocy, and commits a cause to the providence of Bedlam.

THE CHANDRA DAS BROTHERS.

AMONG the native scholars of India there are two brothers, Sarat Chandra Das and Nobin Chandra Das, well known for their extraordinary success and unusual diligence. They are both Buddhists who have labored incessantly for the preservation and recognition of the literature of their religion. Sri Sarat Chandra Das is the editor of the *Journal of the Buddhist Text Society of India*, a publication which is very valuable to the students of Buddhism. It publishes English translations of selected chapters from the Buddhist scriptures, articles on Buddhist philosophy and rituals, and notes of general interest in the line of comparative religion. Nobin Chandra Das, his brother, is engaged in the Bengal provincial service, but his professional duties do not prevent him from devoting much of his time to studies similar to those of his scholarly brother. We notice among other publications of his a translation in Bengalee verse, of the Raghu Vamsa, one of the great poems of Kāli Dāsa, the story which depicts the munificence and heroism of Raghu, and the love of Aja for his fair consort Indumati, whom he lost in the very bloom of her youth.

Nobin Chandra Das has just published a booklet entitled *Legends and Miracles of Buddha, Sakya Sinha*, which are four cantos of a larger work entitled *Avadān Kalpalatā* by Kshemendra, the great Sanskrit poet of Kashmir. When Buddhism disappeared from India, almost all the Buddhist literature was destroyed, and there are only fragmentary remnants which survived the ravages of the time and the bigotry of the various foreign conquerors. Happily Sarat Chandra Das recovered in his search for old Buddhistic Sanskrit literature the great work of Kshemendra in a monastery in Thibet. He visited the ancient libraries of Sakya, Samye, and Lhasa. It was in Sakya that the monumental work of the Sanskrit poet was translated into Thibetan verse by the order of Phagspa, the patriarch

who converted the emperor Khublai to Buddhism. In Lhasa he finally obtained Kshemendra's work, which was thought to be lost. It consists of 108 legends of the Bodhi Sattvas, written in classic Sanskrit verse, 107 of which were written by himself and one by his son Somendra. Nobin Chandra Das selected four of the 108 cantos, and presents them to the English-reading public as samples of the whole work.

The first of these four cantos is entitled Eka-Sringa, which describes the romance of a youth, a Bodhisattva, brought up by his father in the hermitage of a forest, and in utter ignorance of the fair sex. But owing to the innate disposition produced by the habits of former lives, love springs up in his soul at the sight of a black-eyed maiden, the daughter of a king. The main charm of the poem consists in the unconsciousness of the boy concerning his own sentiments, for he imagines that all human beings are hermits. When his father asks him: "Son, what ails thee?" he replies:

"Father, I saw in yonder grove
By Gangā's side, a hermit sure;
Whose face was like a spotless moon,
Whose eyes became my cynosure.

His neck,¹ and hands, and waist were girt
With beads reflecting rainbow-hues.
Why, father, is it that I lack
Such ornaments that grace infuse?

The music of his loving voice
Still vibrates in my inmost heart;
The hum of bees or cuckoo-note
Compares not with his artless art.

The bark that round his graceful form²
He wore, was white as Gangā's foam;
My bark covering now doth seem
Compared with it as black as loam.

He pressed my cheek to his lotus-face,
And in his arms he me embraced;
His tender lips spoke passioned prayers,
As I in his sweet clasp was laced.

And ever since I've had no peace
Nor shall, till I see him again;
Sweet balmy sleep from me repelled
By thoughts of him I seek in vain.

For day and night nought else I see
But the outline of his face divine;
Nor can I think of sacred rites
While for his absent form I pine."

The wise old hermit understood
That love had claimed his only son,
His round of meditation left
And thought on what could now be done.

The poem ends in the marriage of the hermit youth with the princess.

¹ Not knowing the difference of sex he speaks of the princess as a boy.

² The hermit-boy, used to wearing bark, took the silk dress of the princess to be fine bark.

The second canto, written in the style of the Jatakas, illustrates the principle of self-sacrifice with a view to relieving the distress and saving the life of others.

The third story describes the miraculous birth of a Buddhist saint, Jyotishka, and his renunciation of the world. The fourth canto narrates how Sri-Gupta at the instigation of an enemy of Buddhism laid a plot to poison the Buddha whom he invited to a feast, but he was converted by the calm forgiveness and mercy of the Enlightened One.

"The Lord saved Sri-Gupta from spite and crime
And shewed how mercy conquers e'en a foe;
And thus he taught Forgiveness' rule sublime,
To free his followers from the world and woe." P. C.

NOTES.

A notable feature of the July *Century* is Mr. F. Marion Crawford's article on St. Peter's (the third of his series on Rome), illustrated by Castaigne. It will be followed by a concluding article on the Vatican. Professor Sloane's "Life of Napoleon" still retains its fascination, the current article dealing with the terrible retreat from Russia and the horrors of the Beresina. Mr. Bryce, Mrs. Humphry Ward, and Mr. Howells are among the remaining contributors to the July number of this monthly, which still maintains its lofty standard of simplicity and elegance.

Among the latest of the productions of the Chicago University Press is a new international quarterly entitled *Terrestrial Magnetism*, published under the auspices of the Ryerson Physical Laboratory, of which Prof. A. A. Michelson is the director. The editor, Mr. L. A. Bauer, is assisted by a corps of associates embracing some of the foremost representatives of this science in all countries. The journal is to be devoted exclusively to terrestrial magnetism and its allied subjects such as earth-currents, auroras, atmospheric electricity, etc. The articles will appear in the language of their respective authors, the opening number for January having contained an important communication in German by A. Schmidt of Gotha. The journal will of course, owing to the advanced character of its investigations, appeal only to a limited class of specialists, but it should receive as wide a support as possible. The publication of such magazines—and we may mention in the same list *The Astro-Physical Journal* of the Chicago University, and *The Physical Review* of Cornell University—is attended with great expense, despite the voluntary labors of their editors and contributors, and it is consequently the duty of every one who is at all interested in such subjects and has the remotest chance of grasping their general purport, to contribute to their maintenance by at least the price of an annual subscription.

In the same line attention may be called to two notes by Prof. Henry Crew and Mr. O. H. Basquin of the Northwestern University, Evanston, *On the Spectrum of Carbon*, and *On the Magnesium Band at λ 5007*—technical investigations of course, and remote from the interest of the ordinary reader of popular science, but which deserve mention here as an indication of the sort of original investigations now pursuing in our American laboratories, and as characteristic of the change which has come over our university work generally in the last decade and a half. Professor Crew has been doing good work in spectrum analysis, and photographs of his spectrum-maps, having both a scientific and instructional value, may be obtained at reasonable rates (\$3.00 for eight) from the Northwestern University. In the de-

partment of physics we have also to acknowledge the receipt of a little brochure by Prof. K. R. Koch describing a normal barometer for laboratories, which its author claims possesses many new and advantageous features. (Leipsic: J. A. Barth.)

The Annual Literary Index for 1895 is a complete dictionary-register of the articles published last year in the principal American and English magazines. It also contains an index to general literature, an index of authors, a list of the bibliographies published during 1895, a division on necrology, and a new and important feature consisting of an index of dates to the principal events of the year. The volume is an indispensable adjunct of literary work, where periodical matter must be consulted, and should be found in every library. (The Publishers' Weekly, 59 Duane St., New York.) The same publishers also announce the completion of their comprehensive *American Catalogue for the Years 1890-1895*. This work, which is the completest in its kind that exists, is invaluable to book-stores and libraries, being an exhaustive and unfailing source of information upon every question which may be asked regarding publications during 1890-1895.

A new pedagogical journal has appeared in Germany entitled *Die Kinderfehler. Zeitschrift für pädagogische Pathologie und Therapie, in Haus, Schule und sozialem Leben*, the editors of which are Dr. J. L. A. Koch, Chr. Ufer, Dr. Zimmer, and J. Trüper. All of these gentlemen are eminent specialists in pedagogic pathology, with which aspect of the science the journal will mainly deal. It costs but 3 marks a year, and is published by Hermann Beyer & Söhne, Langensalza.

Persons desirous of studying the Armenian question from a Turkish standpoint will find the same ably represented by a pamphlet called *The Armenian Troubles and Where the Responsibility Lies*, by Mohammed Alexander Russell Webb, Ulster Park, Ulster County, New York. Mr. Webb is an American proselyte to Mohammedanism.

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CHRISTIANITY AND PATRIOTISM.¹

BY COUNT LEO TOLSTOI.

[CONTINUED.]

IX.

THE authority of the governments over the people now-a-days is not based on force, as it used to be in bygone times when one nationality could conquer another one and hold it in subjection by force of arms; or when the rulers surrounded themselves in the midst of an unarmed people by armed swarms of Janissaries, Opritchniks, or body-guards. The power of the government stands now and has stood for some time on what is called public opinion.

Public opinion having once created the belief that patriotism is a great moral sentiment, that it is well and proper to consider one's own government, one's own people as the best in the world, there naturally follows in its footsteps a further public opinion that it is well and proper to obey the authority of the government, that it is well and proper to serve in the army and to submit to discipline, that it is proper to give one's savings to the government in the form of taxes, that it is proper to submit to the decision of the courts, that it is proper to accept implicitly all that is declared by those in authority to be divine truth.

Once such a public opinion exists there is easily established a mighty power, possessing in our time billions of dollars, an organised mechanism of government administration, a postal service, telegraphs, telephones, well-disciplined armies, police, courts, obedient clergy, schools, even a press; and that power can easily maintain among the people the kind of public opinion which suits it best.

The power of the government rests on public opinion. Possessing that power, the government can always control public opinion through the medium of its various organs, through the personnel of the courts, the school, the church, and even of the press itself. This power is created by public opinion, and public opinion is created by the power. There seems to be no escape from this situation.

This would be actually the case if public opinion were something constant and unvarying. Then the

governments could produce any kind of public opinion they desired.

But, fortunately, the case is not so. In the first place, public opinion is not something constant, unvarying, it is not at a standstill; on the contrary, it is something variable and moving along with human progress; in the second place, public opinion not only cannot be produced at will by the governments, but it is itself that which creates the governments and gives them power or deprives them of it.

It does appear sometimes as if public opinion remained stationary, as if it wavered in certain particular instances, and went backwards again, now sweeping away a republic and putting a monarchy in its place, and again tearing down the monarchy and substituting a republic for it,—but this only appears so because we have always forced on our notice the exterior manifestations of that public opinion which is prepared artificially by the governments. But if we view public opinion in its relation to the whole life of the people, we shall see that, like the seasons of the year, it is not stationary, that it is moving along the same path as the human race, just the same as the day and the spring move along the same path as the sun, despite their retardation and wavering.

Although, judging by appearances, the situation of the European nations is in our time about the same as it was fifty years since, yet the people's relation to it is far different from what it was fifty years ago. If, as then, there exist now rulers, standing armies, wars, taxes, luxury and poverty, Catholicism, Lutheranism, etc., it is because the governments have known how to support artificially what was once real and living public opinion; formerly those very institutions were unequivocally demanded by public opinion.

If we fail to notice sometimes this movement of public opinion, the same as we fail to notice the river's current along which we are drifting, it is because the imperceptible changes of public opinion which constitute its drift, are also taking place within ourselves.

The signal peculiarity of public opinion is its continual drift. If it appears to us stationary, it is because there are always to be found men who have secured for themselves advantageous positions at a certain stage of public opinion, and who naturally do their

¹Translated from the Russian by Paul Borger.

best to retain that stage and to repress the appearance of the new and real public opinion, which is living in the conscience of men, although it may not as yet have found its expression. The men who seek to maintain the old public opinion and who hinder the appearance of the new, are the government and the ruling classes; and they are the ones who advocate patriotism as a condition necessary to human life.

The means which these men possess are immense, but inasmuch as public opinion is like a river which is always running and accumulating, all their efforts cannot but be futile: what is old is decaying, the young is coming into vigor.

The more the expression of the new public opinion is delayed, the more it will accumulate, and ultimately it will burst forth with greater force.

Despite the efforts of the governments to excite in the people an unnatural public opinion regarding the worth and glory of patriotism, the men of our times do not believe in patriotism, but, on the contrary, are more and more inclined to the idea of the solidarity and fraternity of nations. Patriotism does not offer the people anything but the most awful future; whereas the fraternity of the nations constitutes an ideal which is becoming more and more comprehensible and desirable to the human race. Consequently, the drift from the old to the new public opinion is inevitable. It is as inevitable as the falling off of the last dried-up leaves in the spring time and the unfolding of the young ones from their buds.

The more this change is delayed, the more imperative it becomes, the more apparent is its necessity.

As Christians and modern men, we have only to remember what we are professing, what are the moral laws that guide us in our public and private life, and then consider where patriotism is leading us to; if we do this, we shall at once see what a vast disproportion there is between our conscience and our so-called public opinion.

We have only to consider the most ordinary requirements of patriotism, which are presented to us as something very simple and natural, in order to see how much they are at variance with that public opinion which is shared by all of us. We all consider ourselves free, enlightened, humane men and even Christians, yet should William take offence to-morrow at Alexander, or should Mr. N. N. write a vigorous article on the Eastern question, or should some prince rob a few Bulgarians or Servians, or a queen get offended at something, then we all, enlightened and humane Christians, would spring up and set to work murdering men we had never seen before and to whom we were all kindly disposed. If this slaughter has not taken place yet, it is, they assure us, due to the pacific disposition of Alexander III., or because Nicolas is

about to marry Victoria's niece. Should some one else be in Alexander's place, or should Alexander happen to change his disposition, or should Nicolas marry Amalie instead of Alice, then we all, like so many blood-thirsty beasts, would up and rend each other's vitals. Such is the so-called, putative public opinion of our time; as we may discover from the fact that discussions to this effect are actually indulged in by the most advanced and liberal organs of the press.

If we, Christians of a thousand years' standing, have not cut each other's throats yet, it is because Alexander III. has not permitted it! Really this transgresses credibility.

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

APART FROM CHRISTIANISM.

BY GEORGE JACOB HOLYOAKE.

"What is written by Moses can only be read by God."—*Bihar Proverb.*

SECULARISM differs from Christianity in so far as it accepts only the teachings which pertain to man, and which are consonant with reason and experience.

Parts of the Bible have moral splendor in them, but no Christian will allow any one to take the parts he deems true, and reject as untrue those he deems false. He who ventured to be thus eclectic would be defamed as Paine was. Thus Christians compel those who would stand by reason to stand apart from them.

To accept a part, and put that forward as the whole—to pretend or even to assume it to be the whole—is dishonest. To retain a portion, and reject what you leave, and not say so, is deceiving. To contend that what you accept as the spirit of Christianity is in accordance with all that contradicts it is to spend your days in harmonising opposite statements—a pursuit demoralising to the understanding. The Secularist has, therefore, to choose between dishonesty, the deception of others and deception of himself, or ethical principles independent of Christianity—and this is what he does:

The Bible being a bundle of Hebrew tracts on tribal life and tribal spite, its assumed infallibility is a burden, contradicting and misleading to all who accept it as a divine handbook of duty.

In papers issued by religious societies upon the Bible it is declared to be "so complete a system that nothing can be added to it, or taken from it," and that "it contains everything needful to be known or done." This is so false that no one, perceiving it, could be honest and not protest against it in the interest of others. Recently the Bishop of Worcester said: "It was of no use resisting the Higher Criticism. God had not been pleased to give us what might be called a perfect Bible."¹ Then it is prudence to seek a more trustworthy guide.

¹ *Midland Evening News*, 1893.

If money were bequeathed to maintain the eclectic criticism of the Scripture, it would be confiscated by Christian law. So to stand apart is indispensable self-defence. Individual Christians, as I well know, devote themselves with a noble earnestness to the service of man, as they understand his interests; but so long as Christianity retains the power of fraud, and uses it, Christianity as a system, or as a cause, remains outside the pale of respect. Prayer, in which the oppressed and poor are taught to trust, is of no avail for protection or food, and the poor ought to know it. The Bishop of Manchester declared, in my hearing, that the Lord's Prayer will not bring us "daily bread," but that "it is an exercise of faith to ask for what we shall not receive." But if prayer will not bring "daily bread," it is a dangerous deception to keep up the belief that it will. The eyes of forethought are closed by trust in such aid, thrift is an affront to the generosity of heaven, and labor is foolishness. But, alas! aid does not come by supplication. The prayer-maker dies in mendicancy. It is not reverence to pour into the ears of God praise for protection never accorded. Dean Stanley, admirable as a man as well as a saint, was killed in the Deanery, Westminster, by a bad drain, in spite of all his Collects. Dean Farrar has been driven from St. Margaret's Rectory, in Dean's Yard, by another drain, which poisons in spite of the Thirty-nine Articles; and Canon Eyton refuses to take up his residence until the sanitary engineers have overhauled¹ the place, which, notwithstanding the invocations of the Church, Providence does not see to. To keep silence on the non-intervention of Providence would be to connive at the fate of those who come to destruction by such dependence.

"O mother, praying God will save
Thy sailor! While thy head is bowed,
His heavy-shot hammock-shroud
Drops in his vast and wandering grave!"

True respect would treat God as though at the least he is a gentleman. Christianity does not do this. No gentleman would accept thanks for benefits he had not conferred, nor would he exact thanks daily and hourly for gifts he had really made, nor have the vanity to covet perpetual thanksgivings. He who would respect God, or respect himself, must seek a faith apart from such Christianity.

A divine, who excelled in good sense, said: "Dangerous it were for the feeble brain of man to wade far into the doings of the Most High. Our soundest knowledge is, to know that we know him not; and our safest eloquence concerning Him is our silence; therefore it becometh our words to be wary and few."²

¹ See *Westminster Gazette* London Letter, November 19, 1895.

² *Ecclesiastical Polity*, book 1., § 2.

Mrs. Barbauld may have borrowed from Richard Hooker her fine line:

"Silence is our least injurious praise."¹

An earnest Christian, not a religious man (for all Christians are not religious), assuming the professional familiarity with the mind of God, said to me: "Should the Lord call you to-day, are you prepared to meet Him?" I answered: Certainly; for the service of man in some form is seldom absent from my thoughts, and must be consonant with his will. Were I to pray, I should pray God to spare me from the presumption of expecting to meet him, and from the vanity and conceit of thinking that the God of the universe will take an opportunity of meeting me.

Who can have moral longing for a religion which represents God as hanging over York Castle to receive the soul of Dove, the debauchee, who slowly poisoned his wife, and whose final spiritual progress was posted day by day on the Castle gates until the hour of the hangman came? Dove's confession was as appalling as instructive. It ran thus:

"I know that the Eternal One,
Upon his throne divine,
Gorged with the blood of his own Son,
No longer thirsts for mine.

Many a man has passed his life
In doing naught but good,
Who has not half the confidence I have
In Jesus Christ, his blood."²

By quoting these lines, which Burns might have written, the writer is sorry to portray, in their naked form, principles which so many cherish. But the anatomy of creeds can no more be explained, with the garments of tradition and sentiment upon them, than a surgeon can demonstrate the structure of the body with the clothes on. Divine perdition is an ethical impossibility.

Christianism is too often but a sour influence on life. It tolerates nature, but does not enjoy it. Instead of giving men two Sundays, as it might,—one for recreation and one for contemplation,—it converts the only day of the poor into a penal infliction. It is always more or less against art, parks, clubs, sanitation, equity to labor, freedom, and many other things. If any Christians eventually accept these material ideas, they mostly dislike them. Art takes attention from the Gospel. In parks many delight to walk, when they might be at chapel or church. Clubs teach men toleration, and toleration is thought to beget in-

¹ Charles Lamb was of this opinion when he remarked: "Had I to say grace, I would rather say it over a good book than over a mutton chop." Christians say grace over an indigestible meal. But perhaps they are right, since they need supernatural aid to assimilate it.

² From a volume of verse privately circulated in Liverpool at the time, by W. H. Rathbone.

difference. Sanitation is a form of blasphemy. Every Christian sings:—

"Diseases are Thy servants, Lord;
They come at Thy command."

But sanitation assassinates these "servants of the Lord." In every hospital they are tried, condemned, and executed as the enemies of mankind. If Labor had justice, it would be independent, and no longer hopeless, as the poor always are. Freedom renders men defiant of subjection, which all priests are prone to exercise. Secularism has none of this distrust and fear. It elects to be on the side of human progress, and takes that side, withstand it who may. Thus, those who care for the improvement of mankind must act on principles dissociated from doctrines repellent to humanity and deterrent of ameliorative enterprise.

Secularism Creates a New Responsibility.

"Mankind is an ass, who kicks those who endeavor to take off his panniers."
—Spanish Proverb.

No one need go to Spain to meet with animals who kick you if you serve them. Spanish asses are to be found in every land. Could we see the legs of truth, we should find them black and blue with the kicks received in unloosening the panniers of error, strapped by priests on the backs of the people. Even philosophers kick as well as the ignorant, when new ideas are brought before them. No improvement would ever be attempted if friends of truth were afraid of the asses' hoofs in the air.

He who maintains that mankind can be largely improved by material means, imposes on himself the responsibility of employing such means, and of promoting their use as far as he can, and trusting to their efficacy,—not being discouraged because he is but *one*, and mankind are many. No man can read all the books, or do all the work, of the world. It is enough that each reads what he needs, and, in matter of moral action, does all he can. He who does less, fails in his duty to himself and to others.

Christian doctrine has none of the responsibility which Secularism imposes. If there be vice or rapine, oppression or murder, the purely Christian conscience is absolved. It is the Lord's world, and nothing could occur unless he permitted it. If any Christian heart is moved to compassion, it commonly exudes in prayer. He "puts the matter before the Lord and leaves it in His hands." The Secularist takes it into his own. What are his hands for? The Christian can sit still and see children grow up with rickets in their body and rickets in their soul. He will see them die in a foul atmosphere, where no angel could come to receive their spirit without first stopping his nose with his handkerchief, as I have seen Lord Palmerston do on

entering Harrow on Speech Day. The Christian can make money out of unrequited labor. When he dies, he makes no reparation to those who earned his wealth, but leaves it to build a church, as though he thought God was blind, not knowing (if Christ spake truly) that the Devil is sitting in the fender in his room, ready to carry his soul up the chimney to bear Dives company. Why should he be anxious to mitigate inequality of human condition? It is the Lord's will, or it would not be. When it was seen that I was ceasing to believe this, Christians in the church to which I belonged knelt around me, and prayed that I might be influenced not to go out into the world to see if these things could be improved. It was no light duty I imposed on myself.

A Secularist is mindful of Carlyle's saying, "No man is a saint in his sleep." Indeed, if any one takes upon himself the responsibility of bettering by reason the state of things, he will be kept pretty well awake with his understanding.

Many persons think their own superiority sufficient for mankind, and do not wish their exclusiveness to be encroached upon. Their plea is that they distrust the effect of setting the multitude free from mental tyranny, and they distrust democracy, which would sooner or later end political tyranny.

These men of dainty distrust have a crowd of imitators, in whom nobody recognises any superiority to justify their misgivings as to others. The distrust of independence in the hands of the people arises mainly from the dislike of the trouble it takes to educate the ignorant in its use and limit. The Secularist undertakes this trouble as far as his means permit. As an advocate of open thought and the free action of opinion, he counts the responsibility of trust in the people as a duty.

It will be asked, What are the deterrent influences upon which Secularism relies for rendering vice, of the major or minor kind, repellent? It relies upon making it clear that in the order of nature retribution treads upon the heels of transgression, and, if tardy in doing it, its steps should be hastened.

The mark of error of life is—disease. Science can take the body to pieces, and display mischief palpable to the eyes, when the results of vice startle, like an apparition, those who discern that:

"Their acts their angels are,—if good; if ill,
Their fatal shadows that walk by them still."

A man is not so ready to break the laws of nature when he sees he will break himself in doing it. He may not fear God, but he fears fever and consumption. He may have a gay heart, but he will not like the occupation of being his own sexton and digging his own grave. When he sees that death lurks in the frequent glass, for instance, *that* spoils the flavor of the wine.

He takes less pride in the beeswing who sees the shroud in the bottle. He may hope that God will forgive him, but he knows that death will not. He who holds the scythe is accustomed to cut down fools, whether they be peers or sweeps. Death knows the fool at a glance. To prevent any mistake, Disease has marked him with her broad arrow. The young man who once has his eyes well open to this state of the case, will be considerate as to the quality of his pleasures, especially when he knows that alluring but unwholesome pleasure is in the pay of death. Temperance advocates made more converts by exhibiting the biological effects of alcohol than by all their exhortations.

The moral nature of man is as palpable as the physical to those who look for its signs. There is a moral squint in the judgment, as plain to be seen as a cast in the eyes. The voice is not honest; it has the accent of a previous conviction in it. The speech has contortions of meaning in it. The sense is limp and flaccid, showing that the mind is flabby. Such a one has the backbone of a fish; he does not stand upright. As the Americans say, he does not "stand square" to anything. There is no moral pulse in his heart. If you could take hold of his soul, it would feel like a dead oyster, and would slip through your fingers. Everybody knows these people. You don't consult them; you don't trust them. You would rather have no business transactions with them. If they are in a political movement, you know they will shuffle when the pinch of principle comes.

Crime has its consequences, and criminals, little and great, know it. When Alaric A. Watts wrote of the last Emperor of the French:—

"Safe art thou, Louis!—for a time;

But tremble!—never yet was crime,

Beyond one little space, secure.

The coward and the brave alike

Can wait and watch, can rush and strike.

Which marks thee? One of them, be sure,—"

few thought the bold prediction true; but it came to pass, and the Napoleonic name and race became extinct, to the relief of Europe.

Trouble comes from avowing unpopular ideas. Diderot well saw this when he said: "There is less inconvenience in being mad with the mad than in being wise by oneself." One who regards truth as duty will accept responsibilities.

It is the American idea

"To make a man and leave him be."

But we must be sure we have made him a mau,—self-acting, guided by reasoned proof, and one who, as Archbishop Whately said, "believes the principles he maintains, and maintains them because he believes them."

A man is not a man while under superstition, nor is he a man when free from it, unless his mind is built on principles conducive and incentive to the service of man.

TYPES OF RELIGIOUS THOUGHT IN ANCIENT GREECE AND INDIA.

BY PROF. H. OLDENBERG.

IN BOTH Greece and India, societies of devotees were early formed. They gave themselves a name which served to remind them of their real or supposed founder, from Orpheus or Pythagoras, just as the "monk-disciples of the son of the Shākya" did. In close communion with each other, and separated from the masses without, they strive after a salvation which they hope to attain upon the strength of their own particular doctrine and their own particular intellectual and spiritual discipline.

True,—as one of the more recent historians of these Greek developments has already observed,—the segregation of these sectaries from the world was of a much milder character in Greece than in India, corresponding to the differences in the national characters. Among the Buddhists the religious idea takes possession of the whole life of devotees, with unlimited force and austerity. It destroys their mundane existence, with a logical consistency as thoroughly merciless as ever any idea has destroyed man's enjoyment of temporal life.

In the sacred legend, the royal scion, who afterwards becomes the Buddha, thirsting for the life spiritual, flees at night from his palace, where, recumbent upon a flower-strewn couch, his young wife lies slumbering, a young mother, beside her their first and newly born son whom the father has not yet beheld.

Possibly without any credibility in the ordinary historical sense, this legend nevertheless possesses a complete intrinsic veracity. The Buddhist, being most deeply agitated by his craving for redemption, abandons home and wealth, wife and child: they are bonds chaining him down to earthly life. He wanders from place to place, a homeless beggar.

In Greece, there is greater moderation. True, the communities searching for redemption, in Greece too, consider the present world as a place of uncleanness, of imprisonment; but there is no very great seriousness in their efforts to escape from this thralldom. Outwardly they continue to observe the duties and enjoy the pleasures of every-day life, and are satisfied with the practice of securing inwardly a release from the limitations of such a life by the secret power of the mystic doctrine and the mystic cult.

Whatever the peculiarities of the different sets of ideas evolved by these pious communities, the one feature is common to them all: this world appears to

all of them as a gloomy domain of dissension and suffering. The symbolism of the Orpheans has it that Dionysus, the divinity, is torn to pieces by Titans: the blessed unity of all Being undergoes the evil fate of disintegration.

Another Greek conception, of the sixth century B. C., discerns in the material existence of things a guilt; all heavens and all worlds, issuing from unity and infinity, having become guilty of wrong, must pay the penalty and do penance therefor, resolving themselves again into the components from which they originally came into being.

One noticeable trait is introduced into the appraisal of this existence by speculations which are traceable first of all to the great obscure Ephesian, Heraclitus. "All things are in flux,"—all being is a continuous change, self-mutation. "Into the same stream we step and yet do not step; we are and are not." This restless flux of becoming and passing away again is also characteristic of the human soul, which essentially is identical with the least corporeal of the elements, fire. As the existence of flame is a continuing death and re-generation, so the soul lives in the ceaseless production and passing away, in the ceaseless ebbing and flowing of its elements. Its apparently undisturbed continuity of identity is a deception.

True, Heraclitus himself, buoyant and active by nature, did not tint this doctrine with the gloomy color of lamentation that human destiny was therefore all aimless and made up of suffering. But to thinkers, who were inclined to look upon the continuity and constancy of a supreme eternal being as the sole satisfactory reply to their inquiries regarding the end of human life, this philosophical abstraction concerning the nature of material existence was identical with despair in its utter and hopeless emptiness. Thus, to Plato, this is a world of immaterial seeming. Verity and complete satisfaction are obtainable aloft only, in the flights beyond, where are the eternal ideas; thither the soul, fallen from its bright estate, home-sick, years ardently to return.

Now contrast with these Greek thoughts their counterparts in India. In the age when the way for Buddhism was being prepared, thought moves exactly in the same lines as it did with Plato, being a contrast of that which is and persists, and that which is transitory. On the one hand, the soul of the universe, the great One, ever untouched by pain; on the other hand, the world of phenomena, the realm of hunger and thirst, of care and perplexity, of old age and death. And, like Heraclitus, Buddhism too sees in this latter world a continuous flux of becoming and passing away, a never-ending concatenation of causes and effects,—the latter in their turn also becoming causes which continue to produce new effects, and so on to

infinity. Peace there is alone in the world of "the unborn, of that which has not yet come into being, has not yet been made, has not yet assumed form," in the realm of the Nirvâna.

An early Buddhistic dialogue compares life to a tree, the root of which is perishable and mutable, as are also its trunk, and branches, and leaves: who can believe that the shadow of such a tree will always remain the same and escape the fate of change? "But the unstable—is it suffering or joy?" asks Buddha of his disciples. And they answer: "Suffering, master!" Or, in the words of a stanza, oft repeated:

"All shape assumed inconstant is, unstable,
All subject to the fate of birth and death.
It comes to pass, and soon it vanishes.
Blessed rest, when th' space of birth and death is done!"

Moreover, we find here exactly the same application of the aforementioned fundamental philosophical views that we do in Heraclitus. In both cases they are applied to the soul and its life. "Disciples!" says Buddha, "That which is called soul, or spirit, or reason, is ever changing and becoming something else, —ceaselessly, day and night, constantly going through the process of becoming and of ceasing to be."

A dialogue, of a later time, very remarkable in a historical regard, reproducing throughout the early Buddhistic views, treats of these thoughts in greater detail. It is the conversation of a holy man with King Milinda (the Greek Prince Menander, well-known from coins), who, it seems likely, ruled over the Northwest of India about 100 B. C. Strongly reminding one of Heraclitus, it compares life, personality, to a flame. "When, O great King, a man lights a candle, will not the candle burn through the night?"—"Yes, sire! it will burn through the night."—"How, then? O great King! Is the flame during the first watch of the night the same that it is in the second watch?"—"No, sire! . . . but the light burned the whole night, adhering to the same matter."—"So, also, O great King, the chain of the elements of things is joined together. One element is always coming into being, another is always ceasing and passing away. Without beginning, without end, the chain continues to be joined together."

The identity of the Greek and Indian ideas concerning the nature and destinies of the human soul extends still further. What are the effects upon those ideas of this all-dominant, pain-bringing law which subjects everything to the fate of coming into being only to pass away again? Both the Greek thinkers and the Buddhists alike answer this question by postulating the doctrine of the migration of the soul. Death is followed by a new birth—not necessarily in human form, both the divine and the animal are deemed possible; this re-birth is followed again by death, and this by re-birth: so that the one life is merely an infinites-

imal link in a vast chain of lives, to be bound up in which is a great misfortune.

The Orpheans symbolise the migration of the soul by means of a circle or wheel. They speak of the wheel of fate and of birth; the final end of existence seems to them to be

"To release one's self from the circle and breathe anew, freed from distress."

In the inscription of a small gold plate taken from a tomb near the ancient Sybaris, the soul of the buried person, an Orphean, for whom the claim of final release from the migration of the soul is made, exclaims:

"At last I have flown from the circle of ill, the toil-laden ring."

Imagine the rhythm of these hexameters turned into the irregular movement of the Indian *Sloka*-metre, and one might imagine himself in the very midst of the Buddhist poetry. A Buddhist proverb says:

"Long to the watcher is the night,
To the weary wanderer long the road,
To him, who will not see truth's light,
Long is the torment of his chain of births."

And another expression, which is put into the mouth of Buddha, at the point when—his trials and struggles over—he has achieved the knowledge of salvation. He is triumphing in the fact that he has penetrated the designs of the wicked foe, those evil powers ruling terrestrial things, who unremittently are ever reconstructing the corporeal house, the body, and whom he has succeeded in putting away from himself:

"In vain the endless road
Of rebirth I have wandered,
In vain have sought life's builder,
An ill is this fate of birth.

House-builder! found you are!
You'll build no more the house,
Your timbers are all broken,
Destroyed the house's spires.
The heart—escaped from earth—
Has compassed the aim of its search."

And in the same way that the Orpheans symbolise the continuous existence of the migrating soul by means of a circle or wheel, so too the Buddhists speak of the "wheel of lives." Buddhist pictures usually portray this wheel of existence in such manner that a stage of existence is symbolically shown between every pair of spokes, as the human kingdom, the animal kingdom, heaven, hell; beside the wheel is the form of Buddha, who, as one redeemed, stands without the revolution of existences.

In the dialogue above cited, King Milinda asks the holy man for a parable which shall give a notion of the interminable, beginningless migration of the soul. Thereupon the holy man draws a circle on the ground and asks: "Has this circle any end, great King?"—"It has not, sire!"—"That is the same as the circle made by the course of births," the holy man teaches

him. "Is there then any end to its succession?"—"There is not, sire!"

And as the Orphean doctrine had it that he who was redeemed "had flown from the circle," so an early Buddhist proverb says:

"The swan soars through the sun's ethereal pathways;
The sorcerer flies through all the realms of space:
So, sages, rich in wisdom, flee this world,
The prince of death and all his powers overwhelming."

One brief glance more at a few of the particular traits of the doctrine of the migration of the soul, common to both India and Greece. It will be plainly seen that the fundamental similitude of ideas has had the effect of making the aspect of even the minutest details in the two religions similar.

One characteristic, very prominent among both peoples, is the very natural connexion of the doctrine of the soul's migration with the idea of moral retribution. The good and the evil which man has wrought in this life will in turn be done to him in another life, meted out to him in the blessedness of heavenly, or in the pain of infernal, worlds.

Naturally, at this point, the popular imagination—widely removed from the colorless abstractions of reflective thought—begins to play a part. Poetry drew all kinds of pictures of the horrors of the infernal world. There was a "voyage to the lower world" in poetry among the Orpheans, and another of the same name among the Pythagoreans; the Buddhist literature is fairly overrun with innumerable, moral-pointing descriptions of the descents of holy men into the infernal regions and of the horrors there observed by them.¹

Opposed to these terrors are the heavenly ecstasies. And here a characteristic appears which is emphasised strongly by the Buddhists, but visible only sporadically in Greece, although entirely the same there. Empedocles denies immortality to the gods; their longevity is great, but they are not eternal. The divinities of the Veda have in the same way ceased to be immortal to the Buddhists. Possessed of a length of life reaching beyond the grasp of all human standards of measurement, they are, nevertheless, along with others, knit into the chain of the migration of souls; and the human being who has lived a blameless life, dare hope to be born again as a god. No more lively illustration can be found in all the history of religion than this fate of the ancient gods, how an idea—having lost its original import, its own proper life—yet maintains its existence into a later age and is then by the latter animated with a new import, corresponding to the altered views of things.

As still another common Indo-Grecian character-

¹ We may refer here to the fine description which L. Scherman (*Materials for a History of the Indian Literature a Vision*, 1892) has given of these phantasies.

istic of the doctrine of the migration of the soul may be mentioned, that, among both peoples, there were certain especially inspired men, who could, so it was held of them, recall the various earlier embodiments which they themselves and others had passed through. Pythagoras, of whom it was sung that

"When he with might compelled to the fullest the powers of mind,
Easily could he th'adventures o'ersee of every existence,
Through ten, yea, through the vista of twenty past, long human life-spans,"

is said to have related experiences and adventures from his earlier lives. Empedocles said:

"Thus have I been in former existence a youth, and a maiden,
So, too, a shrub, and an eagle, a poor mute fish in the ocean."

Exactly so, only exaggerating the marvellous into the boundlessly wonderful, the Buddhist religion tells how in that holy night in which he first beholds the true knowledge of salvation, as in a vision, the whole picture of his previous forms of existence, through hundreds of thousands of births, passes in review before the soul of Buddha. Tales, recording adventures of the most variegated colors from these past existences of Buddha himself, of his disciples and enemies, accompanied with lessons and applications of every sort, are among the most cherished elements of popular Buddhist literature. Hundreds of re-births are recounted of Buddha, now as a king, again as a devout hermit, or as a courtier, or as a god, or as a lion, an ape, a fish. And it is well known how inestimable is the value of these stories and fables—since the motive of them frequently reappears, scattered over the whole earth—to the folk-lore studies of our time.

NOTES.

Thinking readers, and especially students interested in the methodology of science, will thank us for calling their attention to an important communication recently made by that eminent mathematician Felix Klein in No. 2 of the *Proceedings of the Royal Society at Göttingen for 1895*, entitled *The Arithmetization of Mathematics*. Those who possess *The Evanston Colloquium*, constituting the lectures on mathematics which Professor Klein delivered during the Congress of Mathematics at the World's Fair, will remember his division of the mathematical faculty into the intuitive and the logical. The article we are considering is an extension of the same idea. Professor Klein deplores the recent neglect of *Anschauung*, or geometrical imagination, in instruction and research, the cause of which, he thinks, is undoubtedly due to the predominant tendency of modern mathematics to arithmetise or numerise, so to speak, the form and results of its investigations, and he puts in a plea for the reinstatement of the geometrical intuitive faculty in its proper rights. By *Anschauung* Professor Klein understands the geometrical imaginative faculty, that intuitive sensuous grasp and feeling for mathematical and physical relations which is displayed, say, in the motor feeling which an engineer has of the dynamic relations of a construction he is executing, or in the vague sense which the skilled computer has of the convergence of infinite series with which he is dealing. He claims that mathematical intuition, living feeling, imaginative grasp, *Anschauung*, which is a prime requisite of the ideal worker in this domain, uniformly anticipates logical thought and always com-

mands a wider prospect than the purely abstract faculty. (Göttingen: Dieterich.)

Dr. Georg Cantor of Halle, Germany, sends us a reprint of a paper taken from the Italian *Rivista di Matematica* entitled *Contribuzione al fondamento della Teoria degli insiemi transfiniti*. Georg Cantor is the founder of an important but abstruse branch of formal arithmetic which deals with transfinite numbers and "*Mengen*," which here appears in Italian as "*insiemi*," a word meaning "togethers," if we may be allowed to form the plural of the hypothetical adjective-noun "together." The paper is not likely to find many students among the readers of *The Open Court*, but it is interesting as indicating the international character which science is gradually taking on, and as a reminder of the olden days when the republic of letters and science knew no national boundaries.

Among the other recent scientific pamphlets which have come into our hands are two by Prof. Jacques Loeb of the University of Chicago, entitled *Ueber den Nachweis von Contrasterscheinungen im Gebiete der Raummempfindungen des Auges* (Bonn: E. Strauss) and *The Limits of Divisibility of Living Matter* (Boston: Ginn & Co.). The first investigation refers to the familiar problem of the over-estimation of acute angles and the under-estimation of obtuse angles by the eye, the illusion of the convergence of Zeolner's parallels, etc. The problem is to determine whether the illusion is due to facts of contrast, which was assumed by Helmholtz. Professor Loeb is of a similar opinion, and he has adduced in this pamphlet experiments which he claims support his conclusion, describing also an apparatus for the detection of allied errors. His second pamphlet concludes "that the ultimate unit of 'living matter, in a given species, is not a definite quantity of 'matter, but that the quantity varies with the functions that we 'use as a criterion for living matter." Remembering the work of Professor Loeb in another field, it may be appropriate here to refer to a brochure entitled *Transplantationsversuche mit Hydra* by Georg Wetzel, which is, remotely, a continuation of Trembley's historical researches on fresh water Polyps. (Bonn: F. Cohen.)

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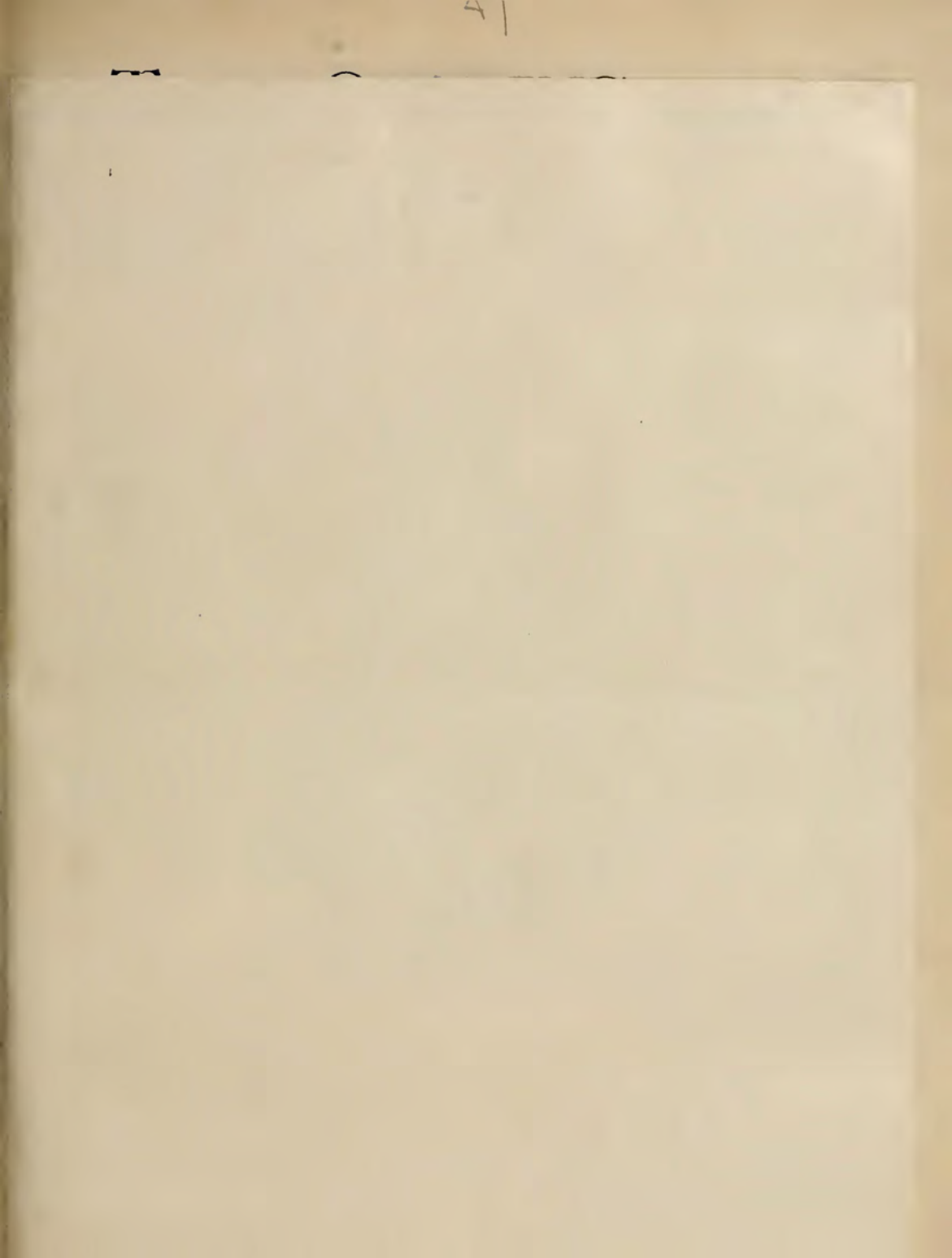
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CHRISTIANITY AND PATRIOTISM.¹

BY COUNT LEO TOLSTOI.

(CONCLUDED.)

X.

HEROIC deeds are not required to effect great and momentous changes in human life. It is not necessary to have millions of armed men, or new railroads, or new machinery, or new expositions, labor unions, revolutions, barricades, dynamite outrages, or air-ships, and the like; nothing is required for the purpose but a transformation of public opinion. In order to bring about this transformation, no new efforts of thought are required, it is not necessary to overthrow the existing order and to invent something new and extraordinary. All we have to do is to resolve not to submit to the false, to the dead public opinion of the past, which is artificially kept alive by the governments. It is only required that every man should say what he really thinks and feels, or else abstain from saying what he does not really believe in. If only a small group of men were to act in this manner, then the old public opinion would disappear and we should have the new, the living, and real public opinion in its stead. With the change in public opinion would follow easily the transformation in the inner life of men. It is shameful to think how really little is required for men's deliverance from oppressing evils: *they must only not lie*. Let men not submit to the lies that are suggested to them, let them say only what they think and feel, and then there will come such a change in our life as revolutionists would not be able to bring about in the course of centuries, even if they had the power.

"What harm is there in yelling *Vive la France!* or *Hurrah!* for some emperor, or king, or conqueror? What harm is there in putting on a full-dress suit and in going and waiting in his hallway, in calling him by strange titles, and afterwards in telling the youth and the uneducated that such conduct is praiseworthy? What importance is there in writing up an article in defence of the Franco-Russian alliance, in defence of a tariff war, or a tirade condemning the Germans, the Russians, the French, etc.? What importance is there in going to a patriotic celebration, in drinking the health and making a laudatory speech in honor of the

men you do not like and whom you do not care about? What harm is there in acknowledging the usefulness of treaties, of alliances, or even in keeping still when people extol their own country and government and run down other nations, when they extol Catholicism, the Greek-Orthodox faith, Lutheranism, etc., or when they admire some war hero, like Napoleon, or Peter, or Boulanger, or Scobeleff?" All this seems very unimportant. Yet in these seemingly unimportant actions, in our non-participation in them, in our demonstrating their foolishness where it is apparent to us,—in this lies our might, here is the source of the formation of real public opinion. The governments are aware of it, they quake before its power and make every effort to suppress it.

They know that power lies not in force, but in thought and in its clear expression, and consequently fear it more than armies. Therefore they institute censorship, bribe the press, monopolise the direction of religions, of schools. Yet the spiritual force which moves the world evades them nevertheless: it is not in the book, nor on the paper, it is always free and out of reach, it is in the conscience of men. That most powerful and free force manifests itself in man when he is alone, when he is pondering over life's phenomena, when he is sharing his thoughts with his wife, with his brother, his friend, from whom he considers it a sin to conceal what he thinks to be the truth. No billions of dollars, no millions of soldiers, no institutions, nor wars, nor revolutions can achieve what can be achieved by the simple expression by a free man of what he considers right.

A free man may utter truthfully what he thinks and what he feels in the midst of thousands of men who by their actions and doings show something totally opposite. It would seem that the truthful man must stand alone, yet it happens mostly that the majority also think and feel the same, only that they do not express it. What was yesterday a new opinion of the one man, to-day is the joint opinion of the majority. As soon as that opinion establishes itself, men's actions commence to change slowly and by degrees.

Yet most free men say to themselves: "What can I do against this sea of evil and deceit? What is the use of expressing my opinion? What is the use of

¹Translated from the Russian by Paul Borger.

having any opinion at all? It is best not to think about these vague and complex questions. May be these incongruities are a necessary condition of all of life's phenomena. What is the use of my fighting alone the world's evil? Is it not more preferable to float with the current? If anything can be accomplished, it is not single-handed, but in conjunction with other men." Throwing away that powerful weapon of thought and its expression which moves the world, every man enters public life failing to notice that every calling he may choose is based on the very principles which he should fight, that in every calling one must at least partly recede from truth, that one must make concessions which nullify the effectiveness of the powerful weapon that is given to him. It is the same as if, being presented with an unusually sharp knife, one should commence to drive in nails with its edge.

We all complain of the mad, contradictory order of life, yet we not only neglect to utilise the only puissant weapon which we have,—the consciousness of truth and its expression,—but under the very pretext of fighting the evil, we sacrifice it. One man does not speak the truth which he is conscious of because he feels that he is under an obligation to certain men he is connected with. Another man does not speak it because he would lose by it a profitable position which enables him to support his family. A third does not utter it because he wishes to attain fame and power and then to use these weapons in the people's service; a fourth does not wish to violate some ancient and sacred tradition; a fifth does not wish to offend the people; a sixth is afraid that the utterance of truth will bring upon himself persecution and will blast the usefulness of his public activity.

One man is serving his country as an emperor, king, minister, officer, or soldier, and is assuring himself and others that that deviation from truth which is necessary in his position will be far outweighed by his usefulness.

Another man may be performing the functions of a spiritual shepherd, not believing in the depths of his soul what he is preaching, yet deviating from the truth in view of the usefulness of his occupation. A third man may be instructing students in literature, and though conscious of his total silence about the truth which he observes for fear he will arouse the government and society against himself, yet believes that his activity is useful. The fourth man is straightforward, fights the existing order, as do the revolutionists and the anarchists, and is fully persuaded that the aim pursued by him is so beneficent, that the concealment of truth and even the lies which are so necessary for the success of his operations, do not prejudice his utility.

In order to replace the order of life which is an-

tagonistic to men's consciences by a new and appropriate one, it is necessary that the old, the decayed public opinion be replaced by a new, live opinion.

In order to bring that about, it is necessary that men who are conscious of the new requirements of life, should express them boldly. Instead of that, however, the men who really are conscious of the new requirements not only keep their silence in the name of this, or in the name of that thing, but they go to work and confirm by word and by deed what is diametrically opposed to those requirements. Truth alone and its expression will establish that public opinion which is competent to effect a change in an obsolete and harmful social order; yet we not only fail to profess that truth but very often utter things which we know are untrue.

Let free men not rely on that which has no might and is not always free, let them not rely on external power, but let them always believe in what is ever mighty and free,—in the truth and its expression. Let men speak out boldly and clearly the manifest truth of the fraternity of the nations and of the criminality of an exceptional attachment to their own race, then the false public opinion on which is based the governmental power will drop off like a dried up skin, and in its stead will appear a young, a new one, followed by new forms of life better harmonising with men's conscience.

XI.

Men must understand that what is given out to them as public opinion, what is maintained by such complex and artificial means, is not public opinion, but only a dead remnant of an erstwhile public opinion. They must believe in themselves, must believe in what they are conscious of in the depths of their soul and what is striving to find utterance and is not uttered only because it is at variance with existing public opinion. Yet it is that very force which is changing the world and whose utterance is every man's mission. Men must believe that truth is not what they hear from others about them, but what a man's conscience is telling him. Then only will false and artificially supported public opinion disappear and a true public opinion be established.

Let men speak out what they think, and refrain from saying what is untrue; then all the superstitions bred by patriotism, all the evil feelings and outrages based on it, will vanish. The hatred and the enmity of States and races which is fanned by the governments will disappear, as well as the extolling of warlike deeds or rather of murder, and to a large extent also the respect for authorities will disappear; there will be no more subjugation of men nor despoiling them of the products of their labor, all of which is based on nothing but patriotism.

Let the governments have the schools, the church, the press, their billions of dollars and millions of disciplined men, converted into so many machines,—all this seemingly awful organisation of brute force is as nothing before the consciousness of truth arising in the soul of one man who fully appreciates its might, and from whom it passes to the next, to the third, and so on, just as from one candle is lighted an infinite number of others. As soon as this light will have its full play, then, like wax before the fire, all this seemingly mighty organisation will melt and vanish.

If men only realised the mighty power which is given to them in the word of truth; if men only refrained from selling their birthright for a mess of pottage; if men only availed themselves of this power of theirs, then not only the rulers would not dare, as at present, to menace the people with universal extermination, but they also would not dare hold their reviews and manœuvres of disciplined murderers in the full sight of a country of peaceful inhabitants, they would not dare to form tariff treaties only to break them again as suited their own and their partisan interests, they would not dare pluck the people of the millions of dollars which they give to their following and wherewith they make their preparations for murder.

And thus, the change is not only possible, but it is impossible for it not to come, just as it is impossible for a dead tree not to decay, and for a young one not to grow.

Let individual men be not seduced by the attractions surrounding them, let them not be frightened by threats. Let them know wherein lies their all-conquering might,—and the peace so desired of all will be among us before long; not that peace which is acquired through diplomatic negotiations, by the moving about of emperors and kings, by dinners, speeches, fortifications, cannons, dynamite, and melinite, in short, by the ruin of people,—but it will be the peace which is acquired by a free profession of truth on the part of every individual man.

BELLIGERENT WRONGS.

BY DR. FELIX L. OSWALD.

THE attitude of the United States towards the Cuban patriots has been repeatedly denounced as an illustration of the injustice and inconsistency of the neutrality laws. What it really illustrates is the practical identity of might and right. The effects of neutrality, in anything like an equitable sense of the word, cannot be judged from the experience of similar cases for the sadly-simple reason that it has never been practised; but it is abundantly certain that the republican institutions of the New World have as yet not refuted the cynical assertion of Baron Helvetius that

power is the measure of privilege and that practically all legislation is class-legislation.

At the bidding of political-plunder associations our Government enforces all sorts of mischievous, economic fallacies. At the bidding of our religious monopolists twenty-two States of our Union suppress public amusements on the day when ninety-nine of a hundred workingmen get their only chance of leisure, and the members of a peaceful and charitable sect are dragged from their fields and workshops and caged like wild beasts for the crime of observing the scriptural injunctions of the Seventh-Day Commandment more scrupulously than the moralists of the intolerant majority.

And the alleged neutrality of a hundred million Anglo-American and Spanish-American Republicans in the struggle of their would-be brethren against the power of European oppressors is really a partisanship of discrimination in favor of the strong against the weak. As regards the population of the country more specially concerned, the Spanish sympathisers cannot even claim a numerical superiority. There is no doubt that a free plebiscite would cast nine out of ten Cuban votes in favor of absolute independence. But it is true that, as a part of the Spanish monarchy, the Queen Island of the Antilles cannot quite rival the material resources of the country that overpowered it four hundred years ago and has pillaged it ever since.

For that reason alone, or essentially alone, nineteen American Republics are expected to grant the transatlantic aggressors favors which they refuse their neighbor, and to connive at the atrocities of a war waged by methods rarely practised since the time of Simon de Montfort's crusade against the Albigensian heretics.

"It is not the brutality of using the advantage of superior strength to its utmost extreme;" wrote Mr. Scovil from Pinar del Rio, "the Russians did that in Poland and the Austrians in Italy; but what makes the Spaniards' present mode of warfare so specially odious is their habit of using the weapons of the strong with the tricks of the weak."

His remark referred to the stratagems by which the insurgents had been led to doubt the good faith of their own leaders; but later reports of American press-correspondents imply even more serious charges. Hundreds, if not thousands, of Cuban patriots were captured by the trick of ambiguous *pronunciamientos*. Trusting to the apparent meaning of these proclamations, which seemed to offer plenary amnesty to non-combatants, numerous fugitives returned to their homes or entered the lion's den of a Spanish fort to register an oath of allegiance, only to be arrested and exiled or shot, on charges of misdemeanors "not included in the exceptional provisions of the mani-

festos, as the casuists of the Spanish courts martial expressed it."

The passports, not only of General Weyler's, but of De Campo's adjutants, were in several cases as shamefully disregarded as the safe-conduct which Emperor Sigismund granted to the apostle of the Husites, and the two brothers Varena, who came from Cienfuegos as invited witnesses for the defence in the trial of a wealthy planter, were put under arrest the moment they had passed the Spanish outposts, and sent to headquarters with a chain-gang of outlaws.

An even more dastardly trick was that of the commander, or leader, of a Valentinian infantry-regiment, whose spies discovered a rebel-hospital and who contrived to outwit an old gentleman, thus far spared by both parties on account of his charitable disposition, but now suspected of disloyalty for failing to report the existence of the neighboring lazaretto. On seeing the skirmishers approach, a boy at work in the caballero's garden, started for the house to give the alarm, but the Spanish leader allayed his panic in a manner of his own. "*No temas nada*," said he, simulating lameness, "don't get scared, I'm just going to get a bandage at the hacienda, and pay for it, too." With that report the youngster reached the mansion, and the venerable proprietor, on the point of departure, was induced to tarry to avoid the appearance of trying to evade a claim upon his charity. "Shoot that old hypocrite the moment I get him on this side of the gravel-walk," said the conductor of the surprise-party, "but don't let him see you too soon," then entered the house and after a minute or two returned, clinging, as if for support, to the arm of the white-haired hacendado. "Here he is," said the limping Judas, pointing to a bush where his companion probably expected to find a crippled comrade of his visitor, till he was undeceived by a volley of musket-shots from a neighboring thicket.

Dispatches in the well-imitated handwriting of a rebel-leader were made to fall into the hands of other insurgents, who learned to their surprise that the supposed champion of their cause was negotiating for a pardon and offering to betray them for a few thousand *pesetas*. Fictitious reports of outrageous inhumanities are sent in the opposite direction, to mystify foreign press-correspondents and provoke the wrath of the semi-savage Catalanian conscripts; and misleading memoranda on the causes of the insurrection have been printed in half a dozen different languages to bias public opinion on both sides of the Atlantic.

One of these circulars (issued about a week ago in an excellent English translation) represents the leaders of the revolt as reckless adventurers who hope to profit by the misfortune of their fellow-citizens, or prefer chaos, for its own sake, to the happiest cosmos.

Under the fostering care of the mother land, we are informed, Cuba enjoyed all the blessings of material prosperity; her industries and agricultural exports had developed at an almost unprecedented rate, when the insurrection of 1868 put a stop to that era of progress. The truth is that the sources of that prosperity were opened by causes entirely beyond the control of the motherly peninsula. The Civil War of the United States had stopped the production of sugar in the lower valley of the Mississippi; and the increased demand for the produce of the West Indian haciendas raised the exports almost six hundred per cent. in less than five years. And the abuse of that very *bonanza* was one of the main causes of the struggle for independence. While Spain gorged herself on the eggs of the miraculous goose, the goose herself was starved and penned up more closely than before. Not ten of those six hundred per cents. of increased revenue were expended for the benefit of the native Cubans; the leaders of the national party protested, respectfully first, then more emphatically, and finally advised a separate system of administration on the plan of the Dominion of Canada. Their delegates were snubbed, or jailed as mischievous agitators, and in reply to the mass-meeting of November, 1867, Spain dispatched a horde of Catalanian militia and put several seaport towns under martial law to enforce the restoration of "order."

Cuba, we are told, enjoyed the privileges of free speech and of peaceful assemblies; education was in the hands of native committees, and the organisation of scientific and literary societies was not only permitted but liberally encouraged. No doubt of that; the Cubans were permitted to form associations for the study of Spanish-American antiquities, geology, climatic phenomena, etc., and were granted the privilege of paying the expenses of public schools out of their own pockets. "Peaceful" assemblies were permitted to discuss the exhibition of West Indian butterflies at the Philadelphia Centennial, the effects of the last tornado, and the establishment of meteorological observatories; but the moment their controversies touched upon political topics they risked being dispersed or jailed like highway-robbers.

"There is no law," continues the memorial, "against the appointment of native Cubans to honorable and lucrative positions." No law whatever; nothing against it but an ancient and inviolable custom. "Why, even now your countrymen enjoy the chance of sharing all the rights and privileges of the British Protestants," said a wag in the era of Irish Catholic disabilities. "Enjoy the chance? What do you mean?"

"Well, there is nothing to prevent any one of you from joining the Church of England."

By joining the party of the "Peninsulars," or emigrating to Spain and renouncing all sympathies with the West Indian Island of Sorrows, some native Cubans have really managed to be rewarded with an opportunity for getting a share of the public plunder; but these renegades are closely watched and at the first symptom of "disloyalty" are pushed back into the ranks of the ineligible native masses.

Cuba, we are told, enjoys a fair share of representation and preferment in the Spanish army, though the natives have been exempted from direct conscription. Reduced to explanatory facts, that statement implies merely that the benevolent mother country could not entirely dispense with the military talent of her impious stepsons, and that several native Cubans rose to rank in the service of the Coast Guards, the topographical survey, and similar semi-military employments overtaxing the climate-resisting abilities of the European officials. It is also true that there are several brigades of Cuban volunteers, enlisted by hunger and hard times, but these loyalists are generally detailed on the hardest service, such as coast-jungle expeditions, dreaded by the Spanish regulars, and besides they are rarely entrusted with the improved rifles of the line troops, and have to content themselves with the refuse of the Havana commissariat. If they succeed, they have done nothing but their duty, and their loyalty is apt to be put to still harder tests; if they succumb to fever and fatigue, they are removed from the temptation of revolt, and the predominance of West Indian females is again increased. King David may have pitted Uriah against the deadliest spear-men of the Philistine host, but he hardly can have condescended to blunt his sword and stint him in his rations of barley-bread and dried figs.

To these misrepresentations the Spanish officials add ceaseless calumnies of the Cuban patriots and do not hesitate to eke out the deficits of the military chest by manufacturing or exaggerating pretexts for wholesale confiscations.

Nor do they scruple to increase the terror of martial law by inhumanities recalling the partisan outrages of the Thirty Years' War. Reluctant witnesses are tortured "within half an inch of their lives," as a correspondent from Matanzas expresses it; prisoners—mere "suspects" many of them—are turned out to beasts of burden and brutally beaten and kicked if they try to rest, and in scores of admitted—actually perhaps in hundreds of—cases delinquents have been scourged before being dispatched "with imprecations and six musket balls."

Yet the flames of insurrection are only fanned by these barbarities; volunteers first and involunteers since last August have been poured in by tens of thousands, till the severity of the conscript laws led

to mob-riots in Southern and Eastern Spain; but the conflagration continues to spread; the conflict has become clearly irrepressible.

"Oh—has it?" sneers Colonel Zorra of the Casino Espanol, "why, this revolt of blackamoors and bush-whackers would have been stamped out months ago if it had not been for the mischievous interference of the States and their open and repeated violations of international law,"—alluding to the demonstrations in favor of the Cuban patriots, and the few expeditions which, in spite of vigilant coast-guards, have contrived to leave our eastern seaports under cover of night and pitiful disguises, while Spain has been permitted to buy shiploads of naval supplies in broad daylight and to worry our customhouse officials with bullying emissaries, demanding the prosecution of Cuban refugees.

On the other hand, our Government has been urged to cut the Gordian knot of the Cuban embroglio by insisting on a test-vote and compelling Spain to abide by the result; but bona-fide neutrality would still be a better plan. The merits of a cause cannot always be decided by ballot-box criteria; President Balanced, patriot, reformer, educator, liberal, and would-be liberator, had every claim of prestige but that of a numerical superiority of adherents. Paoli and Parnell were out-voted by the very classes they tried to befriend. Nor is it always easy to decide between the conflicting claims of rival pretenders to the prerogatives of legitimacy. In our Spanish-American sister-republics the authority of legitimate supremacy has been claimed by as many as three presidential candidates, who denounced and anathematised each other like the popes and anti-popes of the fourteenth century; and supported their claims by election statistics not easy to verify.

A neighbor's duty in such cases was excellently illustrated by the attitude of the Swiss Republic during the Franco-Prussian war. Sympathisers of either party enjoyed the free use of the press and were permitted to controvert their opponent's views to their heart's content, but had to keep the peace or fight out their scimmages on the other side of the border. Refugees of all sorts were protected as long as they behaved themselves. In a purely commercial capacity representatives of either government were permitted to buy commissary supplies, but overtures for the purchase of arms were impartially declined. Even near the close of the war the victors enjoyed no privilege that was not granted as readily to the vanquished. Armed parties crossing the borders of the Bund were embargoed and eventually released, but not unconditionally. Before being paroled they were divested of their panoply.

Neutrality in the domestic squabbles of a neighboring household is recommended by prudence as well

as by that sense of justice that mistrusts the fairness of a personal bias. Without the authority of a freely-invited arbitrator no nation should assume to discriminate between the legal status of its neighbors' liberals or loyalists, reformers or conservatives, seceders or opponents of secession. We may not always be able to promote the cause of evident belligerent rights, but we should at least avoid the risk of being compelled to assist in the perpetration of outrageous belligerent wrongs.

PATRIOTISM AND CHAUVINISM.

COUNT LEO TOLSTOI presents his readers in the series of articles now concluding in *The Open Court* with a scathing denunciation of that wrong kind of patriotism which preaches the hatred of other nationalities, and is based upon the notion that the perdition of our neighbors will be conducive to our own welfare. However, in his praiseworthy desire to promote the sentiment of good-will toward all mankind, our distinguished author seems to overlook the important fact that there is also a right kind of patriotism which consists in the love of one's own country and in the legitimate aspiration of preserving all that is good in the character and institutions of one's own nationality. Wrong patriotism is national selfishness, and we had better call it "Chauvinism;" but patriotism proper is the determination of keeping intact the honor of one's own kind.

Is it difficult to distinguish between right patriotism and its perversion, Chauvinism? I believe not! Right patriotism will always be compatible with the broadest and most cosmopolitan humanitarianism. It is a noble ambition that one's own nation should do what is right toward others, that she should do her best in the general progress of civilisation and keep abreast with the progress that is being made in industry, invention, science, and art.

If Chauvinism is national selfishness, patriotism is national self-respect and aspiration. The extinction of selfishness does not imply the extinction of self-respect and aspiration. On the contrary, we must encourage that proper kind of self-love which makes a man ambitious to accomplish something in life which in the measure of its usefulness to others will bring home to him the reward of his labors.

Let us retain as a designation for the proper love of country the noble word patriotism, the etymology of which reminds us of the sacred inheritance that children receive from their fathers; but let us brand all jingoism and national selfishness as "Chauvinism." Patriotism must be cherished dearly, but Chauvinism should not be countenanced. Our children must be educated to appreciate the right kind of patriotism,

which in time will abolish all unnecessary warfare and military rivalry among the nations.

As we must not condemn patriotism because of the existence of Chauvinism, so we must not regard the governments of nations as nuisances on account of the abuses of which they are guilty. Governments, it is true, are always inclined to encroach upon the rights of their citizens, whom those in power are in the habit of calling their "subjects," a term that should be discarded from the law-books of all nations; but for that reason the function of governments is by no means a redundant office. The function of governments does not consist in ruling the people, not in bossing or domineering; the function of governments is the administration of the public affairs of the people, a duty which is of paramount importance and cannot without great harm to the community be dispensed with.¹

We Americans have the confidence that, in spite of the various drawbacks in our politics, our government is the nearest approach to the ideal of a truly popular administration of the common interests of all citizens, rendering it more truly than other governments a government of the people, by the people, and for the people.

The more the narrow Chauvinism of national vanity is replaced by the pure patriotism of national integrity and love of country, and the more the various governments of the world become pure-handed administrators of the true interests of their people, the rarer wars will become, the more apparent will be the solidarity of the whole human race, and thus the nations of the earth will be readier to have their disputes decided by arbitration.

While, in the sense here set forth, we would not join Count Tolstoi's sweeping condemnation of all governments and of all patriotism, we agree with him in his denunciation of all Chauvinism and jingoism; and we are convinced that his expositions will set people to thinking and will contribute a great deal toward the realization of the cosmopolitan ideal of peace on earth among the men of good-will. P. C.

UNIVERSAL RELIGION AND SPECIAL RELIGION.

THE Rev. Alfred Martin, Pastor of the First Free Church of Tacoma, Washington, has printed a statement of the twenty-four cardinal convictions in explanation of his faith in "universal religion." The leaflet contains many excellent sentiments, but it contains at the same time a warfare against "special religion" which, we cannot help repeating, is based upon a misconception.

In order to become universal there is no need of calling oneself universal. There is no objection to

¹For a brief discussion of this important subject see my pamphlet *The Nature of the State*, The Open Court Publishing Co., Chicago, Ill.

Mr. Alfred Martin's proposition of calling his religion "universal religion," but we most decidedly object to his implication that no religion except his own which he calls universal, is truly universal. He says: "Between special religion and universal religion there can be no middle ground." And "one cannot consistently hold both special religion and universal religion, because they represent exactly opposite ideals." This is a mistake, for every faith, in our opinion, contains the germs of universality, and every religious aspiration tends towards catholicity. Mr. Martin forgets that his "universal religion" is the matured product of what he calls "special religion." It is a generalised abstract of it, and he wages an unnecessary warfare against all the unessential details of special religion.

We agree with Mr. Martin that all incidental features of religion should be treated as incidentals and the essentials should be made paramount; we also agree with him that all error should be removed; but for that reason we need not drop or decry or ridicule or abhor any of those special features which are harmless. Why should not the Episcopalians continue to be sticklers for form and endeavor to make religious service beautiful? Why should not the Baptists try to rouse an enthusiasm for religion with their methods of appealing to sentiment. Why should not Roman Catholics use rosaries and celebrate mass, which is a kind of dramatic performance in the style of oratorios? Why should not the Unitarians and Universalists emphasise their peculiar reasons of secession? The former oppose the irrational in religion, the latter the idea of eternal damnation. Let every one of the various denominations have their preferences, only let all recognise the catholicity of truth, the common ideal of all religious aspirations. The formulation of the religious problem which we propose reads as follows:

"While we propose to avoid quarrels about accidentals, we are anxious to come to an agreement concerning the one thing that is needful. Rituals and symbols may vary according to taste, historical tradition, and opinion, but the essence of religion can only be one and must remain one and the same among all nations, in all climes, and under all conditions."

There is no need of suppressing the special characteristics and individual features of anything, but there is a need of attaining catholicity which is developed by breadth of thought, openness to conviction and the confidence that truth is attainable. He who believes in "universal religion," as Mr. Martin does, need not request a Christian, a Buddhist, a Jew, a Mohammedan, to cut himself loose from his religious traditions. He need not ask others to surrender their names or those rituals which have become to them expressions of some truth. To be sure every one must surrender all that which is in conflict with truth, that which hinders him from attaining clearness of thought

and purity of morals; but he may grow by reforming the old and inoculating new truths upon the traditions of his fathers. Mr. Martin's request to surrender what he calls "sectarian names, claims, and affiliations" would be the greatest hindrance that universal religion could have. It means, if applied to civic affairs, that in order to become true men we ought to renounce our special family-names and all the special and incidental features of individual personality. We ought to discontinue to be blond or brown, blue-eyed or black-eyed, tall, medium, or small, and we ought all to accept the name and the same features of universal man, and we all ought to be cut after the same pattern, containing only the universal features of manhood and nothing else.

What would Mr. Martin say of a man who came to the fruit market, and inquired for fruit at the banana stand, and when bananas were offered to him he said: "No, I want fruit, I do not want bananas." When he came to the pears, he said: "I do not want pears, but fruit," and he gave the same answer to every one who offered him a certain kind of fruit, apples, peaches, plums, cherries, etc. The fruit venders would suggest that bananas, pears, apples, plums, and cherries were fruit, while he would insist that there was a great difference between universal fruit and special fruit, protesting that all the special elements in the various kinds of fruit were antagonistic to the "universal" fruit; that they ought to be destroyed and that there should be fruit extract only. Of course, if a man likes fruit extract he may start a factory, prepare it and have it for sale; but there is no necessity for denouncing apples and pears and peaches for the mere reason that they retain their individual features.

Mr. Martin is an enthusiastic fighter for truth and pure religion. We have watched his movements and sympathise with his aspirations. But we believe that his work would be more efficient if he ceased to denounce Unitarians, Universalists, and other denominations, which are working on parallel lines, simply because they do not sink their names and individualities into the pure abstraction of universal religion.

PRESIDENT J. B. ANGELL ON "PATRIOTISM AND INTERNATIONAL BROTHERHOOD."

James Burrill Angell, President of the University of Michigan, delivered a baccalaureate address, June 23, on "Patriotism and International Brotherhood," in which he said: "We profess, as individuals and as a nation, to be governed by the principles of Christian ethics. We are all agreed that patriotism is so commendable a virtue that we despise, if we do not hate, a citizen who is devoid of it. We are all agreed that our nation, if it is to be respected by others or by us, must maintain its rights with dignity and self-respect. . . . The contradiction which Tolstoi sees between patriotism and Christianity does not necessarily exist. They are not exclusive of each other.

"Providentially we are so situated that it has been easy for

us, with a genuine patriotism, to develop our resources and to attend to our own affairs without much complication with the great powers of the world, and without cherishing sharp animosities toward them. But it is too much to expect that questions will not arise from time to time—many of them serious and difficult questions—between us and other nations. Our army is none too large, perhaps hardly large enough, for the police power which it is called to exercise over our large expanse of territory. Our navy is none too powerful to represent us and protect our citizens and their interests in the various countries of the world. The coast defenses of some of our great cities might well be strengthened. I regard the maintenance of a moderate force and of defenses of our chief harbors as peace measures, which will make nations hesitate about imposing on us. Nevertheless, we need not be bristling with excitement about the constant danger of attack from foreign powers, but our attitude toward them should be one of dignified independence and of a friendly desire to settle all questions with them on a just and reasonable basis by peaceful methods.

"Of late years there have been some notable expressions in favor of the arbitral settlement of controversies between nations. . . . A body of three hundred men, representing forty states of the union, and comprising many men of high influence and reputation, have recently held a meeting in Washington for the express purpose of urging our government to establish a permanent court of arbitration at once with Great Britain, if practicable, and as soon as possible with other nations. It is believed by eminent jurists and statesmen that a court can be constituted by Great Britain and the United States whose decisions would command the assent of both nations.

"Remembering that 'God hath made of one blood all nations of men,' what higher honor can we wish for our people than that they should add to all their triumphs in the industrial arts and in the establishment of free and republican institutions the splendid triumph of teaching all nations to live together as brothers under the blessed command of the Prince of Peace.

NOTES.

The sketch "Christianity and Patriotism," by Count Leo Tolstoi, which concludes with the present number of *The Open Court*, was published last year in Russian at Geneva, Switzerland. It necessarily enjoyed but a limited circulation, having been mainly restricted to the Russian exiles residing in Western Europe. Its first English translation, made by Mr. Paul Borger, appears now in *The Open Court*, and will be reissued within a few weeks in pamphlet form, having as frontispiece a half-tone portrait of Count Tolstoi similar to that which accompanies the present *Open Court*. This portrait, which is from a photograph taken in Moscow, is highly characteristic of the extraordinary Russian, and will be a rare addition to one's collection of noted men and authors, as Count Tolstoi is now one of the most commanding figures in the world. Countess Tatiana Tolstoi writes, in the name of her father, for the purpose of authorising the present translation, as follows: "My father bade me write and tell you that he will be very happy to have his sketch appear in your journal, which he appreciates very much, and always reads with great interest and pleasure."

The Liberal Congress of Religions will be held this year at Indianapolis, Ind., Oct. 6, 7, and 8. We are informed that the prospects of the meeting are very promising, and several prominent men from both the liberal and orthodox ranks are expected to appear on the platform. As the Congress depends entirely upon voluntary contributions and membership fees, which are very low in order to place it within reach of everybody, we commend the cause of the Liberal Congress, for the sake of liberalism in religion, to the generosity of our readers.

THE JULY MONIST.

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DEVOTED TO THE RELIGION OF SCIENCE.

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THE RELIGION OF SCIENCE REFUTED.

Comments in Review of Dr. Paul Carus's "Religion of Science" and "Science a Religious Revelation."

BY DR WILLIAM BRENTON GREENE, JR.

[Reprinted from *The Presbyterian and Reformed Review*, Vol. III., p. 689-691.]

THESE little pamphlets deserve a more extended notice and a more thorough review than our limits will permit or their size would seem to demand. They are a careful statement of a so-called religious movement, which, through the circulation of *The Monist*, has, within a few years, become widely known and not a little influential; and they are from the official pen of that journal's able editor, the prophet and apostle and scribe of the movement referred to. According to him, religion is the reverse of agnosticism and indifferentism. It is "a conviction that regulates man's conduct, affords comfort in affliction, and consecrates all the purposes of life." The conviction that does this, and so the faith of religion, is "the conviction that truth can be found, and that truth is the sole redeemer." The truth as to God is not atheism, that there is no God; nor polytheism, that there are many gods; nor anthropotheism, that God is a personal being like man; nor pantheism, that all is God; but it is entheism, that God is "superpersonal" and is "the eternal of nature." That is, nature is God; yet of nature those elements alone are divine which "serve us as authority for conduct," for only these are eternal. The truth as to ethics is that "duty, not happiness, is the right ethical principle." We ought to live according to nature, according to the eternal principles of right, whether it pleases us to do so or not. The truth as to the soul is that it "consists of impulses, dispositions, and ideas." "Impulses are tendencies to act." "Dispositions are inherited habits." "Ideas are representations and are developed out of feelings." "Thought is the interaction which takes place between ideas," and it is rational when it rises to the universal. Personality is an "illusion." We do not have ideas, we are ideas. There is no such thing as personal identity. "The expression, 'I,' being for a continuous series of acts the same in spite of many changes, produces the illusion that the acting person himself remains the same throughout." The truth as

to immortality is, as might be supposed, that it is not personal. You and I shall not live forever; for you and I are only illusions; the truth, however, that is in the ideas which constitute us, this shall live forever, for this is God, the eternal in nature. The sum and substance of religion is to have "a resolute confidence in the unbreakable and unbroken laws of existence, and so to come into intimate and "truly personal relation" to the eternal of nature, in which, through which, and to which we live.

Such are the main truths of "the religion of science"; and it is called "the religion of science" because its doctrines are the results of "the most reliable and truly scientific methods." In these pamphlets we find much to commend.

So clear is their style that the meaning cannot be mistaken. Not a little of that meaning also we endorse heartily. That as yet we know only in part, and that pious devotion to be of the right kind must be accompanied by the spirit of research; that truth and reason are one, and that, consequently, religion and science should be harmonious; that duty, not happiness, is the principle of true life; and that "the most beautiful, the profoundest, and the sublimest of all sayings are those spoken by the great Master of Galilee:" with all this and more we are, of course, in entire accord; and we must protest most earnestly against the author's constant insinuation that the great body of Christians differ from him at these points.

To the view of religion presented, however, we take the following important and fatal exceptions:

1. It is not religious. It certainly is not so in the popular sense of that word. By religion men generally understand "the sum of their relations to God." It is thus that even such writers as Buckle and Lecky use the term, when they assert that religion will eventually disappear. Our author, therefore, misleads the community at the outset. What he calls religion is not what they take it to be. He sides with Buckle and Lecky as to the future of religion, but by a deceptive nomenclature he makes it appear that he sides with the people against them.

2. It is not scientific. Science is systematised knowledge, truth rationally presented. Now Dr. Carus's doctrine of religion is based on the claim that

God is not a personal being, but is the ethical and so eternal principle in nature. This claim is made on the ground that it expresses "the result of experience, not of one man only, but of the whole race." God is not a supernatural person. He always has been to the mass of mankind, "an idea of moral import." This, however, is contrary to the best attested facts; and so Dr. Carus's theory, whatever may be true of it, rests on a foundation which is utterly unscientific. Tiele, in his *Outlines of the History of Religion*, page 6, says, "The statements as to the absence of religious elements from the thought of savage tribes rest either on inaccurate observation or confusion of ideas;" and it would be easy to show that the conception of God involved in these religious elements has been of a being greater than but like ourselves. Only where there has been high intellectual development, and there only in exceptional cases, has a moral idea been substituted, or could a moral idea have been substituted, for a personal deity. It is in the latter that the "whole race" naturally believes.

3. It is unhistorical. That is, history teaches that the superpersonal conception of God has not been held even in exceptional cases. As Martensen says (*Christian Ethics*, Vol. I., p. 61), "However many attempts have been made to apprehend God as a superpersonal being (transcending the conception of personality, because this must be too narrow, too anthropomorphic), yet all these attempts have only led to the result that God has been apprehended as a being beneath personality."

4. It is not moral. That is, on Dr. Carus's hypothesis an ethical system becomes impossible. "Personality is the basis of moral activity"; but, according to the "religion of science" personality is only an illusion.

5. It is not rational. Like science, it rests on observation and experience. These presuppose the validity of consciousness. The first testimony of consciousness is to personality. Now personality, Dr. Carus would have us think, is an illusion. That is, he begins by undermining what must be the foundation of his whole system.

6. It is not even fair. It grossly misrepresents and distorts in its own interests even the "Word of God." Only two examples of this can now be given. Dr. Carus speaks of Paul's view of marriage as irreligious and sensual. He bases this criticism on 1 Cor. vii., 9, "It is better to marry than to burn." He conceals, however, the facts, that the apostle is writing in view of exceptional conditions, a time of "present distress"; that even the expression that is objected to teaches that even under such circumstances marriage is to be encouraged rather than sensual desire permitted; and that when he sets forth the normal

theory of marriage it is in such words as these (Eph. v., 25), "Husbands, love your wives, even as Christ also loved the church, and gave himself up for it."

Again, Dr. Carus argues at length to prove that Christ abolished prayer in the sense of petition. Did not the Saviour, however, say, "Ask, and it shall be given you?" and, "If ye, then, being evil, know how to give good gifts unto your children, how much more shall your heavenly Father give the Holy Spirit to them that ask him?"

IN REPLY TO A PRESBYTERIAN.

Among the reviews of *The Religion of Science* written by conservative critics, the most weighty, the most serious, and, at the same time, the most sympathetic comes from a Presbyterian pen. Among the liberal theologians, many hesitate to draw the last consequences; they are, as a rule, radical in externalities but fear to investigate or even touch the very core of the religious problem. They take offence at one or other dogma, which in its literal interpretation has become unbelievable, and pin their faith the more solidly and systematically upon the main significance of traditional dogmatology, which is a belief in religious metaphysics—in a metaphysical God and a metaphysical soul; yet the metaphysical question is after all the present issue on which all other religious problems hinge; and while externalities of all kinds are harmless, it is the false metaphysics which we must get rid of in religion. I have met perhaps more members of conservative churches, who in personal conversations were willing to make concessions, than liberals. The liberal theologian generally claims that if we surrender the belief in a personal God and a personal ego-soul, religion must go and nothing is left; while a conservative theologian, although unwilling to accede to a positivistic conception of religion, understands better that a change in interpretation would not change facts, and that a religious reformation would not mean a destruction of religion itself.

My Presbyterian critic, Dr. William Benton Greene,¹ does not treat me as an infidel and a heretic. Nor does he warn the faithful not to read expositions of the Religion of Science. He meets the issues openly and squarely, which is a point in his favor and shows that he has confidence in his own cause. But while he trusts that he has overthrown my arguments, he has not convinced me. Nevertheless he has succeeded in making me anxious to add a few comments in further elucidation of my proposition on the main issue of the Religion of Science, which is the problem of personality.

The main objection made by my critic, indeed the

¹My reply has been delayed because the review of Dr. Greene only came to my notice a few weeks ago.

only one that needs a reply, is condensed in these words:

"On Dr. Carus's hypothesis an ethical system becomes impossible. 'Personality is the basis of moral activity,' but, according to the 'religion of science,' personality is only an illusion."

Here I have to express my unreserved agreement with my critic's view that "personality is the basis of moral activity"; and did the Religion of Science teach that personality is an illusion, it would have missed the mark. The Religion of Science teaches that the metaphysical conception of an ego-personality is an illusion, but it not only does not deny, but actually insists on the existence of personality and the paramount importance of the rôle that personality plays in religion.

This is the difference: The metaphysical philosopher declares that man's soul is a mysterious *Ding an sich*, which is in possession of sentiments, ideas, and volitions. Positivism discards the belief in things in themselves, and insists that the sentiments, ideas, and volitions themselves constitute man's soul. And the question between the two views is not limited to such religious ideas as God and soul, but applies generally to all conceptions, to the notions of common life and also to scientific generalisations, such as gravity, matter, electricity, or chemical affinity.

Metaphysical philosophy conceives the world as a duality; it assumes the existence, first, of substance and then of predicates with which substance is endowed. The substance is supposed to be unknowable, while its attributes are knowable. What matter is, we are told, is a profound mystery; we only know the qualities of matter; what electricity, what light, what fire is, we can never know, experience teaches us only their various modes of action. But how do we know anything at all about matter, mass, fire, electricity, and gravity? How do we know that they exist at all? Are these terms not mere abstractions? Are they not simply generalisations of certain actions of which our experience gives us knowledge? They are names by which we denote certain features that we observe under definite conditions, and the attributes of matter are all there is about matter. Matter means a definite quality of existence, it is the objectivity of things which affects sensation as resistance. Mass is weight and volume; heat is a mode of motion which disintegrates the molecular constitution of bodies, etc., etc. There is no duality of matter, heat, electricity, and in addition to them their attributes; but there is one unitary reality which by the method of abstraction is knowable in its various parts.

This view, which is sometimes called monism or a unitary world conception, sometimes positivism or the world conception which drops the assumptions of metaphysical entities and aims at making philosophy

a comprehensive and systematic statement of facts, may fairly be considered as victorious in the domain of scientific inquiry, and this being the case, it is only a question of time when it will invade the domain of popular thought and religious life. This much is sure, to those theologians who are accustomed to the old metaphysical world conception it appears like a threatening thundercloud, boding nothing but the destruction of a terrible cyclone.

It is true that positivism overthrew, in the domain of science, astrology, alchemy, the belief in a phlogiston or fire substance, the belief in magic, the hope of finding the philosopher's stone, and all kindred notions, but for that reason it cannot be denounced as destructive; for it gave us astronomy, chemistry, and all the modern sciences which are slowly accomplishing much grander things than any alchemist ever could anticipate or hope for. And the same is true in religion. Positivism will abolish the traditional metaphysicism in religion, but it will not destroy religion; it will give us a deeper and more solid and a nobler interpretation of the same facts, which are the ever present realities of our sublimest hopes and highest aspirations.

It is fashionable at the present day to rail at theology to the detriment of religion, and to scoff at the pretensions of orthodoxy, in favor of universal tolerance. But what is theology but religion in a scientific conception; and what is orthodoxy but the confidence of being in possession of the truth? The abolition of theology would degrade religion to mere sentimentality, and a contempt of the ideal of orthodoxy presupposes that truth and error are of equal value. What we need is the right theology and the right orthodoxy! But how shall we decide right or wrong, genuine or false, truth or error, if not by a painstaking investigation, or, in a word, by science. The religious problem is not without the pale of scientific investigation. Let us therefore investigate reverently but fearlessly, and let us bear in mind that truth, whatever truth may be, is religious revelation, and that science, accordingly, is the prophecy which is with us, even to-day. It is the spirit that comforteth us; it is the voice of God, more hallowed than conscience and tradition, both of which may err.

Science is the verdict of the divine tribunal which no one can ignore without cutting himself loose from the source of truth. There is a holiness in science which neither the scientists nor the leaders of religious thought have sufficiently emphasised. If there is any light by which man can hope to illumine his path so as to take firm steps, it is science; and the application of this principle to all religious problems is what we call the Religion of Science.

Positivism in psychology does not deny the per-

sonality of man, it only denies that personality is a *Ding an sich*. It denies that there are two things, a person and the character with all its various attributes. Character is simply another name for a person of a definite mental and moral constitution. Positivism denies that there is a distinct ego-soul which is in possession of thought and will; it declares that the thought of a man and his will are parts of his being; they are the most important parts of himself; they are the essential constituents of his soul. It further shows that while death is a dissolution of the individual, the soul-forms are not destroyed; the sentiments, the thought, the will continue in their individual idiosyncrasy, and thus the personality of a man is preserved and does not suffer annihilation. Therefore, the main duty of life is the formation of soul, the building up of personality, the strengthening of character. The acquisition of knowledge and of wealth are not unimportant aims of life, but both are of secondary importance, for they are mere externalities in comparison to the moral worth of a strong will in well-directed personality.

The Religion of Science, in the same way that it does not abrogate the personality of man but offers a clearer, a truer, and a better explanation of personality, offers a more consistent and a more scientific conception of God. Martensen may be right that "all attempts to apprehend God as a superpersonal being" have "only led to the result that God has been apprehended as being beneath personality." While we may grant that so far they have not as yet led to something better, we do not see why finally they should not lead to a conception of God as being above personality. And that is the aim which the Religion of Science pursues. If our view is not more consistent, and philosophically more deepened than the traditional dogmatic God conception, we are willing to listen to criticism. Until we are refuted by argument, we still maintain that a personal God-conception is untenable. God cannot be an individual being as we are. If God exists at all, he must be superior to man; he cannot be a particular thing like his creatures; he must be that which conditions and forms all things; he must be the creator. That man is made in his image, does not justify the pagan habit of making gods after man's image.

✓ God as conceived by the Religion of Science is not a person who at a given moment is in a definite place and thinks one definite idea, saying (as we might) to himself, "I will do this, and shall not do that." God is omnipresent, immutable, eternal. Whatever is omnipresent, immutable, and eternal, is a feature of God's being. He is that presence which is forming the world in every detail, revealing itself most completely in man's rational will and moral aspirations,

which I conceive to be the characteristic marks of personality. Thus God, albeit that he is not an individual person, is yet the condition of all personality. He is not a person himself; he is not a human individual like man; he is not a limited being of a particular cast of mind, but without him there would be nothing that constitutes personality, no reason, no science, no moral aspiration, no ideal, no aim and purpose in man's life. God, in a word, is that which makes all this possible. He is, therefore, not less than personality, but infinitely more than personality, or briefly stated: He is superpersonal.

Now let us regard this conception of God and of man's soul as a matter of private opinion, as a philosophical view which is proposed for what it is worth, and may be accepted by some, while it will be rejected by others. The question arises, should it not at once, as soon as we see that it differs from the traditional interpretation of Christianity, be classed as Anti-Christian or even as anti-religious? If it is suffered as an allowable interpretation of religion, "is it not," as my critic claims, "apt to mislead the community at the outset"?

This is a question which I have carefully considered and reconsidered, and I am not willing to mislead the community. Nevertheless, I have come to the conclusion that an interpretation of religion is not religion itself, and if Christianity is to survive the present crisis, it will have to enter into a new phase of its development. The present crisis is by no means extraordinary or fatal; nor is it due to a disease of the times; it is the inevitable result of the natural growth of our scientific comprehension. The same arguments with which now the traditional conception of Christianity is defended, have been used time and again against the Copernicans and lately against the evolutionists.)

✕ The main question is, Is Christianity capable of growth or not? Is it a doctrine once revealed that remains the same for ever and aye, or is it an historical movement which reflects an eternal truth that with the increase of scientific insight is better and better understood? When Christ appeared, he gave a powerful impetus to the world, which became the beginning of a new era; he started the movement, but he did not reveal the full truth! He spoke in parables only, and promised the continuance of divine revelation in the spirit of truth, the comforter, the Holy Ghost. And this spirit of truth came and ensouled the disciples who otherwise would not have had the courage to preach the gospel of resurrection. Whatever error the early Christians may have cherished in the first days of the Church, this much is sure that the actual idea of the new creed, the idea of immortality, was its strength, and if the truth was neither

clearly nor scientifically understood, the sentiment was eagerly apprehended. The original doctrines changed. The Jewish Christianity, with its belief in the millennium on earth, gave way to the Greek Christianity of the belief in the logos made flesh; both were necessary phases in the growth of the new religion. The blossom develops but its petals fall off when the fruit begins to ripen. So the dogmatology of Christianity served its purpose, and when in the age of science its flowers fade it is the sign that religion is entering into a phase of greater maturity.

If "distinctively Christian" means that which Christian councils have declared to be distinctively Christian, then the Religion of Science must unequivocally be regarded as Anti-Christian. But if these various doctrines of Christian dogmatology, especially the metaphysical interpretation of men's personality, were, indeed, the characteristic features of Christianity, why did the founder of Christianity neglect to discuss and explain them? Christ never took the trouble to investigate any one of the fundamental problems of psychology, and confined his sermons to a consideration of practical questions, using the language of his time and adopting the popular conceptions of his contemporaries, such as the idea of demoniacal possession as the cause of disease. And indeed, had he spoken the language of the civilised nations of the nineteenth century, and had he explained the Copernican world conception and the theory of evolution, he would have preached to deaf ears; his mission necessarily would have been a failure. Jesus, in order to become Christ and be the founder of Christianity, had to be a man of his time in order to be comprehensible to his contemporaries. His time was the point to which the laws had to be applied and through which he could affect the whole future of mankind. It was not his business to reveal the scientific truths of later centuries; he had come to kindle a fire on earth, the fire of love, of good will, of a hunger after righteousness. That being accomplished, he left the completion of his work to the spirit whom he had promised to send.

Christ's views were interpreted by the fathers of the Church, and they formulated the dogmas of Christianity, which by many Christians are supposed to be binding to this day. They, being believers in the philosophy of their time, foisted a metaphysical conception upon Christianity, and if the metaphysics of Athanasius, St. Augustine, and Thomas à Kempis be, indeed, the distinctive feature of Christianity, then Christianity cannot remain the religion of the future. I claim, however, that a positivistic conception of religion is at least not less scriptural than the metaphysical dogmatism of an ego-soul and a God-individual.

Jesus said, "I am the way, the truth, and the life!" and again, explaining what he meant by truth, he

said, "The words which I speak unto you, they are the truth." He does not say, "I am an ego-being, or a metaphysical entity, or a person in itself, that is in possession of ideas," but he says, "I am the truth, and words are the truth;" and "words," of course, are an embodiment of ideas. This conception of Christ is actually the essence of Greek Christianity, which is briefly expressed in the sentence, "The word became flesh." It is the doctrine that Christ is the incarnation of the logos. Christ has not the logos; he is the logos. This is positivism which in the mind of a metaphysical philosopher would be rank heresy; but it is the philosophy of the Religion of Science condensed into a single word.

Several centuries ago all the representative Doctors of Divinity argued that if the earth were not flat, God's word would be a lie and that therefore science was wrong and the Church was right. The adversaries of the Copernican system have disappeared, but the old argument, although its worthlessness is unequivocally established, is repeated whenever a new conflict arises between a better comprehension of facts and traditional errors that touch religious questions.

And what is the spirit whom Christ promised to send? The spirit appears in the aspirations and revelations of truth. The spirit manifests itself in the zeal for every righteous cause and in the recognition of new discoveries and a better comprehension of the world and of the purpose of life. The spirit, in these days, moves preëminently in the progress of man's social relations and appears in fullest radiance in the advance of science. Science, indeed, as the ultimate touchstone of truth, is the highest expression of the revelation of the spirit. And here we remind our friends who still adhere to a literal belief in dogmas, of the awful saying of Jesus that, "All sins shall be forgiven unto the sons of men, and blasphemies wherewith soever they shall blaspheme. But he that shall blaspheme against the Holy Ghost has never forgiveness, but is in danger of eternal damnation."¹

Why is this? The answer is simple enough. It is not God who condemns the sinner; but the sin of the sinner has its natural consequences, and that is what we call damnation. Now, if a man, as a matter of principle, shuts out the light that God sends him, how can he expect salvation? The dogmatist who for the sake of blind faith shuts out the light of scientific truth, be he ever so pious and well intentioned, is, in the long run, hopelessly doomed to go to the wall, because he despises the information through the spirit. There is no hope for him who with conscious intention sets himself against the progress of the age. Self-stultification that stunts the intellectual development of the mind is as much a sin as theft and

¹ Mark, iii., 29-30.

murder; and if its cause lies in the heart's hostile disposition toward the light, it is the gravest sin imaginable, for it is a slaying of the spirit.

✓ The Religion of Science proposes a reform that is radical; it is not a reform such as is proposed by various liberal theologians who object to one or another dogma, but a reform which changes the whole interpretation of the traditional material.

The reformatory efforts of liberal theologians are often very inconsistent. They misunderstand the symbolical nature of religious dogmas and, accepting dogmas in the literal sense, object to the irrationality of one or another doctrine. Thus their reform is partial and would lead, if it were consistent, to an utter dissolution of religion. The attitude of such *ex-parte* reformers is splendidly caricatured in Hudor Genone's satire "The Little Glass Slipper."¹ There we are told that one of the little girls at school refused to believe in a crystal slipper; she protested that she believed in everything else; she believed in a plenary inspiration of Cinderella as a whole. She believed in the wicked sisters and a genuine live prince. Even the transformation of the pumpkin and mice into a royal carriage gave her no difficulty, but she could not make up her mind to believe in glass slippers. The result was that she was tried and condemned for heresy.

With all my close relations to liberalism, I cannot help being in strong sympathy with the old-fashioned orthodoxy, with all its hardness and stern rigidity. There is a consistency of thought in the traditional dogmatism that is absent in the most conspicuous liberal theologians. Hengstenberg, in spite of his narrowness, is more logical than Harnack, and after all, I would venture to defend the old-fashioned orthodoxy against all sectarian innovations, if one point only were granted me,—a point which has never been denied by any one of the Christian churches,—viz., that all dogmas are symbols of truth, that their allegorical nature must be insisted upon, and that they must not be understood in their literal sense.

✓ The Religion of Science comes as an ally of the traditional dogmatism, and promises to preserve of it all that is true and good. The Religion of Science alone can transfigure the old doctrines and change them into a new orthodoxy which, as the trust in scientifically verifiable truth, has a better claim to the title than the blind faith theory of the old metaphysical interpretation of Christianity.

* * *
A few words might be added in reply to the six points which Dr. Greene raises.

1. From the standpoint of the Religion of Science there is no objection to the definition of religion as

"the sum of man's relations to God." The Religion of Science, however, is intended to start without assumption and must therefore build upon a broader basis. We cannot speak of God until he has been traced in experience as the authority for moral conduct. This done, and having acquired a clear definition of God, we can say that "religion is the sum of man's relations to God."

2. The quotation from Tiele is not pertinent, and if it were pertinent it would prove nothing. Whatever ideas men had about gods, they always regarded them as authorities for conduct whose will they had to fear, or to obey, or to mind in some way.

✗ 3. If a new view has never before been presented in history, it cannot for that reason be condemned on the ground that it is "unhistorical."

✗ 4. Personality, indeed, is the basis of moral activity, but personality is transformable. New ideas can be implanted into the soul and old ones can be subdued. All religious aspiration culminates in eradicating all egotism and inoculating love of truth and righteousness. As says St. Paul: "Now, not I live, but Christ liveth in me."

The old view of personality involves us in intricate difficulties which finally lead to mysticism. How shall we, for instance, explain heredity, if the soul is an independent being that is combined with the body; or how shall we explain the relation between the person and the ideas which the person has. All the mysteries that originate on the assumption of a metaphysical personality disappear in a positive conception of psychology.

5. It goes without saying that the non-existence of a metaphysical personality can in no wise be construed as a denial of the existence of consciousness.

6. No impartial reader will discover in St. Paul's writings a high conception of marriage, or the deep obligations which marriage involves toward the children to be born. It is true that the Apostle was confronted with exceptional conditions in Corinth, but the more it would have been his duty to explain the significance of marriage. If he failed to do so, it is apparently due to the fact that here he was lacking in comprehension and regarded marriage as a mere concession to sensuality.

Concerning the last point we have to say that Dr. Greene's quotation goes against his own theory. Christ does not say that the Heavenly Father will comply with the wishes of those who pray. The passage, "Ask and it shall be given you," is on the condition that we ask the right thing. Christ enjoins us to ask not for our will to be done, but for God's will to be done; not for the coming of our kingdom, but for the coming of God's kingdom; not for the glorification of our name, but that God's name shall be

hallowed; not that we should acquire wealth and earthly possessions, but that we should not take heed of the morrow, being satisfied with the bread that God gives us this day; not that we should prosper, but that we should learn to avoid temptation and be redeemed from evil. All these prayers are intended, not to change God's will, but the will of the man who prays. It is the abolition of prayer in the sense of begging, and raises the pagan habit of praying into the higher domain of self-discipline. All Christian prayer is a preparation of the heart for the reception of the Holy Spirit. This is corroborated by Dr. Greene's quotation: "If ye, then, being evil, know how to give good gifts unto your children, how much more shall your Heavenly Father give the Holy Spirit to them that ask Him."

But prayer is not sufficient for the reception of the Spirit; prayer is the preparation of the heart to receive it. The next and, indeed, the main condition for the reception of the Spirit is exertion. Unless we are willing to learn and exert ourselves, we shall not receive the Spirit.

The Holy Spirit is the truth that continues to reveal itself to mankind in its progressing science and civilisation. May our minds be open to receive the truth, and may we not harden our hearts against the teachings of the Holy Spirit!

P. C.

THE JESUIT MISSION IN CHINA.

(From the Japanese.)

TRANSLATED BY KEIJIRO NAKAMURA.

THE editor of the *Shukyo* has lately discovered an old document, in the library of Prince Mito, in regard to the Jesuit Mission in China, and printed a very interesting article on the subject. The following is a liberal translation of the same:

"The decline of the Ming dynasty which dates back about three centuries caused the decline of Chinese civilisation. With it, philosophy, poetry, science, art, and political power began their downfall. Both Confucianism and Buddhism had been either too much dogmatised or corrupted, and the popular belief became a mere idolatry. Thus, there was a good chance for the introduction of a foreign religion.

"It was about this time (1583) that Ricci Mateo made the first successful introduction of the Jesuit Mission into China. After a hard study of the Chinese language for twenty years, he began to teach in China mathematics and astronomy besides preaching. And, at the same time, he rendered an invaluable service to the Chinese government by improving its astronomical observatory. He did this service in order to obtain the confidence of the Chinese Emperor; and thus to pave the way for his missionary work.

He published a book in the Chinese language, entitled: 'The Catechism of the Jesuits.' He died in 1610 at Peking.

"After him, came many Jesuits to China. They converted many prominent Chinese and established several churches in the Empire. This rapid progress was, however, after three quarters of a century, hindered by a reactionary movement of the conservatives. About 1670, a conservative, Chin, wrote to his emperor as follows:

"Several savages have recently emigrated into our empire. There are in our capital, Riochinga and Nosaubatz; in Nankin, Oboshuk and Yabatak; and several others in different provinces. They call their countries the "Great West," and their religion, the teaching of Heavenly Masters. These names are indeed haughty enough. But, below heaven and along ocean, throughout this great continent, the powers of Your Majesty pervade and shine forth. Therefore, we call our empire the Great Ming. Why, then, do these savages, who are naturalised Chinese subjects, call their inborn land the Great West, and thus set up the Great East in opposition to the Great West? Do they commit treason or disrespect our kingdom?

"Your Majesty's dynasty has been flourishing generation after generation. Your lords call Your Majesty "Heavenly King." Your Majesty reigns the world below heaven, and the world calls Your Majesty "Son of Heaven." Your Majesty's government issues laws by studying our sacred, ancient usages. And we call these laws "heavenly ordinances." But the savages call their teaching the words of the heavenly master and they look down upon our laws as profane and local ordinances. They mislead our poor people and make them disloyal to Your Majesty. . . .

"This letter excited the court. Thereupon many converts left the creeds, and the Jesuit missionaries were frightened by a rumor that they were to be beheaded. About this time a Chinese convert championed the cause of the Jesuit mission and wrote the following lines to his emperor.

"I have heard of the unfounded criticism of our recently naturalised subjects. I have studied with them philosophy, science, and astronomy; and published many books through their invaluable assistance. They are all piled up on Your Majesty's desk. In regard to their conduct and views there is nothing that rouses my suspicion. I assure Your Majesty that they are all wise men. Their teaching is true, their conduct is just, their knowledge is both wide and exact, and their opinions are sound and reliable. They teach us to obey the Heavenly Lord and to abide by the good. How strikingly this idea coincides with our own! I do not find in their doctrine anything to be criticised. They praise God who is good and just, they

teach us to love our God, master, relatives, and neighbors, they persuade us to quit evil and abhor wrong. They say, if we commit sin in this world, we shall fall into hell and suffer eternal punishment; and if we do good, then we shall be born in heaven and enjoy everlasting happiness. This doctrine encourages good deeds and discourages evil doings. I do not see anything unreasonable and unjust in their teaching.

"But this pleading had no effect, as the court was more and more inclining toward the opinion of the conservatives. Finally the Chinese Emperor ordered the expulsion of the Jesuits from the Empire. The Jesuit missionaries, however, were not discouraged by this maltreatment. They went in disguise into the interior and preached quietly throughout many provinces. There they met the strong opposition of a Chinese Buddhist. The following is a summary of the criticism of the Jesuit teaching by the Buddhist, Guyak Jensch:

"They (the Jesuits) say birds, beasts, grasses, and trees have their beginning and their end; while heaven, earth, spiritual beings, and the souls of men, as once created, would be immortal. This they say because they do not understand that man contains in himself the absolute truth and that this universe converges in his mind. It is nonsensical to say that animals and plants, heaven and earth, spirits and men have been created by God. On the contrary, these things have never been created, for the essence of existence is beginningless and endless. Let me prove this:

"1. The appearance of mountain, river, and continent is due to the will of man. For if our mind were deprived of will and thought, then a distinction between ego and non-ego would disappear, the three worlds of past, present, and future would disappear, consciousness would become naught, and everything possessing colors and forms would go out of appearance. Thus, by quitting consciousness, we return to a stage of absolute equality of everything, and at the same time we attain to the absolute of the universe. Therefore, birds and beasts, grasses and trees, heaven and earth, and spirits (that is to say their substance) have never been created, but they are beginningless and endless.

"2. Now let me prove this conclusion from the point of view of the 'space-and-time' philosophy.

"Since space is infinite, its contents also must be infinite. And since time is infinite, space must be beginningless and endless. Therefore the universe has neither beginning nor end. All creatures including beasts and birds, and even grasses and trees, heaven and earth and gods exist in that same infinite space and time. How, then, can we speak about before and after? Suppose we say that something in this world has sprung up and decayed. In that case we predi-

cate this of a mere change of substance and do not speak of actual creation and extinction. Therefore this universe could never have been created nor shall it be annihilated. Thus it follows that the Heavenly Master is not the creator.

"Of course one cannot realise this truth unless one understands that appearance and disappearance are due to consciousness and illusion; and that in the background of appearance there is a universally equal and absolute reality."

THE JULY MONIST.

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MOSCOW AFTER THE CORONATION.

BY PROF. JAMES MARK BALDWIN.

MOSCOW just now—and of course all Russia, too—is a fit subject for light reflexion. Yesterday the papers contained a certain note so brief that its brevity was suggestive considering the subject of it; a note to the effect that the crown jewels and “many golden objects” were escorted to the depot the afternoon before and placed with appropriate ceremony in a specially guarded train to be conveyed to the winter palace in St. Petersburg. As a matter of fact, the crowd about the jewels was not large, as the carriages containing them, exposed to view, passed in front of my hotel, and everybody did obeisance with the evident lack of *qui vive* which follows “after the ball is over.”

In fact, Moscow is weary of ceremony. Twenty million dollars worth of pageantry (so it is said, in three weeks—say a million worth of royal spectacle a day!) must intoxicate a good deal; especially when the occasion is not of the character of a Roman holiday. The coronation ceremony is, in fact, the greatest fête in the calendar of the Greek Church. The intoxication therefore is half-and-half religious. Then add to this the fearful emotion of the calamity on the Khodinsky Plain, and the mead of moral excitement aroused in these days of glory may be in a measure conceived. More than this, too! There is a certain exaltation of the national sense, due both to the complex Church-State character of the ceremonial, and to the superb testimonials laid by foreign nations during this month at the feet of Russia. Of course, from an international point of view all this foreign tribute is only formal and its meaning—in the cases as that of France, in which it has a meaning—is purely politico-dramatic; but the people do not take an international point of view, least of all in this country. And it is clearly no light thing in the development of the Russian national sense that the coronation, coming but once in a generation, yet has this complex popular significance. It is a stirring up of all that is most deeply sentimental in men of all classes: national exaltation in all, personal devotion to State and Czar in most, spiritual excitement akin to that of conversion and the religious trance in the enormous mass of the

low classes whose presence in the streets in Russian cities is like leprosy to a man clean of body, and whose presence in the country it is which makes it impossible—and will make it impossible—for Russia to have any other government than one of absolute paternalism.

These generalities suggest the line of reflexion in which I wish to indulge for a little. Certainly to one from the Occident the most remarkable thing about Moscow now is its exhibition of religiosity. The very reaction of emotion seems to be expressing itself in the open churches. It may be that I am underestimating the regular vitality of the popular devotion: but it is impossible to conceive that the amount and kind of worship now showing itself here can be a symptom of the Church's normal hold upon its devotees. It is one thing for the passer-by, of whatever rank or caste, to doff his hat when passing through the Redeemer's Gate; and it is quite another thing for people of every rank to jostle each other in the churches for place in order to touch the floor with their foreheads, or kiss superlatively repulsive relics of bone and hair, and to interrupt the traffic of the streets in order to do the same before the countless images exposed on every block of wall. And besides the matter of these devotions there is the manner of them. I am entirely unable to write out my sense that there is a certain unconscious fulness, a sort of pressure for utterance, a vehemence and intolerance in these worshippers here now which I have never seen in any customary and usual religious rite. Rome shows relics, and pronations, and elevations—but one never sees anything in Rome that is not listless, official, and formal, compared with this. One would expect this in the celebration of masses—still going on—for the victims of the horrible catastrophe of May 18, and their families; and I have already said that so soul-stirring an event may be an element in this general popular religiosity. But that was after all but an incident, an interruption of the programme, whose subsequent numbers went right on. The current of events carried off the dead; and the public only feel the whole occasion more poignantly because this visitation of death served to make the whole time more remarkable.

However that may be—whether this be the normal spiritual life of Moscow, the *Hauptstadt* of the Greek Church, or only a temporary reaction from the events of the coronation month—it shows in either case certain very painful aspects. In the first place, the profound unintelligence of the whole Greek Church practice must strike one. It seems to have lost even those elements of protest and reform which we should expect in the Greek, as over against the Roman Church, from the reading of history. Image-worship could not be more developed than here in all its forms and varieties. Especially do the people seem possessed with a sense of *idola fori*—to strain Bacon's phrase to a new use; gods of the market, the shop, and the highway. They make no discrimination, apparently, except that the Virgin seems to have the preference in number and size of diamonds and weight of silver. They bow to an ecclesiastical equipage, cross themselves before a museum case containing a metropolitan's vestments, and doff their hats at a suggestion of church architecture—all this with the same devotion shown before the real hand of St. Paul, the drop of John the Baptist's blood, a fragment of cloth once worn by the Virgin, or the sacred oil from the box with which Mary anointed the Saviour's feet. This lack of discrimination simply represents a stage of culture, and may be connected with another striking characteristic, i. e., the remarkable lack of æsthetic quality, which the whole Greek *Religionsordnung* seems to show.

Lack of æsthetic refinement, of beauty, of form in any shape, seems to me to place this Greek cult very low in the scale of human religious evolution. When the anthropology of religion comes to be written, there will be found, I think, a level at which the distinction made by the psychologists between "wonder" and "æsthetic reverence" will be recognised as well in the externals of the religious life. The images, pictures, architectural adornments—all the media of appeal, so to speak—must be such that the religious sense at each stage of its development will find in it its fitting stimulus and satisfaction. At the period of Wonder, before the mind gets to think away from the symbol to the spiritual Presence, even the symbol will show the absence of those elements which constitute ideals both æsthetic and religious. And we find in the place of proportion, harmony, meaning, simplicity, religious suggestiveness, only gaudy bulk, glittering jewelry, senseless *Schein*. The presence of this here is sickening, and becomes disgusting when its setting is also appreciated. The glittering gems on saint and virgin are often above the dirtiest of floors; the vows of the worshipper are uttered from the midst of indescribably filthy odors and fumes; the architecture is disfigured everywhere by crude and repelling brass

and silver trappings, and uncouth paintings; no further use seems to be made of the really fine vocal effects sometimes produced by the choirs to which no one seems to listen; and no instruments, of course, aid the impression to the ear. As an extreme instance of the sort of violent incongruity which is possible, I may relate that the celebration of the mass in the Cathedral of the Assumption three days ago was not sufficient reason for putting a stop to the din of hammer and saw made by the workmen removing the platform on which the Czar had crowned himself just before the altar. What I mean is that none of the more refined effects of quiet, solitude, meditation, individual surrender to a great whole of religious influences—none of these things seem to be involved in the worship given before the blazing masses of gold, silver, and precious stones to which the people bow. Psychologically their condition must be one of "wonder": I do not see how it can be one of æsthetic or spiritual feeling when the æsthetic is in every way so directly outraged.

And there is one other thing which is remarkable to the novice in the comparative study of ecclesiastical practices,—as all students of such topics will see the present writer to be,—one thing which I have, however, a better right to note for its own sake. It is the union of royal with divine symbolism, and the psychological conditions which such a union implies. I noted above the union of these two elements in the extreme case of the coronation ceremony. It can be seen in the very attitudes which the market-woman or the street-boy strikes when holding up the effigy of the Czar now on sale in the streets of Moscow. It is no more a question of patriotism in our Western sense of the term, nor a question of orthodoxy as our reformed theology defines it. It is much more primitive in its significance. It is, both in the case of the Church and that of the Czar, a question of social sanity, a matter of existence in the environment which requires and allows no distinctions such as the statement of these questions implies. With eternal condemnation in the next life, banishment to the mines in this life goes very well; and it is the same authority which decrees them both. Why talk about severity or justice in the case of either?

Supposing this to be the real mental state of the lower class of Russians, what an illustration it gives of material for the study of religious geology, material illustrating the lower and undifferentiated forms of human sentiment. It has often been said that evolution could be studied by means of the comparative investigation of peoples at different stages of culture, and something of it has been done; but I do not know that any one has suggested the study of the religious rites still alive for light upon the development and

differentiation of such sentiments as patriotism, social feeling, religious and ethical sentiment, from their common stock or stocks. It may be—to keep to the case before us—that both the “divine right of kings” and the “temporal power” of the Church have the same psychological justification, from an evolution point of view. The historical separation of Church and State may be looked upon as real evidence and symptom of the dawning of higher refinement and discrimination in social values. In other words, we do not have to resort to historical anthropology and the specimens of the ethnological museums for light upon the development of the human sentiments; we may study the different stages alive, so to speak, in the cults and rites of to-day. There are strata in the culture conditions of the world to-day, and the psychological anthropologist may theoretically put them together so that curves of progress of such sentiments as patriotism, religious feeling, respect for women, etc., may be plotted on a cross-section of the whole deposit—curves which intersect, flow together, or differentiate at definite depths and altitudes.

Of course such a science is difficult; but it has its safeguards. Anthropology, on the psychological side, is just now coming to the generalisation that different races and stocks show the same mental constructions—i. e., intellectual, sentimental, social, etc.—at parallel stages of their progress. Even philology is finding that homologies in roots and stems do not prove connexions between language, since language has in all cases the same psychology and the same vocal apparatus. The biologists are coming to a similar understanding in their principle of “determinate variations,” which perhaps has after all its ground in the mental factor in all the ascent of life. This principle which in the history of culture we may call that of “determinate moral variations,” serves as a constant test and check upon isolated lines of culture-history, as that say of the religious development of the Russian peoples.

Of course I attach no importance to the observations made above on the actual rites, etc., seen in the churches in Moscow and elsewhere in Russia; it is summer, the coronation has just taken place, the aristocracy do not attend the daily public mass. But that again does no hurt to my general reflexion. For a single people may show, in its different classes, several strata of culture; indeed, what else can caste distinctions be when looked at from an anthropological point of view? And we may have in a single civilisation a recapitulation of culture-history, which, when spread out in time, would represent the toils and upheavals of many social epochs.

But—to return to Moscow—I cannot put down my pen without one more reflexion, albeit of a less phil-

osophical character. Yet it is philosophical in a sense! We are told by some that a people's culture and philosophy may be traced by means of the special development of their sense-perceptions. The idealists—the Greeks—are visual, eye-minded, their best sense is sight; the realists—the Scots—are tactual; they have a firm sense of resistance; they react best to things of contact: and so on. If this be so, it may serve my reflexion to say that whatever the Russian culture be in its psychological roots, negatively one thing is safe—it is not *olfactory*! A Paris correspondent of a London journal recently wrote to his paper: “In Paris we have had a drought, a dreadful drought; and O, where is the committee on smells!” No one can remain many days in Moscow without sighing for the same committee, and especially *à Moscou après le couronnement*!

Moscow, June 20, 1896.

THE RAILROAD ETHICS OF MR. H. D. JUDSON.

IT IS A strange thing that wherever there is a chance to make mistakes men will make them, and will learn to avoid them only by experience. It is the evil consequences of foolish actions which are, upon the whole, the sole cure; and certainly there is no more reliable remedy. Thus, the farmer who exports grain and buys farming-machinery votes the protection ticket, and large classes of laborers whose interest it would be to be paid in money of the highest possible value, grow enthusiastic about the silver standard and abhor gold as “the money of the rich.”

In a similar way we find our large railroad corporations acting as if they were paid for making a propaganda for nationalising the railroads. The managers of railroads seem to concentrate all their attention on the improvement of railroad engineering, but forget the most important factor, viz., to ensure the future of their free development by demonstrating that private corporations can serve the interests of the public better than the government. The hatred of railroad corporations that prevails at present among the people can scarcely be exaggerated. With the exception of those who as shareholders are personally interested, the railroads have very few friends among the people; it is not impossible that there is not a single person in this country on whose assistance they could count in times of need. The reason is, that the managers of railroads regard railroading as a mere engineering business and are poor students of psychology. They do not consider that both their employees and the public are sentient creatures who can stand a good deal of maltreatment, but will in the long run resent slights and disappointments.

A few years ago Mark Twain told us in a pleasant

manner what he had observed on the railroads.¹ The American citizen must leave his rights behind him as soon as he enters the precincts of a railroad. He is not only obliged to pay high rates for tickets but is also inconvenienced in many ways, and is generally treated either as a suspected criminal or as an enemy, or at best as a piece of automatically moving luggage. The railroad officials, upon the whole, assume the air of policemen.

Having myself witnessed a railroad wreck during the Debs strike two years ago, I can say from experience that the anger of the disappointed passengers was aroused mainly against the railroad corporations, and in a less degree against the strikers. The idea that the railroad corporations suffered and were in a terrible quandary, appeared actually as a redeeming feature to the passengers in their awkward situations and gave rise to many humorous remarks.

Railroad agents ought to consider that every maltreatment of the public, be the man ever so unable to avenge himself, will in the long run come home to them in the shape of public discontent; and should another crisis arise, which under present conditions is sure to come sooner or later, they will get into greater and ever greater difficulties from which at last they will find it impossible to extricate themselves. Whether or not railroads will in the future remain private corporations depends entirely upon the treatment which both the employees and the public receive from the railroad managers.

This is a truth which almost everybody knows who has considered the subject, except, it seems, the managers of railroads themselves.

Yet there is a voice crying in the wilderness. A few days ago an article appeared in the *Railway Master Mechanic* which breathes another spirit. It is an abstract of a paper read before the Western Railway Club, April, 1896, by Mr. H. D. Judson of the C. B. & Q., the only railroad which during the Debs strike continued to run trains. Why they were able to do so under the most trying circumstances will find its explanation when we consider that it was conducted by men who thought like Mr. Judson. The article is very thoughtful, and if every railroad agent in the country would take it to heart, and read it as a faithful Christian would listen to a Sunday sermon, if he would read it, not once, but repeatedly until he knows it by heart and determines to apply its principles in his own life, it would be well. The article is of sufficient importance to deserve a wide circulation, and we therefore take pleasure in publishing it in full.

Mr. Judson's address reads as follows:

"The system of discipline which obtains on the railroads of this country to-day is the one relic re-

maining of the practice of a generation ago. We have advanced in all other respects. In the construction of railroads the needs of the public have been met and discounted for years to come. In all other matters affecting transportation, railroads have kept abreast of the times and in harmony with the progressive spirit of the age, but in the management of men they seem unable to advance beyond the point from which they started when railroading was in its infancy.

"Some of the foremost schools and colleges of the country have adopted what is known as a self-government system of discipline; a system which appeals to the intelligence and sense of honor of the pupil. Our transportation lines in whose employ are hundreds of 'children of a larger growth,' still cling to a system which savors too much of the master and man idea, and, in the opinion of some, has nothing to recommend it but its age.

"We have made more progress in our methods of dealing with things than with men. We have improved our tracks till we have a road-bed and rail section capable of sustaining the heaviest and fastest traffic; we equip our lines with the latest improved and most powerful locomotives; we furnish the public with the most luxurious of coaches for their personal use, and with cars adapted to all classes and kinds of freight; we transport passengers and freight at a cost below that of any other country and at a speed of which the earlier builders of railroads never dreamed. But what are we doing for the improvement of the employee on whom the integrity of our service depends?

"We spend considerable sums for laboratories in which to test the materials which are to be used in construction and repairs; we know the history of every bit of wood; the wearing qualities of our paints and oils; the tensile strength of each piece of iron or steel; we keep careful watch of the working of every new device, noting its performance with the utmost anxiety; but what do we know of the men we employ? How do we satisfy ourselves of their fitness for the work, and, once in the service and charged with responsibility, what do we know of their habits and their tendencies? Employees are too often selected in a haphazard way by the head of a department who has need of his services at once with no reference to a higher purpose than present needs.

"More thought should be given to the capacity of the man to fulfill higher duties when called. However good a fireman you may think a man will make, if you are satisfied he has not the capacity to become a competent engineer, don't employ him. A man may be strong and nimble enough to do duty as a brakeman, but if he has not the making of a good conductor in him, don't engage him.

¹ "Travelling with a Reformer," *The Cosmopolitan*, December 1893.

"Being once in your employ, see that opportunity is given him to fit himself for advancement. What is our practice? Do we keep in touch with our men? Do we counsel and advise? Do we aid and encourage? Do we acknowledge and approve everything meritorious, or do we simply discipline them for their shortcomings and leave them to be taken care of by other and different influences? And speaking of discipline, how is it administered? Do we inquire carefully into each offense? Do we consider the record of the offender, giving him credit for the good service he has performed? Do we intelligently weigh the effect of the discipline on the service and on the individual, or is the discipline prescribed by a subordinate who is sometimes arbitrary and tyrannical and who, rejoicing in his power, uses it to wound and humiliate?

"Do we not, all of us, know of good and true men who have been well nigh ruined by unnecessarily harsh treatment at the hands of some bumptious official? Do we not know of others who were going wrong in a way that would lead to their dismissal and perhaps their ruin, who have been reclaimed and set aright by the kindly, considerate interest shown them by a superior?

"What is the object of discipline? Clearly to improve the service. The only way to improve the service is to improve the men. Are they being made better by the system which obtains? Obviously we have a higher grade of men than we had twenty years ago, but is the improvement not rather in spite of our discipline than by reason of it? The man who early learns that harshness is less powerful than kindness in commanding the services of another, will have best success with his men. Chastisement is too often regarded as proper discipline. Too many men in charge of others seem of the opinion that the only way a man can be taught is to be made to suffer. 'Touch his pocketbook,' says one, 'and he will not repeat the offense.' Rather, it seems to me, should discipline be educative. And if this is true, is not our system wrong? Not that our discipline is too strict or too lax. It is both. But the system, it seems to me, is defective.

"A man or a boy enters the shops of a great railroad and becomes at once a part of a great machine. Nobody notes his coming or his going. Nobody notes that his work is good, that he is sober and industrious, though quiet and retiring. Some day he ventures to suggest to his foreman an idea which he thinks is good. He is told to attend to his work and not concern himself with something beyond his province. Naturally diffident, he is easily crowded into a corner, where he remains. He becomes indifferent and mechanical, takes no thought to surrounding con-

ditions, but plods on because he must, working for the whistle and the pay car.

"He might have been encouraged to make suggestions and have become a more valuable man, but his foreman, from ignorance, jealousy it may be, or a desire to show his authority, or possibly simply from a lack of knowledge of human nature, holds him down. Of course, there are 'Some men like some trees who agree with any soil, who grow and thrive in spite of blight or neglect and under all treatments,' but unless he have unusual pluck and courage and the skin of a pachyderm, he will lose heart and receive a serious set-back.

"He grows old in the service. He becomes unable to perform as much as he once did. He is discharged to make room for a younger man. What with buying a home and raising a family he has been able to save but little. He is now old, without work and without means. What an inducement for good men to engage in railroad work.

"Perhaps he goes into train or engine service and in course of time comes to take charge of a locomotive or a train. He runs for years without trouble or expense to the company, when one day he is involved in an accident which costs considerable money. He is called before the superintendent or master mechanic, or both. The master mechanic is very busy and anxious to get back to his shops. The superintendent's liver is working badly. They are both irascible, and the man is summarily disposed of by being sentenced to thirty days—not hard labor, better in many cases, if it were—but thirty days enforced idleness. For with all our progression we have not progressed beyond the old-fashioned way of punishing for accidents. Thirty days in which to go and come at will, degraded before his family and his fellows. Thirty days for the street, perhaps the saloon and the gaming table. The thirty days has cost him one hundred dollars, more or less, though profiting the company nothing, and he returns to work with a feeling that he has been unjustly treated, and nursing his wrath against the day when trouble comes to the hated corporation. Nothing can be worse for company or for men than unrestrained power in the hands of a passionate or narrow-minded man. One subordinate with a quick temper and a sharp tongue, who thinks more of showing his authority than of keeping good men satisfied, can sow more discord in a minute than the most diplomatic manager can eradicate in a year.

"I venture nothing in saying that half the strikes which railroads have suffered might have been averted by more considerate and intelligent treatment of employees by those in immediate control over them. I go farther and say that, in my opinion, if heads of departments were more broadminded and level-headed,

used more moderation, appealed more to reason and less to force, the older and more conservative labor organisations would exhibit a more tolerant spirit, and the younger and more pernicious ones would die of atrophy.

"It may be, in the case cited above, that a fair and impartial investigation was held and the man given every opportunity to present his side of the case. It may be that the official was tactful and courteous in his treatment. In that case there need be no sting with the sentence. It may be he had notions of his own about suspending the man, but something had to be done, and all the wisdom of railroad managers has, as yet, devised no scheme, at least has put into general practice no scheme more rational than depriving a man of his wage and subjecting him to enforced idleness.

"A few of the smaller lines and at least one large system in the East, one important Western line and certain divisions of others have put into effect a system of disciplining men which does away entirely with suspensions. There are other features, each one of which is an innovation, but the abolition of suspensions is what distinguishes the plan. On one road where the system has been in effect since June, 1894, the testimony of both officials and employees is to the effect that it works exceedingly well.

"One superintendent posts upon a bulletin board a summary of each case investigated, with the discipline imposed. Another keeps a debit and credit account with each employee in which their good deeds are recorded as well as their lapses from good practice. Another gives a reward to an employee whose record for a year shows clear. It would seem as though it were only right to commend meritorious service as well as to condemn that which is reprehensible, but I can understand how it might be difficult to do this where a man's good record consists not in having done anything conspicuous or particularly noteworthy, but is simply perfect, through uneventful service.

"One superintendent who is practicing the new system says, referring to the difficulty in determining how to credit a man for his good deeds. 'At least once a year a complete investigation on "round up," as it may be termed, of every man's record is to be made. This is either by an examination of the man himself on train rules, bulletin instructions, etc., or inquiring among the men's superiors as to his work and general competency as exhibited during the previous year. This gives an opportunity of putting down on the record how the man has passed on examination or how he stands in the opinion of his superiors, as, for example, he may be said to have passed or to stand very well, well, or fairly well, poorly, or even

badly.' This looks like a sensible way of arriving at it.

"I ask the club should we not have some well-defined system? It may not be possible, perhaps not desirable, to bring about absolute uniformity of discipline, so much depends on the circumstances and on the man, but general principles can be laid down. The management can say what may be done and what may not, and these instructions will leave considerable latitude for the superintendent or department head.

"It is not practicable to prescribe in advance just what punishment shall be meted out to each man for each offense. Is it not true that what is good discipline for one would be bad for another, the offense being the same? No man who studies human nature but appreciates that what is meat for one is poison for another. The employee who is self-willed, obstinate, and destructive cannot be managed in the same way you manage one who is conscientious and desirous of approval. And again are not some of us led into discriminating for or against certain classes of employees? I am persuaded that men are sometimes disciplined for belonging to certain organisations, and at other times the fatal error is made in disciplining one who belongs to no order more severely than we would one high in the councils of organised labor. Neither race, creed, nor condition should ever govern in the enforcement of discipline.

"It is desirable to have the superintendent or head of department in close touch with his men. It is desirable to have perfect confidence between them. It is the testimony of those who have tried the new system that it conduces to this end. It is desirable to have employees feel free to inform officials of anything they may see going wrong or to suggest anything which, in their opinion, will improve the service, and if the scheme of discipline mentioned above shall have no other effect it will serve a good purpose.

"One way to have more conscientious men is to have more conscientious officials who know their men and appreciate their fidelity to duty. We cannot too strongly insist that investigation shall be thorough and fair and impartial. This plan involves closer application and closer study of individuals on the part of those who manage men. It will require patience and fortitude, but this will be repaid by the better knowledge of their men which will result.

"I trust it will not be inferred that I favor a less strict discipline. Far from it. I am not at all sure that discipline should not be more strict in many cases, but discipline may be strict without being harsh or oppressive, and I ask the club, is not the present system wrong and the manner in which it is too often prescribed an injury to both company and men? Of

course, employees are to be discharged under the new plan as they are now, for flagrant violation of rules, for dishonesty, for intemperance, disloyalty, or insubordination, or when the superintendent, after a careful study of the man and his work, believes him too indifferent or too incompetent for the company's interest.

"Every railroad has in its employ men who have no qualification for the positions they hold and no reasons for holding them except their age in the service. The record shows them to have been suspended time and again, they having never done anything quite bad enough to merit discharge. Each suspension is held to have expiated the offense and so they remain to the detriment of the whole service. It would be better to be relieved of such men. Under the new plan when a man's suspensions (which he does not serve) have reached so many or so much he is discharged, and the necessity for future action of this kind is minimised by the greater care which is to be used in the selection of men. Discharging a man who has served the company long, even though not particularly well, is a serious matter, and before his case is decided it should be carefully reviewed by some one from whose decision there can be no appeal, and once discharged he should not be re-employed.

"Abolition of suspensions and the other features of the improved system are not the only means necessary to bring railroad employees to the highest standard of efficiency.

"Corporations ought to do more, it seems to me, in the way of providing attractive rooms with congenial and beneficial surroundings at division points, or wherever large numbers gather. This will have the effect of keeping many a man from being led into temptation, and an occasional plunge into a clear pool will give him that condition 'next to Godliness' which is so much desired. An insurance which provides against sickness or accident ought to be obtained on every large system and be participated in by both company and men; and it should go farther. If we expect those who enter our service to make a life work of it, we ought to assist them to provide for their old age and their dependence when they are gone. A fund should be established for this purpose to which, of course, every employee who expects to benefit by it, should contribute.

"The railroad manager of to-day has to deal with as serious problems as ever puzzled mankind and has enough to engage his time and his abilities without any contention with his men; and railroads have need as ever before of the co-operation of their men. Nobody needs to be told that an intense prejudice exists against corporations; oftentimes blind and unreason-

ing, but none the less potent. Many influences are at work to discredit railroads and deplete their revenues. Our own employees are often found identified with movements which result in embarrassing laws, and supporting men who base their claim to office on their hostility to railroads. Sometimes this is from ignorance, sometimes from a desire to 'feed fat some ancient grudge.' We wonder at it, and it is strange and inconsistent, but is the employee more at fault than the official?

"Sometime we shall see an organisation of railroad men which will be all powerful and effective for good. It will be composed not of employees alone, organised to force concessions from railroads which they can ill afford to give, but an organisation of employees and officials whose object shall be to protect themselves against unfriendly legislation and against all the forces that war against their mutual interests. Sometime railroad men will understand that it is only as their employer is prosperous that they can hope to be. Sometime they will learn that the designing politician who seeks to array the people against the railroads for selfish and partisan purposes, and the walking delegate whose chief function is to foment trouble and incite disorder, are not his best friends. But this will only come when railroad officials have demonstrated to their employees that they have an interest in them and a genuine regard for their welfare. It will only come when the doubt and distrust which exists on both sides shall be replaced by something like perfect confidence.

"The superintendent who looks upon his division as a kingdom and himself as the ruler thereof, will regard this condition as a barren ideal. The manager who meets his men only when trouble arises and then regards them as conspirators, may think of it as an 'iridescent dream,' but the man who keeps close to his men, who believes in them and teaches them by his example to believe in him, knows that a closer relationship and a more perfect confidence is possible.

"In bringing about the era of greater friendliness on the part of the people toward railroads, which must come if transportation lines are to be allowed to earn sufficient to maintain the present excellent standard of efficiency, railroad employees are to play an important part. When they come to feel that friendship which has been defined as a community of interest, they will be a power for good.

"Many believe that a system which will provide for a more careful and systematic selection of employees, a more rational discipline while in the service, and a wise arrangement for their support when by reason of old age or infirmity they are incapacitated for work, will go far toward bringing it about."

CORRESPONDENCE.

ANTI-CHRISTIAN.

To the Editor of *The Open Court*:

I would like to be allowed to make a few remarks, as briefly as possible, upon some statements of Dr. Carus in *The Open Court*, No. 458, in an article or comment entitled "Not Anti-Christian." There we read: "If Christianity agrees or can be made to agree with the Religion of Science, we accept it, but a conception of Christianity which antagonises scientific truth and demands blind faith in man-made creeds or dogmas that are contradictory to scientific truth is not acceptable. . . . But there is also a religion of science, a religion the main characteristic of which is veracity or a living faith in the divinity of verifiable and 'provable truth.'" Now I wish to ask Dr. Carus, What did Christ distinctly and positively teach that he accepts because it agrees with scientific truth? Can he give us the extracts from the Gospels that fulfil these conditions, and if there is nothing in these so-called sacred writings that show the "divinity of verifiable and provable truth," are not these writings all man-made and most of them by ignorant and credulous men, who were not only non-scientific but considered all worldly knowledge as vanity? I sometimes think that if Dr. Carus could see how little there is in the so-called Christian system that he can really accept in good faith, he would not be so anxious to put the new wine of "verifiable and provable truth" into the old bottles of superstition and credulity.

GEORGE WARREN.

[Christ¹, the Anointed One, is to the Christians the God-man, the ideal type of divine perfection in man. The word is a title, a designation, not a name. It performs the same function in Christianity that the title Buddha, "The Enlightened One," does in Buddhism. Accordingly, Mr. George Warren's question, "What did Christ teach?" etc., ought to be: "What did Jesus teach to deserve being regarded as Christ?"

Jesus said and taught a number of good things. His doctrine of love, his blessing on those who suffer for righteousness' sake, various parables of his, etc., etc., have exercised an enormous influence for good upon the evolution of mankind. Thus he has become to many millions of yearning hearts the Christ, the Messiah, the Son of God.

In the article to which Mr. Warren refers I insisted upon making a difference between Jesus and Christ. The belief in Jesus as an infallible guide is Jesuism; the aspiration of realising the Christ-ideal is Christianity. Jesus inaugurated the movement which goes by the name of Christianity; he was the teacher of Christianity, and the Christian character looks up to him as the pattern and the prototype of perfection. What Christian dogmas assert about Jesus, his miracles and bodily resurrection, is a matter of great concern to those who have embraced Jesuism, but is of secondary importance in Christianity. Jesuism is a stepping-stone to Christianity; Jesuism is the connecting link between paganism and pure religion; and I declared that I sympathise with those aspirations in the Christian churches which would change the traditional Jesuism into Christianity. The historical development leads through a belief in miracles to a reverence of pure truth, not only in religion but also in science. Astrology has become astronomy, and the religion of miracles will by and by become the Religion of Science.

The Religion of Science is not anti-religious; it is not anti-Christian, not anti-Mosaic, not anti-Buddhist, not anti-Moham-

edan, not anti-Confucian. Its purport is to let the religious truth of every religion become manifest. The Religion of Science, therefore, favors a broad exchange of thought among the adherents of all creeds. It endorses the plan of a Religious Parliament, and in a Parliament it will not assume the attitude of hostility toward any one of the various religions, but as their friend, as one who believes in the sanctity of the aspirations for truth. The Religion of Science, as a matter of fact, must be critical; it must reject errors; it does not look upon all creeds as alike good or bad; it discriminates, but, while rejecting errors, it would preserve the religious endeavor, would promote good-will among all and toward all, would respect the sentiments and hopes of all aspirants for truth.

The Religion of Science believes in missions; it believes in the propaganda of truth, and would encourage every one to make a propaganda for his peculiar conception of truth. For truth can come to the front only when endeavors are made to promote it.

Missions can be carried on in a spirit that is just, fair and brotherly, and in a spirit that is narrow, unjust and overbearing. The Religion of Science favors a friendly exchange of thought. There is no use in branding others as "ignorant and credulous." Those who believe in the provability of truth—that is to say, in science—do not scold, nor do they use harsh language; they listen patiently to that which others have to say on the subject, and offer their own opinion. They are glad to recognise the truth wherever they find it; nor are they anxious to have the last word in a debate; for they do not quarrel, they discover; they do not dogmatise; they present their views; they do not seek their own; they contribute their share in the search for truth, and in doing this they cherish the confidence that the truth is strong and will in the end always be vindicated.—P. C.]

NOTES.

At the Congress of Geologists in Chicago in 1893, Prof. Joseph Le Conte opened the discussion "Are There Any Natural Divisions of the Geological Record Which Are of World-wide Extent?" He now issues a paper entitled *Critical Periods in the History of the Earth* (published by the University, Berkeley), which is an amplification of the views he advanced on that occasion. Like all the publications of this distinguished scholar, it is full of sound ideas and views, simply and appositely expressed.

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¹The words Christ and Christian were first used in Antioch, where the Apostles at once interpreted Christ to be a translation of Messiah. Thence it spread over all the congregations of the disciples and became finally the shibboleth of the new movement.

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A PILGRIMAGE TO BEETHOVEN.¹

BY RICHARD WAGNER.

O, INDIGENCE! thou care-bringer! protectress divine of the German musician (unless he have reached the haven of Kapellmeister at some court-theatre)! O, carking Indigence! as I ever do, so let me now in this reminiscence from my life first bring dutiful obeisance to thy praise and honor! Let me sing of thee, thou steadfast companion of my life! Always loyal, never hast thou forsaken me! With a strong palm! thou hast warded from me all sudden shocks of propitious luck; and ever against the onerous glances of sunny Fortuna hast thou protected me! With an impenetrable veil hast thou always benignantly hidden from my sight the vain riches of this world! Receive thou all my gratitude for thine indefatigable constancy. But if it may be, pray do thou at length find some other foster-child than me. For indeed I should—if it were only for the sake of curiosity—like to learn from personal experience, what manner of existence I might manage to lead without thee. At the least—so I beseech thee—go thou and plague with most especial cunning our political dreamers, those madmen, who are determined in spite of everything to unite our dear Germany under a single sceptre: For then there would be but one single court-theatre, and hence a place for but one single *Kapellmeister*! What then would become of all my hopes, my dear ambitions, which even now are dim before my eyes, and, I dread, are slowly fading—even now, when I can count so many German court-theatres. But ah! I see that I grow impious. Forgive, O thou divine protectress, the blasphemous wish which just escaped me. 'Twas but momentary; for thou seest within my heart, and well thou knowest how wholly thine I am, and ever shall be, though it came to pass that there were a thousand court-theatres in Germany! Amen!

I never undertake a thing, without first offering up this daily prayer, and so I breathe it here before I begin the story of my pilgrimage to Beethoven.

But to provide for the possibility that this important autobiographical record may find publication after my demise, I consider it necessary to tell who I am. Else much therein might appear obscure. Let

my executors and the world, therefore, know these things:

My native place is a city of fair size in Central Germany. I am not quite certain what the plans of my people for my future had been. All that I recall is, that one evening I heard one of Beethoven's symphonies for the first time; that I was taken with fever in consequence, was ill for some time, and, when I had recovered, had become a musician.

I suppose it is because of this circumstance that although I have since then learned to know and appreciate much other music that is beautiful, I have, foremost, loved, and honored, and adored Beethoven. I knew no greater delight than that of yielding myself wholly up to him,—of allowing myself to sink, as it were, away into the depths of his genius, until I should finally imagine that I was a part thereof; and even as such a tiny part I would begin to esteem myself, have more elevated conceptions and opinions, and, in a word, to be what the wisecracks usually call a simpleton. This delusion was of a very gentle sort, and it did no harm to any one. The daily bread which I ate during this period of my life was very dry, my wine very thin and watery; for the giving of music-lessons does not earn much of an income where I live, my dear executors and public!

I had been living thus in my little garret for some time when suddenly, one day, it occurred to me that the man whose creations I adored above everything else, was still living. I could not understand how it was that I had not thought of this before. It had never suggested itself to me as possible that Beethoven could actually stand before one, that he could eat and breathe like an ordinary mortal. And here he was, living in Vienna; and he, too, was a poor German musician like myself!

From that instant my peace of mind was gone. All my thoughts turned into the one wish, to see *Beethoven*! Never Mussulman more devoutly yearned to make the pilgrimage to the grave of his prophet, than I to the humble chamber where Beethoven dwelt.

But how should I manage to carry out such a design? The journey to Vienna was a long one, and money was required to make it; whilst I, poor wretch, was hardly earning enough to keep body and soul to-

¹ Translated from the German by O. W. Weyer.

gether. It was painfully evident that I should have to devise some extraordinary measures, if I hoped to get the necessary travelling-money together. I had composed several sonatas for the piano, in the master's style; these I carried to a publisher. But the man curtly gave me to understand that I was a simpleton with my sonatas. He advised me, that, if I expected in time to earn a few dollars with compositions of this kind, I should first undertake to make something of a reputation with galops and potpourris. I shuddered at the thought. But my longing to see Beethoven conquered. I composed galops and potpourris. But during all this time, from very shame, I could not bring myself to even so much as look at my Beethoven; I shrank in horror from the desecration.

Unfortunately, however, I failed at first to get any compensation at all for these sacrifices of innocence. For although he published them, my publisher said he could not pay me for them until I had secured somewhat of a name. Again I shuddered, I succumbed to despair. But despair yielded some excellent galops. I really got some money for them; and at length the time came when I believed I had amassed enough to execute my plans. But in the meantime two years had passed away; and during all that time I was in mortal dread lest Beethoven might die before I had achieved a name with my galops and potpourris. Thank heavens! he survived the grandeur of my fame. Sainted Beethoven! forgive me for this fame; for I sought and won it that I might see you.

Ah, what genuine ecstasy! I had attained my goal! Who in the wide world happier than I! Now, at last, I could throw my bundle over my shoulder and start on my pilgrimage to Beethoven. I felt a holy thrill as I marched through the city-gates and directed my course to the South. Only too gladly would I have taken a seat in one of the stage-coaches. Not because I dreaded the toil of foot-travel (for what tribulations would I not eagerly have borne for this dear object!), but because then I should the sooner have gotten to Beethoven. Alas! I had as yet accomplished too little for my celebrity as a galop-composer to be able to pay the costly fare. Accordingly, I resolutely faced every hardship, deeming myself lucky since they terminated in bringing me to Beethoven. O, how I raved! and dreamed! Never lover knew greater bliss, returning after a long separation to the love of his youth.

After a time I entered the beautiful land of Bohemia, the home of the harp-players and wandering singers. In one little town I ran across a company of these nomad musicians. They formed a little orchestra, made up of a bass, two violins, two horns, a clarinet, and a flute. There were three women with them; one was a harp-player; the other two were singers and had fine voices. They played dances and

sang folk-songs; people gave them money, and they journeyed on. Later I chanced upon them again in a pretty and shady nook, just off the highway. They were bivouacking and having their dinner. I joined them, telling them that I, too, was a musician. We were soon on good terms. Since they played dances, I asked them, rather timidly, if they had ever yet played any of my galops. The splendid fellows! they had never heard of my galops! What a world of relief this knowledge afforded me!

Then I asked if they did not play some other music besides dance-music.

"To be sure we do!" they answered, "but for ourselves only, not for the people who consider themselves above us."

They got out their music. I remarked among it the grand septette of Beethoven; surprised I asked them if they played that, too.

"And why not, pray?" the oldest of them rejoined. "Joseph's hand is disabled so that he cannot play the second violin; or we should take great pleasure in playing it for you right now."

Enraptured, I seized Joseph's violin and promised to the best of my ability to supply his place; and we began the septette.

What a delightful experience! Here, upon a Bohemian highway, beneath the open heaven, to hear Beethoven's septette played by common strolling musicians, with a purity, a precision, and a depth of sentiment, as seldom by masterful *virtuosi*! Great Beethoven! we brought thee a worthy offering!

We were right in the midst of the *finale*, when—the road here taking a winding course up the hill—an elegant travelling coach noiselessly approached and drew up close by us. A remarkably tall and remarkably blond young man lay extended at full length within the wagon, harkened with considerable attentiveness to our music, and then, drawing a note-book from his pocket, jotted down something therein. Then, after suffering a gold piece to drop from the wagon, he gave orders to his people to drive on, addressing them briefly in English, from which I knew that he must be an Englishman.

The interruption spoiled our musical mood, though it occurred fortunately after we had finished the septette. With emotion I embraced my friends and wished to accompany them. But they told me their course turned off from the main road at this point and took them across fields to their native village to which they were returning on one of their periodical visits. Had it not been that Beethoven himself was waiting for me, I certainly should have gone thither with them, too. As it was, we parted, uttering our farewells with mutual feeling. I remembered, later on,

that no one had picked up the Englishman's gold-piece.

At the next inn,—where I turned in to rest my weary limbs,—I found the Englishman, seated at a good meal. He examined me attentively for a time, and at length addressed me in passable German:

"Where are your companions?"

"Gone home," I said.

"Get out your violin and play something more," he continued. "Here's money."

I was offended. I said curtly that I did not play for money, had furthermore no violin, and explained to him briefly how it was that I had happened to be in the company of the musicians.

"They were good players," observed the Englishman. "And the symphony of Beethoven was very good, too."

I was struck with this remark. I asked him if he did anything in the way of music himself.

"Yes," he replied. "I play the flute twice a week. Thursdays I blow the *Waldhorn*. And Sundays I compose."

That was certainly a great deal, and I marvelled. I had never in all my life heard of strolling English musicians. I reasoned, therefore, that they must be in very easy circumstances, if they did their strolling in such handsome equipages.—I asked him if he was a musician by profession.

For some time I got no reply. Finally, drawing slowly, he exerted himself to say that he had much money.

I saw my error, for evidently the question had offended him. Mortified, I became silent, and went on eating my modest meal.

The Englishman, after another long scrutiny of my person, began again:

"Do you know Beethoven?" he asked.

I replied that I had never as yet been at Vienna, that I was just then on my way thither, and that my object in going there was to satisfy the dearest wish I had, that of seeing the adored master.

"Where are you from?" he asked.

"From L"

"That's but a short distance off. I come from England, and my object, too, is to make the acquaintance of Beethoven. We will both make his acquaintance. He is a very celebrated composer."

"What a wonderful coincidence," I thought to myself. What very different kinds of folk dost thou not attract, sublime master! On foot and in wagon they flock to thee. My Englishman began to interest me; but I own that I little envied him his fine equipage. My toilsome pilgrimage, so it appeared to me, was the more holy and devout of the two; and I felt that when we reached our goal, mine must surely

bring more joy to me than his to him, who made his progress thither in pomp and pride.

Just then the postilion blew his horn. The Englishmen rode away, after calling to me that he should see Beethoven before me.

I had been trudging after him but a few hours when I unexpectedly came upon him again. It was along the road. One of his wagon-wheels had broken down. He was still seated within the wagon, imperturbably tranquil, his servant up behind, unheeding that the wagon had pitched heavily on its side. I learned that they were waiting for the postilion, who had hastened to a village lying some distance away, to fetch a smith. They had been waiting a long while. And, as the servant spoke English only, I resolved to go myself to the village and fetch both postilion and smith. Just as I expected, I found the postilion in the tavern, where he sat at liquor, with little care for the Englishman. But I soon brought him and the smith back to the wagon. The injury was repaired. The Englishman promised to remember me to Beethoven and—rode away.

How very much surprised I was, on the next day, to overtake him on the highway again. His wheel was all right this time; he had calmly stopped in the middle of the road and was reading in a book. He seemed to feel some satisfaction as he saw me come plodding along on my journey.

"I have been waiting here a great many hours," he said. "For right here it occurred to me that I had done wrong in not inviting you to ride with me to Beethoven. Riding is much better than walking. Come, get into the wagon."

Again I was surprised. And really, for a moment, I was undecided whether to accept his offer or not. But quickly I recalled the vow which I had made the day before, as I saw the Englishman speed away in his carriage. I had vowed absolutely to make my pilgrimage afoot. I now declared it aloud. With that, it was the Englishman's turn to be surprised; he could make nothing of me. He repeated his offer, adding again that he had been waiting a good many hours for me, although his journey had already been very greatly delayed by the work of having his broken wheel more thoroughly repaired in the place where he had lain the night before. I remained firm, however, and he rode, wondering, away.

To tell the truth, I had secretly begun to feel an aversion for him. For, like a gloomy premonition, the thought forced itself on me that this Englishman would yet cause me a great deal of trouble. And besides, both his admiration of Beethoven and his intention to form the acquaintance of the maestro looked more like a rich exquisite's hobby, than the deep and keen thirst of an enthusiastic soul. Accordingly, I

chose to avoid him, that my devout yearning might not be unhallowed by any communion with him.

But, as if my destiny were determined to admonish me in advance of the fateful companionship I would yet come to with this gentleman, I met him still again in the evening of the same day, stopping in front of a hotel,—waiting for me, so it seemed. For he sat in the forward seat, looking down the road in my direction, whence he had himself come.

"Sir," he said, "I have again been waiting many hours for you. Will you ride with me to Beethoven?"

This time a secret horror began to mingle with my surprise. It was impossible otherwise to explain this strange insistence to serve me, than that the Englishman, observing my increasing aversion for him, was determined to force himself upon me, for the purpose of compassing my ruin. With unfeigned impatience, I again refused his offer. Contemptuously, he exclaimed:

"Confound it! I don't believe you think so very much of Beethoven. I shall soon see him." And away he flew at a rapid pace.

As it turned out, I did not see this insular citizen again during the still very considerable part remaining of the road to Vienna. I entered the streets of that city at last. My pilgrimage was ended. With what feelings I entered this Mecca of my creed! All the fatigues of my long and toilsome journey were forgotten. I was in my haven, within the walls which enclosed Beethoven.

My emotion was too deep for me to think of prosecuting my purpose at once. I did, it is true, immediately inquire after the residence of Beethoven, but it was merely that I might get lodgings in the neighborhood. Almost exactly opposite the house there was a hotel, not too pretentious. I took a small chamber in the fifth story, and there I prepared myself for the greatest event of my life, a call on Beethoven.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

IDENTITY OF RELIGIOUS THOUGHT IN GREECE AND INDIA.¹

BY PROF. H. OLDENBERG.

VIII.

OPPOSED to the realm of the migration of the soul with all its sufferings, there is, for Greek and Indian thinkers alike, a world of freedom, of the complete cessation of all suffering. Whilst the youthful human mind of the early ages perceived in power and victory, in wealth and long life, the chief joys of life, the supreme end of life is now salvation from the misery of becoming and passing away, rest in the calm glory of eternity.

Among the Greeks, as we have seen, the Orpheans

speak of "releasing one's self from the circle," and of "taking flight from the circle." Plato pictures the soul as being rescued from its wanderings and entering into "the community of the divine, the pure, the true to itself." At one time, it is the negative form which this ideal assumes: the release from the suffering of existence. At another, it is the positive form: perfect, unchanging blessedness. A certain reserve was for the most part observed toward the temptation to make the description of this condition of perfection too concrete and to paint it in high colors: these most beautiful homes of the soul are not easily described, says Plato.

Now this all very closely touches upon Buddhistic ideas. Buddha says to his followers: "As the great ocean, my disciples, is permeated with a *single* flavor, the flavor of the salt; so, too, disciples, is this doctrine, and this law, permeated with a *single* flavor, the flavor of salvation."

"There is, my disciples, a place where there is neither earth nor water, neither light nor air, neither this world nor that world, neither sun nor moon. I call that, disciples, neither coming nor going nor resting, neither death nor birth. It is without substructure, without progress, without stop. It is the end of suffering."

Sometimes the various turns taken by the Buddhistic texts in which this final aim, Nirvāna, is spoken of, run as if this aim were the termination of all being, or absolute nothing; then again they seem to point to a state of highest perfection, surpassing all comprehension and baffling all description. Taken as a whole, the coloring of these thoughts is perceptibly a more negative one than in Greece; and the solution of all too far-reaching questions is declined with greater firmness and readiness. "He, who has gained salvation," thus runs a Buddhistic quotation, "surpasses the point where his being can be compassed by the numbers of the corporeal world. He is deep, immeasurable, unfathomable, like the ocean." And at another time, Buddha says to a disciple, who will not suffer a quietus to be imposed upon his questions about the existence of him who has won salvation: "What is not revealed by me, suffer it to remain unrevealed."

As to the ideas concerning the way by which the final highest aim was to be attained—in Greece they rapidly developed in matter and profundity. Early thought still remained essentially under the influence of religious creations which carry the style of remotest antiquity. We know what is the customary practice in the cult of uncivilised peoples, for one who seeks to acquire supernatural power or to ward off evil spirits or death-bringing things of witchcraft. He fasts; he withdraws into solitude; he avoids everything that has any relation with death or similar perils, as food which

¹ Authorised translation from the *Deutsche Rundschau* by O. W. Weyer.

for some reason or other is considered to be connected with the kingdom of death; by various means he excites within himself ecstatic conditions. This technique of the primitive sorcerer's art, applied to new purposes, maintained itself in Greece as elsewhere with indomitable pertinacity.

It has been justly observed, that a figure like that of Epimenides—an adept master of mystical wisdom, flourishing about 600 B. C., and celebrated throughout all Greece,—bears a number of traits which characterize perfectly the type of the savage medicine-man: fasts and solitude, mystic intercourse with the spirits, long ecstasies, in which he gains his "enthusiastic wisdom." The interdiction of food and—if this ethnological expression be permissible—the observance of taboos of various kinds, among which is very prominent the aversion to all things which in any way remind one of the domain of death,—these are a special vehicle for the spiritual endeavors both of the Orpheans and of the Pythagoreans.

But a new tendency is soon introduced and gains more and more in strength. True continence and purity, so Plato teaches, lie in the purification of the soul from all sensual things, liberation from the passions and desires which "transfix the soul to the body as with a nail" and which compel the soul to endure being reborn in ever new forms of embodiment. The redeemer from these bonds is philosophy, which alone really prepares one for death. Philosophy guides us from the world of constant becoming into that of actual being, into the realm of eternal ideas. The blessed moment of a vision dawns: the curtain before the thinker's eyes sunders, and truth herself shines upon him, in the glory of which immersing itself, the soul is released from the transitory world. In the joy, the bliss of this contemplation, the philosopher, even here below, deems himself in the islands of the blessed. Death, however, forever releases the soul of him, who "has purified himself through philosophy, from corporeality": his soul enters into "that akin to his soul, the invisible, the divine, the immortal, the truly wise."

In this last thought, the chain of ideas, which we are now considering, found its culmination. And up to this very point, the Indian ideas follow the Greek ideas in undeviatingly parallel lines.

In India, too, in Buddha's age, the aims of the new spiritual yearning were striven for with the same means from the old cult of sorcery, that we find in Greece—retirement into solitude, exhaustion by severe fastings, and the development of a whole category of ecstatic conditions. For its part, Buddhism rejects fasting as well as every kind of self-torture; but it lays great stress upon the cultivation of those ecstatic meditations, in the exalted calm and quiet of which, afar from the confusing superabundance of form of the ma-

terial world, it was thought, a presentiment or foretaste might be enjoyed of the final termination of all transitoriness. One of the old Buddhist monkish poets sings:

"When the thundercloud its drum awakes,
Fast the rain sweeps o'er the bird's swift paths,
And in quiet mountain cave the monk
Fosters reverie: no joy like that!"

When, along the flowery bank of streams,
Which the forest's motley garland crowns,
He fosters reverie, wrapped in blissful calm,
No joy ever can be find like that!"

But that which, before all other things, gives release from earthly suffering is the complete subjection of desire, of "that thirst which but leads from one re-birth to another re-birth,"—the attainment of the pure and highest knowledge.

"Who conquers it—that despicable thirst, which it is difficult to escape in this world—from him all suffering drops like drops of water from the lotus flower."

But this thirst which accompanies earthly existence may be subdued through knowledge,—that knowledge which discovers the misery of the fate of becoming, merely to pass away again, and reveals the cessation thereof in the escape from this world. Since the value or worthlessness of life depends upon the fateful play of great cosmic powers, the endeavor of the devout, the sage, is directed no longer to the object of securing the goods of this world through the friendship of benevolent gods, but to the aim of penetrating the infinite cosmic process, in order that, having mastered it, he may prepare for himself the future place where it is good to be. This last proposition is alike characteristic of the religion of India and of Greece.

Like the ideas of Plato, the doctrine of the Buddhists is that the seeker gains possession of the knowledge of salvation,—after a ceaseless struggle and endeavor continuing through a period of innumerable re-births,—in the sudden inspiration of one incomparable instant of time. He to whom this instant has come has "obtained salvation and beheld it face to face." The Buddhist enlightened one, like the philosopher of Plato, continues to live on earth as a completed being who, in his most fundamental nature, is now no longer an earthly citizen. "The monk who has put away from him lust and desire, and is rich in wisdom, he has even here on earth obtained salvation from death, rest, Nirvâna, the eternal home." And when the end of earthly existence has come, he disappears into those mysterious depths, concerning which Buddha forbade his disciples to inquire whether their meaning is ideal being or absolute nothing.

* * *

The naturalist, studying a cellular structure, will obtain very different views of the same object, accord-

ing to the direction in which he makes his sections. The direction in which we have contemplated Buddhism made it possible for us to notice the very closest relationship between its fundamental principles and the doctrines of the Orpheans, the Pythagoreans, and Plato. But, in conclusion, we must not omit briefly to point out that other lines of consideration would have produced other views and other comparisons of a very different nature.

If we scan the personality of the great Indian promulgator of these ideas, we find at once that Buddha is in all the phenomena of his life, in the manner of his teaching and labors, as widely different from the Greek thinkers as the Oriental character is from the Hellenic. A nimbus of miracles surrounding and glorifying his life, a lofty dignity which overtops all the universe, caps his image in a way impossible to imagine in connexion with the earthly and human figures of Pythagoras and Plato. It is no longer the regions of Greek philosophy, but rather the regions of the Gospels, into which the Buddhistic tradition now seems to conduct us. In fact, some have gone so far—though in my opinion without sufficient reason—as to draw from the striking resemblances of these two fields the conclusion that direct transfers have been made from India to the West. As it was formerly supposed that Pythagoras had drawn his doctrines from Indian sources closely related to Buddhism, so, too, the assumption has found believers—corresponding to the various views taken of Buddhism—that Buddhistic prototypes underlie extensive portions of the Gospels, and that either at Alexandria or at Antioch the intercourse of Christian writers with Buddhistic envoys led to the introduction of a large number of stories, proverbs, and parables from Indian literature into that of the New Testament.

It would be possible to carry this identification still further. If along with the person of Buddha and with his doctrine we glance at the third member of the ancient Buddhistic trinity—the ecclesiastical brotherhood or church—we shall be reminded, with sufficient vividness, by the immemorially ancient rules of the Buddhistic order of mendicant monks,—with its deep-rooted aversion to the world, the austerity of its precepts as to poverty and chastity, with its long list of instructions concerning the observance of dignity and reserve, which are manifested after a set fashion in mien and glance, in the manner of eating and drinking, in short, in every gesture,—of Christian monasticism, whether viewed as a whole or in its minutest detail.

I think that we may and must be satisfied with the similarity of historical causes at work in the two separate quarters of the world as the explanation for all these resemblances,—a similarity which in my judg-

ment amply accounts for our meeting among civilisations nearer to us in time and place with formations, isolated and scattered, yet closely resembling those which at the height of Indian history, pulsating with Indian life-blood, were united, in Buddhism, into so compact and remarkable a whole.

THROUGH OPPOSITION TO RECOGNITION.

BY GEORGE JACOB HOLYOAKE.

"So many gods, so many creeds—
So many paths that wind and wind,
While just the art of being kind
Is all the sad world needs."

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

LADY HESTER STANHOPE said she knew "Lord Byron must be a bad man, for he was always *intending* something." Any improvement in the method of life is "*intending something*," and society ought to be tolerant of those whose badness takes no worse form. The rules Secularism prescribes for human conduct are few, and no intelligent preacher would say they indicate a dangerous form of "badness." They are:

1. Truth in speech.
2. Honesty in transaction.
3. Industry in business.
4. Equity in according the gain among those whose diligence and vigilance help to produce it.

"Though this world be but a bubble,
Two things stand like stone—
Kindness in another's trouble,
Courage in your own."

Learning and fortune do but illuminate these virtues. They cannot supersede them. The germs of these qualities are in every human heart. It is only necessary that we cultivate them. Men are like billiard balls—they would all go into the right pockets in a few generations, if rightly propelled. Yet these principles, simple and unpretending as they are, being founded on considerations apart from modes of orthodox thought, have had a militant career. The Spanish proverb has been in request: "Beware of an ox before, of a mule behind, and of a monk on every side." The monk, tonsured and untunsured, is found in every religion.

In Glasgow I sometimes delivered lectures on the Sunday in a quaint old hall situated up a wynd in Candleriggs. On the Saturday night I gave a woman half-a-crown to wash and whiten the stairs leading to the hall, and the passage leading to the street and across the causeway, so that the entrance to the hall should be clean and sweet. Sermons were preached in the same hall when the stairs were repulsively dirty. The woman remarked to a neighbor that "Mr. Holyoake's views were wrang, but he seemed to have clean principles." He who believes in the influence of material conditions will do what he can to have them

pure, not only where he speaks, but where he frequents and where he resides. The theological reader, who by accident or curiosity looks over these pages, will find much from which he will dissent; but I hope he will be able to regard this book as one of "clean principles," as far as the limited light of the author goes.

Accepting the "golden rule" of Huxley—"Give unqualified assent to no propositions but those the truth of which is so clear and distinct that they cannot be doubted"—causes the Secularist to credit less than his neighbors, and that goes against him; being, as it were, a reproach of their avidity of belief. One reason for writing this book is to explain—to as many of the new generation as may happen to read it—the discrimination of Secularism. Newspapers and the clerical class, who ought to be well informed, continually speak of mere free-thinking as Secularism. How this has been caused has already been indicated. Two or three remarkable and conspicuous representatives of free thought, who found iconoclasm easier, less responsible, and more popular, have given to many erroneous impressions. When Mr. Bradlaugh, Mrs. Besant, and Mr. Foote came into the Secularistic movement, which preceded their day, they gave proof that they understood its principles, which they afterwards disregarded or postponed. I cite their opinions lest the reader should think that this book gives an account of a form of thought not previously known. One wrote:

"From very necessity, Secularism is affirmative and constructive; it is impossible to thoroughly negate any falsehood without making more or less clear the opposing truth."¹

Again:

"Secularism conflicts with theology in this: that the Secularist teaches the improbability of humanity by human means; while the theologian not only denies this, but rather teaches that the Secular effort is blasphemous and unavailing unless preceded and accompanied by reliance on divine aid."²

Mrs. Besant said:

"Still we have won a plot of ground—men's and women's hearts. To them Secularism has a message; to them it brings a rule of conduct; to them it gives a test of morality, and a guide through the difficulties of life. Our morality is tested only—be it noted—by utility in this life and in this world."³

Mr. Foote was not less discerning and usefully explicit, saying:

"Secularism is founded upon the distinction between the things of time and the things of eternity. . . . The good of others Secularism declares to be the law of morality; and although certain theologies secondarily teach the same doctrine, yet they differ from Secularism in founding it upon the supposed will of God, thus

admitting the possibility of its being set aside in obedience to some other equally or more imperative divine injunction."¹

For several years the *National Reformer* bore the subtitle of "Secular Advocate."

We could not expect early concurrence with the policy of preferring ethical to theological questions of theism and unprovable immortality. We accepted the maxim of Sir Philip Sidney—namely, that "Reason cannot show itself more reasonable than to leave reasoning on things above reason." We are not in the land of the real yet, common sense is not half so romantic to the average man as the transcendental, and an atheistical advocacy got the preference with the impetuous. The Secularistic proposal to consult the instruction of an adversary proved less exciting than his destruction. The patience and resource it implies to work by reason alone are not to the taste of those to whom a kick is easier than a kindness, and less troublesome than explanation. Those who have the refutatory passion intense say you must clear the ground before you can build upon it. Granted; nevertheless, the signs of the times show that a good deal of ground has been cleared. The instinct of progress renders the minority, who reflect, more interested in the builder than the undertaker. What would be thought of a general who delayed occupying a country he had conquered until he had extirpated all the inhabitants in it? So, in the kingdom of error, he who will go on breaking images, without setting statues up in their place, will give superstition a long life. The savage man does not desert his idols because you call them ugly. It is only by slow degrees, and under the influence of better-carved gods, that his taste is changed and his worship improved. The reader will see that Secularism leaves the mystery of deity to the chartered imagination of man, and does not attempt to close the door of the future, but holds that the desert of another existence belongs only to those who engage in the service of man in this life. Prof. F. W. Newman says: "The conditions of a future life being unknown, there is no imaginable means of benefiting ourselves and others in it, except by aiming after present goodness."²

Men have a right to look beyond this world, but not to overlook it. Men, if they can, may connect themselves with eternity, but they cannot disconnect themselves from humanity without sacrificing duty. The purport of Secularism is not far from the tenor of the famous sermon by the Rev. James Caird, of which the *Queen* said:

¹ "Secularism: What is it?" *National Secular Society's Tracts*—No. 7. By Charles Bradlaugh.

² "Why Are We Secularists?" *National Secular Society's Tracts*—No. 8. By Charles Bradlaugh.

³ "Secular Morality." *National Secular Society's Tracts*—No. 3. By Annie Besant.

¹ *Secularism and Its Misrepresentation*, by G. W. Foote, who subsequently succeeded Mr. Bradlaugh as President of the National Secular Society.

² Prof. F. W. Newman, who is always clear beyond all scholars, and candid beyond all theologians, has published a *Palinode* retracting former conclusions he had published, and admitting the uncertainty of the evidence in favor of after-existence.

"He explained in the most simple manner what real religion is—not a thing to drive us from the world, not a perpetual moping over 'good' books; but being and doing good."

This end we reach not by a theological, but by a Secular, path.

NOTES.

Mattoon Monroe Curtis, Professor of Philosophy in Western Reserve University, publishes *An Outline of Philosophy in America*, being a brief sketch, 16 pages in extent, of the principal philosophers in America and their works. It is not complete, and the space devoted to the various movements is sometimes disproportionate to their importance, but some idea at least may be obtained from it of the extent of the work now doing in America in philosophical research.

Dr. Daniel G. Brinton, the well-known archaeologist and ethnologist of Philadelphia, has recently expressed his *View of History* from the point of view of an ethnologist in an address delivered before the New Jersey Historical Society, and now published in pamphlet form. His ideas, which, coming from so high an authority, will be read with much interest, are essentially that history "should be neither a mere record of events, nor the demonstration of a thesis, but a study, through occurrences and institutions, of the mental states of peoples at different epochs, explanatory of their success or failure, and practically applicable to the present needs of human society."

It is pleasing to note the unabated scientific activity of Mr. Lester F. Ward, of Washington, which is evidenced in all its broad scope by his numerous articles in the periodicals, several reprints of which have come from time to time into our hands. Among the latest we may notice a sound paper upon *The Nomenclature Question* in botany, one upon *The Data of Sociology*, and one upon *Sociology and Psychology*, forming parts of his contributions to social philosophy, which is appearing in the *American Journal of Sociology*, of Chicago.

In a paper read before the Texas Academy of Sciences in December, 1895, Dr. Edmund Montgomery submits to careful scrutiny the *Molecular Theories of Organic Reproduction*, basing his criticisms upon his own investigations in the subject which have extended over many years, and the fundamental principles of which have been widely recognised in the scientific world. Dr. Montgomery's position is that living substance is not "like crystals, composed of merely aggregated units or molecules, held together by the physical bond of cohesion. On the contrary, it forms a single indiscernible unit, whose constituent elements are all interdependently united by definite chemical bonds; such bonds as determine the specific nature of substances as a whole." The President of the Texas Academy of Science, Dr. George Bruce Halsted, has also given to the world recently two papers, the first entitled *The Criterion for Two-Term Prismoidal Formulas*, a subject in which his researches have achieved world-wide fame, and the second entitled *The Culture Given by Science*, where Dr. Halsted gives us in a few brief and aphoristic sentences his views on "sweetness and light."

A late number of *The Buddhist* (Vol. VIII., Nos. 3 and 4) contains a translation from the following Jataka story, which is of interest on account of its similarity to the account of St. Peter's walking on the water of the sea of Galilee:

"One day, a certain upasaka¹ having entertained a desire to

¹The Queen on the Rev. J. Caird's sermon, *Leaves from the Journal of Our Life in the Highlands*.

²A disciple who has not yet acquired perfection.

visit the Buddha at Jetavana Vihara, wended his way thither. He came to the banks of a river Achirawati (a tributary of the river Ganges), and could not pass over to the other side for want of a bridge. He could not find any boatman to convey him over, and in that predicament he resolved within himself thus: 'I shall now abide myself in the joy of Buddha Lambana' (exercise of faith and contemplation on the person and virtues of the Buddha), and in that ecstasy he stepped into the river, where he found himself secure as resting his feet on a firm slab of granite. When he had walked on to about the middle of the stream, seeing high waves proceeding from either of the banks, his heart gave way slightly, and then he began gradually to sink. Seeing that the cause lay in the want of steadfast faith, he again redoubled his mental effort of the joy of Buddha Lambana, and then he could proceed on as before. Having reached the other bank, he walked steadily on where the Blessed One was."

THE LETTER OF JAMES THE JUST. In Eight Forms. Arranged for College Classes, by M. Woolsey Stryker, D.D., LL.D., President of Hamilton College. Boston, U. S. A., and London: Ginn & Company. 1895. Cloth. Pages, v + 67. Price, 60 cents.

The Letter of James the Just "crowds in small compass a great wealth of practical Christian truth. . . . Not only is this powerful homily packed with substance for public exposition and private reflexion, it is also notably suitable for critical study. It is a piece of pure and elegant Greek," etc. From these words of the editor we learn the character of the booklet before us, which contains the Letter of James arranged in eight forms,—a Greek, Vulgate, Italian, French, and German rendering, supplemented by a precise English translation and the Old-English versions of Wycliffe and Tyndale. "Translation," it is rightly said, "is itself always a comment, and by a kind of refracted light illuminates the original utterance. It gives a new voice to the old score. A combination of versions becomes no mean critical apparatus." This remark contains the justification of the book, the substance and arrangement of which bears out the editor's intention. It should be added that the material offered is excellently adapted to the ends of practical language study.

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"WOE TO THE RICH."

BY F. M. HOLLAND.

THE most popular of all the stump-speeches this year will be sermons from the text: "Go to now, ye rich men, weep and howl, for your miseries that shall come upon you." Many a voter will hold to nothing in the Gospels so hopefully as to the words: "Blessed be ye poor; for yours is the kingdom of God." "But woe unto you that are rich; for ye have received your consolation." We need not argue about what was meant originally by such passages, and, for instance, by that in which the reason why Dives is in Hell is stated to him by Father Abraham as follows: "Remember that thou in thy lifetime receivedst thy good things, and likewise Lazarus evil things; but now he is comforted and thou art tormented." What is most to the purpose is that there are a great many earnest and active people who really think that the rich people are the dangerous class, that the place which stands most in need of purification is Wall Street, and that our country's worst enemies are her millionaires. Very widely circulated books take it for granted that this is an age when the rich are growing richer and the poor poorer. Many a reader jumps to the conclusion that the best way to enrich the poor is to impoverish the rich. Thus the Independent Labor Party in England proposes to tax "unearned incomes" out of existence. This party also offers "remunerative work for the unemployed," which is what the Second French Republic tried to give in 1848. Laying an income tax upon the wealthy is advocated in the Democratic Platform, recently adopted at Chicago, and another of its planks denounces the gold standard, adopted in 1873, as working for "the enrichment of the money-lending class," and therefore for "the impoverishment of the people." That most influential of pamphlets, *Coin's Financial School*, has page after page telling how preference of gold to silver has made "thousands of paupers," and "tens of thousands of tramps," and how the silver standard must be adopted in order to force the bankers to "take their hands off the throat of this government," and enable the farmer and the artisan to enjoy the wealth they produce. Wendell Phillips said plainly in 1871 that "Labor, the creator of wealth, is entitled

to all it creates." This had already been asserted by Karl Marx, and it has become one of the vital principles of socialism. None of my readers would carry it as far as was done in 1871 by those workingmen in Paris who made a bloody attempt to overthrow the Third Republic. We have no sympathy with the burglar in the Illinois penitentiary, who recently boasted that he only robbed rich people who had no right to what he took away. We ought all, however, to honor the motives of disinterested philanthropists who seek by peaceable agitation to lift up the poor.

It should also be remembered that rich men have made many laws to increase their own wealth at the expense of their neighbors. English legislation, during the first forty years of this century, kept food almost at famine prices and wages very low, in order that high rents might be collected by owners of great estates. This was the effect of the Corn Laws; and there was too much of the same tendency, to enrich the few at the expense of the many, in the McKinley tariff, according to the opinion given by the majority of our voters in 1890 and 1892. Whether free trade would have proved as beneficial here as in England could not be determined, for it was not secured. The parable says that Dives had five brothers like himself; and some of them managed to get on the Democratic side of the Senate. Dives the Democrat worked there with Dives the Republican to make the victory of 1892 useless.

Another Democratic Convention has just met and hoisted a new banner. All through the land ring the glad tidings: "Behold, I break every yoke. The league of bankers, and manufacturers, and money-lenders, who plunder the people, shall be overthrown. Gold bugs shall be crushed. The reign of Wall Street is over. The people shall have all the money. Wages will rise, and debtors will find relief. Farmers and planters will sell their produce at high prices. There will be no more tramps, and nobody need be out of work." We are promised that if the silver coin called a dollar is made the standard of value, the currency will become too large to be locked up in Wall Street, and be large and elastic enough for all the people's needs.

This is avowedly a movement by which some of

us will gain, while others lose; and it is well to consider who the principal gainers and losers will be. Prominent among the champions of free coinage, especially in the Senate, are rich men who own silver mines, and are trying to sell bullion at higher prices than they could get otherwise. This, of course, will be their gain; and, therefore, it will be the loss of taxpayers generally. I do not denounce the silver-kings: I only want to know precisely why I ought to vote for them.

Another significant fact is that the Chicago nominee for Vice-President is a wealthy banker. Other presidents of banks favor the movement, and a millionaire in Ohio received more than fifty votes as candidate for President. These rich men understand their own interest too well to be in a party that would ruin them. Free silver and high prices would bring on very much such a state of things as we had after the gold standard was abandoned in 1861. The class that suffered least during those terrible years was that of wealthy bankers, brokers, and speculators. They bought and sold various articles, especially gold, in a rising market and at large profits. Some of them lost by having to take payments in depreciated currency from their debtors; but they did not have such long notice then as has been given now. As for farm mortgages, the millionaire has never put much money into them. His time is worth too much for such small business. He knows how to get out of any trap, before it is sprung. The rise of gold to a premium will make locking it up all the easier. If silver is not locked up also, it will be because Wall Street prefers to make the people bear the burden of a currency which is falling steadily in value, while it increases in bulk. The profit from circulating silver will go where the profit from circulating gold has gone. The thicker the grass, the easier it will be mown.

This is of little importance, however, compared with the question whether the masses will find their wages increase more or less rapidly than the cost of living. They ought not to expect any such increase in demand for labor as that between 1860 and 1865. During those four years, according to the investigations made by experts in 1892 as ordered by the Senate, there was an average increase of 43 per cent. in wages and salaries. It was found by this investigation that the increase of average prices of all articles was 116 per cent. The cost of living increased more than twice as fast as the wages and salaries did. Flour, for instance, rose from \$8.25 to \$16.25 a barrel, and coal from \$4.00 to \$10.00 a ton; but the man who earned \$1.00 in 1860 was paid only \$1.50 in 1865. This is what may be expected from once more discarding the gold standard. The wage-earner is to lose that the silver-king may gain. Who wants such

a millennium? The farmer or planter will simply find the prices of all he buys and sells doubled or trebled. He will get more for his crops, and pay out about as much more to support his family. Merely taking in more coins and bills of less value will help him no more than if he were to sell for dimes instead of dollars. His savings may be larger, but they will be less secure. If he has debts to pay, he will be able to do so in a depreciated currency; but he has no right to expect that his fellow-citizens will help him cheat his creditor. We may pity the poor debtor who is driven by poverty into dishonesty; but we should keep some sympathy for people whose whole livelihood consists in the scanty savings which they have put out at interest. If the loaners on mortgages are to suffer, all the depositors in savings banks will be plundered also. Nothing is such a discouragement to industry as would be a deliberate attempt of the majority of voters to make the common ways of investing savings unsafe. The election of "the Boy Orator" would be a warning to every man who has money to lend or invest, that he had better send it to some old-fashioned country where there still lingers a prejudice in favor of paying one's debts. All our industries depend so much upon borrowed capital that they would all be paralysed if borrowers are to be allowed by public opinion and statute law to repudiate fifty per cent. of what they owe. It was fear of just this step towards fraudulent bankruptcy which brought on hard times in 1893. Do we want to make them harder still in 1897?

It is not necessary to dwell on such truisms as that "Honesty is the best policy;" but I must insist on the fact that it is the sacred mission of America to show to all other nations how much Democracy is worth. Are we going to announce that it means paying only fifty cents on the dollar? We are the guardians of the temple of liberty. Shall we let it be made a den of thieves? Once begin to explain away the commandment, "Thou shalt not steal," and dishonesty will increase among us. The tariff controversy will not end until trade is set free; but our chief duty to our country now is to vote the friends of repudiation down.

NOTE.—I admit that silverites do not realise the injustice of their plan. How it would affect the working people may be judged from these facts. Our minister in Columbia tells us that the result there of eleven years of inflation and bimetalism has been to double rents and prices generally, while wages have risen but 50 per cent. It is reported by our minister in Chile that "The effects of the depreciated silver and paper basis," just abandoned, "were keenly felt in foreign exchanges and upon the wages of labor;"

and that "wages advanced slightly during the long period of depreciated currency, but at no such rate as to compensate for the diminished purchasing power of money." Carroll D. Wright says "that whenever prices of commodities rise, they rise higher, relatively, than does the price of labor, and that when prices go down they go down much lower, relatively, than does the price of labor, which remains ordinarily very nearly at its inflated price; for, as a matter of fact, the wages of 1890 and 1891 were very nearly as high, and in many instances quite as high, as they were in the inflated period from 1860 to 1870." *The Industrial Evolution of the United States*, p. 227.

SELF-EXTENDING PRINCIPLES.

BY GEORGE JACOB HOLYOAKE.

"Prodigious actions may as well be done
By weaver's issue as by prince's son."

—Dryden.

SO FAR as Secularism is reasonable, it must be self-extending among all who think. Adherents of that class are slowly acquired. Accessions begin in criticism, though that, as we have seen, is apt to stop there. In all movements the most critical persons are the least suggestive of improvements. Constructiveness only excites enthusiasm in fertile minds.

After the Cowper Street Discussion with the Rev. Brewin Grant in 1853 (*The Open Court*, No. 461), societies, halls, and newspapers adopted the Secular name. In 1863 appeared the *Christian Reasoner*, edited by the Rev. Dr. Rylance, a really reasoning clergyman, whom I afterwards had the pleasure to know in New York. His publication was intended to be a substitute for the *Reasoner*, which I had then edited for seventeen years. But when the *Reasoner* commenced, in 1846, Christian believing was far more thought of than Christian reasoning. One line in Dr. Rylance's *Christian Reasoner* was remarkable, which charged us with "forgetfulness of the necessary incompleteness of Revelation." So far from forgetting it, it was one of the grounds on which Secularism was founded. However, it is to the credit of Dr. Rylance that he should have preceded, by thirty years, the Bishop of Worcester in discerning the shortcomings of Revelation, as cited in *The Open Court*, No. 466.

In 1869 we obtained the first Act of Secular affirmation, which Mr. J. S. Mill said was mainly due to my exertions, and to my example of never taking an oath. In obtaining the Act I had no help from Mr. Bradlaugh, he being an ostentatious oath-taker at that time. It was owing to Mr. G. W. Hastings (then, or afterwards, M. P.), the founder of the Social Science Association, that the Affirmation clause was added to the Act of 1869. One of the objects we

avowed was "to procure a law of affirmation for persons who objected to take the oath."¹

Another of our aims was stated to be: "To convert churches and chapels into temples of instruction for the people . . . to solicit priests to be teachers of useful knowledge."² We strove to promote these ends by holding in honor all who gave effect to such human precepts as were contained in Christianity. This fairness and justice has led many to suppose that I accepted the theological as well as the ethical passages in the Scriptures. But how can a Christian preacher be inclined to risk the suspicion of the narrower-minded members of his congregation, if no one gives him credit for doing right when he does it?

With our limited means and newness of doctrine, we could not hope to rival an opulent hierarchy and occupy its temples; but we knew that the truth, if we had it, and could diffuse it in a reasonable manner, would make its way and gradually change the convictions of a theological caste. The very nature of Free-thought makes it impossible for a long time yet, that we should have many wealthy or well-placed supporters. Where the platform is open to every subject likely to be of public service—subjects suppressed everywhere else, and open to the discussion of the wise or foolish present who may arise to speak, outrages of good taste will occur. Persons who forget that abuse does not destroy use, and that freedom is more precious than propriety, cease to support a free-speaking Society. The advocacy of slave emancipation was once an outrage in America. It is now regarded as the glory of the nation. In an eloquent passage it has been pointed out what society owes to the unfriended efforts of those who established and have maintained the right of free speech.

"Theology of the old stamp, so far from encouraging us to love nature, teaches us that it is under a curse. It teaches us to look upon the animal creation with shuddering disgust; upon the whole race of man, outside our narrow sect, as delivered over to the Devil; and upon the laws of nature at large as a temporary mechanism, in which we have been caught, but from which we are to anticipate a joyful deliverance. It is science, not theology, which has changed all this; it is the atheists, infidels, and rationalists, as they are kindly called, who have taught us to take fresh interest in our poor fellow denizens of the world, and not to despise them because Almighty Benevolence could not be expected to admit them to Heaven. To the same teaching we owe the recognition of the noble aspirations embodied in every form of religion, and the destruction of the ancient monopoly of divine influences."³

Those who, in storm and stress, bring truth into the world may not be able to complete its triumph, but it makes its own way, and finally conquers the understanding of mankind.

¹*Secularism the Practical Philosophy of the People*, p. 12; 1854. Fifteen years before the first Act was passed.

²*Secularism the Practical Philosophy of the People*, by G. J. Holyoake, p. 12; 1854.

³Leslie Stephens's *Free-thinking and Plain Speaking*.

Priestley, without fortune, with only the slender income of a Unitarian minister, created and kept up a chemical laboratory. There alone he discovered oxygen. Few regarded him, few applauded him; only a few Parisian philosophers thanked him. He had no disciples to spread his new truth. He was not even tolerated in the town which he endowed with the fame of his priceless discovery. His house was burnt by a Church-and-King mob; his instruments, books, and manuscripts destroyed; and he had to seek his fortune in a foreign land.

Yet what has come out of his discovery? It has become part of the civilisation of the world, and mankind owe more to him than they yet understand. When a young man, he forsook the Calvinism in which he was reared. "I came," he said, "to embrace what is called heterodox views on every question."¹ He cared for this world as well as for another, and hence was distrusted by all "true believers." Though he had "spiritual hopes," he agreed that he should be called a materialist.

We have now had (1895) a London Reform Sunday, more than two hundred and fifty (one list gave four hundred) preachers of all denominations taking for their unprecedented text, "The Duties and Responsibilities of Citizenship,"—a thing the most sanguine deemed incredible when suggested by me in 1854.² Within twenty years Dr. Felix Adler has founded noble Ethical Societies. Dr. Stanton Coit is extending them in Great Britain. They are Secularist societies in their nature. South Place Chapel now has taken the name of Ethical Society. Since the days of W. J. Fox, who first made it famous, it has been the only successor in London of the Moral Church opened by Thomas Holcroft. Though modern Secular societies, to which these pages relate, have been anti-theological mainly, the Secular Society of Leicester is a distinguished exception. It has long had a noble hall of its own, and from the earliest inception of Secularism it has been consistent and persistent in its principles. As stated elsewhere,³ the "Principles of Secularism" were submitted to John Stuart Mill in 1854, and his approval was of importance in the eyes of their advocates. In the first issue of *Chambers's Encyclopædia* a special article appeared upon these views, and in the later issue of that work in 1888 a new article was written on Secularism. In the Rev. Dr. Molesworth's *History of England* a very clear account was given of the rise of Secularist opin-

ions. This will be sufficient information for readers unacquainted with the subject.

The cause of reason has had more to confront than the cause of Christianity, which has always been on the side of power since the days of Christ. The two most influential ideas which, in every age since Christianity arose, have given it currency among the ignorant and the credulous, have been the ideas of Hell and prayer. Hell has been the terror, and prayer the bribe, which have won the allegiance of the timid and the needy. These two master passions of alarm and despair have brought the unfortunate portions of mankind to the foot of the Cross.

The cause of reason has no advantages of this nature, and only the intelligent have confidence in its progress. If we have expected to do more than we have, we are not the only party who have been prematurely sanguine. The Rev. David Bogue, preaching in Whitfield's Tabernacle, Tottenham-Court Road, at the foundation of the Foreign Missionary Society (1790) of the Congregational denomination, exclaimed amid almost unequalled enthusiasm: "We are called together this evening to the funeral of bigotry." Judging from what has happened since, bigotry was not dead when its funeral was prepared, or it was not effectually buried, as it has been seen much about since that day.

Bigotry, like Charles II., takes an unconscionable time in dying. Down to Sir Charles Lyell's days, so harmless a study as geology was distrusted, and Lyell, like Priestley, had to seek auditors in America. While he lectured at Boston to 1,500 persons, 2,000 more were unable to obtain tickets, which were bought at a guinea each *extra*. At our great ancient seat of learning, Oxford, Buckland lectured on the same interesting subject to an audience of three.

Secularism keeps the lamp of free thought burning by aiding and honoring all who would infuse an ethical passion into those who lead the growing army of independent thinkers. Our lamp is not yet a large one, and its supply of oil is limited by Christian law; but, like the fire in the Temple of Montezuma, we keep it burning. In all the centuries since the torch of free thought was first lighted, though often threatened, often assailed, often dimmed, it has never been extinguished. We could not hope to captivate society by splendid edifices, nor many cultivated advocates; but truth of principle will penetrate where those who maintain it will never be seen and never heard. The day cometh when other torches will be lighted at the obscure fire, which, borne aloft by other and stronger hands, will shed lasting illumination where otherwise darkness would permanently prevail. As Elizabeth Barrett Browning has said: "Truth is like sacramental bread,—we must pass it on."

¹ See *Chambers's Encyclopædia* (1888); article: Priestley.

² We have now a Museum Sunday. Even twenty years ago those who advocated the Sunday opening of museums were counted irreverent and beyond the pale of grace. Their opening is now legalised (1896).

³ *Sixty Years of an Agitator's Life*, Chap. CX.

A PILGRIMAGE TO BEETHOVEN.¹

BY RICHARD WAGNER.

[CONTINUED.]

When I had rested two days, and fasted and prayed, without, however, bestowing so much as a single glance of sight-seeing on Vienna, I summoned courage, went forth from the hotel and across the street to the famous house. I was told that Beethoven was not at home. Secretly, I was glad to hear it, for it afforded me time to collect myself again. But when I had received the same reply four more times in the course of the day, each time in a certain increasing asperity of tone, I made up my mind that this was an unlucky day, and morosely abandoned my call for that day.

As I was returning to the hotel, lo! my Englishman, up on the first floor, nodded pleasantly down to me.

"Have you seen Beethoven?" he called out.

"Not yet; he wasn't in," I replied, surprised at meeting him again.

He came out to meet me in the stairway and pressed me, with a marked degree of friendliness, to enter his apartment.

"I saw you go five times to-day to Beethoven's house. I have now been here many days, and have taken quarters in this odious hotel, simply to be near Beethoven. Believe me, it is very difficult to get a word with Beethoven; the gentleman seems to have whims and plenty of them. I made six efforts the first trial, and was each time denied. Now I rise very early in the morning and sit till late in the evening, watching at my window to see when Beethoven goes abroad. But the gentleman appears *never* to go abroad."

"And so you believe that Beethoven has been home all day to-day, too, and that he purposely had me refused?"

"Certainly. You and I, both of us have been refused. I am very sore over it. For I have come hither, not to see Vienna, but Beethoven."

This was very disconsolate information for me. Nevertheless, I tried my fortune again on the following day; once more without effect,—the gates of heaven remained closed against me.

My Englishman, who continued to watch my efforts from his window, always with the closest attention, had now gotten the assurance, from inquiries he had made, that Beethoven did not live on the side toward the street. He was very much irritated, but his persistence never flagged.

For my part, my patience was soon exhausted. For I had far more urgent reasons to feel thus. A week had gradually passed by and still I had not accomplished my design; and the little fortune from my

galops would not permit of a very long stay in Vienna. Little by little I began to lose hope.

I confided my sorrows to mine host. He smiled and promised to let me know the cause of my ill success, if I would vow not to tell it to the Englishman. Half suspecting now what had been my evil star, I gave him the promise he demanded.

"Well, you see," mine honest host then said, "there is a continual stream of Englishmen hither, who wish to see Beethoven and try to get an introduction to him. He is so irritated by it, and he feels such wrath against the insistence of these people, that he has made it impossible for a stranger to get to him. He is different from other men and we must pardon him for this course. It is a very good thing for my hotel, however; for the house is usually filled with Englishmen, who, because of the difficulty of gaining admittance to Beethoven, are compelled to be my guests for a much longer time than otherwise would be the case. But since you have promised not to frighten these good people away, I hope to find a way whereby you may reach Herr Beethoven."

This was edifying. I could not attain my object, then, because, poor soul, I was taken for an Englishman! O, my premonition was right; that Englishman was my ruin!

I was for leaving the hotel upon the instant. For, no doubt, every one who stopped in it was taken for an Englishman, over in Beethoven's house; and that alone sufficed to put me under the ban. Still, the promise of the inn-keeper, that he would provide me with an opportunity to see and speak to Beethoven, restrained me.

In the meantime, the Englishman—whom I now detested from the very bottom of my heart—had been trying the efficacy of all kinds of intrigue and bribery; always, however, without result.

Thus several more days passed fruitlessly away, during which the profits of my galops melted visibly; when mine host whispered in confidence to me that I could not fail of seeing Beethoven if I betook myself to a certain beer-garden which he was accustomed to frequent at a particular hour. At the same time I received from my adviser some infallible notes about the personal appearance of the great master, by which I might recognise him.

I took fresh courage, and determined not to delay my good fortune a day. It was impossible for me to meet Beethoven at his door, so I had found,—for in going out he always left his house by a rear door. So there was nothing left to me but the beer-garden. But, unfortunately, I sought the master there in vain, not only on this day, but on the next two following days also. Then, on the fourth, as I was once more directing my steps, at the proper hour, to the fateful

¹ Translated from the German by O. W. Weyer.

beer-garden, I became to my utter consternation aware that the Englishman was dogging my steps, cautiously and suspiciously, at some distance behind me. The wretch, always on the lookout from his window, had not allowed it to escape him that I had been going out daily, always at the same hour, and always in the same direction. This, of course, struck him; and at once suspecting that I had run upon some secret path to find Beethoven, he had instantly determined to derive advantage from my supposed discovery.

He told me all this with the greatest candor, and declared, in the same breath, that he intended to follow me wherever I went. In vain I tried to deceive him and to have him believe that it was merely my intention to go to a beer-garden for some modest refreshment, much too unfashionable a place for a gentleman of his rank to care for. But he remained firm in his determination, and there was nothing left me but to curse my luck. Finally I tried the effect of incivility, attempting to drive him off with a gruff rudeness of speech. But far from suffering himself to be disconcerted or angered by it, he contented himself with a soft smile. It was his fixed idea to see Beethoven; he was indifferent to everything else.

And really this day it was to happen that I should see the great Beethoven for the first time. Nothing can describe my complete absorption, but at the same time my utter wrath, as, sitting at the side of the English gentleman, I saw the man approach whose carriage and appearance so thoroughly corresponded with the description which the innkeeper had given me of the master: the long, blue, great coat, the confusion of tangled gray hair, and furthermore the glance and the expression of countenance as they had long been accustomed to float in my imagination, after a good portrait I had often seen. A mistake was impossible. I recognised him on the instant. With short, rapid steps he approached and passed before us. Awe and the suddenness of the surprise enchained my senses.

The Englishman lost none of my motions. He observed the new arrival curiously, who, retiring into the farthest corner of the garden (at this hour but little frequented), ordered some wine, and then sat for some time in a posture of thought. My loudly beating heart told me: "It is he." I forgot my neighbor for some moments, and gazed, with a greedy eye, and in an indescribable state of emotion, at the man whose genius had ruled, to the exclusion of everything else, over all my thoughts and feelings ever since I had learned to think and feel. Involuntarily I began to commune with myself in a low tone of voice and fell into a sort of monologue which closed with the words, only too portentous:

"Beethoven, it is you, then, whom I see before me?"

Nothing escaped my unhallowed neighbor, who, inclined closely to me, his breath repressed, had overheard my whispers. I was alarmed from my profound ecstasy by the words:—

"Yes! this gentleman is Beethoven! Come, let us introduce ourselves at once."

Filled both with anxiety and resentment, I clasped the accursed Englishman by the arm and restrained him.

"What is it you are about to do?" I cried. "Do you want to compromise both of us? Here in this place? So utterly forgetful of all propriety?"

"O," he rejoined, this is an excellent opportunity. We shall not easily find a better one."

Thereupon he drew from his pocket what appeared to be a manuscript roll of music, and was about to march directly upon the man in the blue great-coat. Entirely beside myself, I grasped the reckless man's coat-tails and shouted impetuously at him:—

"Are you crazy?"

This occurrence, brief as it was, had sufficed to attract the attention of the stranger. He seemed to guess, with a feeling of mortification, that he was the object of our excitement, and, hastily draining his glass, he arose to leave. Hardly had the Englishman observed the action, when he tore himself from my grasp with such force as to leave one of his coat-tails in my extended hand, and put himself in Beethoven's way. The latter sought to avoid by passing round him. But the good-for-nothing anticipated the purpose, bowed magnificently before him after the form prescribed by the latest English fashion, and addressed him as follows:—

"I have the honor to introduce myself to the very celebrated composer, the most honorable Herr Beethoven."

He had no need to add more. For at the very first words, and after one sharp glance at myself, Beethoven, wheeling quickly to one side, disappeared with the quickness of a flash from the garden. Nothing daunted, however, the stolid Briton was for hastening after him, when I, in my furious wrath, could not refrain from laying violent hands on the remaining one of his coat-tails. He halted. The episode had in a measure astonished him, and he cried out in a queer tone of voice:—

"By Jove! This gentleman is worthy to be an Englishman! He is indeed a great man, and I shall not fail to make his acquaintance!"

I stood as one petrified. For me this dreadful adventure meant the destruction of all hope of ever seeing my heart's dearest wish fulfilled.

It was perfectly clear that henceforth every effort

to approach Beethoven in the conventional way would be fruitless. In view of the state of my finances, now wholly ruinous, I was at length forced to make up my mind whether I should instantly start on my return homeward, leaving my designs unaccomplished, or whether in the hope of yet accomplishing them I should not attempt one final, desperate step more. I shuddered to the very bottom of my soul as I contemplated the former alternative. For who could, having after so much labor approached so closely to the very portals of the holy of holies, see them eternally closing against him, without being utterly prostrated?

I resolved, therefore, before I should wholly abandon my soul's salvation, to try yet some desperate step. But what was that step? What course should I pursue? For a long time I could think of nothing that promised success. Alas, my whole intellect had been lamed! Nothing offered itself to my excited phantasy, but the remembrance of what I had been compelled to endure, as I stood there, grasping with both my hands the rended coat-tail of the unspeakable Englishman. The sharp glance, which Beethoven had thrown askance toward my unhappy self at the very moment of this dread catastrophe, had not escaped me. I felt only too keenly, what was the meaning of that glance,—it had forever stamped me as an Englishman!

What should be my course to undeceive this suspicion of the master. Everything depended upon my succeeding in having him learn that I was but a simple German soul, full of terrestrial poverty, but celestial enthusiasm.

I decided, finally, to pour my whole heart out,—to write. This happened. I wrote; briefly related my life, how it was I had become a musician, how I worshipped him, how it was my humble suit to make his acquaintance, how I had sacrificed two whole years acquiring a name as a galop-composer, how I had entered upon and completed my pilgrimage, what misfortunes the Englishman had brought upon me, and how pitiful my present condition was.

And perceptibly feeling my heart grow lighter as I thus proceeded with the recital of my woes, the keen enjoyment of this feeling insensibly led me to adopt a style of respectful familiarity. I wove into the letter some very candid and rather forcible expressions of reproach against the unjust severity with which the master had seen fit to treat my poor self. I was virtually in an inspired state as at length I finished the letter. My eyes fairly swam as I wrote the address: "To Herr Ludwig von Beethoven." Then I breathed a heartfelt silent prayer, and myself delivered the letter at Beethoven's house.

As I was returning to the hotel, wrapt in my enthusiasm,—heavens! who was it, at this juncture, too, thrust that fearful Englishman upon my vision! From his window he had seen this latest of my journeys, also. He read at once the joy with which hope had made my face radiant: that was enough to subject me to his spell again. Surely enough, he stopped me in the stairway with the inquiry:

"What hopes? Good? When shall we see Beethoven?"

"Never! Never!" I cried in desperation. "You,—Beethoven wishes never to see you again. Leave me, miserable sir! We have nothing in common."

"Yes, indeed, we have something in common," he replied, unmoved. "Where is my coat-tail, sir? Who authorised you to deprive me of it violently, as you did? Are you not aware that you are to blame that Beethoven conducted himself toward me as he did? How could he, with any propriety, permit himself to form the acquaintance of a gentleman with but one coat-tail?"

I was exasperated at having this blame loaded upon my shoulders.

"Sir!" I shouted, "You shall have back your coat-tail! I trust you will preserve it, with feelings of shame, as a memento of how you mortally offended the great Beethoven and plunged a poor musician into ruin. Farewell! and may we never see each other again!"

He sought to detain and calm me, assuring me that he still possessed a great number of coats in the very best condition. Only, I should let him know when Beethoven would receive us. Past all restraint, however, I stormed violently aloft to my fifth story. There I locked myself in and awaited Beethoven's answer.

How shall I describe what transpired within me, about me, when, really, within an hour or so, I received a small bit of note-paper upon which was written in a hasty hand:

"Pardon me, Mr. R., if I request that you will defer your call until to-morrow morning. I am busily engaged to-day in getting a packet of musical work ready for the next post. I shall look for you to-morrow. Beethoven."

First, I sank upon my knees and thanked Heaven for this extraordinary mark of favor; my eyes were dim with the most devoutly grateful tears. Then, at length, my feelings burst forth in the wildest demonstrations of joy, and I danced about in my little room like one bereft of reason. I do not recall what I was dancing, only that—to my utter shame—I became suddenly conscious of whistling one of my own galops as an accompaniment. This mortifying discovery brought me to my senses. I forsook my little chamber and

the hotel. Intoxicated with joy, I ran out into the streets of Vienna.

Wondrous Providence! My woes had caused me entirely to lose sight of the fact that I was in Vienna. But now, how the cheery bustle and activity of the inhabitants of the imperial city delighted me! Being in a state of enthusiasm, I saw everything through the enthusiast's eye. The rather shallow sensualism of the Viennese appeared to me to be the impulsive outbursts of ardent natures. Their light-hearted, not too discriminating lust of pleasure, I thought a spontaneous and candid responsiveness to all that is beautiful. I scanned the five daily announcements of the theaters. Lo! on one of them I read: "*Fidelio*, An Opera by Beethoven."

I at once made up my mind to go to this theater, no matter to what appalling extent the profits of my gallops had melted away. When I got to the cheap standing-room for which I could pay, the overture was just beginning. The opera was a revision of the earlier one, which, under the title of "*Leonore*" had met with failure, much, I must say, to the credit of the profound and discriminating Viennese public. I had never seen a performance of the work in the form of "*Leonore*"; my great delight may therefore be imagined as I now beheld the magnificent new opera at its initial appearance. It was a very young girl that rendered the *Leonore*; but despite her extreme youth, the songstress seemed already to have become firmly wedded to the genius of Beethoven. With what glowing ardor, what poetry of feeling, what impressive effect she portrayed this extraordinary woman! Her name was Wilhelmine Schroeder. She it is who earned the high renown of having revealed the depths of Beethoven's work to the German public. Indeed, on this evening I saw her performance carry away even the superficial Viennese in a rapture of enthusiasm. As for me, heaven itself seemed to open. I was in a glory and worshipped that genius, which—like *Floristan*—had led me forth from night to light, from fetters to freedom.

I could not sleep that night. The recollection of what I had just experienced, and the contemplation of what awaited me on the morrow,—it was all too great and overwhelming to translate peacefully into the domain of dreams. I remained awake, revelling in anticipations and schooling myself for my appearance before Beethoven.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

FOUR BRAHMAN PANDITS ANXIOUS TO AVOID DEATH.

TRANSLATED FROM THE CHINESE BY D. HAYASHI.

THUS I have heard. On a certain day Buddha dwelt at Anāthapindika's garden in Shravastī. Buddha then addressed the bhikshus:

In olden times four Brahman pandits, who were earnestly studying the five supernatural powers,¹ remained always in fear of death.

One day, they thought, how shall we gain life everlasting, and in what place?

The first Brahman said, "I have acquired supernatural power, therefore I will enter into the sky; for I think, death will not be there." And he went into the sky, but there he finally died.

The second Brahman said, "I trust that I can avoid death in the great sea." So he entered into the sea, but there he died.

The third Brahman said, "I will be free from death in the mountain." So he went to the mountain, but there, at last, he also met death.

The fourth Brahman said, "I will enter into the ground, where I expect to find life everlasting." Thus he went into the ground, where he died.

Having related in his supreme wisdom the miserable fate of the four Brahman pandits, Buddha recited to his disciples this verse:

"Death cannot be avoided in the sky,
Nor in the sea, nor in the mountain,
Nor in the ground.
[For Nirvāna] is not a place that can be pointed here or there.
Only if delivered from these!
Will you never meet death."

The bhikshus heard the words of Buddha and were full of exceeding joy.

TOYOTSU, MURA. ANGEORI.

I viz., "the here and there," that is to say, space-existence in the sky, the sea, the mountain, and the ground. Nirvāna is a comprehension of the truth that life does not consist of material existence, but is of a spiritual nature. He is liberated, who identifies himself with the ideal of truth and moral aspirations. He has attained Nirvāna and will not meet death.

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DEVOTED TO THE RELIGION OF SCIENCE.

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THE PRESENT ISSUES IN OUR POLITICS.

THERE has never been in our political life a more unfortunate combination of confusion, misdirected efforts, and frivolous thoughtlessness than at present. The country is divided by the cry for free coinage of silver into two camps; those who adhere to the gold standard are called Goldbugs, and those who clamor for the rehabilitation of silver are called the Silverites. The real issue, however, is not the question whether we shall have a gold or a silver standard, but whether or not the currency shall be debased. The new party espouses with unprecedented boldness the interests of the debtor class against their creditors. They contend that gold has risen in value while the prices of all other commodities have fallen; and that thus the dollar lent by the creditor some years ago to the debtor is now dearer than it was then; it would therefore be fair to cheapen it again in order to correct the injustice involved in the change of values.

In the past it was the sorry privilege of kings and governments to debase the currency whenever they became implicated in financial trouble and wanted to cancel part of their debts at the cost of their subjects. Their policy has always and unanimously been denounced by historians and political economists of every school and of every party as plain robbery, as stealing, as cheating, as taking the money directly out of the people's pockets; but now we witness the strange phenomenon of a party rising in a country which boasts to be "by the people, of the people, and for the people," proposing the debasement of currency as the panacea that shall remedy the evils of the financial straits of the people. And it is for the sake of the people that we are requested to debase the currency so that he who loaned, deposited, or invested a dollar worth 23.22 grains of gold shall be paid back in silver at a ratio of 16 to 1, which would be but little more than 12 grains of gold.

We ought not be blind to the fact that all the hatred that justly and unjustly has been accumulated against monopolies, oppression, and extortions of all kinds, is now bursting forth in full blaze; the banks, monopolies, trusts (with the exception of the silver-mine owners), railroads and other corporations are vigorously denounced, and the movement which is

revolutionary even now, threatens to be the beginning only of more radical changes.

What are the issues at this juncture? McKinley against Bryan! High protection against debasement of currency! What a choice for a voter who means to do his best for the welfare of the people! On the one side the representative of the policy that favors the classes against the masses, on the other side a dupe of the silver trust!

The two candidates for presidency propose plans containing the same fallacy, which is, as General M.M. Trumbull called it, the theory of "making scarcity." Both candidates, Gov. McKinley and Mr. Bryan, believe that commodities are not expensive enough, that we are cursed by the cheapness of the necessities of life, that we can buy too much for our money. There is only this difference: Gov. McKinley believes that it would be a blessing for the country if the prices of all commodities were artificially raised by a high protective tariff, while Mr. Bryan proposes to make money cheap, so that in the future we should buy no more than half for the same amount.

Both, of course, claim to espouse the cause of labor, and both appear to be honest in their convictions. But, in truth, one of the candidates wants to continue the cause that helped to produce the present evil, while the other defends the wildest scheme of robbery ever proposed. Bryan offers a cure which would be worse than the disease; he prescribes a medicine that is deadly poison, and advocates a reform that strikes at the root of the ethics of national economy.

One of the most important signs of economical progress consists in the increase of the purchasing power of money. Inventions are made and new manufacturing establishments are established. A quicker and more easy exchange of goods transports these commodities to the markets where they are most in demand. More goods are manufactured with less toil. Thus commodities are cheapened while wages rise. Labor is lessened while the returns of labor increase. More skilled laborers are needed, and at the same time the chances of earning money increase. Therefore all economists count it a gain when money becomes dear; but Mr. Bryan proposes a new kind of political economy, according

to which that country would be most blest where as little as possible can be bought with the same amount of money; and to the masses, who can neither argue logically nor are familiar with the laws of economy, he makes his theory quite plausible. He said in one of his speeches in Cleveland:

"Now, you are told that you do not want cheap money. Well, those of you who produce more property than you do money, do not want cheap property either. How would it do to turn your attention from good money for awhile and fasten your eyes upon good grapes and good wheat and good corn? These are the things which you produce and convert into money, and when you make money dear you make your property cheap. Whenever you push money up you push property down."

For twenty years and more we have been increasing the purchasing price of the dollar by creating a new demand, and as the new demand has been created by law the purchasing power of an ounce of gold has been raised throughout the world. What is the effect? To the man who owns money and loans money, whose wealth is invested in dollars and in contracts payable in dollars, that legislation has been a good thing. What other class has been affected by it? The debtor. A man who has a certain amount of money to pay has to pay the debt by selling something which he produces, and if the price of his products has gone down it requires more of the products of toil to pay an amount of money sufficient to discharge that debt."

Mr. Bryan confounds labor and the products of labor. While a watchmaker about a century ago could make only one watch in a week, a limited number of mechanics can now turn out thousands of watches in the same time, and their wages are not only better than the wages of the watchmaker of the eighteenth century, but they buy with their dollar more of the necessities and conveniences of life. There can be no question about it that the average laborer now lives better than the average laborer in former ages. Wages upon the whole have risen and the purchasing power of money has increased. And this is what must be expected in the normal progress of civilisation. Mr. Bryan, however, would make us believe that the cheaper watches are, the more poorly must be the wages of the watchmaker.

In German the word *Theuring*, or dearness, which means a condition in which the necessities of life are dear, is equivalent with dearth and famine; and nothing is dreaded more by the people than a *Theuring*. Now there comes an apostle proclaiming a new dispensation that will produce a dearness of bread and fruit and all the commodities necessary to life. Bryan proposes to cast out devils by Beelzebub, the prince of devils; he would have us substitute a greater evil for a lesser evil.

An increase of the purchasing power of money is naturally accompanied by more varied and better facilities of earning money. The greater the demand for skilled labor, the better paid are the laborers of all kinds; and the cheaper the various commodities

are, the easier it is to save money. Dearness of commodities is always a lamentable condition.

The Western farmer struggles against great disadvantages because the price of his farming machinery is artificially raised by the high protective tariff, and also by the heavy freight rates which might be cheaper. But instead of removing the ills that oppress our Western farmers now, Mr. Bryan proposes a policy which would be most disastrous for the whole country, because it turns back the tide of progress. The mere fear of a debased currency has already changed bad times into hard times. Every enterprise is paralysed and all confidence in the world of business is weakened. Should our currency actually be debased, times will be so bad that our Western farmers will find it harder to pay back half the amount of their debts than in times of prosperity the double sum. While they are greatly suffering now, they will, under Bryan's régime, be reduced to starvation. Many laborers are kept idle during the present business stagnation; they will be reduced to the pauperism of a lower stage of civilisation if, under the new dispensation, they are paid in a debased currency with a lessened purchasing power.

Should our people seriously contemplate to trace back the advance made in the last half-century, they must at the same time be ready to readjust their stomachs to the fare of former days; otherwise we shall unfailingly have scarcity and famine. P. C.

A PILGRIMAGE TO BEETHOVEN.¹

BY RICHARD WAGNER.

[CONCLUDED.]

The momentous day on which I expected to meet Beethoven at last dawned. I waited impatiently for the proper hour for a morning call. It tolled at length and I went forth. The event of my life was about to happen. The thought of it made me quiver to my inmost being.

But I had a fearful ordeal yet to endure.

Sauntering at the door of Beethoven's house, my evil spirit coolly awaited me,—the Englishman! The wretch had been sowing his bribes right and left, and had at last corrupted even the host of our hotel. The latter had read Beethoven's unsealed lines to me, ere I had read them myself, and he had betrayed the contents to the Briton.

At the very sight of him, a cold perspiration started from all my pores. My poetic feeling vanished; the divine flame was quenched on the instant. Once more I was in his power.

"Come on!" thus the miserable man saluted me. "Let us introduce ourselves to Beethoven!"

I was first for throwing him off by recourse to a

¹ Translated from the German by O. W. Weyer.

lie, pretending that I was not on my way to Beethoven at all. But he quickly cut off every such avenue of escape. With the utmost candor he acquainted me with the manner in which he had gotten possession of my secret, and affirmed that he would not again leave me until we both came away from Beethoven together. Then I endeavored to have him relinquish his intentions; first by kindly remonstrance,—in vain! Then I worked myself into a passion,—in vain! Finally, thinking to avoid him by fleetness of foot, I sped by him like an arrow, up the long stairway, and pulled like a madman at the door-bell. Ere the door was opened, the gentleman was again upon me, grasped the tails of my coat and cried:

"Don't attempt to run away from me. I have a claim upon your coat-tails and I shall maintain my hold on them till we are face to face with Beethoven."

I turned indignantly about, attempting to release myself from his grasp. Indeed, I even felt tempted to protect my person against the proud son of Britannia with acts of bodily violence. But the door just then opened. An old housekeeper appeared; her visage grew dark as she perceived us in our strange attitude, and she made a hasty motion as if to close the door upon us. In my great anxiety I shouted my name loudly, and protested that I had come upon the invitation of Herr Beethoven.

The old dame was still wavering, for the Englishman's appearance seemed to her to justify quite a deal of doubt, when suddenly Beethoven himself appeared at the door of his cabinet. Taking advantage of the moment, I stepped quickly within, advancing toward the master with the intention of excusing myself. But in doing so, I pulled the Englishman along with me, for he still obstinately clung to me. He carried out his purpose and released his hold of me only when we stood face to face with Beethoven. I made a low bow and stammered forth my name. Although he very probably did not hear it, still he seemed to know that I was the one who had written to him. He bade me enter his apartments. And without paying the least attention to Beethoven's look of amazement, my companion slipped stealthily in after me.

Here I was,—within the inmost holy place. But the horrible embarrassment into which the incorrigible Briton had thrown me, robbed me of all the calmness and self-collection which I had need of to enjoy my good fortune in a worthy manner. And Beethoven's exterior, too, was by no means of a kind to impress one agreeably or to put one altogether at ease. His dress—for wear within doors—was quite untidy. He wore a red flannel cloth girt about his body. His long, coarse gray hair fell unkempt about his head. And his grim inamiable countenance was by no means calculated to put an end to the embarrassment I felt.

We took seats at a table covered with papers and quills.

Some moments of uncomfortable silence ensued. Neither of us spoke. Beethoven was plainly displeased at having received two persons instead of one.

At length, he broke the silence, asking me, in a voice that was grating and harsh:

"Are you from L . . . ?"

I was about to answer him, but he interrupted me, pushing a sheet of paper and a pencil toward me, and adding:

"Write! I do not hear!"

I knew of Beethoven's deafness and had prepared myself for it. Still it was like a stab through the heart to hear it in that harsh and broken voice of his, "I do not hear." To be solitary in the world, to live without joys and be poor, to know of no other escape from such a sordid life than that in the wondrous power of tones, and yet to have to say, "I do not hear!" Instantly, I understood completely the external appearance of Beethoven, the wretchedness so deeply graven in his cheeks, the gloomy vindictiveness in his glance, the taciturn defiance on his lips: *he did not hear!*

Confused and hardly knowing what I wrote, I wrote down an entreaty for his pardon, together with a short explanation of the circumstances which had led to my coming in the company of the Englishman. The latter, in the meantime, had been sitting mute and contented, opposite Beethoven, who, after reading my lines, turned with considerable asperity upon him, demanding what he wished.

"I have the honor—" the Briton was beginning.

"I don't understand you," exclaimed Beethoven quickly interrupting him. "I do not hear, and I speak with some difficulty, too. Write down what you wish of me."

The Englishman reflected a moment, finally drew a delicate, pretty little piece of musical manuscript from his pocket, and said to me:

"It is well. Write, I beg Herr Beethoven to scan over my composition. Wherever he finds a place in it which does not please him, he will have the kindness to mark it with a cross."

I wrote down his request, word for word, in the hope that thus I might get rid of him. And so it happened. Beethoven, when he had read the request, laid the Englishman's composition upon the table, smiling grimly the while; then nodded and said:

"I shall send it."

My foreign gentleman was very well content with that. He arose, performed a most particularly splendid and formal bow and took his leave. I drew a deep breath of relief,—he was gone!

Now, indeed, I felt that I was within the sanctu-

ary. Even Beethoven's lineaments visibly brightened. He gazed calmly at me for a moment, and began:

"I suppose the Briton has caused you a great deal of annoyance? Let us offer solace to each other. Long ago, these touring Englishmen succeeded in tormenting me to the quick. They come to-day to see a poor musician, just as to-morrow they will flock to stare at some rare animal. I am very sorry, indeed, to have mistaken you for one of them. You wrote that you take pleasure in my compositions. It is a pleasure to me to hear it. For I no longer care much whether my works please the crowd or not."

This familiarity of address soon dispelled the embarrassment which oppressed me. I felt a thrill of joy at hearing these simple words. I wrote that surely I was not the only one who was filled with ardent enthusiasm for every one of his creations. That, for instance, I desired nothing more keenly than that I might secure for my native city the good fortune of some day seeing him in their midst; and that he would then be very quickly convinced what a powerful impress upon the whole public his works made there.

"I am quite willing to believe," replied Beethoven, "that my compositions find a more ready welcome in Northern Germany than they do here. I often lose patience with the people of Vienna. They listen daily to too much poor stuff to be in the humor—for any considerable length of time—to take up serious work in a serious manner."

I felt like contradicting this assertion and told him that I had been at the performance of "Fidelio," the evening before, and how the Vienna public had received the opera with the most evident enthusiasm.

"Hm! Hm!" muttered the master. "The 'Fidelio!' And yet I know that these folk are now clapping their hands out of sheer vanity. They are possessed of the notion that, in revising this opera, I have followed their counsel only. They wish to reward me for the trouble I have been to, and so cry, 'Bravo!' They are a good-natured people, though not overschooled. That is why I prefer to live among them rather than among people who are scholarly. Does the 'Fidelio' please you in its present form?"

I gave him an account of the impressions which the performance had made upon me, and remarked that I thought the changes and additions had magnificently improved the work.

"A most disagreeable kind of labor!" rejoined Beethoven. "I am no composer of operas. At least, I know of no theatre in the world for which I should willingly write another opera. If I were to compose an opera after my own taste and views, people would run away from it. There would be no arias, duets, trios, nor any similar stuff in it, with which they patch operas together now-a-days. And that which I should

put in their stead no singer would consent to sing, no public be willing to hear. They all know nothing better than the glittering falsehood, brilliant nonsense, sweet-coated *ennui*. He who were to attempt a true musical drama would be looked upon as a fool. He would, in fact, be a fool, if, after composing such a drama, he did not jealously keep it a secret, but sought to bring it before the people."

"And how would he have to proceed?" I asked, "to create such a musical drama."

"As Shakespeare did when he wrote his pieces," was the almost impetuous answer. Then, more self-contained, he continued: "When one is compelled to make it the main object to bedeck women, who have passable voices, with all kinds of gaudy tinsel, with which to obtain the bravos and the applause of clapping hands, he ought to turn a Parisian *modiste*, rather than go on as a dramatic composer. I, for my part, am not cut out for such buffoonery. I know that, on this account, the smart people think that, while I may know something about instrumental music, I shall never be at home in the composition of vocal music. And they are right, since they mean by vocal music operatic music only. And may heaven preserve me from ever feeling at home in composing such nonsense."

I took the liberty, here, of asking him if he really believed that any one who had once heard his "Adelaide" would venture to deny to him a most splendid capacity for vocal music, too.

"Well," he replied after a short pause, "the 'Adelaide' and similar pieces may, perhaps, be looked upon as trifles which are always opportune to the professional *virtuosi*, offering them the means they long for to display their excellent training and art. But why should not vocal music form a great and serious class of music apart, as well as instrumental music? Such, that we might demand as much respect for it from the careless singing folk as, for instance, is exacted of an orchestra in rendering a symphony. The human voice is an irrepressible fact. Moreover, it is a far more beautiful and noble medium of tone than any instrument of the orchestra. Then why may we not employ it with the same independence with which we do the orchestra? Think what new effects we might secure by such a procedure. For the special character of the human voice, because it is so wholly different from the peculiar qualities of the instruments, could very readily be rendered prominent and easily followed, and would thus permit of producing the most manifold combinations. The instruments are, as it were, the representatives of the primal media of the tones of creation and nature. That which they express can never be clearly defined or fixed; for they reproduce the very primal emotions themselves, just as they

were born in the chaos of the first creation, when, perhaps, no such thing as a human being existed who could receive and give them an abiding place within his heart. The genius of the human voice is of an entirely different character. The human voice is the representative of the human heart and its sequestered, individual feeling. Its character is consequently limited, but at the same time definite and clear. Bring these two elemental classes together, now, and combine them! To the unrestrained primal emotions of nature, soaring away into the infinite (representing them by the instruments,) oppose the clear and determinate emotion of the human heart (representing it by the human voice). The presence of this latter element would have a benign and pacificatory effect upon the war of what I have styled nature's primal emotions; would give to their various and uncertain streams a fixed and united course. And, on its own side, in becoming receptive of these primal emotions of nature, the human heart, immeasurably strengthened and expanded, would become capable of perceiving clearly within itself the supreme,—theretofore felt but as an uncertain instinct, but now transformed into a divine consciousness."

Here Beethoven discontinued for a few moments, as though exhausted. Then he proceeded, sighing gently:—

"Of course, in attempting to solve this problem, we encounter many difficulties. To render expression in song, words are necessary. But who would be capable of expressing, in words, a poetry which is founded on such a union of all elements? The poet's art must retire before such a task: words are too weakly media for its performance.—You will, sir, soon see a new composition of mine, which will remind you of what I have just been saying. It is a symphony with choruses. I call your attention to the difficulty I met while composing it, in the effort to surmount the obstacle caused by the inadequacy of poetry when I sought its aid. I finally decided to use Schiller's beautiful hymn, *Ain die Freude*. This is, indeed, a noble and exalted poem, although it falls far short of expressing that to which, in this case, it is true, no verses in the world can give adequate expression."

To this very day I can hardly comprehend all the joy I felt as Beethoven thus himself assisted me, with these brief hints, to the thorough understanding of his titanic last symphony which was then, at most, but just finished, but as yet known to no one. I expressed my warmest gratitude for this surely most unusual condescension; giving utterance at the same time to the delight which his information afforded me that another great work of his might soon be expected. The tears had started to my eyes. I could have knelt before him.

Beethoven seemed to note my deep emotion. He looked at me, smiling half sadly, half mockingly, as he said:

"You can defend me when the discussion of my new work arises. Remember what I say: the wise folk will deem me mad, or at least hoot at me as such. But you see, Mr. R—, that I am not exactly a madman yet, although in other respects I am unfortunate enough to be one.—People demand that I shall write as *they* imagine it is beautiful and good; they do not consider that I, poor deaf wretch, must necessarily have peculiar ideas of my own,—that it is impossible for me to compose otherwise than as I feel. And that I cannot think their beautiful thoughts nor feel their nice feelings," he added ironically, "that is just my misfortune!"

With that he arose, and with short, rapid steps strode up and down the room. Deeply moved to my inmost being as I was, I, too, arose; I felt that I was trembling. Impossible it would have been for me to have continued the conversation, either in pantomime or in writing. I became conscious that now the moment had come when my visit, if protracted, might weary the master. To *write it down* seemed to me too vapid a manner of expressing my thanks and saying farewell. I contented myself with reaching for my hat, stepping before Beethoven, and letting him read in my glance what was passing within me.

He seemed to understand me.

"You are going?" he asked. "Shall you remain any length of time in Vienna?"

I wrote for him to read that I had no other purpose in making this journey than to become acquainted with him; that since he had honored me by according me such an unusual reception, I was beyond measure happy to view my object as accomplished, and should on the morrow begin my journey homeward.

He rejoined, with a smile: "In your letter you told me in what way you created the funds for this journey. You ought to remain at Vienna and continue your composition of galops. This class of music is highly esteemed here."

I declared that I was done with it for good; that I knew of nothing which could ever again appear worth the sacrifice.

"Well, well!" he rejoined, "time will tell. I, too, old simpleton that I am, would be better off if I composed galops. If I go on as I have been I shall always more or less be in want. A happy journey!" he continued. "Remember me, and in all the hardships you may encounter, console yourself with me."

Agitated and with tears in my eyes, I was about to take my leave, when he suddenly called to me: "Hold! let us finish off the musical Englishman first! Let us see where the crosses shall come!"

He seized the Briton's manuscript, scanned it hastily over, smiling the while. Then he carefully gathered it together again, rolled it up in a sheet of paper, grasped a coarse pen, and drew a colossal cross over the whole wrapping. Then he handed it to me, with the words:—

"There! kindly hand the lucky fellow his masterpiece! He is an ass, and yet I envy him his long ears!—Farewell, dear sir, and keep me in kind remembrance!"

Then he let me go. I was overcome as I left the room and the house.

* * *

In the hotel, I came across the Englishman's serving man packing away his master's trunks in the travelling coach. Evidently his object had been attained, too; I was forced to admit that he also had shown pertinacity. I hurried to my room and likewise got ready to begin my return journey afoot, with the dawn of the coming day. I laughed aloud as I gazed at the cross upon the wrapping round the Englishman's composition. And yet this cross was a souvenir of Beethoven, and I was loth that the evil spirit of my pilgrimage should possess it. I came to a quick decision, I took the wrapping off, brought out my galops and hid them away in this damning cover. I had the Englishman's composition taken to him without any cover, and accompanied it with a note in which I informed him that Beethoven had envied him and had affirmed he knew not a single spot at which to make a cross.

As I was leaving the hotel, I saw my quondam companion getting into his wagon.

"Farewell!" he called to me. "You have done me a great service. I am very glad to have made the acquaintance of Mr. Beethoven.—Would you like to go with me to Italy?"

"What are you looking for there?" I asked in reply.

"I want to make the acquaintance of Mr. Rossini. For he is a very celebrated composer."

"Good luck!" I cried. "I know Beethoven. That is enough for me so long as I live!"

We separated. I threw yet one yearning glance at Beethoven's house and journeyed toward the North, in my heart exalted and ennobled.

THE RIGHT TO BE A MILLIONAIRE.

BY F. M. HOLLAND.

The author of "A Parisian in America" tells us that this is "the country of millionaires," and that we have more than thirty-six thousand already. There are quite enough of them, at all events, to take care of themselves without help of mine; but we ought, in justice to ourselves, to rise to broader views of the rich than are often presented in the name of reform.

It is well to remember whose generosity gave us most of our public libraries, colleges, parks, and picture-galleries, and whose money has adorned our cities with so many handsome buildings. Think of the hospitals and asylums which bear the names of wealthy founders. Our public schools have been greatly improved of late by the introduction of systematic training of hand and eye as an additional way to develop the brain. Instruction in cooking, drawing, modeling, and use of various tools has been found to assist the growth of mental power. This reform was the work of a few wealthy women, who engaged teachers, opened rooms, and collected pupils, amid the indifference of school committees and the opposition of regular instructors employed in the public schools. If you wish to see manual training at its best to-day you must go to costly buildings erected and equipped by rich individuals. The purification of our politics, especially of municipal government, has been achieved by clubs of wealthy men in our large cities; and what has just been organized as pre-eminently the poor man's party has declared itself against retention of office during good behavior. The abolition of slavery was largely due to wealthy philanthropists like Gerrit Smith, Wendell Phillips, Charles Sumner and others, who helped pay the expenses of papers which had not subscribers enough to be self-supporting. Rich manufacturers took the lead in abolishing the Corn Laws, while many of the workingmen cared only for Chartism, or were active protectionists. Jesus is by no means the only reformer who has found rich men stand by him when the fishermen fled and the populace shouted "Crucify!" In Emerson's lecture on "The Conservative" there is a story of a monk who goes to Rome to reform the corruption of mankind. He has been praying that God would destroy the rich; but he finds they are so generous and conscientious that the best thing he can do is to go back to his cell.

The Western farmer has been so unfortunate that we can scarcely wonder at his readiness to join the crusade against gold-bugs and millionaires. When he becomes prosperous again he will find himself attacked according to his own principles by the landless followers of Henry George. The millionaire is not the only owner of property whose right is being called in question by agitators. Who can tell where they will stop? Their most logical position is the well-known one that, as all wealth is the fruit of labor, it all belongs to the workingman. It would be doing great injustice to this theory to suppose that it applies to no one but millionaires. Its author, Karl Marx, and other leading socialists, acknowledged that a legitimate application of the great principle was made in 1871, when the workmen of Paris took its government into their own hands in order to emancipate themselves from the au-

thority of every one richer than themselves. With this purpose they plundered their neighbors systematically, fought month after month against the soldiers of the Republic, murdered prisoners wantonly, and reduced priceless gems of architecture to ashes. Was this a conflict between the claims of property-holders generally and the right of the workingman? And has the latter a right to all the wealth? If no one has a right to be a millionaire, what right has any man to own a farm or carry on a store for his own benefit or taken rent for a house? All these rights are actually denied by socialists. What is just?

Suppose a sculptor sends a model of a statue to a foundry, where it is cast into bronze. It turns out to be such a marvel of beauty that he sells it for \$10,000. Would the workmen in the foundry have a right to say to him: "We want our share of that money. It is the fruit of labor, and we have each of us worked much harder at the job than you did?" The sculptor might very properly reply: "You have had your wages already. You worked no harder on my model than on the one which you cast just before. That statue is worth only the metal in it. It took quite as much muscle to model and cast it as my statue did. The price I got is the wages for the brains I used in the work." Suppose, again, that these workmen leave the studio of the artist, go to the office of the proprietor of the foundry and say to him: "You got more money from the man who made that model than you paid to us. We want our full share." He might answer: "The man that ran this foundry before I bought it paid you less than I do per man, and made you work just as hard. He managed so badly that he had to sell out at a loss. I know how to turn out better castings at less expense for metals and machinery, and I don't lose by bad debts as he did. I make more money than he, but it is not because you are paid less or worked harder. The foundry is more valuable than it was before, but it's because I know how to run it. The output is worth more than it ever was, and I have a right to all I earn by making it so. If I could not make my capital and skill pay in this country I should take them to Europe." The man who could honestly speak thus, and who has the skill to run a factory, or railroad, or any other great enterprise at a profit, without wronging either his workmen or his customers, has a right to be a millionaire. He is not the enemy of his country, but a public benefactor. He is keeping goods plenty and wages high. He has a just title to the wealth which he creates.

Much of the last paragraph was suggested by Mallock's *Labor and the Popular Welfare*. This book states the fact that the annual amount of wealth produced in England at present is more than twice as large in proportion to population as it was a hundred

years ago. Muscular and manual labor would not be more productive now than in the last century, if it were not better guided by men of practical ability, as well as more profitably aided by machinery which such men have invented. The inference is that this increase of wealth is not so much the work of muscle as of mind. It is brains rather than hands which have made England rich. Mr. Mallock's estimate is that very nearly two-thirds of the national income is now produced by men of practical ability, who form only one-sixteenth of "the producing classes."

The state of things cannot be very different in this country, where the total wealth amounts at present, according to Carroll D. Wright, to about \$1,000 for every man, woman, and child. This is four times the proportion given by the census of 1820. The workman has had his full share of all this gain. His wages have doubled, but his expenses have not greatly increased. He does not owe this improvement so much to his comrades as to the inventors of looms, reapers, mowers, and other labor-saving machines, to the builders of railroads and steamships, to the managers of mines and factories, and to other men whose brains have enabled muscle to earn such wages as it never did before. No wonder that many of these men have made themselves millionaires. Our business men are too intelligent to permit any one to make much money in ways which benefit only himself. The fact that an American raises himself from poverty to opulence is presumptive proof that he has done more good than harm to his fellow citizens. They would have had no dealings with him otherwise.

We ought, I think, to admit the right of mind to make more money than muscle; and it is impossible to say where the difference should stop. The man whose ability makes the labor of thousands of operatives much more profitable to themselves, and also to the whole country, than it could otherwise be, has a right to a large share of the profit. I see no way of determining how large his share ought to be except by the laws of supply and demand. If he charges too much to his customers they will buy goods elsewhere unless prevented by trusts and tariffs. If the employer pays too little to his men there is no law to hinder them from going to work elsewhere. Of course, no man has a right to make himself a millionaire by cheating either workmen or customers, or by perverting legislation for the benefit of his mine or factory to the public loss. No man has a right to make any sum of money, however small, by such dishonesty. It is further the duty of the millionaire to obey the laws, to be generous to the needy, to help all who try to help themselves, and to set a good example otherwise. These conditions limit the right of a millionaire to make money, and so they do that of every farmer, or

tradesman, or mechanic. In short, the right to be a millionaire rests on precisely the same foundation as the right to lay up money to any amount, however small. If we further allow the right of children to receive money by bequest from parents who made even a few hundred dollars, we must also admit the right of inheriting millions. The rights of all holders of property are bound together so closely that they must all be accepted or rejected together.

Knowledge of this fact made the London shopkeepers help the nobles and merchant princes defeat the Chartists in 1848. So the peasants, who owned land in France, were as eager as the bankers and manufacturers to put down the socialists, who had hoisted the red flag over the barricades in Paris in 1871. And the new crusaders for the silver standard will find themselves hopelessly in the minority as soon as our people come to understand the real solidarity of all interests, whether of rich or poor, of farmer or banker, of wage-earner or employer, in America.

"CURRENT TOPICS."

Gen. M. M. Trumbull wrote in his "Current Topics" of 1893 (July 13) as follows:

"There is a good deal of headache in the Silver Question for any man who is foolish enough to study it. I have been devoting myself to it for some time, but like the man in the maze, the farther I travel the more bewildered I am. After studying the plan of some famous Money Doctor until I think I understand the subject pretty well, another M. D. comes along and shows me that his rival is a quack, incurably wrong in his diagnosis of the case, and in his financial therapeutics too. The only thing about it that I know with certainty is that the country is in a very bad way owing to a superabundance of silver, and some other natural aptitudes and opportunities; a sunshine too creative, and a soil too rich, an oppressive affluence of corn, and wine, and oil, with too much coal in the underground cellar filled by Nature millions of years ago. It may seem to be irreverent, but according to the Doctors of Money we are afflicted with too many good things, and for this exuberance of blessings they tell us Divine Providence is not altogether free from blame. In spite of legislative efforts to diminish the gifts of God, and to impair the energies of men, the productive activities of the earth never cease; the mountains of silver in the West continue to yield their bounties, the land is all resplendent with a carpet of golden grain, and still we can hear the corn grow. Substituting the puny laws of men for the munificent scheme of Nature, the Doctors of Money teach us an inverted system of economy. They tell us that the harvest of the mines, the factories, and the fields is too abundant, and that this is the beginning of our national distress. There must be a fallacy in that argument, for although individual persons may have too little of Nature's blessings, the whole community never can have too much.

"If those distressing superfluities are not limited in some effectual way by statesmanship, I fear that I shall have solid silver spoons upon my table, instead of the bits of plated iron that I am using now; and lest it may seem that in the foregoing paragraph I have rebuked an imaginary theory that has no existence, I will quote a few sentences from a leading article that appeared last Monday in a Chicago newspaper of great circulation and authority. Speaking of the silver-miners and their enormous har-

vest, the editor said: 'It is a calamity to these people that over-production has caused not only stagnation, but a stoppage in the sales of the main product of the territory where they live.' This is an exaggeration, for the stoppage is not of sales, but of sales at the high prices, which it is the business of abundance to diminish. The editor then pities them for the dazzling richness of their store, as if they were a caravan of overlaiden camels, and he says: 'They are entitled to respect and sympathy in this adverse period.' After that he consoles them by the statement that other industries are suffering from a similar calamity. He says: 'Producers in the wheat belts, in the corn belt, and in the cotton belt have suffered from too abundant harvests.' To make that convincing, he should have shown how the producers in the tobacco belt, and the sugar belt, and the peanut belt, and the eggs and chickens belt, had prospered from a meagre harvest and a diminutive supply. We do not need a political education to convince us that abundance is not a 'calamity.' Moral intuition teaches us that mankind cannot have too much of either health or wealth, and that the gospel of scarcity is false."

NOTES.

Christian Literature for August, 1896, contains the sixth instalment of a scholarly series of essays by Prof. B. B. Warfield on "Augustine and the Pelagian Controversy." The remaining articles are reprints from contemporary theological and religious literature, and seem to stamp the periodical as eclectic in character. Students and readers of ecclesiastical history would do well to consult the book-lists of this Company. (*Christian Literature Co.*, 13 Astor Place, New York.)

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JACQUES GRUET, CALVIN'S ETHICAL VICTIM.

BY MONCURE D. CONWAY.

I.

ALTHOUGH the martyrdom of Gruet was the protestant crime, it has never been related in the English language. Two or three biographers of Calvin have touched on it just far enough to illustrate the characteristic casuistry of their saint's defenders; they have tried to lay the guilt of Gruet's execution on the Council of Geneva, which tried to save him, or on the cruelty of the time and place, which really were merciful, and with various subterfuges to relieve the actual criminal. A more curious fact is that not even the opponents of Calvinism—not the Unitarians who have said so much about Calvin's later victim, Servetus—have paid attention to the case of Gruet. The significance of this silence seems to be that Gruet was slain solely for his ethical heresies, and it is tacitly conceded that whatever may be said of Calvin's theology, his moral code was of such perfection that any head venturing to question it might justly be cut off. But now an age of ethical inquiry has arrived; it is time to look up our early moral Protestants and ethical martyrs; and having lately got hold of a quarto printed at Geneva ten years ago, containing the documents connected with Gruet's case, edited by Henri Fazy, from the archives there, I am able to tell, for the first time in English, the tragical story of Gruet.

In the early sixteenth century there was in Geneva as refined and cultured a society as any in Europe. The lifting of the papal yoke made Geneva a republic and gave it a grand impulse morally and intellectually; there were all manner of discussions and speculations—nationalist, socialist, utopian—but no acrimony nor intolerance. There was an association called "The Patriots," much interested in social problems, and another called "Spirituals," whose views remarkably anticipated those of the Emersonians in New England. They were related to a large fraternity in Europe called "Brethren of the Free Spirit," who maintained that the spirit of man is the divine spirit, and were especially interested in ethical culture. They were generally scholarly people of high character who perceived that the revolution in the Church of Rome involved a liberation from monastic morality—a new

moral world. Amid all these intellectual activities grew Jacques Gruet, a member of the ancient aristocracy of Geneva, a fine scholar, something of a poet, an idealist, but with a passion for dialectics. He was a brave, manly youth, universally beloved, and the only offence against morals ever brought against him was—dancing at a wedding!

The absolutism of Calvin as Minister of Geneva was first felt by the astounding raid made on the dancers at the fashionable wedding just alluded to. The lady in whose house the festivity occurred (1546) was the wife of a high officer; she was thrown into prison and several of her guests also, among these being Gruet. These imprisonments were brief (three days), but they were inflicted on persons of social distinction and of high character. That Calvin was the prime mover in the affair was not at first known, but it was soon discovered through a public denunciation of young Gruet, which he made from the pulpit. Gruet was seated quietly in the congregation, during the Sunday service, and was amazed at hearing his name uttered by the minister, and himself described as "*meschant et balafré*," wicked and—what? *Balafré* means "gashed" or "slashed," and it seems to have been a reference to a fashion shortly before introduced of cutting the trousers with a small opening at the knee. Calvin induced the municipal council to enact a decree against slashed trousers, "not," as he wrote to Farel, "that we cared about the thing itself, but because we saw through the chinks of those breeches a door would be opened to all sorts of profusion and luxury." Such were the petty oppressions with which John Calvin occupied himself for years at Geneva. A system of espionage into the smallest affairs of personal life was among his first "Institutes" of religion. People were forbidden to give their children any name that had ever been borne by a Catholic saint. A man was imprisoned for naming his son Claude after Calvin had ordered the child to be named Abraham. These things caused resentment among the citizens, and their comments brought on a reign of terror. An eminent gentleman named De la Mar, conversing with a small group, remarked that Calvin was "a man of great intellect and virtues, but governed by his passions, impatient, full of hatred, and if he once takes a spite

against a man never forgives." Another of the group, M. Ameaux, said he thought Calvin a bad man and his preaching false. Both remarks were overheard by the Minister's spy; both speakers were thrown into prison, and Ameaux was compelled to walk through the city in his shirt, carrying a lighted torch, and ask the Minister's pardon kneeling in the street.

Gruet did not get off so easily as that. After hearing himself denounced from the pulpit as "*meschant et balafré*" the young man, as he was leaving church, made an angry remark about such personalities as "unfit for the pulpit," a remark conveyed, of course, to the Minister, who had already fixed on the unconscious youth an evil eye. For this there were reasons stronger than the dancing incident. Gruet does not appear to have been a member of the associations in Geneva—"The Patriots" and the "Spirituals"—but he was regarded by them as the intellectual representative of their ideas and aims. He spoke at their meetings, and being, in addition to his brilliant genius, a man of independent means and of aristocratic birth, his influence was not favorable to the Protestant pope-dom which the Minister sought to establish. Calvin bitterly complained that so many absented themselves from church; he once tried to frighten them by a startling story of a man who, because he did not go to church, was carried off by the Devil and pitched into the river, and was furious because this tale was laughed at. The generally enlightened citizens preferred their progressive orators to sombre expositions of election and reprobation, and Jacques Gruet was their natural leader. It is evident that Calvin had long marked Gruet for destruction. Unfortunately the inquisitorial régime had left behind a number of statutes and methods, not yet repealed but supposed obsolete, which the Minister determined to refurbish. Still more unfortunately, the City Council was composed of weak men, quite unable to resist the man of blood and iron who had become their Minister, and who was able to show in his Bible a text for every oppression and cruelty his pious malice could devise. But Calvin pursued his purposes cautiously and deliberately. With regard to Gruet he awaited his opportunity, and it came.

The frantic rage into which Calvin's petty oppressions had thrown the Genevois found expression one day (June 27, 1547) in a written menace nailed on the door of St. Peter's Church:

"Big Paunch, you and your Companions had better keep silence; if you irritate us too much, none shall prevent our silencing you. You will curse the hour you left your monkery. You will speedily come to the end of your denunciations, f— priests, renegades who come here to ruin everything. When people have endured enough, they take revenge. Take

care that you do not meet a fate like that of M. Verli at Freiburg. We will not have so many masters. Mark well what I say!" [Verli had been slain in a street quarrel.]

"Big Paunch" could not have been addressed to meagre Calvin, but may have been meant for one of his spies. The coarse menace was not, as Calvin privately wrote to Viret, written by Gruet,—nothing could be more unlike him,—yet Gruet was at once arrested, and he alone. For there was now a long score to settle with Gruet, who, without having said anything against the Minister personally, had been freely affirming the principles of personal liberty and moral freedom. His views were precisely similar to those maintained by Wilhelm von Humboldt, Herbert Spencer, and Mill, in our own time; they had been adopted by the clubs, and especially by the "Spirituals," whom Calvin labelled "Libertines." Gruet and his circle maintained that neither Minister nor Magistrate had anything whatever to do with private conduct; their right of interference arose only where individual conduct injured the equal rights of another, or the actual interests (not the mere opinions) of the community. No theological heresy was charged against Gruet in the indictment on which he was tried. Calvin was far-seeing enough to recognise that there was growing up in Geneva, the most influential centre of the "Reformation," an ethical revolution which would entirely destroy the biblical and patriarchal theocracy which he and his French lieutenants meant to establish in place of the Papacy. The ethical movement related to the freedom declared by the Reformation was what Calvin resolved to arrest, and did arrest in the person of Jacques Gruet.

Gruet, though unmarried, had a fine mansion and library. The only questionable books found therein were two by Lucian. Among the manuscripts seized were several notes in neat Latin, drafts of letters, and entries in a commonplace book. In one letter he speaks of the "Bishop of Ascoli" (phrase for a great hypocrite), who "wishes to be adored as a Pope" and "to be in the place of the Grand Turk" (phrase for the king of France). Although Calvin was not named, everybody, including himself, assigned the cap to his head. In another letter he counsels a friend against melancholy, and says, "man has no worse enemy than man;" he also advises his friend "never to bend to the will of one man, however able." An entry was, "One should be a servant of God alone and live joyously." Another (in Latin): "All that are called laws, both human and divine, are for the happiness of men."

I have said that no charge of theological heresy was made against Gruet. Yet there was found the following entry in his commonplace book: "The

world is eternal. Moses could not have known positively all that he has related about the creation. There is neither paradise nor hell. All that is in man dies with the body. The Christian religion is a fable." When asked about this at his trial, Gruet said that it was his habit to write down what struck him, and some time afterwards recur to it, when he might find it true or false. Calvin privately wrote to a correspondent that this heretical passage was a quotation from a book in which he had seen it, but he did not say this publicly nor to the magistrates, whom he was willing to leave under an impression that Gruet was an "infidel." Yet Calvin was artistic in his deadly purpose; he did not desire at that moment a theologically heretical victim, but an ethical one; he meant to terrorise the moral and social reformers. Consequently the prosecutor did not emphasise the heretical entry, but left it to have its silent weight. Nevertheless it did not have much weight, and there was little else to be cited against Gruet. He admitted that he had spoken of Calvin as a "raillard," after his own denunciation in the pulpit; he admitted the views he had asserted about personal liberty; and there was only one point at which his courage broke down: he agreed that the law ought to suppress dancing! One may note in this item the horror in which the early Calvinists held this innocent and healthy amusement, and realise the tremendous forces which transmitted that strange hostility to some in our own time.

Gruet had already been punished for his dancing, and his surrender on that point left little else for the prosecution to bring against him. He utterly denied any complicity with the threatening placard which had caused his arrest. The prosecution admitted that there was no evidence connecting Gruet with it, and the case was about to be withdrawn. But Calvin would not allow his victim to escape. He sent to the Council a demand that, for the honor of God, the hand of Justice should fall on the many calumniators of both magistrates and preachers, and that the prosecution of one who had spoken against him (Calvin) should be pursued and further information elicited. This was really the death sentence on Gruet. "It is now," wrote Calvin to Viret, "the moment for us to fight seriously."

A BUDDHIST TRACT.

During the World's Fair the interest taken in other religions, especially in Buddhism, grew to such an extraordinary degree that some Christians began to fear for Christianity and tried to counteract the favorable impression which the foreign delegates had made on the Chicago public. The idea prevailed that missionary work was redundant because the followers of

Buddha, Zoroaster, Mohammed, and Confucius were on a par with the followers of Jesus Christ, and no longer needed the Gospel. To counteract the evil influence of this opinion, a leaflet was published for distribution at the entrance of the Art Palace, in which the Religious Parliament was being held. The leaflet fell into my hands, and, being of extraordinary interest, I cannot help calling attention to it, and shall be glad to contribute my share to its wide circulation¹.

The leaflet contains the reprint of a Chinese placard, being a religious tract that exhorts men to conversion. The occasion on which the placard was produced is described in *The Far East*, as follows:

"Gan-kin was full of death. There was a great drought. No rain had fallen for six months. The city was parched and dry. Foul odors and pestilential gases, resulting from indescribably unsanitary conditions, bred fevers and cholera and death. There was no water to wash in, and hardly any to drink. The children died. The beasts died. The people died. The crops failed. Famine threatened the city. Who was to blame? Above all, who was to help?

"Kaolaishan, disciple of Buddha, had an inspiration. The Buddhist priest Che had spoken. Gan-kin had forgotten his words; this miserable state of things was quite to be expected; but the town should remember once more. If he were to remind Gan-kin it would be an act of merit. He would gain. The town would gain. He might avert the famine.

"And so it came to pass that the words of the Buddhist priest Che were once more in vogue at Gan-kin. Kaolaishan did his work thoroughly. He printed a large tract. It was three feet long and one and one-half feet wide. It was posted up on the walls and distributed by thousands. Everybody who could read, read it. Everybody who could pray, prayed it. It enjoined a constant repetition of Buddha's name. His name was repeated innumerable times, for could not his name avail to avert the famine?

"The central figure on the sheet was that of the Buddhist priest. The lines of his garments were ingeniously contrived in readable characters. Three rows of dots on his shaven head showed the marks of his ordination. For every bead on the rosary in his hand he was supposed to repeat Buddha's name or a prayer. A coffin and a skeleton at the foot of the sheet represented death—a subject on which the Buddhist priest had thought.

The leaflet reproduces in fac-simile on a reduced scale the Chinese placard, and offers a literal translation of its contents, neglecting, however, the poetic measure and the rhyme, and showing sometimes a lack of tact in the choice of words. But the translation is clear enough to render the sense and give a fair impression of the religious spirit of the original.

The motive of the publication is "to let Buddhism speak for itself." The author of the tract says:

"Buddhism is the faith of millions to-day. Are we to believe that this faith, evolved by the ages in the process of religious development, exactly suits the requirements of these millions, and that all efforts for their evangelisation are ill-judged and unreasonable attempts to foist a foreign faith upon people who do not need it any more than they need foreign clothes? Or are we to number them among 'the ignorant and those that are out of the way,'

¹ The leaflets can be had at five cents each, ten for 25 cents, or \$1.50 per hundred, from W. E. B., 332 Lake Street, Oak Park, Illinois.

upon whom the Christ of God had compassion, whom He has died to redeem, and to whom we are responsible to carry the glad tidings of His great love and great salvation?"

* * *

Before entering into the contents of the Buddhist tract a few remarks concerning missions will not be out of place. Missions are highly recommendable. They are in themselves a good thing and ought to be continued with vigor and enthusiasm. That religion is dead which does not missionarise. No worse objection can be made to the free thinkers of to-day, who frequently boast of representing the world-conception of the cultured and the intelligent, than their utter want of the missionarising spirit. Free thought can become worthy of consideration only when it begins to missionarise. So long as freethinkers do not bring sacrifices for a wide propagation of their views their faith is plainly of a negative kind. A positive faith always engenders an enthusiasm to spread it. Missionarising, far from being "ill-judged and unreasonable" is a sure symptom of the life that is in a religion. But while missions ought to be encouraged, we ought to spread at the same time the right spirit of missionarising.

The missionary who wants to spread his faith must not revile the people whom he wants to convert. He must not distort nor misrepresent their religious views, and not unnecessarily desecrate what is sacred to them. There are Christians among whom the opinion prevails that the good qualities of pagan religions are an obstacle to Christianity. Whenever such views obtain it is a sure sign that the right missionary spirit is missing. Let a missionary always look for the good sides of other religions, and let him carefully search for all the points of contact. Only by utilising the good in paganism, only by gaining the sympathy of the pagans can Christianity hope to conquer.

When St. Paul came to Athens he did not revile the Greek gods. On the contrary, he looked for some point of contact, and found it at last in an inscription written upon the altar dedicated to the Unknown God. Praising the scrupulous and conscientious religiosity of the Athenians, he proceeded to preach to them the Unknown God whom they had unwittingly worshipped.

There is a papal brief still extant written by Gregory the Great in the year 601, and addressed to the missionary monk Augustine, in which the policy of a very ingenious method of missionarising is outlined. The Pope was apparently a practical psychologist who knew how to treat men and make innovations acceptable. Whatever criticism may be made on the Pope's advice as being a kind of compromise with paganism, it certainly shows great keenness and good judgment. The success of his missionaries in England was a good

evidence of the cleverness of his methods. Churches were built right on the shrines and sanctuaries of the old gods, and the festivals were continued under Christian names. Pope Gregory says:

"Because they (the Anglo-Saxons) are wont to slaughter at the feasts of the devils (i. e., of the pagan gods) many oxen and horses, it is decidedly necessary to let these feasts be continued and have another *raison d'être* given them. On kirmess and on the commemoration days of the holy martyrs, whose relics are preserved in those churches which are built on the spots of pagan fanes, a similar feast shall be celebrated; the festive place shall be decorated with green boughs and a church sociable shall be held. Only the slaughter of animals shall no longer be held in honor of Satan, but in praise of God, and the animals shall be slaughtered for the sake of eating them, and thanks shall be given for the gift to the giver of all goods."¹

Gregory advises not to destroy the pagan temples, but to transform them into churches. He urges the adoption, as much as possible, of pagan rites, and the substitution of the names of saints for the names of heroes and gods. In the same spirit Bishop Daniel writes to Winfrid, commonly called Boniface, to be (Epist. xiv., 99) tolerant, patient, and to avoid all obfuscation lest the pagans be embittered. A missionary should not at once repudiate the genealogies of the gods, but should rather use them to prove their human character. He should propose questions which would set the pagans to thinking about the origin of the world and the origin of the gods, whence the gods came and what be the origin of the first god, whether they continue to generate new gods, and if not, when they had discontinued increasing, and, if they continued increasing, whether their number would by and by be infinite.

Leo the Great utilised the pagan art of Rome for Christian art. He changed the statue of Jupiter into St. Peter, and the goddess Anna Perenna became St. Anna Petronella, who is still worshipped in the Campagna. And the Christian missionaries instituted the Pope's method. The Teutonic eschatology of Muspilli, which is the destruction of the world by fire, was Christianised by German converts in a poem where Elijah and other saints and archangels take the place of the Teutonic gods, whose original features are unmistakably preserved.

This method of missionarising had its serious drawbacks, and led for a time to a great confusion of Christian and pagan beliefs. Thus the Danish king, Suen Tiesking, when starting on an expedition to England, made a treble vow to the god Bragafull, to Christ, and to St. Michael. And we read of Ketil, an Irish warrior, who in all ordinary cases called upon Christ, but whenever there was a matter of grave importance he addressed himself to Thor.² It is true that many

¹ See Beda Venerabilis, Hist. Eccles. Britorum, I, Chap. 30.

² Roskoff, *Geschichte des Teufels*, Vol. II., pp. 10-13.

pagan institutions and customs survived, but after all in the long run the evil influences were overcome, and the good only remained. A pagan festival, the Yuletide, has now become the most celebrated Christian feast, bearing the name Christmas, and Christianity was not the loser by it.

I do not mean to say that Christian missionaries should temporise with heathen error or compromise with heathen institutions; not at all; I only mean to say that Christian missionaries should not imitate St. Augustine's maxim, who regarded all virtues of the pagans as shining vices, but that they should joyously recognise and hail everything good in pagan religions. I simply stand up for rigid justice, and would demand of every missionary a sympathetic comprehension of that religion which the people to whom he is sent have embraced.

Are there not many institutions, moral convictions, habits and modes of thought in pagan countries which are unnecessarily antagonised by our missionaries? Should not Christian missionaries, in order to be successful, first of all have regard for the religious views which they intend to overthrow? Should they not recognise the noble aspirations of pagan saints and prophets, such as Buddha and Confucius? It would be better for Christianity if the pagan nations themselves began to send missionaries to Christian countries. For there is nothing more spiritually healthful than a severe competition among those who cherish the confidence of having found the truth.

We regret to say that the spirit in which the missionary addresses unbelievers is, upon the whole, offensive. He comes to non-Christians like an enemy who wants to destroy that which they regard as the highest and best, and the result is that they only gain converts of the lowest type, who become converted solely for the sake of worldly advantages and are a disgrace to the religion to which they become affiliated.

The proper spirit for a missionary would be to go to unbelievers, to reside among them in their own style of living and give them a practical example of his views of life. He should go to other countries and inquire into the significance of the people's religious convictions. He should say to them, "The people of our country are interested in your welfare and in your conceptions of truth. Please let me know what you believe, and when you have told me what you believe I will, if you are willing to listen to me, tell you what we believe. We believe that we are right and you believe that you are right. Let us compare our views, and whatever I can learn from you I wish to learn, and, *vice versa*, I expect that whatever you can learn from me you will consider, and, whatever the truth may be, we shall both be glad to accept it." If mis-

sionaries come in this spirit to other countries Christianity will no longer be identified with beef eating in China and with liquor drinking in India. There would be no prosecution. Missionaries could without fear of danger enter into the remotest corners of China. They would not be hated, but would be welcomed, and we hope that a time will come when all religions will exchange missionaries in the same way that the government of our nation sends ambassadors to other nations and in turn receives their representatives.

* * *

But let us return to the subject from which we started. The little Buddhist tract, translated for the purpose of ridiculing Buddhism, is apparently a gem of religious poetry, and many passages of it might grace any Christian hymn-book if they were only cast into an elegant literary form.

The title of the whole reads: "Tract Exhorting All Men to Invoke Buddha's Name." It consists of several parts. The first of it is a religious hymn on the vanity of all things, composed by the Buddhist priest Che, and reads, according to the translation before me as follows:

"It is good to reform; it is good to reform,
The things of the world will be all swept away.
Let others be busy while buried in care,
My mind, all unvexed, shall be pure.

"They covet all day long, and when are they satisfied?
They only regret that the wealth of the family is small,
They are clearly but puppets held up by a string,
When the string breaks they come down with a run.

"In the domain of death there is neither great nor small,
They use not gold nor silver and need not precious things,
There is no distinction made between mean and ignoble, ruler
and prince.

"Every year many are buried beneath the fragrant grass;
Look at the red sun setting behind the western hills.
Before you are aware the cock crows and it is daylight again.

"Speedily reform. Do not say: 'It is early,'
The smallest child easily becomes old.
Your talent reaches to the dipper (in the heavens).
Your wealth fills a thousand chests.
[But consider that] the consequences of your actions will follow
you in future time¹.

"It is good to exhort people to reform.
To become vegetarian², and invoke Buddha's name is a precious
thing you can carry with you.
It may be seen that wealth and reputation are vain.
You cannot do better than to invoke Buddha's name."

¹This line deviates from the copy before me. The translator has somehow misunderstood the original Chinese, and translates "your patrimony follows you, when will you be satisfied?" The rendering as given above is on the authority of Mr. K. Tanaka, a Japanese student of philosophy at the University of Chicago.

²The Chinese, speaking generally, are, as a nation, vegetarians. Frequently this is a matter of necessity with them, but when strict Buddhists they abstain from animal food from religious motives.

"There is, there is; there is not, there is not; yet we are troubled.
We labor, we toil; when do we rest?
Man born is like a winding stream;
The affairs of the world are heaped up mountain high.
From of old, from of old, and now, and now, many return to
their original.

The poor, the poor, the rich, the rich, change places.
We pass the time as a matter of course;
The bitter, the bitter, the sweet, the sweet, their destiny is the
same."

* * *

"To covet profit and seek reputation the world over
Is not so good as (to wear) a ragged priest's garment, and be
found among the Buddhists.

A caged fowl has food, but the gravy pot is near.
The wild crane has no grain, but heaven and earth are his.

"It is difficult to retain wealth and fame for a hundred years,
Transmigration of souls continually causes change.
I exhort you, gentlemen, to speedily seek some way of reform-
ing your conduct.

A man (being) once lost, a million ages (of suffering) will be
hard to bear."

* * *

"A solitary lamp illumines the darkness of the night,
You get into bed, take off your socks and shoes;
Your three spirits and seven guardian angels turn and follow
your dreams,

Whether they will come back in the morning light is uncertain."

* * *

"To be forgotten, grow old, and die of disease is a bitter thing,
But who has not (this)?
If you do not invoke Amitābha Buddha, how can you escape
punishment."

* * *

"Villainous devices, treacherous evil, hidden poison, false re-
joicing,

Forgetting favors, crossing the river and then breaking the bridge
(i. e., to serve oneself at the expense of others),

Losing all conscience, deceiving one's own heart; one that has
done these things will live with the king of Hell.

He that has said good-bye to conscience, finds it even now dif-
ficult

To escape the punishment of the knife-hill and oil pot.

Houses, gold and silver, land, wife, family,

Grace and love, rank and lust, all are VAIN¹."

[Now the Buddhist priest addresses the skeleton :—]

"How can you, sir, carry all things away with you?
A few layers of yellow earth cover all your glory."

[The inscription on the coffin reads as follows :—]

"A silver coffin worth 108,000 ounces of pure silver (about
£27,000).

This man took pains to devise ingenious things, but all in VAIN.
To travel east, west, north, south, to see all life is vain;

Heaven is vain, earth is vain, including also mysterious man.

The sun is vain, the moon is vain.

They come and go, for what purpose?

Fields are vain, lands are vain, how quickly they change owners!

Gold is vain, silver is vain, after death how much remains in
your hand?

¹ The characters representing these several possessions are ranged above one large, elongated sign. This character, which is pronounced *Kong*, and corresponds pretty accurately to the Latin *vanitas*, is thus shown to be the sum of man's earthly possessions and attainments; reminding one strongly of the words of the preacher—"All is vanity."

Wives are vain, children are vain.

They do not join you on the way to hades.

According to the 'Tatung classic' vanity is lust,

According to 'Panrohsin classic' lust is vanity.

He that travels from east to west is like a bonny bee;

After he has made honey from flowers with all his labor, all is
vain.

"After midnight you hear the drum beat the third watch,
You turn over, and before you know where you are you hear the
bell striking the fifth watch [indicating daylight].

To carefully think it over from the start, it is like a dream.

If you do not believe, look at the peach and apricot trees,

How long after the flowers open are they withered?

If you regard prince and minister, after death they revert to the
soil,

Their bodies go to the earth, their breath to the winds,

Within the covering of yellow earth there is nothing but a mass
of corruption; they pass away no better than pigs
or dogs.

Why did they not at the beginning inquire of the Buddhist priest
Che?

There is one life and not two deaths;

Don't brag, then, before others of your cleverness.

A man during life owns vast tracts of land,

After death he can only have three paces of earth [eight feet of
land by twelve in length]¹.

Here we must interrupt our quotation because the
next following lines are apparently misunderstood by
the translator. As they stand they give no sense. The
translation reads as follows:

"To think it over carefully after death, nothing would be taken
away;

The Buddhist priest Che has, with his own hand, written to
you."

"The word heart :—loudly laugh!"

"Not much time need be employed in writing it.

It has one curve like the moon and three dots all awry.

The feathered tribe, and the beasts also, will become Buddhas.

If you only invoke Buddha's name you will go to the kingdom
where there is the highest bliss."

The translator adds the following comment in ex-
planation:

[At this point it will be seen that the winding convolutions of
the priests robe have reached the centre of his body. Here the
heart is by the Chinese supposed to be located, and a good deal of
the "ingenuity" referred to in the title is contained in the fact
that at this point the characters refer to the heart. Hence the ex-
hortation to "laugh loudly." To Western minds the sudden in-
roduction of three wholly disconnected lines breaking in upon the
theme of the discourse is not sufficiently ingenious to dispense
with explanation.]

The original Chinese, which in this passage is
plainly legible, means (according to Mr. Tanaka's ver-
sion):

The Buddhist priest Che wrote with his hand the word
"heart," and he laughed to himself [thinking] how little time is
needed in writing it, etc.

¹ This line the translator (as Mr. Tanaka informs me) omitted, but
quoted it in a foot note as the liberal translation of "three paces of earth."

That is to say: The Buddhist priest Che writes the character *sin*,¹ which in Chinese is one of the easiest words to write, and he thinks to himself, "If only the people knew how easy it is to attain salvation! It is as easy as the writing of the word heart. Thus the whole world can be transfigured into the state of Nirvāna if only the name of Buddha be rightly invoked."

The passage reminds one of an old German hymn, which begins:

"Es ist gar leicht ein Christ zu sein!"
"Tis easy indeed to become a Christian."

We need not discuss the significance of this statement, so similar in Buddhism and in Christianity; the truth is that the easiest thing is sometimes the most difficult to accomplish. A change of heart seems a trifling circumstance, but it implies a change of the entire man and of his whole life. The invocations of the saviour—be his title Buddha or Christ—implies the adoption of his views of life and moral maxims.

The tract now introduces a worldly-minded man, whose egotism is characterised in these words:

[An unbeliever says:—]

"I see other men die,
My heart is burning like fire.
I am not anxious about other men,
But [I tremble] because the wheel comes to me too."
The priest replies:—]

"If you wish to escape the ills of life and death,
At once invoke Buddha's name.
If in life you invoke his name
Hereafter you shall reap the highest bliss."

Pikui, Pikuini, Yiu-poseh, Yiu-poi.

"Virtuous men, virtuous women, and the other devotees of Buddha

Shall all together go to the Western Paradise.
On seeing this tract reflect, reflect.

Koolai-shan, disciple of Buddha, native of Chihli, has engraved it and given away as an act of merit. The block he retains in his own keeping.

Respect printed paper."

Such is the Chinese tract according to the Christian missionary's translation, with a few emendations of my own. Aside from the suggested change of the sense in the main passage, I have only taken the liberties which are of a purely literary character, replacing such phrases as "repeat Buddha's name" to "invoke Buddha's name," "article of death" by "domain of death," and the abbreviation "Mito" by the full name "Amitābha Buddha," which latter form is better known.

The translator may, in spite of the mistakes which he made in several passages, be a good Chinese scholar, but he betrays his utter ignorance of Buddhism by his explanation of the words *Pikui*, *Pikuini*, *Yiu-poseh*, *Yiu-poi*. These words are the Chinese forms of the San-

skrit words *Bhikshu*, *Bhikshuni*;¹ *Upāsaka*, *Upāsikā*, which means "monks, nuns; male lay disciples and female lay disciples." The translation of the Sanskrit words is given in the next following line, but the Christian missionary, in translating the placard, explains the words in a foot-note as:

"A Buddhist charm, probably derived from Indian names. The words have no significance whatever, being merely repeated as a kind of magic."

The words *Bhikshu*, *Bhikshuni*, *Upāsaka*, *Upāsikā*, may be unknown to those Chinese people who received no religious education, but among Buddhists they are common terms; and what shall we think of a missionary who lives in China for the purpose of converting Buddhists, but is so unacquainted with Buddhism that he regards the words with which the congregation is commonly addressed as a kind of magic? Imagine that a Buddhist came to America and would not know what the words *paster*, *deacon*, and *church member* or *communicant* meant, and would explain them to be unmeaning words used as a charm?

* * *

The whole placard is encompassed with two rows of little circles, which surround the hymns that appear in the shape of a priest's picture like a frame; and at the right-hand side we read the injunction to fill out the little circles with a red pencil on each three hundred times that the Refuge formula has been repeated.

The Christian translator of the tract condemns severely the pagan habit of repeating Buddha's name innumerable times, and we do not hesitate to join him in his disapproval. But he ought to consider first that the repetition of prayers or formulas is a practical method of impressing religious truths on the hearts of the people; it is in a certain stage of culture as commendable as the method of teaching the multiplication tables by making children commit them to memory; and, secondly, that the Christians, too, have to a great extent availed themselves of this method by enjoining people to repeat the Lord's Prayer over and over again. The practice of repeating the Refuge Formula and of repeating the Lord's Prayer are on the same level, and, if it is to be condemned in one case, why should we not denounce the other as well? The Buddhist Refuge Formula (in Chinese *O-mi-to-fu*, which means "I take my refuge in Buddha") is the vow which Buddhists make to pacify their emotions, and vows are the only prayers which Buddhism allows. This prayer a Buddhist is expected to have in his heart whatever he does,—when he lies down to sleep, when he rises in the morning, when he stands, when

¹In Pāli *Bhikkhu*, *Bhikkhuni*. The Sanskrit *Bhikshuni* is not an original and legitimate Sanskrit word, but one of those later terms which has been formed after the analogy of the correspondent Pāli form.

he walks, when he is in good health, when he is sick, and when he faces death. The Christian translator says: "And there is none to answer, nor any even to hear." He continues:

"Listen to that cry going up from thousands of trembling lips, ay, from millions of suffering hearts, daily, hourly, momentarily: a monotonous, unceasing repetition.

"And remember that Jesus bears it always: that he died in response to its unspoken pain and sorrow. Remember that, having committed to us its deep, all-satisfying reply, He says to us to-day, 'Go ye into all the world and preach THE GOSPEL to every creature.'"

Might not Buddhists reply in the same strain? They might say: "Did not Buddha, too, send out his disciples with the words which we quote literally as follows:

"Go ye now, O bhikshus, for the benefit of the many, for the welfare of mankind, out of compassion for the world. Preach the doctrine which is glorious in the beginning, glorious in the middle, and glorious in the end, in the spirit as well as in the letter. There are beings whose eyes are scarcely covered with dust, but if the doctrine is not preached to them, they cannot attain salvation. Proclaim to them a life of holiness. They will understand the doctrine and accept it."

Such an educated Christian as Lavater believed that the exorcisms of Gassner were efficacious on account of the holiness of the name of Jesus. He thought that the word "Jesus" could be used like a spell, or like the charm of the Indian medicine man. And this seems to be the view of the Christian translator of the Buddhist tract before us. Shall we say that the Buddhist contemplations of the vanity of earthly life and the seriousness of death are pagan notions so long as the request is made to invoke Buddha's name, and would these same thoughts rise to the dignity of Christian sentiment if only the name Buddha Amitâbha were replaced by Jesus Christ?

Apparently there is a Christianity which is not yet free from paganism and lacks charitableness in judging others. Buddhists might on the same ground regard Christian hymns as objectionable. Yet they will scarcely do so, for whatever advantages the Christian nations have over the followers of Buddha (and there can be no question about it that these advantages are great), in one respect Buddhism has the preference over Christianity. It is its breadth and comprehensiveness. Buddhists would not say of Mohammed, or Zoroaster, or Confucius that they are false prophets. Buddhists recognise the prophetic nature of all religious leaders. Sir Monier Monier Williams quotes the following Buddhist commandment:

"Never think or say that your own religion is the best. Never denounce the religion of others."

And Ashoka's twelfth edict declares:

"There ought to be reverence for one's own faith and no reviling of that of others."

I have not as yet met a Buddhist who would not look upon Christ with reverence as the Buddha of Western nations. And, indeed, Buddhists can, without in the least straining the interpretation of Buddhist Scriptures, look upon Christ as the Maitreya, the Buddha to come, of whom Gautama Buddha had prophesied that he would rise five hundred years after him.

SONG OF THE PESSIMIST.

GEORGE RAINSFORD TALBOYS.

The weary world moves on—day follows day—
Men strive and struggle in the shifting sands
For something which, possessed, soon fades away,
And leaves them staring at their empty hands.

Great Buddha, ages past your giant mind
Pierced through the tinselled web of Mâyâ's veil
And looked into the dismal depths behind
With sad but searching gaze that did not quail.

You taught us then 'twas folly to employ
The fleeting hours of this earthly life
In following the phantom men call joy,
Which leads us on in ways of pain and strife.

For when at length we seem to hold her fast,
And fail to rest from labor of long years,
She vanishes and leaves us all aghast
With palsied limbs and choked by senile tears.

Great Buddha, you alone have understood
The nature of that bright, misleading light
Which shines far off beyond the sombre wood,
Through which it flashes starlike on our sight.

But you, O Sage, no false hope could beguile.
You turned away from riches, wife, and friend,
Expecting nothing, without frown or smile,
But free from disappointment in the end.

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MARTIN LUTHER.

BY GUSTAV FREYTAG.

THE REFORMER.

MANY well-meaning men still cherish regret that certain great evils of their old Church led to the great schism of the Reformation. Even the enlightened Catholic still looks upon Luther and Zwingli simply as zealous heretics whose wrath caused ecclesiastical dissensions. Such a view should be abandoned. All Christian denominations have good reason to be grateful to Luther, for to him they owe a purified faith which satisfies the heart and soul and enriches their lives. The heretic of Wittenberg is a reformer for the Catholic quite as much as for the Protestant. Not only because in the struggle with him the teachers of the Catholic Church outgrew their ancient scholasticism and fought for their sacraments with new weapons taken from his language, culture, and moral worth; nor only for the reason that he had shattered into fragments the Church of the Middle Ages, and compelled his enemies in the Council of Trent to erect an apparently new and more solid structure within the old forms and dimensions; but still more because he gave such powerful expression to the common foundation of all Christian creeds, to human bravery, piety, sincerity, and heartiness, that in religion and language, in civil order and morality, in the bent of the popular soul, in science and poetry, a great deal of his nature is even now immanent in us and shared by all Teutonic races to-day. Some of those things which in his stubborn fights Luther defended against both Reformed and Catholics, have been condemned by the freer intelligence of the present age. His doctrine, wrung from a passionate, high-strung, reverential soul in convulsive struggles, failed, in some not unimportant particulars, to hit the right point; at times he was harsh, unjust, even cruel towards his adversaries; but such things should no longer perplex us, for all the limitations of his nature and culture are overwhelmed by the wealth of bliss which flowed from his great heart into the life of mankind.

Nevertheless, we are told, he should not have fallen away from the Church; his act divided Christendom into two camps, and, with varying battle-cries, the old quarrel lasts down into our own days. Those

who think thus may assert with equal justice that the holy, mystical apostasy from Judaism was not necessary; why did not the Apostles reform the venerable high-priesthood of Zion? They may maintain that the Englishman Hampden would have done better to pay the ship-money and instruct the Stuarts peaceably; that the Prince of Orange committed a crime when he refused to lay his head and sword, like Egmont, into the hands of Alva; that Washington was a traitor because he did not surrender himself and his army to the English. They may condemn as a crime everything great and new in thought and life that ever broke forth in the struggle against the old.

To few mortals was it given to exercise so great an influence upon both their contemporaries and posterity. But, like every great human life, that of Luther impresses the beholder like an overwhelming tragedy if the chief points of it are placed side by side. It appears tripartite, like the careers of all heroes of history who were permitted to reach the fullness of their lives. In the beginning, the personality of the man is unfolding, and we see him powerfully controlled by the forces of his environments. Even incompatible opposites are sought to be assimilated, but in the inmost core of his nature, thoughts and convictions gradually harden into resolution; a sudden deed flashes forth, the individual enters on the struggle with the world. Then follows another period of vigorous activity, rapid development, great conquests. The influence of the one upon the many extends more and more, his might draws the nation into his course, he becomes her hero, her standard, and the vitality of millions appears concentrated in one man. But the spirit of a nation will not, for any length of time, tolerate the exclusive control of one single individual. However great the force, however lofty the aims, the life, the power, and the wants of the nation are more manifold. The everlasting conflict between the man and the people appears. The soul even of the people is finite, and, in the sight of the infinite, a limited personality, but as compared to the individual it appears boundless. The man is compelled by the logical sequence of his thoughts and actions, all the spirits of his own deeds force him into a rigidly confined course. The soul of the nation, however, requires for its life

incompatible opposites and a ceaseless working in the most divergent directions. Many things which the individual could not receive within his own nature arise to do battle against him. The reaction of the world sets in—feebly at first, from various sides, in different lines of thought, with little justice, then more strongly and with ever-growing success. At last, the spiritual kernel of the individual life is confined within a school—his school; it is crystallised into a particular element of the culture of the nation. Ever is the closing part of a great life filled with secret resignation, bitterness, and silent suffering.

Thus with Luther. The first of these periods extended down to the day when he published the theses, the second to his return from the Wartburg, the third to his death and the beginning of the Smalkald war.

The author of these pages does not intend to describe Luther's life, but only to tell briefly how he grew and what he was. Many things about him appear strange and uncouth, when viewed at a distance, but his picture has the remarkable quality of becoming bigger and more lovable the closer it is approached. And it would, from beginning to end, fill a good biographer with admiration, sympathy, and also some good humor.

THE SPIRIT OF THE AGE.

The corruption of the world had waxed huge, the oppression of the poor was beyond endurance, gross sensuality held sway, clergy and laity were dominated by insatiable greed. Who would punish the young squire for ill-treating the peasant? Who protect the poor citizen against the powerful family of the rich councilman? Hard was the toil of the man of the people from morning till night, through winter and summer. There was the plague, failure of crops, and famine. Inscrutable the order of the world, and a dearth of love in the life on earth. Salvation from misery was in God alone. Before Him all the things of the earth were petty and as naught; Emperor and Pope and the wisdom of man were transient as the flowers of the fields. If God was merciful he could save man from the troubles of this life and compensate him by everlasting bliss for his sufferings here below. But how could such grace be won? What virtue of weak humanity durst hope to earn the infinite treasure of divine favor? Man was damned from the time of Adam to will the good and work the evil. Vain was his best virtue; he was cursed with original sin, and it was through no merit of his own if God showed him mercy.

In such wise the human heart wrestled in anguish in those days. But forth from the sacred documents of the Scripture, which were to the people as a dark legend, there sounded from afar the word: "Christ is Love." The ruling Church knew little of such love.

In its creed God stood far removed from the human soul, the image of Him on the Cross was hidden behind countless saints and blessed martyrs, all of whom were needed to intercede with the wrathful God. Yet the nature of the Teuton fervently demanded a cordial relation with the Almighty, he yearned with irrepressible force to win the love of God. He who gave himself to penance, wrestling in ardent prayer and without cessation for the love of God, could feel the highest happiness in merging, yielding himself to God while on earth, and had the hope of bliss in Heaven. But the hierarchy no longer taught individual endeavor for the grace of God. The Pope claimed to be the administrator of the inexhaustible deserts of Christ, and the Church taught that the prayers of the saints for sinful humanity had helped to pile up an infinite treasure of good works, prayers, fasts, and penances for the good of others, all of which treasures were administered by the Pope, who could give of them to whomsoever he wished to free from sin. And, likewise, if a number of the faithful would associate themselves together in a pious society, the Pope could grant to such a brotherhood the dispensation that the deserts of the saints and the surplus of pious devotional works, prayers, masses, pilgrimages, penances, donations, might pass from one to another.

Thus there arose, under the patronage of mediating saints, the pious brotherhoods in which association could effect that which was impossible for the weak individual. Their number was great. As late as 1530 Luther complains that they are innumerable. How crude and wretched was their mechanism may be shown by an example, selecting the brotherhood of the 11,000 virgins, called St. Ursula's Ship, of which Prince-Elector Frederick the Wise was a founder and charter member. According to its constitution, this society had collected in spiritual treasures that were to help the brethren in acquiring eternal bliss, the following articles: 6,455 masses, 3,550 full psalters, 200,000 rosaries, 200,000 *Te Deums*, 1,600 *Gloria in excelsis Deo*; furthermore, 11,000 prayers for the patroness St. Ursula, and 630 times 11,000 *Paternosters* and *Ave-Marias*; also, for the knights, 50 times 10,000 *Paternosters* and *Ave-Marias*, etc. The entire power of this treasure for salvation was for the benefit of the members of the brotherhood. Many spiritual institutions and private individuals had earned especial merit by large contributions to the treasure of prayers. Upon the reorganisation of the society, Prince-Elector Frederick donated a fine silver Ursula. A layman earned membership if, in the course of his life, he once said 11,000 *paternosters* and *Ave-Marias*. If he spoke thirty-two a day he earned it in a year; if sixteen, in two years; if eight, in four years. If one was prevented from absolving this quantity of prayer by marriage,

business concerns, or illness, he could join by having eleven masses read for himself, etc. Still, this fraternity was one of the best, for the members were not required to pay cash; it was meant to be a society of poor people who wanted to help one another to Heaven by praying. And yet, after all is said, it cannot be denied that these pious societies, in the beginning of the sixteenth century, touched the soul more nearly than anything else that the decaying Church of the Middle Ages offered to the people. On the other hand, the traffic in pardons and indulgences was the foulest spot on the sick body of the Church. In their capacity as conservators of the accumulated infinite treasures of Christ's merits, the Popes sold orders on this treasury to the faithful for money. True, the better idea that even the Pope could not really forgive sins, but only remit the penance prescribed by the Church, never quite disappeared in the Church itself. But those who thus taught, isolated men of the universities or candid ministers of scattered congregations, did well to take care not to develop their teachings into open contradiction against the business of the traffickers in pardons. For what was the true doctrine of the Church to the Popes of the fifteenth century, who, almost without exception, were atrocious villains and unbelieving heathens? Woe to him who doubted that the Popes had the right to part him from God, to open or close to him the gates of Heaven! It was money they demanded without end, money for women and boys, for their children and relations, for their princely households. And there prevailed an awful community of self-interest between themselves, the bishops, and the fanatical party in the begging fraternities. Nothing made Huss of Hussinetz so insufferable as his fight against pardons and indulgences. The doctrine of repentance and grace drove the great Wessel from Paris into an unhappy exile, and it was pardon-mongering monks that allowed the venerable Johannes Vesalia to die in the dungeon of the monastery at Mayence, him who first uttered the great words, "Wherefore should I believe that which I know?"

It is well known how rankly the traffic in pardons and indulgences grew early in the sixteenth century and how shamelessly the infamous swindle was carried on. When Tetzel entered a city with his box he rode with a great suite of monks and priests, a well-fed, haughty Dominican. The bells were tolled, clergy and laity went reverently to meet him and conducted him to the church. There, in the nave, his great red cross was erected with the wreath of thorns and the nail holes, and sometimes the faithful people were favored with the sight of the red blood of the crucified Christ moving on the cross. Next to the wreath were the flags of the Church bearing the coat-of-arms of the Pope with the threefold crown; before the cross stood

the notorious chest strongly enforced with iron bands; on one side a pulpit on which the monk with rude eloquence explained the miraculous power of his indulgences and exhibited a great parchment of the Pope from which dangled many seals; on the other side the money table with blank pardons, writing material, and money baskets, and there it was that the clerical assistants sold eternal bliss to the people crowding around.

The evils in the Church were without number; against all of them an outraged moral sense revolted, but the centre of the whole movement was the fight against the means of grace which made a loathsome mockery of the needs of the popular heart. And the appearance of so many reformers will be understood aright only if it is looked upon as a reaction of the heart against insincerity, heartlessness, and continued outrage upon the holiest ideals.

THE TRAFFIC IN INDULGENCES.

Throughout Northern Europe opposition was stirring. But the man was not yet found who was destined to feel in fearful, long-continued struggle within his own soul all the sufferings and all the yearnings of the people, in order to become the leader in whom they saw with enthusiasm the embodiment of their own inmost nature. We know little of the struggles which Luther underwent prior to the time when he entered the monastery. They hardened his convictions until his soul was matured and ready to speak out boldly. But it is probably fair to judge by analogy, and happily we have direct information of an experience which was doubtless similar to that of Luther and typical of what was passing, with greater or less clearness of insight, in the popular mind in general.

Frederick Mecum, latinised Myconius, was the son of a respectable citizen of Lichtenfels, in Upper Franconia, born in 1491. At the age of thirteen years he was sent to the Latin school of the then rising mountain city of Annaberg. He there experienced what is here told in his own words, and, in 1510, a youth of nineteen years, went into a monastery. Being a Franciscan, he was one of the earliest, most zealous and loyal adherents of the professors of Wittenberg. He left the order, became a preacher of the Reformed Church in Thuringia, finally parson and overseer at Gotha, where he carried the Reformation through and died in 1546.

The relation of Myconius to Luther was curious. He not only was a modest and intimate friend of the latter's in many relations of private life, but his friendship with Luther was filled until death with a poetic charm that transfigured his entire life. In the most fateful time of his youth, seven years before Luther began the Reformation, the image of the great man

appeared to him in a dream and calmed the doubts of his agitated heart, and it was in the transfiguration of that dream that the faithful, pious scholar thenceforth saw his great friend at all hours.

Still another circumstance lends peculiar interest to the personality of Myconius. Although the gentle, delicately organised man was totally unlike his daring friend, there is a remarkable similarity in the early lives of the two. And many things that remain unknown in Luther's youth are explained by what Myconius tells of his own early years. Both were poor scholars of a Latin school, both were driven into monasteries by inward struggles and youthful enthusiasm, both failed to find that peace which they fervently sought, but found, instead, fresh doubts, greater struggles, years of torment, of anxious uncertainty. Both were driven to revolt by the insolent Tetzl, who inflamed their souls with indignation and determined the entire direction and activity of their subsequent lives. At last, both died in the same year, Myconius seven weeks later than Luther, after having been, five years before, recalled to life from a deadly illness by a conjuring letter from Luther.

Although he published little, Frederick Myconius left, besides theological writings, a chronicle of his time in which his own activity and the affairs of Gotha are described most minutely. The dream which he had the first night after entering the monastery is well known and has been printed frequently. The Apostle Paul, who then appeared as his guide, had the face and voice of Luther, as Myconius thought in after years. This long dream is told in Latin. The introductory narrative, however, has been preserved in a manuscript of the ducal library of Gotha in a contemporaneous German form. The following has been translated from the manuscript, being shortened only in a few places:

"Johannes Tetzl, of Pirna, in Meissen, a Dominican monk, was a great crier and trader in indulgences or pardons of the Pope of Rome. He remained, with this purpose, for two years in the new city of Annaberg, and so deluded the people that they all believed that there was no other way to gain pardon for their sins and everlasting life than justification by our works, which justification, he said, nevertheless was impossible. But he said there was one way remaining, namely, to buy it for money from the Pope of Rome, that is, to buy the indulgence of the Pope, which, he said, was forgiveness of sins and a sure entry into everlasting life. Here I could tell wonder upon wonder and incredible things about what preachings I heard those two years at Annaberg from Tetzl. For I attended his preaching diligently, and he preached every day. I even could repeat his sermons to others, with all gestures and explanations, not scoffing at

him, but being greatly in earnest. For I held all his utterances to be oracles and divine sayings which must be believed, and that which came from the Pope I held as though it came from Christ himself.

"Finally, about the time of Pentecost, in the year of our Lord, 1510, he threatened to lay down the red cross and close the gate of Heaven and extinguish the sun, and it would never happen again that for so little money could be had forgiveness of sins and everlasting life. Yea, it was not to be hoped that so long as the world stood, such graciousness of the Pope would come there again. He also urged that every one should care well for the salvation of his own soul and those of his friends, both deceased and living, for now had come the day of salvation and the pleasing time. And he said: 'Let no one neglect his own salvation, for unless you have the letters of the Pope you cannot be absolved and pronounced free by any man from many sins and "reserved cases."' On the gates and the walls of the church were publicly posted printed letters in which it was stated that in order to give the people a testimonial of gratitude for its devotion, thenceforth the letters of pardon and complete power should not be sold so high as in the beginning, and at the end of the letter, at the bottom, was written: '*Pauperibus dentur gratis*'—to the poor the letters of pardon should be given for nothing, without money, for the sake of God.

"Thereupon I began to bargain with the commissioners of this traffic in pardons, but, in truth, I was moved and impelled thereto by the Holy Ghost, although I knew not, at the time, what I did.

"My dear father taught me in my childhood the Ten Commandments, the Lord's Prayer, and the Christian Faith, and compelled me to pray at all times. For he said we had everything from God alone, *gratis*, for nothing, and He would govern and lead us if we prayed diligently. Of the indulgences and Roman pardons, he said they were only nets with which money was filched and taken out of the pockets of the simple-minded, and men could surely not buy or bring about forgiveness of sins and everlasting life with money. But the priests and clergy became angry and scolded when such things were said. Since, then, I heard nothing in the sermons every day but the great glory of the pardons, I remained in doubt which to believe more, my dear father or the priests as teachers of the Church. I stood in doubt, but still I believed more the priests than the instructions of my father. But one thing I would not allow, that the forgiveness of sins could not be obtained except when it was bought with money, particularly by the poor. Hence I was pleased wonderfully with the clause at the end of the Pope's letter, '*Pauperibus gratis dentur propter Deum.*'

"And when, three days later, they wanted to lay down the cross with great pomp and hew down the steps and ladders to Heaven, the spirit moved me that I went to the commissioners and asked them for letters forgiving my sins 'from mercy for the poor.' I said I was a sinner and poor and required pardon for my sins given as a matter of grace. The second day, about the time of vespers, I entered the house of Hans Pflock, where Tetzel was, together with the confessors and throngs of priests, and I addressed them in the Latin tongue and asked them to allow me, a pauper, according to the order of the Pope's letter, to beg absolution of all my sins free of charge and for God's sake, *etiam nullo casu reservato*, without reservation of a single case, and that they should give me *litteras testimoniales* of the Pope, or testimony in writing. The priests were astonished at my Latin speech, for that was a rare thing in those days, especially among young boys, and they went from the room into the chamber adjoining, where the commissioner, Tetzel, was. They announced my request and also begged for me that he might give me the letters of pardon without charge. At last, after a long consultation, they return and bring me this answer: 'Dear son, we have submitted your prayer to the commissioner with diligence, and he admits he would gladly grant your prayer, but he cannot, and, though he would, the concession would be null and void. For he showed us that it was written clearly in the Pope's letter that those will surely share in the ample and gracious indulgences and treasures of the church and the deserts of Christ *qui porrigerent manum adiutricem*, who help with the hand, that is, who give money.' And they said all that in German words, for there was not one among them who could have spoken three words with me in Latin.

"On the other hand, I prayed again, and proved from the published letter of the Pope that the Holy Father, the Pope, commanded that such letters be given to the poor free of charge, for God's sake, and especially as there was added *ad mandatum domini papae proprium*, i. e., by the Lord, the Pope's, own command.

"So they go in again and beg the proud, haughty monk to grant my prayer and dismiss me with the pardon, as I was a prudent and eloquent youth and worthy that something special above others be done for me. But they come out again and once more bring the answer, '*de manu auxiliatrice*,' of the helping hand, which alone was powerful for a holy pardon. But I remain firm, and say that they do me, a pauper, wrong; whom neither God nor the Pope wanted to exclude from grace, him they rejected for the sake of a few pennies which I did not have. Then began a dispute. I was asked to give a small amount, that the helping hand might not be wanting, if it was but

a groat. I said: 'I have not even that; I am poor.' Finally, it came down to this, that I should give but six pennies. I again replied that I had not a single penny. They urged me and spoke among themselves. At last I heard that they were anxious about two things: first, they should by no means let me depart without a letter of pardon, for it might be a trick devised by some one else and might lead to evil consequences, since it was written clearly in the Pope's letter that it should be given to the poor free of charge. Nevertheless, something should be taken from me that the others might not hear that the letters of pardon were given for nothing, so that the whole lot of students and beggars would come and all would want their letters free. They need not have had any care about that, for the poor beggars sought more for bread to still their hunger.

"After having held their council, they come to me again, and one gives me six pennies, that I should give them to the commissioner. By this contribution I would also be a builder of the church of St. Peter at Rome, also a slayer of the Turk, and would have a share in the grace of Christ and the indulgence. But I said freely, being moved by the spirit, if I wanted to buy indulgences and pardons for money, I might sell a book and buy them with my own money. But I wanted to have them given freely, for God's sake, or the commissioners should account before God for having neglected and trifled away the salvation of my soul on account of six pennies, since both God and the Pope wanted my soul to attain forgiveness of all my sins, freely, out of His grace. This I said, and knew not, in truth, how it stood with the letters of pardon.

"At last, after a long talk, the priests asked me who sent me to them and who trained me to discuss such things with them. So I told them the whole plain truth, how it was that I was admonished or induced by no man nor persuaded by any adviser, but that I had made my prayer alone, without any man's advice, and only trusting and confiding in the gracious pardon of sins freely given, and that in all my lifetime I never spoke or treated with such great men. For I was by nature timid, and if I had not been compelled by the great thirst for the grace of God I should not have dared such a great thing or mingled with such persons and asked such a thing of them. Then the letters were promised again, but so that I should buy them at six pennies, which were to be given me freely for my person. But I remained steadfast that the letters of pardon should be given to me free of charge by him who had the power to give them; if not, I would commend and commit the matter to God. And thus I was dismissed by them.

"The holy thieves were, nevertheless, sad on ac-

count of this bargain. I was partly sad because I failed to get a letter of pardon, and partly I was glad that there was still One in Heaven who would forgive the sins of the penitent sinner without money or loan, according to the passage which I had often sung in church: 'As I live, saith the Lord, I want not the death of the sinner, but that he be converted and live.' O dear Lord and God, Thou knowest that I do not lie in this matter or invent anything out of myself.

"With all this I was so moved that as I walked home to my lodgings I was fain to melt and dissolve into tears. So I arrive at my lodgings, go to my chamber and take the crucifix, which always lay on the little table in my study, and, setting it on a seat, I drop down on the floor in front of it. I cannot here describe it, but at that time I could feel the spirit of prayer and of grace which Thou, O my Lord and God, didst pour out over me. The sum of it all was this: I prayed that Thou, dear Lord, wouldst be my father, that Thou wouldst forgive my sins, I gave myself up to Thee completely that Thou shouldst make of me whatever might please Thee, and, since the priests would not be merciful to me without money, that Thou wouldst be my gracious God and Father.

"Then I felt that my whole heart was transformed; I felt vexed at all things in the world, and it seemed I was weary of this life. One thing only I wished, to live for God that I might please Him. But who was there then that might have taught me how to go about it? For the Word, the Life, and the Light of men was buried throughout the world in deepest darkness of human laws and the altogether foolish 'good works.' About Christ they were silent; nothing was known of Him, or if He was remembered He was pictured to us as a cruel, terrible judge, whom His mother and all the saints in Heaven could scarcely, with tears of blood, conciliate and make merciful, and even so, He would, for every mortal sin, thrust the men who did penance into the torments of Purgatory for seven years. The torment of Purgatory was in no wise different from the tortures of Hell, except that it would not last forever. But the Holy Ghost gave me hope that God would be merciful to me.

"And then I began and counselled for some days within myself how I might begin a changed condition of my life. For I saw the sin of the world and the entire human race; I saw my manifold sin, which was very great. I had also heard something of the secret great sanctity and the pure, innocent life of the monks, serving God day and night, separated from all the evil life of the world, living soberly, piously, chastely, holding mass, singing psalms, fasting and praying forever. I had seen this apparent life, but did not know or understand that it was the greatest idolatry and hypocrisy.

"I communicated my counsel to my instructor, Master Andreas Staffelstein, the supreme regent of the school, who advised me at once to enter the Franciscan monastery, which was being rebuilt at that time. And, that I might not become changed in purpose by long delay, he at once went with me personally to the monks, praised my ability and character, and boasted that I was the only one among his scholars who he was confident would be a right godly man.

"I wanted to impart my purpose to my parents and hear their opinions, being an only son and heir. But the monks taught me from Jerome I should leave father and mother and not regard them, and run to the Cross of Christ. They also adduced the saying of Christ: 'No one is fit for the Kingdom of God who lays the hand on the plow and looks behind him.' All these things urged and commanded that I turn monk. I will not here speak of many bonds and ties with which they bound and tied my conscience. For they said I could never be saved unless I speedily accepted and used the grace offered by God. Thereupon, being more willing to die than to forego the grace of God and eternal life, I at once took the vow and promised to return to the monastery in three days and begin the year of probation, as they call it in the monastery, i. e., I would become a pious, devout, and God-fearing monk.

"In the year of Christ 1510, July 14, at two o'clock in the afternoon, I entered the monastery, accompanied by my teacher and a few of my schoolmates and some very devout matrons, whom I had partly told the reason why I entered the holy orders. And thus I blessed those who accompanied me to the monastery, all, amid tears, wishing me the grace of God and all blessings. And so I went into the monastery. Dear Lord, Thou knowest that this is all true. I sought not idleness nor care of the belly, nor the semblance of great sanctity, but I wanted to please Thee; it was Thee I wanted to serve.

"Thus, at that time, I groped in great darkness."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

JACQUES GRUET, CALVIN'S ETHICAL VICTIM.

BY MONCURE D. CONWAY.

II.

Obedient to Calvin, the magistrates resolved to proceed with Gruet's trial, and at first they inclined to turn it into a trial for heresy. Raising again the Latin extract, the Council asked Gruet whether, if a man were found to have poisons in his house he should not say why he had them, and Gruet agreed. And are not these blasphemies in your papers worse than all the poisons in the world? Here Gruet was dazed, and agreed again. Probably he saw his fate approach.

ing. But Calvin was resolved that he should be made an example to the moral heretics, and to rebels against the Minister. So there was brought before the Council one Treppereau, an ex-preacher, who had been suspended from his ministry for slander, but found an opportunity of ingratiating himself with the Minister by informing him of a conversation he had with Gruet, on the subject of magisterial interference with individual conduct. The crucial point of sexual sin being pressed by Treppereau against Gruet's theory of liberty, the latter said that, although it was a sin, "it was not such a great sin, provided there was mutual consent, and provided there was no injury done to one's neighbor." Upon this Treppereau had quoted Moses, and Gruet replied "Moses was only a man, and no one knows what God said to him." Treppereau asked how he (Gruet) would regard it if he were married and his own wife were seduced. As Gruet had carefully guarded the legal rights of the "neighbor," he perceived that Treppereau could not understand his position, and closed the conversation by saying: "Pardon, Monsieur, what I have said; it was only for the pleasure of discussion, for which, when people do not give arguments, I sometimes suggest them." Gruet admitted the substantial accuracy of Treppereau's story, but this evidence was not considered sufficient to warrant the execution of a citizen. Gruet had been arraigned for a definite offence—affixing on the church-door a menace of death to the ministerial authorities of Geneva. Though Calvin, as his private letters, now published, prove, knew that Gruet did not write that placard, he also knew that the ethical reformer could not be put to death save for that offence; he therefore allowed the Council to put Gruet to the torture to make him confess to having done what he (Calvin) knew he had not done. That every step of the Council, after its vain effort to release Gruet, was taken at the Minister's dictation, is shown now by his private letters, as for instance, by one to Falais, July 14, 1547, informing him that Gruet will die, this being four days before the sentence.

Gruet, being threatened with torture, said that under the torture he would confess that he wrote the placard, but it would be false. The dreadful cord led him to entreat them to kill him, and, as he had said, he confessed to the placard. Then he was tortured for several days to make him confess that he had accomplices, and to name them. But here he was firm; no agony could induce him to involve another.

On July 18 the Council sentenced Gruet to death. The city was filled with horror: Gruet's relatives, persons of high position, made strenuous efforts to save the young man, whom they induced to send a petition to the Council confessing his fault and asking clemency. Other petitions poured in, but they were from

just those high people with whom the Minister was grappling, and who were to be made aware that there was a god in the Genevan Israel. And now, for a second time, the Council tried to save Gruet; the execution was postponed, and all was advancing towards pardon, when again Calvin intervened (July 24) with a bitter complaint at the hesitation of the authorities to carry out the sentence. On the day following the death sentence was confirmed.

On July 26 Jacques Gruet was carried from his prison (l'Evêche) to the Hotel de Ville, past his own mansion (along the same route that Calvin's theological victim, Servetus, passed six years later). On the way Gruet stated that everything he had said during his trial was true, except the confession of the placard under torture. Of that placard he knew nothing. But it was for that, in point of law, that he was decapitated, though really for his advocacy of personal liberty. Calvin witnessed the execution, and wrote to Viret: "He showed an amazing courage in meeting death."

In examining the wit and elegance of the few sentences preserved of Gruet's writing, M. Henri Fazy, a very learned member of the Institute of Geneva, says that he appears to have been a Voltaire before Voltaire. That Gruet was in religious opinion quite as heretical as Voltaire, was discovered three years after his death. In repairing the Gruet mansion there was discovered a manuscript by him of twenty-six closely written pages, which Calvin declared was enough to bring down the divine wrath on Geneva. What was really in that treatise must remain unknown, as only the Minister and some of the Council saw it. According to the hostile report Gruet's essay spoke of Christ as a fantastic rustic, of the miracles as tricks, of the apostles as vagabonds with little brains, and of the Scriptures as containing less sense than Esop's Fables. Calvin seems to have been grieved that he could not roast Gruet after having decapitated him, and it was at first proposed to make an effigy of him and burn it along with his manuscript. That plan was abandoned, but the book was tried *in camera* and condemned "to be burnt to ashes, so that the memory of such an abominable thing shall be lost, and thus give an example to all accomplices and adherents, should there ever be found a sect so infectious and more than diabolic." Consequently on May 23, 1550, was burnt this treatise on the spot where its author was beheaded July 26, 1547.

There may be read between the lines of the hostile report as to the contents of Gruet's treatise, in the secrecy, the eagerness to burn it without the preservation of a copy even in the archives of the Council, a necessity of heaping some load of infamy on Gruet's memory. It seems probable that the horror of his

murder still remained, and the memory of his high character. The masses might be conciliated by a discovery that he was such a terrible "infidel," but the untruthfulness of Calvin throughout the trial of Gruet forbids perfect confidence in his report concerning the treatise. However, some others also saw the manuscript, and there is no doubt that it was very heretical. It is of much interest, in studying this brilliant man, that, while holding such views, he did not by any publication confuse the real issue between himself and his followers and the despotic Minister. The question was not about dogmas, but about the right of people to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness, in their own way, with due respect to the equal rights of others. This was an ethical and social issue, made urgent by the Minister's practical denial of all personal freedom, even in the most private affairs of life, and Gruet showed a just sense of his responsibility as a leader in that momentous cause by not enabling his opponents to raise any theological hue and cry.

Calvin won. The execution of Gruet placed Geneva socially and ethically under the feet of a Minister who at the same time was disparaging "good works." A few years later Jerome Bolsec, a learned and eloquent French preacher who had seceded from the Church of Rome, visited Geneva and urged the importance of good works. Calvin asserted against Bolsec his dogma of predestination, that every man's salvation or perdition was determined before his birth, and his deeds, good or evil, could not affect his future destiny. Bolsec replied that this doctrine would make God the author of sins, these being predestined. Calvin answered by casting Bolsec into prison. It was said he thirsted for Bolsec's blood also, but it was not thought prudent to slay an otherwise orthodox preacher for upholding good works; so Bolsec was merely banished. But it might have been better for Calvin's repute for sincerity had he decapitated Bolsec, for this scholar searched out his personal history, and in 1577 published a book on Calvin's "Life and Morals," from which it would seem that the famous Minister never tried to get to heaven by good works. It is historically known that before he went to Geneva Calvin travelled about Europe under different assumed names. His first change of name was made in youth when, Bolsec declares, he fled from his native town, Noyon, to escape being burnt for Sodomy. Bolsec also gives instances of Calvin's sexual immorality, and says that his conduct in this respect in Geneva was known to various persons who were silent through mere terror, as it was known that any word against the Minister must be retracted under torture. On the title page of Bolsec's (French) book, in the British Museum, some early Calvinist has written in French

that its author (Bolsec) was sent out of hell for the express purpose of injuring the Church of God. But Audin, who has written the only critical Life of Calvin, states that Bolsec has been in a measure confirmed by research.

Bolsec's book was a good deal read in Shakespeare's youth, and I have a suspicion that in "Measure for Measure" the poet drew the portrait of Calvin in the puritanical Duke who sentences a youth to death for immorality, but offers the sister her brother's life as a bribe for her dishonor. The probabilities that Bolsec told the truth appear strong when we consider Calvin's many *aliases*, the lack of any critical investigation into the charges by his friendly biographers, his suppressions of truth in order to compass the death of Gruet, his malicious laughter at the cries of Servetus burning at the stake. The man guilty of these things would be guilty of anything.

And this criminal, with his five *aliases*, his vindictive murders, his alleged secret immoralities, his lies, is the founder of the faith of the majority of Protestant Churches, even the English Church retaining in its Seventeenth Article that horrible dogma of predestination written by Calvin, and illustrated by as vile a character and as cruel a career as ever cursed the earth under the cloak of religion.

NOTES.

H. Dharmapala, of Calcutta, India, arrived a few days ago on American soil; and Virchand R. Gandhi, of Bombay, is expected during the next fortnight. The former, as is probably well known to our readers, represented at the Parliament of Religions Ceylonese Buddhism, the latter the religion of the Jains. We are informed that in addition to these two delegates of Eastern religions Mr. Chatopadhyaya, a Hindu gentleman and a representative of Brahmanism, is expected in Chicago.

Mr. Dharmapala saw on his journey Sir Edwin Arnold, F. Max Müller, and Rhys Davids and brings their greetings and sympathies to the people of America.

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H. DHARMAPÁLA'S MISSION.

Anagárika H. Dharmapála, the official delegate of Ceylonese Buddhism at the Parliament of Religions at Chicago in 1893, has, after a three years' absence, returned to the United States. He carries with him kind recommendations of the Buddhist high priests of his native country and an official passport signed by the representative authorities of the religious communion to which he belongs. This is his mission, expressed in his own words:

"Once more I set my foot on the sacred soil of the land of freedom. Three years ago I stood on the platform of the historic Parliament of Religions in Chicago, shoulder to shoulder with the distinguished representatives of the great religions of the world, and addressed the American people therein assembled on the life and teachings of the Great Teacher of Compassion, whose blessed lips for the first time uttered the life-giving message that not descent and purity of blood nor the accumulation of wealth can make a man noble, but an elevating, unselfish life and striving after perfection for the consummation of the highest ideal of true manhood.

"I was glad to become acquainted with you and to learn of your broad sympathy and good-will toward other nations and other religions. I acquired a better insight into the spirit of your religious institutions and aspirations than I could have obtained in my native country, and I carried the message of your good-will and sympathy home to my people.

"I come now again for the same noble purpose and obedient to the same injunction of our Blessed teacher, the Buddha Tathágato, who commanded his disciples in these words:

"Go ye now, O Bhikshus, for the benefit of the many, for the welfare of mankind, out of compassion for the world. Preach the doctrine glorious. Proclaim to them a life of holiness. They will understand the doctrine and accept it."

"Having renounced all worldly pleasures, I have entered the Brotherhood of the *Anagárikas*, the order of the homeless, who devote their lives to the good of humanity. Creed, color, and dogma bind me not, and I am therefore free to live for the truth alone. I am

free to receive and give information, to receive what others can teach me and to impart freely our conception of religious truth. I shall gladly accept invitations of the good people who want to hear what the Buddha Tathágato taught. Mine is a mission of love and enlightenment. Peace and blessings to all.

"H. DHARMAPÁLA,

"General Secretary Maha-Bodhi Society,
Chicago, Ill., P. O. Drawer F."

"In the year of Buddha, 2440.

PROFESSOR MAX MUELLER ON CHRISTIANITY AND BUDDHISM.

PROFESSOR MAX MUELLER lectured at the rooms of the Royal Society of Literature, Hanover Square, London, on "Coincidences." The Lord Chancellor took the Chair, and there was a large company of ladies and gentlemen, including the Rev. Canon Wilberforce.

The Professor said that two Roman Catholic missionaries travelling in Thibet were startled at the coincidence between their own ritual and that of the Buddhist priesthood. The latter had croziers, mitres, dalmatics, copes, services with two choirs, five-chained censers, blessings given while extending the right hand over the people, the use of beads, worship of the saints, processions, litanies, holy water. The missionaries attributed these coincidences to the Devil, determined to scandalise pious Roman Catholics. There the matter rested.

When the ancient language of the Brahmins began to be seriously studied by such men as Wilkins, Sir William Jones, and Colebrooke, the idea that all languages were derived from Hebrew was so firmly fixed and prevalent that it would have required great courage to say otherwise. Frederic Schlegel was the first to announce that the classic languages of Greece and Italy, and Sanskrit, the sacred language of India, were offshoots of the same stem. It might be laid down as a general principle that if a coincidence could be produced by natural causes, no other explanation need be sought. This, however, could not be the reason why mitres, copes, dalmatics, croziers, and many other things, exactly like those in the Roman Catholic Church, existed in Thibet. The conclusion was forced upon those who first studied the subject without passion, that there must at one time have been commu-

nication between Catholic priests and the Buddhists, and it was an historical fact that Christian missionaries were active in China from the middle of the seventh to the end of the eighth century. They had monasteries and schools in different towns, and were patronised by the Government. Here, then, was a coincidence explained in a fairly satisfactory manner.

Other coincidences between Buddhism and Christianity had been pointed out again and again, but too often in the impassioned tone of theological controversy. Coincidences between all the sacred books of the world existed and Professor Müller ventured to say that they ought to be welcomed, for surely no truth lost value because it was held not only by ourselves but also by millions of human beings whom we formerly called unbelievers.

Some of the coincidences between Buddhism and Christianity belonged to the ancient period of the former. They included confessions, fasting, celibacy of the priesthood, and even rosaries, and, as they were honored in India before the beginning of our era, it followed that if they had been borrowed the borrowers were Christians.

How, it might be asked, had knowledge of these things been spread! Through the fact that Buddhism in its essence was a missionary religion. We heard of Buddhist missionaries being sent to every part of the known world in the third century before Christ.

Indian and Buddhist influences had long been suspected in the ancient Greek fable and some parts of the Bible. The story of the ass in the lion's skin was to be found in Pāli. Probably it was true that the germs of some famous stories existed among our Aryan ancestors before their separation, but the form would be that of the proverb. Some difficulty had been caused by the question whether the fables common to Greece and India had travelled east or west. The Greeks themselves never claimed that kind of literature as their invention, though they made it their own by clothing it in Greek forms. Moreover, the fable had many traces of Eastern origin, and they abounded in Sanskrit literature. They were constantly appealed to in India, and were incorporated in the sacred canon of the Buddhists. Formerly, doubtful, Professor Max Müller had, after conscientious study, become more and more convinced that India was the soil that originally produced the fable as we knew it.

Again there were in the Old and New Testaments stories which had been traced to the Buddhist Jataka, and, indeed, nobody could look at Buddhism without finding something which reminded them of Christianity. The Professor did not allude to things essential to Christianity; he spoke rather of the framework.

Under the disguise of St. Josaphat, Buddha him-

self had been raised to the rank of a saint in the Roman Catholic Church, and the Professor saw no reason why Buddha should not retain a place among saints, not all of whom were more saintly than he.

The story of the judgment of Solomon occurred in the Buddhist canon, but in a somewhat different form. We read there of the man who had no children by his first wife, but one son by his second wife. To console the first he gave her the custody of the child. After his death, each of the wives claimed the boy. They went before Misaka. She directed them to try which could pull the child from the other by main force. As soon as he began to cry, one of the women would pull no longer, and Misaka declared that she was the true mother. The Professor considered this story truer psychologically than the judgment of Solomon. To look upon the latter, as actually dating from the time of Solomon, could hardly commend itself to Hebrew scholars of the present day.

The parable of the Prodigal Son was found in the Buddhist sacred books. So was the story of the man who walked upon the water so long as he had faith in his divinity, and began to sink when his faith failed. Such a coincidence could not be set down to accident, and it must be remembered that the date of the Buddhist parable was anterior to that told by St. Luke.

Then there was the parable of the loaves and fishes. In Buddha's case he had one loaf, and after he had fed his five hundred brethren, as well as his host and hostess and the people of a monastery, so much bread was left that it had to be thrown into a cave.

If such coincidences between the Buddhist sacred books and the Bible could be accounted for by reference to the tendency of our common humanity, let analogous cases be produced. If they were set down as merely accidental, let similar cases be brought from the chapter of accidents.

Max Müller's own opinion was that at least they were too numerous and complex to be attributed to the latter cause. He had tried to lay the case before his hearers like a judge summing up for a jury. He would only ask them to remember that the Buddhist canon in which these coincidences were found, was certainly reduced to writing in the first century before the Christian era. All, however, that he felt strongly was that the case should not remain undecided. The evidence was complete.—*Journ. Maha-Bodhi Soc.*, v, 4.

MARTIN LUTHER.¹

BY GUSTAV FREYTAG.
[CONTINUED.]

LUTHER THE MONK.

Little is known of Luther's early life beyond this, that he came near death, and, during a thunder-storm, "heard himself called by a terrible apparition from

¹Translated by H. O. Heineemann.

Heaven." In fear of death he vowed to enter a monastery, and carried out his resolution speedily and clandestinely.

We are justified in believing that Luther was in a frame of mind similar to Myconius when he entered the monastery, except that his sentiments were more profoundly stirred, his struggles fiercer. At odds with his father, full of terror at the thought of eternity which he could not understand, intimidated by the wrath of God, he entered, with almost convulsive energy, on a life of renunciation, devotion, and penance. He found no peace. All the highest questions of life assailed his unsupported, secluded soul with tremendous force. The need of feeling himself at one with God and the world was unusually strong and passionate in him; faith gave him only that which was unintelligible, bitter, repellent. To his nature the mysteries of the moral order of the world were of the greatest importance. That the good were persecuted while the bad were fortunate, that God damned the race of men with the awful curse of sin because an ignorant woman bit into an apple, and that, on the other hand, the same God bore our sins with love, indulgence, and patience; that Christ on one occasion sent away honest people with harshness, and another time received harlots, publicans, and murderers—"the wisdom of human reason must become foolishness in the face of such things." At such times he would complain to his spiritual adviser, Staupitz: "Dear Doctor, the Lord proceeds so horribly with men; who can serve Him if He strikes about Himself so recklessly?" If the answer was made, "How else could He subdue their stubborn heads?" that intelligent argument could not console the youth.

Impelled by an ardent desire to find the incomprehensive God, he tortured himself by the closest analysis of all his thoughts and dreams. Every youthful thought, all the impulses of youthful blood, became to him abominable wrongs; he began to despair of himself; he wrestled in endless prayer, fasted and mortified the flesh. On one occasion, the brothers were obliged to force an entrance to his cell, in which he had lain for days in a condition not far removed from insanity. The warmest sympathy moved Staupitz as he looked upon these convulsive torments, and he would attempt to comfort him by rather rude speeches. Once, when Luther had written to him: "O my sin, sin, sin!" the spiritual adviser answered: "You want to be without sin and have no real sin. Christ is the pardon of real sins, as murdering one's parents, etc. If Christ is to help you, you should have a register enumerating the real sins, and not approach Him with such trifles and doll sins and make of every bubble a sin."

The manner in which Luther rose from his despair

decided his entire future life. The God whom he served was at that time a God of terror; His wrath could be appeased only by the means of grace indicated by the old Church, consisting, in the foremost place, in continual confession, regulated by endless directions and forms that appeared vacant and frosty to the soul. Prescribed actions and the exercise of so-called good works did not bring to the youth a feeling of real conciliation and peace of mind. At last a word from his spiritual adviser struck him like an arrow: "Only that is true penance which begins by love of God. Love of God and elevation of soul is not the result of the means of grace taught by the Church, but must precede them."

This thought from Tauler's school became to the youth the foundation of a new moral relation of the soul to God. It was a sacred find to him. The transformation of the soul itself was the principal thing. That was the aim to strive for. From the innermost corner of every human heart should come repentance, penance, conciliation. He himself, and each man, could raise himself to God. At last he surmised what free prayer was. The place of the remote divine power which he had been seeking in a hundred formulæ and childish confessions was now taken by an all-loving protector to whom he could address himself each hour joyfully and in tears, to whom he could carry every complaint, every doubt, who took an unceasing interest in him, cared for him, granted or refused his heart-felt prayers, Himself affectionate as a kind father. Thus he learned to pray, and how fiery his prayers became! Now he lived quietly together with the dear Lord, whom he had found at last, in daily, hourly communion. Conversation with the Supreme Being became more intimate to him than that with the dearest beings of this earth. When he had poured out his whole soul before Him there would come over him tranquillity and sacred peace, a feeling of unutterable affection, he felt himself a part of God. And that relation remained to him from that time to the end of his days. He no longer needed the wide outside paths of the old Church; with his God in his heart he could defy the whole world.

He began to believe that those taught a false doctrine who laid so much stress on works of penance that besides them nothing remained but a cold satisfaction and circumstantial confession. And, subsequently, when he learned from Melancthon that the Greek word for "repentance" (*Metanoia*) meant, even linguistically, the transformation of the soul, it appeared to him a wonderful revelation. On this foundation rests the confident faith with which he set up the words of the Scriptures against the ordinances of the Church.

In such manner did Luther in the monastery grad-

ually work his way to spiritual emancipation. His entire subsequent teaching, the fight against the trade in pardons, his imperturbable steadfastness, his method of interpreting the Scriptures, rest upon the internal process by which, as a monk, he found his God. And it may well be said that with Luther's prayers in his cell began the new era of history. Soon, life was to lay him under the sledge-hammer to harden the pure metal of his soul!

THE RUPTURE WITH THE CHURCH.

It was with reluctance that Luther in 1508 accepted the professorship of dialectics at the new University of Wittenberg. He would have preferred to teach that theology which even then he held to be the true one. It is well known how in 1510 he went to Rome on business of the order, how he remained in the Holy City full of devotion and piety, what an abomination were to him the heathen practices of the Latins, the corruption of morals and worldliness of the clergy. There it was that while reading mass his devotion was disturbed by ribald jests which the Roman members of his order interjected. He never forgot the fiendish words as long as he lived.

But however deeply the corruption of the hierarchy stirred his emotions, it nevertheless comprised all his hopes; there was no God and no hereafter outside of it. The lofty idea of the Catholic Church and its victories of fifteen hundred years fettered the minds of even the strongest. And when, clad in the garments of the Roman priesthood, he visited, at the risk of his life, the ruins of ancient Rome and stood amazed before the gigantic columns of the temples destroyed, according to tradition, by the Goths, the warlike man from the mountains of the ancient Hermunduri little dreamed that it would be his destiny to shatter the temples of mediæval Rome more thoroughly, fiercely, grandly than had been done in bygone ages by the cousins of his forefathers.

Luther still returned from Rome a faithful son of the great mother, all heretical practices, for instance those of the Bohemians, being offensive to him. After his return he took a warm part in the controversy of Reuchlin against the judges of heresy at Cologne, and about 1512 he was a partisan of the Humanists. But even then he felt that something stood between him and that school. Some years later when at Gotha, he failed to visit the venerable Mutianus Rufus, although he sent a very courteous letter of excuse. And soon after he was offended in the dialogues of Erasmus by the inner chilliness and the worldly tone in which the theological sinners were scoffed at. In the profane worldliness of the Humanists the soul of Luther, so happy in its faith, never felt truly at home, and that pride which subsequently offended the sensitive Eras-

mus in a letter meant to be conciliatory, probably dwelt in his soul even at that early time. The forms of Luther's literary modesty during that time make the impression that it was compelled from a firm spirit by the power of Christian humility.

For, in his faith he then felt sure and great. As early as 1516 he wrote to Spalatin who represented his connexion with the Prince-Elector Frederick the Wise, that the Elector was the wisest man in all the affairs of this world, but where God and salvation were concerned he was struck with seven-fold blindness.

Luther had cause for this utterance, for the providence of that well-poised prince was manifested, among other things, by the prudent endeavors to gather the means of grace recommended by the Church. Thus, he had a peculiar fancy for relics, and at that time Staupitz, vicar of the Augustine-Eremites of Saxony, was engaged along the Rhine and elsewhere collecting treasures of relics for the Elector. This absence of the superior officer was important for Luther who had to take his place. He was already a man of authority in his order. Although a professor of theology since 1512, he still lived in his monastery at Wittenberg, and, as a rule, wore his monk's hood. He visited the thirty monasteries of his congregation, deposed priors, issued severe reprimands on lax discipline, and urged severity towards fallen monks. Yet he still retained something of the pious simplicity of the brother of the monastery.

For it was in that sense that on October 31, 1517, after he had affixed the theses against Tetzel at the church door, he wrote, full of confidence and simple honesty, to the protector of the dealer in indulgences, Archbishop Albrecht of Mayence. Full of the ingenuous popular faith in the intelligence and good intentions of the highest rulers, Luther thought—as he often said in later times—that it needed but to represent honestly to the princes of the Church the disadvantage and immorality of such abuses. But how childish did this zeal of the monk appear to the smooth and refined princes of the Church! What aroused the profound indignation of the honest man was all finished, disposed of, laid aside, from the point of view of the Archbishop. The sale of indulgences was an evil which had been deplored a hundred times, but it was unavoidable, as many institutions are to the politician which, while not good in themselves, must be sustained for the sake of a great interest. The greatest interest to the Archbishop and the curia was their temporal dominion, which was gained and supported by money made in that manner. The great interest of Luther and the people was truth. This was the parting of the ways.

Luther entered the struggle full of faith, a loyal

son of the Church, full of devotion to the authorities of the Church. But, again, he had within him that which confirmed him against too powerful an influence from such authority, a secure relation with his God. He was thirty-four years old at that time, in the prime of his powers, of medium size, of slender but strong body, which seemed tall by the side of the small, delicate, boyish figure of Melanchthon. In a countenance showing the traces of nightly vigils and internal struggles, there glowed the fiery eyes whose powerful radiance was difficult to bear. A respected man, not only in his order but also at the university; not a great scholar, for he learned Greek from Melanchthon the following year and Hebrew immediately after; he possessed no extensive book-learning and never was ambitious to shine as a Latin poet. But he was astonishingly well read in the Scriptures and some fathers of the Church, and what he absorbed he digested with German thoroughness. He was indefatigable as a minister of his congregation, a zealous preacher, a warm friend, having recovered an honest cheerfulness at that time, of assured bearing, courteous and adroit, his intercourse marked by conscious assurance which often transfigured his features with a happy humor. Small events of the day readily moved or disturbed him; he was irritable and wept easily, but if a great call approached him and he had overcome the first nervous excitement—which, for instance, embarrassed him in his first appearance at the Diet of Worms—he possessed a wonderful equanimity and assurance. He knew not fear; his leonine nature even took enjoyment in the most dangerous situations. Accidental danger of life which he incurred, insidious attacks of his enemies, were scarcely held worthy of mention at that time.

The foundation of this superhuman heroism, as it were, was again his firm personal relationship to his God. He had long periods when he desired martyrdom, smiling and inwardly happy, to serve the truth and his God.

Still the future held terrible struggles in store for him, but they were not of the kind in which he was met by men. It was the Devil himself he had to beat down for years, again and again; he overcame the anguish and torments of Hell which was busily at work to obscure his understanding. Such a man might be killed, but could hardly be conquered.

THE CONFLICT.

That period of the struggle which follows next, from the beginning of the controversy over the sale of indulgences to the departure from the Wartburg, the period of his greatest victories and of immense popularity, is perhaps best known, and yet it seems that

his character during that period is still not judged aright.

Nothing is more remarkable during that time than the manner in which Luther gradually became estranged from the Roman Church. He was modest in life and without ambition; he clung with most profound reverence to the lofty idea of the Church, the community of the faithful for fifteen hundred years. And yet in four short years he was to be separated from the faith of his fathers, torn away from the soil in which he was so firmly rooted. And during all that time he would stand alone in the struggle, alone, or at least with but a few loyal companions—since 1518 with Melanchthon. He was to encounter all the dangers of the fiercest war, not only against countless enemies, but also against the anxious warnings of honest friends and protectors. Thrice the Roman party tried to silence him by the mission of Cajetan, the persuasive arts of Miltitz, the untimely assiduity of the quarrelsome Eck; thrice he spoke himself to the Pope in letters which are among the most valuable documents of those years. Then came the divorce; he was cursed and outlawed; according to old university usage, he burned the challenge, and with it the possibility of retreat.

With cheerful confidence he went to Worms that the princes of his nation might decide whether he should die or live among them thenceforth without Pope or church, according to the Scriptures only.

At first, when he had issued in print the theses against Tetzel, he was astonished at the tremendous attention they aroused in the empire, the venomous hatred of his enemies, and the expressions of joyful recognition which he received on many hands. Was his action such an unheard-of thing? What he had uttered was believed by all the best men of the Church. When the Bishop of Brandenburg sent the Abbot of Lehnin to him with the request that Luther should suppress the publication of his German sermon on "Absolution and Grace," no matter how just his position was, the friar of the poor Augustinian monastery was deeply moved that such great men should speak kindly and cordially to him, and he was inclined rather to give up the publication than to appear like a freak of nature bent on disturbing the peace of the Church. He endeavored zealously to controvert the rumor that the Prince-Elector occasioned his quarrel with Tetzel. "They want to involve the innocent Prince in the hatred that pursues me." He was willing to do anything to preserve the peace, before Cajetan and with Miltitz; only one thing he would not do, he could not recant what he had said against the un-Christian extension of the sale of indulgences. Yet it was recantation alone that the hierarchy demanded of him. For a long time he con-

tinued to desire peace, penance, retreat to the peaceful activity of his cell, and yet again and again an untruthful assertion of his adversaries set his blood on fire, and each contradiction was followed by a new and sharper blow of his weapon.

Even in the first letter to Leo X., of May 30, 1518, the heroic assurance of Luther is striking. As yet he is the faithful son of the Church, as yet he lays himself at the feet of the Pope, offers him his whole life and being, and promises to honor his voice as the voice of Christ, whose vicegerent the head of the Church is. But even from this humility, which became the member of the monastic order, there flashes forth the violent words: "If I have merited death I do not refuse to die." And in the letter itself, how vigorous are the terms in which he describes the coarseness of the sellers of pardons! There was honest surprise why his theses made so much stir, those sentences so hard to understand and involved in enigmatical forms according to ancient usage. And good humor sounds through the manly words: "What shall I do? I cannot recant. In our century full of genius and beauty that might crowd a Cicero to the wall, I, an unlearned, narrow man, without refinement of culture, should not assume this task! But necessity compels me, the goose must chatter among the swans."

The following year nearly all the friends of Luther united to bring about a reconciliation. Staupitz and Spalatin, back of them the Prince-Elector, scolded, begged, and urged. The papal chamberlain, Miltitz himself, praised Luther's disposition, whispered to him that he was perfectly right, implored, drank with him, and kissed him. True, Luther thought he knew that the courtier had the secret mission to carry him prisoner to Rome if possible. But the mediators happily found the point where the stubborn man agreed with them heartily, viz., that respect for the Church must be maintained and its unity left undisturbed. Luther promised to keep still and to leave the decision of the controverted points to three respectable bishops. In this position he was urged to write a letter of excuse to the Pope. But even this letter of March 3, 1519, undoubtedly passed upon by the mediators and wrung from the writer, is characteristic of the progress Luther had made. Of humility which our theologians read in it, it contains very little, but shows a careful diplomatic attitude throughout. Luther regrets that he had been charged with lack of reverence, whereas that which he had done was intended to protect the honor of the Roman Church; he promises to keep silent about pardons and indulgences in the future, provided his adversaries would do likewise; he promises to publish an address to the people admonishing them to obey the

Roman Church sincerely and not to become estranged from it because its opponents had been insolent and himself rude.

But all these submissive words fail to cover the chasm which already separates his mind from the Roman spirit. And it sounds like cold irony when he writes: "What shall I do, most Holy Father? I lack all advice. I cannot bear the weight of your wrath, and yet I know not how I can escape it. They demand of me a recantation. If it could effect what is intended by it I should recant without a doubt. But the opposition of my adversaries has spread my writings further than I ever had hoped; they sit too deeply in the souls of men. In our Germany there now flourish talent, culture, free judgment. Should I recant, I should cover the Church with still greater obloquy in the judgment of my countrymen. And it is they, my adversaries, that have brought disgrace upon the Roman Church among us." Finally he concludes politely: "Should I be able to do more, I shall without doubt be quite ready for it. Christ save your Holiness.—M. Luther."

Much may be read behind this temperate restraint. Even if the vain Eck had not at once forced the entire University of Wittenberg into the fight, this letter could scarcely be taken in Rome as a sign of repentance and submission.

Rome had spoken and Luther stood condemned. Yet once more Luther showed the spirit of reconciliation that characterises the deepest sentiments of his heart. A second time, appealing directly to the Pope, he wrote that celebrated great letter, which at the request of the indefatigable Miltitz he dated back to September 6, 1520, in order to be able to ignore the bull of excommunication. It is the beautiful reflexion of a resolute spirit who, at once grand in sincerity and noble in disposition, from his lofty standpoint entirely overlooks his adversary. With genuine sympathy he speaks of the person and the difficult position of the Pope, but it is the sympathy of a stranger; still, he ruefully deplores the Church, but one feels that he has outgrown it himself. It is a letter of divorce, cutting keenness coupled with a positive attitude and silent sorrow; thus does a man part from that which he once loved and has found unworthy. To the mediators this letter was to be the last bridge, for Luther it was spiritual emancipation.

Luther himself had become a different man in these years. In the first place, he had acquired firm self-reliance in his intercourse with the mighty ones of this earth and at a high price acquired an insight into the politics and private character of those who governed. To the peaceful character of his sovereign there was nothing, at bottom, more painful than this bitter theological controversy which at times promoted

his politics, but always disturbed him mentally. For ever the court sought to restrain the men of Wittenberg, and ever Luther took care that it was too late. Whenever the faithful Spalatin warned against a new polemic step, the answer came back to him that there was no help, the sheets were printed and already in many hands and beyond recall.

In his intercourse with his adversaries, also, Luther acquired the assurance of a tried champion. He still felt bitterly that in the spring of 1518 Jerome Enser at Dresden insidiously led him to a supper at which he was obliged to fight with angry enemies, particularly when he learned that a begging Dominican friar had listened at the door and spread the tale in the city the next day, that Luther was completely smothered and that the listener could scarcely restrain himself from leaping into the room and spitting in the heretic's face.

At the first meeting with Cajetan he still sank humbly down at the feet of the prince of the Church; after the second meeting he permitted himself to think that the Cardinal was as fit for his business "as an ass for harp playing." The courteous Miltitz was treated with corresponding politeness. The Romanist had hoped to tame the German bear; soon the courtier got into that position which fitted him: he became the tool of Luther. And in the disputation of Leipsic with Eck, the favorable impression which the sincere and firm manner of Luther created was the best counterbalance against the complacent assurance of his adroit adversary.

BATTLES WITHIN AND BATTLES WITHOUT.

The time when Luther was driven into a struggle with the greatest power on earth, was for him a period of terrible suffering. Close to the elation of victory lay mortal anxiety, torturing doubt, and fearful temptation. He alone with a few, in arms against all Christendom, in ever more implacable hostility to the mightiest power which still embraced all that was sacred to him from his youth. If, after all, he erred in this thing or that? He was responsible for every soul that he carried along with him. And whither? What was there outside of the Church? Annihilation, destruction in this life and hereafter. If adversaries and timid friends cut his heart with reproaches and warnings, incomparably greater was the torment, the secret gnawing, the uncertainty which he durst not confess to anybody.

In prayer alone he found peace. Whenever his soul, fervently seeking God, soared in mighty upward flight, there came to him fulness of strength, composure, and serenity. But in the hours of depression, when his impressionable soul quivered under contrary impressions, then he felt embarrassed, divided, under

the bane of another power which was inimical to his God.

From his childhood he knew how busily the evil spirits hover about man; from Scripture he had learned that the Devil works upon the purest, to destroy them. On his path, also, lurked busy devils to weaken, to entice him, to make countless others miserable through him. He saw them work in the angry features of the Cardinal, in the sneering face of Eck, yea, in the thoughts of his own soul. He knew how powerful they were in Rome.

In his youth he had been tormented by apparitions, now they returned. Out of the dark shadow of his study the spectre of the tempter raised its claws against his reason, even in the form of the Saviour did the Devil approach the praying man, radiant as the Prince of Heaven with five wounds, as the old Church pictured Him. But Luther knew that Christ appears to poor mortals only in His words or in such humble form as He hung on the cross. And he gathered himself up indignantly and cried out to the apparition: "Get thee gone, thou blaspheming devil," and the apparition vanished.

Thus the strong heart of the man labored in wild insurrection for long years with ever fresh force. It was a ceaseless struggle between reason and illusion. But ever he rose victor, the primary strength of his healthy nature conquered. In long prayer, often lasting for hours, the stormy billows of emotion were smoothed, his massive understanding and his conscience ever led him from doubt to certainty. He felt this emancipating process as a merciful inspiration of his God. And after such moments his anxious fear gave way to a perfect indifference to the judgment of men; he became immovable and inexorable.

Altogether different appears his personality in the struggle with the enemies of this earth. With scarcely an exception he there displays secure superiority, most especially in his literary disputes.

Gigantic was the literary activity which he developed. Up to 1517 he had published little, from that time forward he became at once not only the most fertile but also the most popular writer of Germany. The swing of his style, the power of demonstration, the fire and passion of his convictions carried everything before them. No one had ever spoken thus to the people. His language adapted itself to every mood, to every key, now terse and condensed and sharp as steel. Again in ample breadth, a mighty river, his words penetrated the people. His imagery and striking comparisons made the most difficult things intelligible. His was a wonderful creative power.

He handled language with sovereign facility. No sooner did he seize the pen, than his mind worked with the greatest freedom. His sentences exhale the

serene warmth which filled him. The full charm of heartfelt joy in the work is poured over them. And his power is not the least manifest in the attacks which he directed at individual opponents. But it is also closely allied with the impropriety which caused apprehensions even in his admiring contemporaries. He loved to play with his adversaries, his fancy clothes the figure of the enemy with a grotesque mask, and this picture of his fancy he taunts, scoffs, and thrusts at with turns of speech that do not sound temperate and not always proper. But it is in this very invective that his good humor, as a rule, conciliates the reader, though not those whom he hits. Petty spitefulness he scarcely ever shows, not infrequently, however, an indelible good humor.

At times, it is true, he gets into the real artist's passion; he forgets the dignity of the reformer and pinches like a naughty child, nay, like a spiteful goblin. How he plucked all his opponents to pieces! Now, as by the blows of a club swung by a wrathful giant, again with a fool's bauble.

He loved to ridicule the names of his adversaries. Thus they lived in the circle of Wittenberg as beasts or as fools. Eck became Dr. Geck,¹ Murner² received a cat's head and claws; Emser, who had his coat of arms, a goat's head, painted on most of his polemic writings, was maltreated as a he-goat; the Latin name of the recreant Humanist Cochlaeus³ was re-translated and Luther greeted him as a snail with an impenetrable coat of mail and—it is painful to relate—even called him snoutnose. Worse, and terrifying even to his contemporaries, was the violent recklessness with which he inveighed against hostile princes. Towards the cousin of his sovereign, Duke George of Saxony, he often exhibited an unavoidable forbearance. Each considered the other a prey to the Devil, but secretly each respected the manly worth of the other. Again and again they got into disputes, literary ones, also; but again and again Luther prayed heartily for the soul of his neighbor. On the other hand, the arbitrary wickedness of Henry VIII. of England was loathsome to the inmost heart of the German reformer, he inveighed against him most shockingly and interminably. And even during his last years he treated the violent Henry of Brunswick like a naughty schoolboy. Harlequin was the most harmless among the many characters in which he produced him.

If such an effusion of his stared him in the face in print when it was too late, and if friends made complaint, he would be vexed at his rudeness, scold himself, and be sincerely penitent; but repentance helped

little, for at the next opportunity he fell into the same error. And Spalatin had some cause to look with suspicion upon a projected publication; even when Luther intended to write very mildly and tamely. His opponents could not equal him in vigor. They called him names with equal good-will, but they lacked mental freedom. Unfortunately, it can hardly be denied that this seasoning of the moral dignity of his nature often made his writings particularly irresistible to the common people of the sixteenth century.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

NOTES.

Samuel P. Putnam, President of the American Secular Union, announces that the present annual Congress of the Free Thought Federation will meet at Chicago, November 13, 14, and 15, and expresses the hope that it will be the most important Free Thought Congress ever held in the country. Not only Col. Robert G. Ingersoll, the foremost freethinker in this country, but also George W. Foote and Charles Watts of England are expected. With united forces they intend to stand up for the liberty of all, Christian and Non Christian alike. For this purpose they invite every friend of liberty in the United States, Canada, and all over America to join them and to help in promoting the common cause of humanity.

Mr. Perera of Colombo, Ceylon, writes: "I ameliorate the condition of our women we must have first-class teachers, either American or English, who must be sympathetic and willing to work for the good of our girls. Had the Women's Educational Society sufficient funds, they would have sent one or two lady teachers from America. But it is to be regretted that they are not yet in a position to do so. With the kind help of American sympathisers there will dawn a new day for us."

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¹Geck=coccyzomh.

²"Murn," a familiar designation for cat. We must add here that this was the custom of the age, for Murner himself never fails to represent his own picture in his satires with a cat's head and cat's claws.

³Latin *cochlea*, meaning a snail.

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THE UPANISHADS AND THE BRAHMANS.

BY CHARLES JOHNSTON.

"Thinking sacrifices and offerings are best, these fools know not the better way."

—Mundaka Upanishad.

It has always been accepted as one of the established truths of Oriental studies, that the Upanishads contain the wisdom of the Brahmins; the teaching of the Upanishads, the system of the Vedanta, and Brahmanism are constantly regarded as synonymous terms. This assumption is exactly the contrary of the truth, as I hope to show; yet the error which led to it was a very natural one.

When the Western world first came into contact with the spiritual life of India, at the end of last century, the foreground of the Indian world was held by the Brahman caste; the sacred books were in the hands of the Brahmins; Sanskrit, the key to the sacred books, could only be learned from the Brahmins; and, finally, the Brahmins themselves confidently asserted that the wisdom of the sacred books was peculiarly their own, and without doubt were profoundly convinced of the truth of their assertion. It was very natural, therefore, that everything we received from the Brahmins, amongst other things, the Upanishads, should be regarded as having originated among the Brahmins; and it was not less natural that this opinion should continue to be held. It is true that, in the Upanishads themselves, there is a series of passages of quite unmistakable import, which point to quite another origin, to quite another relation between the real authors of the teaching of the Upanishads and the Brahman caste; yet these passages have been consistently overlooked, or rather their real bearing has not been grasped, for the very sufficient reason that an insight into this real bearing can only be reached along a line which students of Sanskrit were very unlikely to follow, and, as a matter of fact, failed to follow.

This line of study is the examination of the ethnical character of the Indian races to-day; and, more especially, the ethnical character of two races, the pure Brahmins and the pure Rajputs. This study has only been entered upon, in a strict and scientific

way, quite recently, and to discuss it in any fulness would be out of place here; but its results, as far as they touch on the question of the origin of the Upanishads, can easily be summarised.

I think I may say that it is conclusively proved that there are at least four clearly distinguished races in India, whose character is primarily marked by difference of color. We are not particularly concerned with two of these races, the black race and the yellow race; but, as regards the others, it has been quite clearly shown that the pure nucleus of the Brahman caste is a white race, while the true Rajputs belong to a red race, quite distinct in every ethnical character from the race of the white Brahmins. It has never been doubted that the Brahmins of to-day, as far as their pure nucleus is concerned, are identical in race with the Brahmins of ancient India, who first consolidated into a hereditary caste at the close of the Vedic age. But it has only quite recently been shown that the Rajputs of to-day are identical in race, color, character, and even name, with the Rajaputras, Rajanyas, or Kshattriyas of Ancient India. We must therefore fix our regard on two races in Ancient India: the red Rajputs or Rajanyas, and the white Brahmins. What I hope to demonstrate, with regard to the Upanishads, is, that all that is most characteristic in their teaching, the heart and soul of Indian philosophy, originated with the red Rajputs; and that this teaching was adopted by the white Brahmins from the Rajputs, the record of this adoption being contained, quite clearly, in the Upanishads themselves. The ancient spiritual dignity of the Rajanyas, or Kshattriyas, has long been recognised by scholars. I need only mention what has been written on the subject by Goldstücker, Muir, Max Müller, and Cowell.¹ It is universally recognised that many of the hymns of the Rig-Veda were composed by Rajanya seers, and the thrice-holy Gayatri, the most sacred verse in all the Vedas, claims as its author Vishvamitra, prince of Kanouj, whom the Brahmanas speak of as a Rajaputra, that is, a Rajput.

And the peculiar relation of the Upanishads to the

¹ Goldstücker, *Literary Remains*, I., p. 321. Muir, *Original Sanskrit Texts*, I., p. 266 ff. Max Müller, *Ancient Sanskrit Literature*, p. 79 ff. Max Müller, *Chips from a German Workshop*, II., 388 ff. Cowell, *Elphinstone's History of India*, Bk. IV., App. vii.

Rajanyas or Kshattriyas has also been recognised. Thus Cowell writes: "The great teachers of this higher knowledge are not Brahmans but Kshattriyas, and Brahmans are continually represented as going to the great Kshattriya kings to become their pupils."¹ And Deussen points out that the original possessors of the wisdom of the Upanishads "were not the priestly caste devoted to ceremonial, but far rather the caste of the Kshattriyas: again and again we find in the Upanishads the position that the Brahman begs the Kshattriya for teaching."² All this becomes enormously more important, when we know that we have to deal, not with a difference of caste or social status only, but with a difference of race.

But we may best illustrate the matter by translating certain passages in the Upanishads themselves. Perhaps the most remarkable is one in the sixth chapter of Brhad Aranyaka Upanishad. The actors in the drama are King Pravahana, who is expressly called a Rajanya or Rajput, and the two Brahmans Uddalaka and his son Shvetaketu. These two Brahmans are learned in the Rig-Veda, the Yajur-Veda, and the Sama-Veda, and fully initiated in the mysteries of the Brahmanical caste; yet they are compelled to confess their entire ignorance of the answers of five questions put to them by the Rajput king. It has hardly been sufficiently noted hitherto that these questions imply the whole doctrine of reincarnation or rebirth, and the continuity of moral energies, or "works": and the complementary doctrine of liberation from rebirth, and finally realised oneness with the eternal; two doctrines rightly held to be the head and heart of Indian wisdom. These two doctrines the Brahmans were entirely ignorant of, though learned in the three Vedas, and they are imparted to the Brahman Uddalaka by the Rajput king, with the following very remarkable words: "This wisdom never hitherto dwelt in any Brahman, yet I will declare it to thee." The Commentary of Shankaracharya explains the sentence thus: "This teaching asked for by thee, before being given to thee, never dwelt in any Brahman, and thou also knowest that this teaching was always handed down in succession among the Kshattriyas," that is, the Rajputs. The word used is one which specially refers to the transmission of an esoteric doctrine from teacher to pupil in an uninterrupted line, in the manner of an apostolic succession, and thus shows that Shankaracharya, the greatest of all the Brahmans, believed that the teaching of rebirth through conservation of moral energy, and the teaching of liberation, were hereditary with the Kshattriyas, and were imparted by them to the Brahmans on a definite historic occasion.

The parallel passage in the fifth chapter of the Chhandogya Upanishad puts the matter even more strongly: "Never before thee does this teaching go to the Brahmans, but among all peoples it was the doctrine of the Kshattriya alone." Shankaracharya comments thus: "Before thee, this teaching went not to the Brahmans, nor were the Brahmans initiated in this wisdom; formerly among all peoples this was the teaching at the initiation of pupils of the Kshattriya race. For so long a time this teaching was handed down in succession among the Kshattriyas."

The word used again implies the analogue of apostolic succession. It is a remarkable confirmation of the truth of this narrative that the teaching of rebirth through conservation of moral energy, and the teaching of liberation are not, as a matter of fact, found anywhere in the hymns of the Rig-Veda, and it is well known that on the hymns of this Veda, the Yajur and the Sama-Veda are based; so that we can still verify the fact that Uddalaka, the Brahman, though learned in all the hymns, was yet ignorant of the teaching of rebirth and the teaching of liberation. We now know that this wisdom really belonged to another race, the race of the Red Rajputs, who imparted it to the White Brahmans, after the three Vedas were complete.

These passages are enough to prove that what is best in Indian wisdom does not belong to the Brahmans at all; but we may point to further passages in the Upanishads to show how widely they recognise this. Thus, in the fourth chapter of Kaushitaki Brahmana Upanishad, the Kshattriya or Rajput king Ajatashatru imparts divine knowledge to the Brahman Gargya, son of Balaka; the same story is found in the fourteenth chapter of the Shatapatha Brahmana, or the second chapter of Brhad Aranyaka Upanishad; and all versions of this narrative incidentally recognise the fame of another Rajanya, King Janaka, as a teacher of divine things. There are a number of shorter references to the same fact scattered through the Upanishads, but it would hardly be in place to collect and translate them all here; what we have given is more than enough to prove our position conclusively.

The spiritual ascendancy of the Rajanyas, Kshattriyas, or Rajputs does not end with the Upanishads. Rama, the Rajanya of the Solar line, is esteemed a divine incarnation; and it is noteworthy that Krishna, another divine incarnation, traces his teaching through the Rajanya or Rajput Sages, with special reference to the teaching of rebirth and liberation, as the fourth chapter of the Bhagavad Gita shows. The earlier chapters of this summary of Krishna's teaching repeat and develop the best ideals of the Upanishads, and in recognising this, it is important to remember that

¹ Op. cit., p. 282.

² Deussen, *Das System des Vedanta*, p. 18.

Krishna himself and his disciple Arjuna are both Kshatriyas, and that Krishna lays special stress on the futility of the priestly system, that is, the peculiar teaching of the Brahmins.

Once more, long after Krishna's days,—if we are to accept the universal tradition of ancient India,—a great Rajanya or Rajput sage raised the standard of the same ideals, and preached the doctrine of life as a manifestation of moral energies, where well-being depends on the inward rightness of the will and heart, and not on the purchased favor of the gods. This teacher was Prince Siddhartha of Kapilavastu, most universally known as Gautama Buddha, "The Awakened," or Shakyamuni, "The Sage of the Shakyas." There has been endless dispute as to the real nature of the Buddha's doctrine; but this much, I think, is universally agreed upon: that the Buddha taught rebirth, or continuity of life, through the conservation of moral energies and liberation through renunciation of the selfish personality. I hope to have something to say, at a future date, as to the relation of this doctrine of the renunciation of personality to the doctrine of the Self, in the Upanishads; but it is more in place here to point out that we find the Buddha in constant conflict with the peculiar ideals of the Brahmins, more especially their sacrificial system of bartering with the gods. This conflict with the Brahmins and their characteristic ideals comes out very clearly in the *Tevijja Sutta*, which is of high value as a historical landmark, showing, as it does, that in the Buddha's days, two thousand five hundred years ago, the Brahman caste had reached an advanced stage of exclusiveness and degeneration, very different from the time of the Upanishads, when the best Brahmins sat as humble pupils at the feet of the Rajput sages, and considerably more advanced than in the days of Krishna, the Kshatriya teacher, when, as many references in the *Mahabharata* show, the Brahman caste felt its position as yet insecure.

But the main fact we have to deal with, is this: three times in the history of ancient India, at three widely separated epochs, the latest of which was two thousand five hundred years ago, we find teachers of the Red Rajput race asserting the ideal of continuity and rebirth through the conservation of moral energies, and the ideal of liberation through rightness of heart and will, as against the characteristic teaching of the White Brahmins, with their mercenary huckstering with the gods, for the good things of this life and paradise, and their ceremonial system with its exclusiveness, narrowness, and priestly privilege, and its sacrificial shedding of blood.

At the earliest of these three epochs, the Brahmins, conscious of their own ignorance and the futil-

ity of their system of selfish superstition, humbly and gladly accepted the truer spiritual ideals of the Rajputs, as the Upanishads show.

The second epoch shows us the Brahman caste again sunk in ceremonial and ritualism, while the teacher Krishna, though clearly pointing out the futility of the priestly system, yet counsels toleration and compromise.

In the third epoch, the Brahman caste had gone too far in crystallisation to be able to receive the healing teachings of the Buddha, and consequently we find him denounced by the Brahmins, because he "being a Kshatriya, had assumed the Brahman's privilege of teaching and receiving gifts;" and we find his followers ultimately driven from India by the consistent hostility of the Brahman priests. It is noteworthy that the chief missionaries of Buddhism to Tibet were Rajputs, men of the Buddha's own race, the race to whom we owe the wisdom of the Upanishads, as well as the teaching of the *Bhagavad Gita*, the race to whom the three historic divine incarnations in India belong, finally, the race from whom came even the holiest parts of the *Rig-Veda* hymns, the race of the Red Rajputs, the spiritual masters of India.

From all this we may draw two deductions: First, the propriety, even the necessity, of considering the highest outcome of the race-genius of the Rajputs—the Upanishads, the *Bhagavad Gita*, and Buddhism—as a continuous whole; and secondly, the fact that, in describing any part of this continuous teaching as Brahmanism, we shall be losing sight of one of the most important truths in the spiritual history of India. Strictly speaking, we should mean by Brahmanism the system of priestcraft and ceremonial bartering with the gods,—“milking the gods,” to use a chaste expression from the Vedic hymns,—which was denounced in the Upanishads, treated as futile by Krishna, and finally rejected by Buddha, the system of priestcraft, with its promises of material success in this life, and sensual reward in heaven, which finally triumphed in the expulsion of Buddha's religion, and which is the very antithesis of the spiritual ideal of the Rajputs. Or we may mean by Brahmanism the system of compromise inaugurated in the *Bhagavad Gita*, accepted by the *Brahma Sutras*, and perfected by Shankaracharya, in which the true spiritual and esoteric doctrine comes from the Upanishads, that is, from the Rajputs, while the outer and lower teaching, the exoteric doctrine, is the undisputed property of the Brahman priests, the thrice-blest “eaters of the leavings of the sacrifice.” But in no case can the name Brahmanism be fitly given to the Upanishads, in which all that is most characteristic of the Brahmins is unsparingly denounced.

MARTIN LUTHER.¹

BY GUSTAV FREYTAG.

[CONTINUED.]

ACCEPTING THE SUMMONS.

In the autumn of 1517 Luther got into a quarrel with a dissolute Dominican friar; in the winter of 1520 he burned the papal bull. In the spring of 1518 he had prostrated himself at the feet of the Pope, the viceregent of Christ; in the spring of 1521 he declared at the Diet of Worms, before the Emperor and the princes and papal legates, that he did not believe either the Pope or the Councils alone, but only the testimony of the Holy Scriptures and rational thought.

Luther knew since December, 1520, that his case was to be heard at the Diet, called to meet at Worms, and he also knew that the cardinal-delegate Aleander was ceaselessly urging the Emperor to be severe with him, that the Emperor himself was not favorably disposed towards the bold monk whose heretical books he had burned in the Netherlands. The Prince-Elector of Saxony reached Worms early in January, and found the Emperor present. The great men of the empire gathered slowly and tardily. It was not until the end of February, 1521, that the Diet could be opened.

The intelligence which came from Worms to Wittenberg, travelling about as fast as a letter from Europe to America does to-day, took on a less favorable tone. The Emperor and Luther's enemies thought it improper that the excommunicated friar should be admitted to the Diet at all, and Prince-Elector Frederick and the other princes of the empire who thought it was wrong, or, at least, imprudent, on account of the popular excitement, to condemn him without a hearing, were obliged to put forth the greatest efforts to obtain the concession that the heretic be asked to recant, and also that he be granted safe-conduct.

Thus it was not unknown to Luther that imperial outlawry threatened him, and his death was probable. Naturally such a prospect should have impaired somewhat the cheerfulness and literary productiveness of even the most virile man. But in his case the reverse was true. Scarcely at any other time in his life did he write so much and such a variety of matter as during those months. He took his old literary opponent, Ambrosius Catharinus, by the collar, and, with even greater energy, the tedious Emser, of Leipsic, whom he scored, ridiculed, and cuffed in a series of little books. The Pope, the legates, and their courtesans were represented with harsh humor in wood-cuts by his friend, Lucas Cranach, contrasting the humility of the suffering Christ with the splendor of the clergy. He also labored indefatigably for education and the ministry of souls. Besides some sermons and the

Instructions for Penitents, this period brought the first part of the *Postils*, one of his principal works, he worked on his exegesis of the Book of Psalms and on the fine and soulful book *Explanation of Mary's Song of Praise*.

At last the imperial herald, Caspar Sturm, who was called "Germania" in the heraldic language of the Latins, brought the letter of safe-conduct to Wittenberg and rode ahead of the waggon of Luther, who started for Worms on April 2 with Amsdorf and two other companions. In the cities of Thuringia the people crowded about the waggon offering their good wishes. At Erfurt, the Humanists, who were the ruling party at that university, met him in a great procession on horseback and gave a brilliant feast.

But through all these enthusiastic acclamations there sounded a shrill note of discord. The Emperor had promised safe-conduct for the journey both ways, and the princes through whose domains he travelled, had also sent letters to protect him. Nevertheless, the Emperor did not want the excommunicated friar to reach Worms, and, in order to deter him, he issued an order in advance of the hearing and had it proclaimed in the cities that all of Luther's books should be given up to the authorities. Luther found the proclamation posted in the cities. His friends at Worms were alarmed. Spalatin sent him a warning that the fate of Huss was in store for him; even the herald asked if he still insisted on continuing his journey. Luther himself was startled, but could not be turned aside. He sent answer to Spalatin that Huss was burned, but the truth was not burned, and he would go to Worms though there were as many devils as tiles on the roofs.

Milder means, also, were tried to divert him. The Emperor's confessor, Glapio, went to Sickingen at Ebernburg, apparently of his own free will, and advised most urgently that Luther should avoid Worms, and go to Ebernburg to seek first an understanding with him. If Luther had accepted this proposition, it would have been impossible to keep within the time for which he was protected by the safe-conduct. Luther replied to the well-meaning bearer of the message that if the Emperor's confessor desired to speak with him he could be found at Worms.

When he drove into Worms, on the last day of the term allowed for the journey, he was escorted by a cavalcade of a hundred horsemen, most of them Saxon gentlemen, who had come to meet him, while the people crowded the streets and watched him with curiosity; and his quarters, which were assigned him in the house of the order of St. John, were visited until late into the night by noble callers who were full of curiosity and sympathy. The next day he was cited before the Diet.

¹Translated by H. E. O. Heinemann.

and said kindly: "My dear monk, thou goest to an encounter which I and many foremost leaders of battle never have faced. If thou art right and sure of thy cause, God speed thee, and be comforted. God will not forsake thee."

When Luther was led in, Pappenheim cautioned him that he could say nothing before the august assembly except in answer to questions. When he entered, he did not kneel down, as was expected of a monk when appearing before the majesty of the Emperor, but stood bolt upright. In front of him he saw the pale face and sombre glance of the young Emperor; he saw the expression of anxiety in the kind face of his sovereign, the Elector, and found himself in the presence of all those illustrious princes and gentlemen, of whose dispositions and opinions he had heard so much in late years.

The official of the Archbishop of Treves began as speaker for the Emperor: "His Imperial Majesty has sent his mandate and summons to you, Martinus Luther, to appear before the present Diet, that you may first give answer if you confess to the books which have appeared everywhere in the Holy Roman Empire under your title and name, and if you wrote them as they here lie before your eyes." He pointed to a pile of books lying on a bench. Jerome Schurf, who, with five other doctors, was Luther's legal adviser, called out: "Let the titles be read," and Luther repeated the request.

The official read the titles of those books which for years had excited the nation as was never done by the publications of any man, either before or since. Then he continued: "Furthermore, if you confess to the books, His Imperial Majesty demands that you shall recant them here and now, and therefore asks whether you will do so or not, since there is mixed in them much evil and erroneous teaching which may cause excitement and discontent in the common, simple people. Consider and take this to heart."

Luther's reply was about as follows: "Most illustrious Emperor: Having appeared here in obedience to your gracious bidding, I will answer, in the first place, to the matter presented: The books whose titles have just been read, and some others, which were written for the instruction of the people, I confess to, and shall adhere to such confession to the end of my days. In the second place, however, since your Imperial Majesty requires that I recant their contents, I would answer that this is truly a great matter, for it concerns everlasting life and relates to One who is more than any one in this assembly; it is His affair and action. That I may not, therefore, mislead the poor Christian people and myself, I beg and ask that your Imperial Majesty grant me a term for reflexion and consideration."

The Emperor and the princes joined in a short consultation. A majority insisted that the delay be granted, and the official announced to Luther that the Emperor's mercy would grant him time to reflect until four o'clock the next day. Luther left with the words: "I shall consider the matter."

In this session he spoke low and with humility, and, his enemies said, indistinctly. It may be that the first impression of the assembly embarrassed him. Assuredly it was a greater burden to him that he could not speak out freely all that he wanted.

The delay was short. The desire of the enemies to be rid of the disturber was too great. The question was what effect a refusal of Luther would produce. For he declared again after returning to his lodgings, that he would not recant a single stroke.

On April 18 he was again called for at four o'clock and had to wait in the crowd for about two hours. But when he entered the meeting this time, he was quite himself again and utterly indifferent to the opinion of men. He greeted the assembly according to the manners of the court, by bending both knees a trifle. He spoke respectfully but firmly, and his voice, which was clear and high, as once upon a time was that of Charlemagne, was heard all over the hall. In a well-considered speech he greeted the Emperor and the assembly, and first begged pardon if in word, gesture, or manner he violated the manners of court-life, since he was not brought up at any princely court, but in the corners of monasteries. "In simplicity of mind I have written and taught up to this time, and sought nothing else on earth than the glory of God and the instruction of those who believe in Christ."

Then he continued: "To the two questions which have been put to me I will answer in this wise: I confess, as I did yesterday, that the books enumerated were written by me and were issued in my name, unless by fraud or the ignorance of others something was altered or wrongly extracted in the printing, for I confess only to that which came from myself. Now, my books are not of one kind, for in some I treated quite simply and according to the Gospels, of faith and morals. These books must be held useful even by my adversaries and worthy of being read by Christians. Even the angry and cruel bull of the Pope calls some of my books harmless, although it condemns them contrary to reason. If I were to begin to recant these writings, on which both friends and enemies are agreed, I should be in conflict with the general and harmonious opinion."

"The second series of my books is directed against popery and the actions of the papists, against those who, with evil teachings and example, have destroyed and corrupted the Christian world, miserably oppressed, burdened, and tortured the consciences of

the faithful, also devoured the goods and possessions of the great German nation by incredible tyranny and rank injustice. Should I recant these books I should do nothing else than to strengthen such tyranny and un-Christian practices and throw open to them not the windows alone, but the doors also, that they could continue to rage and work evil, and their most impudent and criminal rancor would be confirmed and fastened upon the poor miserable people to a degree that would be intolerable. This would be particularly the case if it could be said that such increase of misfortune happened at the order and upon the desire of your Imperial Majesty and the entire Roman Empire. O my dear Lord, what an infamous cloak of villainy and tyranny I should become by such a recantation!

"The third kind of my books are written against certain individuals who tried to protect Roman tyranny and to eradicate the form of serving God which I taught. I confess that against these adversaries I was more violent than was proper, for I do not make myself out a saint, nor did I fight for myself, but for the honor of Christ. These books, likewise, I cannot recant, for my recantation and retreat would strengthen the tyrannical wrath and mad government of the enemies.

"My Lord Jesus Christ, when questioned by the high priest about his teachings, and, being struck on the cheek by a servant, said: 'If I have spoken evil, bear witness of the evil.' Since the Lord did not refuse to listen to an argument against his teachings, even from the lowliest slave, how much more is it becoming in me, an erring man, to desire and expect that some one may give me witness against my teachings. Hence, I implore the highest and the lowest, by the mercy of God, to prove my error and overcome me with the evangelical and prophetic writings. If I am instructed in that regard I will be the very first to throw my books into the fire.

"Yesterday I was admonished earnestly to reflect that discord, riot, and rebellion may grow out of my teachings in the world. I have considered and weighed it sufficiently. In truth, it is most joyful to me to see that on account of the divine word there will be dissension in the world, for that is the consequence and the fate which is prepared by the Word of God. The Lord Himself said: 'I came not to send peace but a sword, for I am come to set a man at variance against his father.' Let us beware, therefore, lest we condemn the Word of God, under the pretext of adjusting the quarrels of parties, that a flood of insufferable evil may not come over us and lest the noble youth, Emperor Charles, have an unhappy beginning of his reign. I say this not as though my teaching and warning was needed by such great heads, but because I owe it to my native land to do her this ser-

vice. And thus I commend myself to the mercy of the Emperor and beg that your Imperial Majesty may not suffer me to fall into disfavor through the ill opinion of my enemies."

Thus spoke on April 18, 1521, a man from the common people before the Emperor and all the princes about the government of the highest spiritual lord of the Christian world. The polite modesty of the opening, the care with which he distinguished his books, appeared as good address even to his enemies. But soon after, he stood in the assembly a stranger from another world, like a hero of old swinging his iron club among a lot of delicate knights. His comfortable assurance in describing the heads of the clergy as frivolous villains, and the final warlike assertion: "It is most joyful to me to see how rebellion rises," before the august assembly which feared nothing more than dissension among the people, was not the language of a penitent speaking for his neck, but the proud utterance of a ruler chosen for victory or ruin.

It was a weird effect that the daring words and the demon-like eyes of the man made upon the official, and he attempted to instruct and reprimand him: "In your answer there were thrusts and biting attacks, but no open declaration. What you teach has been said by Huss and other heretics, and that teaching has already been condemned at the Council of Constance, with sufficient reason, by Pope and Emperor. I demand a simple, plain answer: Will you recant or not? If you recant, your innocent little books will be preserved; if you do not recant, no regard will be had for what else you may have written in a Christian sense, and you will give his Imperial Majesty cause to do with you as was done with Huss and others."

It was then that Luther spoke the familiar words: "Since his Imperial Majesty requires a simple and straight answer, I will give an answer that is neither offensive nor biting. I do not believe in either the Pope or the councils alone, since it is plain that they have erred repeatedly and contradicted themselves. Unless I am overcome with the testimony of the Scripture or with clear and transparent reasons, I will and shall not recant a single word, for it is wicked and dangerous to act contrary to conscience."

The official and Luther spoke Latin first, then repeated their words in German. After the words of Luther there was excitement and murmuring in the hall, and the following Latin speeches of the two champions were not heard all through the meeting. The angry Emperor again asked, through the official, if Luther dared assert that the councils had erred. And when Luther answered: "Councils can err and have erred, and the one of Constance decided contrary to the clear and lucid text of the Scripture,

which I will demonstrate," the Emperor had heard enough. Amazed at such audacity, he gave the signal to close the proceedings and break up the meeting. In response to the hostile gesture of the Emperor and amid the clamor of his enemies, Luther finally exclaimed in German the words which, according to the form handed down by his theological friends in the editions of his works, were: "Here I am. I cannot do otherwise. God help me. Amen!" In reality they were probably uttered in this way: "I cannot do otherwise. May God come to my aid. Amen. Here I am."

It was the two days of the 17th and 18th of April, 1521, that the two men looked in one another's faces who have split the life of the Western World in twain, the great enemies who in the great-grandchildren of their spirit have fought each other down into the present time, the Burgundian Hapsburger and the German peasant's son, emperor and professor, the one who spoke German only to his horse, the other the translator of the Bible and creator of the new German language, the one the predecessor of the patrons of the Jesuits, author of the house-policy of the Hapsburgs, the other the precursor of Lessing, the great poets, historians, and philosophers. It was an hour big with fate for the history of the world when the young Emperor, lord of half the world, spoke the contemptuous words: "That fellow shall not make a heretic of me." For it was at that time that there began the struggle of his house with the spirit of the people, a struggle of over three centuries, victories and defeats on both sides. As far as human judgment may read the workings of Providence in the fate of nations, we of to-day have at last seen the final outcome.

It was the first and only time, too, in German history, that a man from the people so firmly defended, in peril of death, the demands of his conscience before the Emperor and the Diet. The effect of his steadfastness upon the princes was great, immeasurably great upon the people. When Frederick the Wise came to his chamber from the assembly, he said to his intimates, full both of admiration and of care: "Doctor Martinus spoke well, in Latin and in German. He is much too courageous for me." Even among those princes who looked upon his teachings with indifference or dislike, respect and awe of the brave man increased.

Luther, upon returning from the grand assemblage to his lodgings, raised his hands to Heaven and joyfully exclaimed: "I am through, I am through!" He had escaped out into the open from the hedge of thorns with which it was sought to surround him.

At last Luther was free. But what a freedom it was! He was banned by the Pope and outlawed by the Emperor. Nevertheless, he was free—free within

himself, but free as the beast of the forest, a fugitive; and at his heels howled a pack of bloodthirsty enemies. He had arrived at the climax of his life, and the powers against which he had rebelled, yea, the thoughts which he himself had stirred up in the people, thenceforth worked against his life and teachings.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

BOOK REVIEWS.

RULING IDEAS OF THE PRESENT AGE. By *Washington Gladden*. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin, and Company. The Riverside Press, Cambridge. 1895. Pages, 299. Price, \$1.25.

Mr. Gladden's little book is the result of the offer by the trustees of Dartmouth College, under the terms of the will of the Hon. Richard Fletcher, of a prize for the best essay on the question: "In what ways ought the conception of personal life and duty to be modified?" The prize was awarded for the present essay, the author of which answers the question propounded by referring to the intellectual and ethical movements now going on around us. These he regards as full of promise, notwithstanding the dangers which beset society arising from the broad distinction made between the sacred and the secular, religion and politics, and the strong development of the spirit of "pharisaism" in the Church. As evidence of real progress, Mr. Gladden refers to the in-coming of the higher form of charity, based on the existence of a spiritual relationship between giver and receiver. He insists on the "rights of property," but he points out that its possessors have correlative duties, one of the most important of which consists "in the furnishing of honest and healthful work, and in the manifestation, through the friendships which association in work makes possible, of the true spirit of brotherly love." Among the chief ruling ideas of the present day, according to Mr. Gladden, are the immanence in nature and society of "the Christ," and the organic character of the social body. The latter forms the keynote of Mr. Gladden's work.

C. S. W.

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ON THE DUNES OF THE BALTIC.¹

An Idyl.

BY L. LINDEMANN-KÜSSNER.

THE young birches sway hither and thither in the wind, their delicate leaves still aglow with the gloss and verdure of spring. What a scene of splendor unrolls before us!

Lonely we lie here on the dune, whose undulatory contours stand out in such striking outlines against the blue sky. Gently the tiny blades and the sparse clumps of grass tremble on the sands, and the birds sing as if their little hearts would burst from joy and gladness. From afar comes the roar of the sea, and the trees vie with its wild music. Such is the mysterious surge of sound about us, both low and loud, and ere one is aware of it one dreams. I verily believe there is no spot on earth more fit for dreaming than the lofty reaches of these Baltic dunes.

There is something peculiar, too, wafted in the air from that foaming sea. The sagas of the Northland steal in upon our dreams. And must we then only dream? But two thousand years ago, and scarce that, they stand before us—those puissant men, in their garments of pelt, with their sinewy limbs and wavy beards and hair—and those tall, lithesome women, with their flowing amber tresses. They now no longer rove the forests, but their ashes lie buried in thousands and thousands of urns under Samland's hills—a silent but touching witness of the life that once here flourished.

There was a band of us here recently, digging for the urns of those forgotten dead. Far into the inland the eye could rove from this spot, and far without on the shining waste of sea. That was their delight, who lived here and were masters in the olden time. An uncontrollable yearning for freedom was their distinctive stamp. Even in their graves they sought the same freedom and altitude, whence they could survey the broad land and the far waters.

The workmen threw stone upon stone from the ditch, and again stones, three layers deep. Then

they came upon the urn. The roots of the ancient trees had tightly encircled it as if to protect its scanty relics from sacrilegious eyes.

The contents of the urn were carefully examined. On top lay black clay—human dust, mingled with tiny bits of bone. Merciful Heaven! A pair of hands! And that had been a human being!

They then took out a little, compactly rolled clump of dirt, from which I carefully stripped the parts of clay—when a silver ring met my eyes. It could have belonged to none but a slender hand—for it was extremely narrow. None but a woman could have worn it. A strange mood crept over me as I viewed the little circlet, and I should have given much had I known how the woman looked whose finger the band once adorned.

The learned gentlemen kept on digging and came constantly upon new treasures. But I still held fast to the ring. The trees rustled above my head. I dreamt, and in my vision a still, low voice whispered:

"Thou!"

"Well!"

"Look at this!"

"What is it, pray?"

Before me on the dune stood a woman, in the heyday of youth, and as graceful and as lithesome as a doe. The wind tossed her golden hair into her face; she stroked it back with her hand. On her finger, glittered in the bright rays of the sun—a silvery band. I fastened my eyes on it, like one petrified.

"Look!" she cried, with a ringing laugh. "Is it not beautiful?" And she flaunted the circlet in the sun. "Look! He brought it for me, for me alone, from far-off foreign lands. See how finely it is chased! Never companion of mine boasted so costly a bridal gift as this"—and then with a low exultant ripple—"they laughed at me, because I was so much smaller than they and reached scarce to their necklace-span-gles. But the tallest and handsomest man of them all came and took me as his wife."

She kissed the ring.

"Oh! If he were but with me again!"

"Is he gone from you?"

"Yes. He is the bravest of them all, and there is much warring with the neighboring folk. But he

¹Translated from the German by *μρκκ*.

has always come back victorious, and then he lifts me in his arms and laughs at me, how light I am, and fondles me like a child. Hark!—and she strains her ear to listen—"But no, 'twas only the wind. I thought I heard the trumpet's sound. Yes, there it is again"—and again she bent forward to listen.

A peal rolled over the dune, mournful and dismal, and a slow procession approached. On a bed of green boughs lay the frame of a gigantic man. A cry burst from my companion's lips. She ran to the body—the bearers halted. Tearing the garment that covered the stalwart chest, she laid her head upon his heart—it beat no more. With a cry like a stricken hind, she fell to the ground.

Night dawns. The moon spreads its ghostly light over the dunes. In the distance a shadowy procession of men and women files slowly up the ascent. Arrived at the top, they halt. There are lurid flames in the sky—soon afterwards darkness. They gather the ashes together, and put them with the loved ornaments in the urns. And then upon these they pile stones—heaps of stones.

With a shock, I start from my reverie. The learned gentleman at my right has just remarked: "That must have been a mighty warrior, Doctor. Look at the tremendous girth of these bracelets, and these spear-heads. And all so marvellously preserved!"

"Did this urn stand by the side of the small one, in which the ring was found?" I asked.

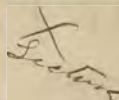
"Yes. They were probably kindred, and were interred at the same time."

"Probably!" And I turned the little silver circlet about and about in my hands, while the far-off echo of that lovely voice whispered in my ear, "Oh! if he were but with me here again!"

I lift my eyes. The sun is in its noonday stage and beats fiercely upon the sand. The air is quite still. The birches and pines are motionless but give forth a powerful fragrance. A strange mood comes over me and I think of the stories grandmamma was wont to tell us of the noonday sprites. Methinks she was right. Was not that too a spirit's doings, but now? True, the story of the ring's discovery was real, but the other surely was elfish work! Or was it only a dream?

A dream only?

A gust of wind breaks in from the sea and all about us is life again. The trees sway and bend, and I hear from all their rustling a distinct answer: "'Twas No dream, No dream, but actual reality! Ye foolish ones. Think not ye are different from those who dwelt here in days of yore. For destiny is ever the same, ever the same. Joy of heart and pain of heart, that is your lot, as 'twas theirs of old. So it was then, so it is now, and so it will remain!"



SECULARIST CEREMONIES.

BY GEORGE JACOB HOLYOAKE.

"Death is the decisive test of the value of the education and morality of society; Secular funerals are the symbol of the social renovation."—J. P. Froudhon.

[CERTAIN ceremonies are common to all human society, and should be consistent with the opinions of those in whose name the ceremonies take place. The marriage service of the Church contains things no bride could hear without a blush, if she understood them; and the Burial Service includes statements the minister ought to know to be untrue, and by which the sadness of death is desecrated. The Secularist naturally seeks other forms of speech. It being a principle of Secularism to endeavor to replace what it deems bad by something better—or more consistent with its profession—the following addresses are given. Other hands may supply happier examples; but, in the meantime, these which follow may meet with the needs of those who have no one at hand to speak for them, and are not accustomed to speak for themselves.]

ON MARRIAGE.

Marriage involves several things of which few persons think beforehand, and which it is useful to call their attention to at this time. The bridegroom, by the act of marriage, professes that he has chosen out of all the women of the world, known to him, the one to whom he will be faithful while life shall last. He declares the bride to be his preference, and, whoever he may see hereafter, or like, or love, the door of association shall be shut upon them in his heart for ever. The bride, on her part, declares and promises the same things. The belief in each other's perfection is the most beautiful illusion of love. Sometimes the illusion happily continues during life. It may happen—it does happen sometimes—that each discovers that the other is not perfect. The Quaker's advice was: "Open your eyes wide before marriage, but shut them afterwards." Those who have neglected the first part of this counsel will still profit by observing the second. Let those who will look about, and put tormenting constructions on innocent acts: beware of jealousy, which kills more happiness than ever Love created.

The result of marriage is usually offspring, when society will have imposed upon it an addition to its number. It is necessary for the credit of the parents, as well as for the welfare of the children, that they should be born healthy, reared healthy, and be well educated; so that they may be strong and intelligent when the time comes for them to encounter, for themselves, the vicissitudes of life. Those who marry are considered to foreknow and to foresee these duties,

and to pledge themselves to do the best in their power to discharge them.

In the meantime, and ever afterwards, let love reign between you. And remember the minister of Love is deference towards each other. Ceremonial manners are conducive to affection. Love is not a business, but the permanence of love is a business.

Unless there are good humor, patience, pleasantness, discretion, and forbearance, love will cease. Those who expect perfection will lose happiness. A wise tolerance is the sunshine of love, and they who maintain the sentiment will come to count their marriage the beginning of the brightness of life.

NAMING CHILDREN.

In naming children it is well to avoid names whose associations pledge the child, without its consent, to some line of action it may have no mind to, or capacity for, when grown up. A child called "Brutus" would be expected to stab Cæsar—and the Cæsars are always about. The name "Washington" destroyed a politician of promise who bore it. He could never live up to it. A name should be a pleasant mark to be known by, not a badge to be borne.

In formally naming a child it is the parents alone to whom useful words can be addressed.

Heredity, which means qualities derived from parentage, is a prophecy of life. Therefore let parents render themselves as perfect in health, as wise in mind, and as self-respecting in manners as they can; for their qualities in some degree will appear in their offspring. One advantage of children is that they contribute unconsciously to the education of parents. No parents of sense can fail to see that children are as imitative as monkeys, and have better memories. Not only do they imitate actions, but repeat forms of expression, and will remember them ever after. The manners of parents become more or less part of the manners and mind of the child. Sensible parents, seeing this, will put a guard upon their conduct and speech, so that their example in act and word may be a store-house of manners and taste from which their children may draw wisdom in conduct and speech. The minds of children are as photographic plates on which parents are always printing something which will be indelibly visible in future days. Therefore the society, the surroundings, the teachers of the child, so far as the parents can control them, should be well chosen, in order that the name borne by the young shall command respect when their time comes to play a part in the drama of life. To this end a child should be taught to take care what he promises, and that when he has given his promise he has to keep it, for he whose word is not to be trusted is always suspected, and his opinion is not sought by others, or is disregarded when uttered.

A child should early learn that debt is dependence, and the habit of it is the meanness of living upon loans. There can be no independence, no reliance upon the character of any one, who will buy without the means of payment, or who lives beyond his income. Such persons intend to live on the income of some one else, and do it whether they intend it or not. He alone can be independent who trusts to himself for advancement. No one ought to be helped forward who does not possess this quality, or will not put his hand to any honest work open to him. Beware of the child who has too much pride to do what he can for his own support, but has not too much pride to live upon his parents, or upon friends. Such pride is idleness, or thoughtlessness, or both, unless illness causes the inability.

Since offspring have to be trained in health and educated in the understanding, there must not be many in the family unless the parents have property. The poor cannot afford to have many children if they intend to do their duty by them. It is immoral in the rich to have many because the example is bad, and because they are sooner or later quartered upon the people to keep them; or, if they are provided for by their parents, they are under no obligation to do anything for themselves, which is neither good for them nor good for the community, to which they contribute nothing.

Believing this child will be trained by its parents to be an honor to them, and a welcome addition to the family of humanity, it is publicly named with pleasure.

Over the Dead.

1.—READING AT A GRAVE.

Esdras and Uriel.

[An argument in which the Prophet speaks as a Secularist.]

And the angel that was sent unto me, whose name was Uriel, said:—I am sent to show thee three ways, and to set forth three similitudes before thee: whereof, if thou canst declare me one, I will show thee also the way that thou desirest to see . . .

And I said, Tell on, my Lord.

Then said he unto me, Go thy way; weigh me the weight of the fire, or measure me the blast of the wind, or call me again the day that is past.

Then answered I and said, What man is able to do that, that thou shouldest ask such things of me?

And he said unto me, If I should ask thee how great dwellings are in the midst of the sea, or how many springs are in the beginning of the deep, or how many springs are above the firmament, or which are the outgoings of Paradise, peradventure thou wouldst say unto me, I never went down into the deep, nor as yet into Hell, neither did I ever climb up into Heaven.

Nevertheless, now have I asked thee but only of the fire, and wind, and of *the day wherethrough* thou hast passed, and of *things from which thou canst not be separated*, and yet canst thou give me no answer of them.

He said, moreover, unto me, Thine own things, and such as are *grown up with thee*, canst thou not know? How should thy vessel, then, be able to comprehend the way of the Highest? . . .

Then said I unto him, It were better that we were not at all than that we should live still in wickedness and to suffer, and not to know wherefor.

He answered me and said, I went into a forest, into a plain, and the trees took counsel, and said, Come, let us go and make war against the sea, that it may depart away before us, and that we may make us more woods.

The floods of the sea also in like manner took counsel, and said, Come, let us go up and subdue the woods of the plain: that there also we may make us another country.

The thought of the wood was in vain, for the fire came and consumed it. The thought of the floods of the sea came likewise to nought, for the sand stood up and stopped them.

If thou wert judge now betwixt these two, whom wouldest thou begin to justify? or whom wouldest thou condemn?

I answered, and said, Verily it is a foolish thought that they both have devised; for the ground is given unto the wood, and the sea also hath his place to bear his floods.

Then answered he me and said, Thou hast given a right judgment; but why judgest thou not thyself also? For like as the ground is given unto the woods, and the sea to his floods, even so they that dwell upon the earth may understand nothing but that which is upon the earth: and he that dwelleth upon the heavens may only understand the things that are above the height of the heavens.

Then answered I and said, I beseech thee, O Lord, let me have *understanding*.

For it was not my mind to be curious of the high things, but of such as pass by us daily.

Harriet Martineau's Hymn.

[The only hymn known to me in which a Supreme Cause is implied without being asserted or denied, or the reader committed to belief in it.]

Beneath this starry arch
Nought resteth or is still,
But all things hold their march
As if by one great will:
Moves one, move all;
Hark to the footfall!
On, on, for ever!

Yon sheaves were once but seed;
Will ripens into deed.

As eave-drops swell the streams,
Day-thoughts feed nightly dreams;
And sorrow tracketh wrong,
As echo follows song,
On, on, for ever!

By night, like stars on high,
The hours reveal their train;
They whisper and go by;
I never watch in vain:
Moves one, move all:
Hark to the footfall!
On, on, for ever!

They pass the cradle-head,
And there a promise shed;
They pass the moist new grave,
And bid bright verdure wave;
They bear through every climate,
The harvests of all time,
On, on, for ever!

II.—AT THE GRAVE OF A CHILD.

The death of a child is alone its parents' sorrow. Too young to know, too innocent to fear, its life is a smile and its death a sleep. As the sun goes down before our eyes, so a mother's love vanishes from the gaze of infancy, and death, like evening, comes to it with quietness, gentleness, and rest. We measure the loss of a child by the grief we feel. When its love is gone, its promise over, and its prattle silent, its fate excites the parents' tears; but we forget that infancy, like the rose, is unconscious of the sweetness it sheds, and it parts without pain from the pleasure it was too young to comprehend, though engaging enough to give to others. The death of a child is like the death of a day, of which George Herbert sings:

"Sweet day, so clear, so calm, so bright
Bridal of the earth and sky;
The dew shall weep thy fall to-night—
For thou must die."

It is no consolation to say, "When a child dies it is taken from the sorrows of life." Yes! it is taken from the sorrows of life, and from its joys also. When the young die they are taken away from the evil, and from good as well. What parents' love does not include the happiness of its offspring? No! we will not cheat ourselves. Death is a real loss to those who mourn, and the world is never the same again to those who have wept by the grave of a child. Argument does not, in that hour, reach the heart. It is human to weep, and sympathy is the only medicine of great grief. The sight of the empty shoe in the corner will efface the most relevant logic. Not all the preaching since Adam has made death other than death. Yet, though sorrow cannot be checked at once by reason, it may be chastened by it. Wisdom teaches that all human passions must be subordinate to the higher purposes of life. We must no more abandon ourselves to grief than to vice. The condition of life is the lia-

bility to vicissitude, and, while it is human to feel, it is duty to endure. The flowers fade, and the stars go down, and youth and loveliness vanish in the eternal change. Though we cannot but regret a vital loss, it is wisdom to love all that is good for its own sake; to enjoy its presence fully, but not to build on its continuance, doing what we can to insure its continuance, and bearing with fortitude its loss when it comes. If the death of infancy teaches us this lesson, the past may be a charmed memory, with courage and dignity in it.

III.—MEN OR WOMEN.

The science of life teaches us that while there is pain there is life. It would seem, therefore, that death, with silent and courteous step, never comes save to the unconscious. A niece of Franklin's, known for her wit and consideration for others, arrived at her last hour at the age of ninety-eight. In her composure a friend gently touched her. "Ah," murmured the old lady, "I was dying so beautifully when you brought me back! But never mind, my dear; I shall try it again." This bright resignation, worthy of the niece of a philosopher, is making its way in popular affection.

Lord Tennyson, when death came near to him, wrote:

"Sunset and evening star,
And one clear call for me!
And may there be no moaning of the bar
When I put out to sea.

Twilight and evening bell,
And after that the dark,
And may there be no sadness of farewell
When I embark."

There is just a touch of superstition in these genial lines. He writes: "After death the dark." How did he know that? What evidence is there that the unknown land is "dark"? Why not light? The unknown has no determinate or ascertained color.

Where we know nothing, neither priest nor poet has any right to speak as though he had knowledge. Improbability does not imply impossibility. That which invests death with romantic interest is, that it may be a venture on untried existence. If a future state be true, it will befall those who do not expect it as well as those who do. Another world, if such there be, will come most befittingly and most agreeably to those who have qualified themselves for it, by having made the best use in their power of this. By best use is meant the service of man. Desert consists alone in the service of others. Kindness and cheerfulness are the two virtues which most brighten human life. Wide-eyed philanthropy is not merely money-giving goodness, but the wider kindness which aids the as-

cendancy of the right and minimises misery everywhere.

Death teaches, as nothing else does, one useful lesson. Whatever affection or friendship we may have shown to one we have lost, Death brings to our memory countless acts of tenderness which we had neglected. Conscience makes us sensible of these omissions now it is too late to repair them. But we can pay to the living what we think we owe to the dead; whereby we transmute the dead we honor into benefactors of those they leave behind. This is a useful form of consolation, of which all survivors may avail themselves.

Mrs. Ernestine Rose—a brave advocate of unfriended right—when age and infirmity brought her near to death, recalled the perils and triumphs in which she had shared, the slave she had helped to set free from the bondage of ownership, and the slave minds she had set free from the bondage of authority; she was cheered, and exclaimed: "But I have lived."

The day will come when all around this grave shall meet death; but it will be a proud hour if, looking back upon a useful and generous past, we each can say: "I have *lived*."

IV.—ON A CAREER OF PUBLIC USEFULNESS.

In reasoning upon death no one has surpassed the argument of Socrates, who said: "Death is one of two things: either the dead may be nothing and have no feeling—well, then, if there be no feeling, but it be like sleep, when the sleeper has no dream, surely death would be a marvellous gain, for thus all futurity appears to be nothing more than one night. If, on the other hand, death be a removal hence to another place, and what is said be true, that all the dead are there, what greater blessing can there be than this?"

Sir Edwin Arnold, in his *Secret of Death*, writes:

"Nay, but as when one layeth
His worn-out robes away,
And, taking new ones, sayeth,
'These will I wear to-day!'

So putteth by the spirit
Lightly its garb of flesh,
And passeth to inherit
A residence afresh."

This may be true, and there is no objection to it if it is. But the pity is, nobody seems to be sure about it. At death we may mourn, but duty ceaseth not. If we desist in endeavors for the right because a combatant falls at our side, no battle will ever be won. "Life," Mazzini used to say, "is a battle and a march." Those who serve others at their own peril are always in "battle." Let us honor them as they pass. Some of them have believed:

"Though love repine and reason chafe,
There came a voice without reply—
'Tis man's perdition to be safe,
When for the truth he ought to die."

They are of those who, as another poet has said, "are not to be mourned, but to be imitated."¹ The mystery of death is no greater than the mystery of life. All that precedes our existence was unseen, unimaginable, and unknown to us. What may succeed in the future is unprovable by philosopher or priest:

"A flower above and the mould below;
And this is all that the mourners know."²

The ideal of life which gives calmness and confidence in death is the same in the mind of the wise Christian as in the mind of the philosopher. Sydney Smith says: "Add to the power of discovering truth the desire of using it for the promotion of human happiness, and you have the great end and object of our existence."³ Putting just intention into action, a man fulfils the supreme duty of life, which casts out all fear of the future.

A poet who thought to reconcile to their loss those whose lines have not fallen to them in pleasant places wrote:

"A little rule, a little sway,
A sunbeam on a winter's day,
Is all the proud and mighty have
Between the cradle and the grave."

This is not true; the proud and mighty have rest at choice, and play at will. The "sunbeam" is on them all their days. Between the cradle and the grave is the whole existence of man. The splendid inheritance of the "proud and mighty" ought to be shared by all whose labor creates and makes possible the good fortune of those who "toil not, neither do they spin"; and whoever has sought to endow the industrious with liberty and intelligence, with competence and leisure, we may commit to the earth in the sure and certain hope that they deserve well, and will fare well, in any "land of the leal" to which mankind may go.

MR. G. J. HOLYOAKE'S SECULARISM.

We have published in *The Open Court* a consecutive series of articles on "Secularism," by Mr. George Jacob Holyoake, in which he furnishes a résumé of his life-experiences as his "Confession of Faith." The present number contains a few speeches of his made on solemn occasions, such as funerals, marriages, and naming a child, which will give a clear idea of secularist ceremonies, such as Mr. Holyoake would have them.

Among the representative freethinkers of the world Mr. George J. Holyoake takes a most prominent position. He is a leader of leaders, he is the brain of the Secularist party in England, he is a hero and a martyr of their cause.

Judged as a man, Mr. Holyoake is of sterling character; he was not afraid of prison, nor of unpopularity and ostracism, nor of persecution of any kind. If he ever feared anything, it was be-

ing not true to himself and committing himself to something that was not right. He has been an agitator all his life, and as an agitator he was—whether we agree with his views or not—an ideal man. He is the originator of the Secularist movement that was started in England; he invented the name Secularism, and he has been the backbone of the Secularist propaganda ever since it began. Mr. Holyoake left his mark in the history of thought, and the influence which he exercised will for good or evil remain an indelible heirloom of the future.

Secularism is not the cause which The Open Court Publishing Co. upholds, but it is a movement which on account of its importance ought not to be overlooked. Whatever our religious views may be, we must reckon with the conditions that exist, and Secularism is powerful enough to deserve general attention.

What is Secularism?

Secularism espouses the cause of the world *versus* theology; of the secular and temporal *versus* the sacred and ecclesiastical. Secularism claims that religion ought never to be anything but a private matter; it denies the right of any kind of church to be associated with the public life of a nation, and proposes to supersede the official influence which religious institutions still exercise in both hemispheres.

Rather than abolish religion or paralyse its influence, The Open Court Publishing Co. would advocate on the one hand to let the religious spirit pervade the whole body politic, together with all public institutions, and also the private life of every single individual; and on the other hand to carry all secular interests into the church, which would make the church subservient to the real needs of mankind.

We have published Mr. Holyoake's Confession of Faith, which is an exposition of Secularism, not because we are Secularists, which we are not, but because we believe that Mr. Holyoake is entitled to a hearing. Mr. Holyoake is a man of unusually great common sense, of keen reasoning faculty, and of indubitable sincerity. What he says he means, and what he believes he lives up to, what he recognises to be right he will do, even though the whole world would stand up against him. In a word, he is a man who according to our conception of religion proves by his love of truth that, however he himself may disclaim it, he is actually a deeply religious man. His religious earnestness is rare, and our churches would be a good deal better off if all the pulpits were filled with men of his stamp.

We have published Mr. Holyoake's Confession of Faith not for Secularists only, but also and especially for the benefit of religious people, of his adversaries, of his antagonists; for they ought to know him and understand him; they ought to appreciate his motives for dissenting from church views; and ought to learn why so many earnest and honest people are leaving the church and will have nothing to do with church institutions.

Why is it that Christianity is losing its hold on mankind? Is it because the Christian doctrines have become antiquated, and does the church no longer adapt herself to the requirements of the present age? Is it that the representative Christian thinkers are lacking in intellectuality and moral strength? Or is it that the world at large has outgrown religion and refuses to be guided by the spiritual counsel of popes and pastors?

Whatever the reason may be, the fact itself cannot be doubted, and the question is only, What will become of religion in the future? Will the future of mankind be irreligious (as for instance Mr. Lecky and M. Guyau prophesy); or will religion regain its former importance and become again the leading power in life, dominating both public and private affairs?

The first condition of a reconciliation between religion and the masses of mankind would be for religious men patiently to listen to the complaints that are made by the adversaries of Christianity, and to understand the position which honest and sensible

¹ W. J. Linton. ² Barry Cornwall. ³ *Moral Philosophy*.

freethinkers, such as Mr. Holyoake, take. Religious leaders are too little acquainted with the world at large; they avoid their antagonists like outcasts, and rarely, if ever, try to comprehend their arguments. In the same way, freethinkers as a rule despise clergymen as hypocrites who for the sake of a living sell their souls and preach doctrines which they cannot honestly believe. In order to arrive at a mutual understanding, it would be necessary first of all that both parties should discontinue ostracising one another and become mutually acquainted. They should lay aside for a while the weapons with which they are wont to combat one another in the public press and in tract literature; they should cease scolding and ridiculing one another and simply present their own case in terse terms.

This Mr. Holyoake has done. His Confession of Faith is as concise as it can be; and he, being the originator of Secularism and its standard-bearer, is the man who speaks with authority.

For the sake of religion, therefore, and for promoting the mutual understanding of men of a different turn of mind, we have presented his expositions to the public and recommend its careful perusal especially to the clergy, who will learn from them some of the most important reasons why Christianity has become unacceptable to a large class of truth-loving men, who solely for the sake of truth find it best to stay out of the church.

Now we ask: What is the main difference between Secularism and "the Religion of Science?"

Secularism divides life into what is secular and what is religious, and would consign all matters of religion to the sphere of private interests. The Religion of Science would not divide life into a secular and a religious part, but would have both the secular and the religious united. It would carry religion into all secular affairs so as to sanctify and transfigure them; and for this purpose it would make religion practical, so as to be suited to the various needs of life; it would make religion scientifically sound, so as to be in agreement with the best and most scientific thought of the age; it would reform church doctrines and raise them from their dogmatic arbitrariness to the higher plain of objective truth.

In emphasising our differences we should, however, not fail to recognise the one main point of agreement, which is our belief in science. Mr. Holyoake would settle all questions of doubt by the usual method of scientific investigation. But there is a difference even here, which is a different conception of science. While science to Mr. Holyoake is secular, we insist on the holiness and religious significance of science. If there is any revelation of God, it is truth; and what is science but truth ascertained? Therefore we would advise all preachers and all those to whose charge souls of men are committed, to take off their shoes when science speaks to them, for science is the voice of God.

The statement is sometimes made by those who belittle science in the vain hope of exalting religion, that the science of yesterday has been upset by the science of to-day, and that the science of to-day may again be upset by the science of to-morrow. Nothing can be more untrue.

Of course, science must not be identified with the opinion of scientists. Science is the systematic statement of facts, and not the theories which are tentatively proposed to fill out the gaps of our knowledge. What has once been proved to be a fact has never been overthrown, and the actual stock of science has grown slowly but surely. The discovery of new facts or the enunciating of a new and reliable hypothesis has often shown the old facts of science in a new light, but it has never upset or disproved them. There are fashions in the opinions of scientists, but science itself is above fashion, above change, above human opinion. Science partakes of that stern immutability, it is endowed with that eternality and that omnipresent universality which have since olden times been regarded as the main attribute of Godhood.

There appears in all religions, at a certain stage of the religious

development, a party of dogmatists. They are people who, in their zeal, insist on the exclusiveness of their own religion, as if truth were a commodity which, if possessed by one, cannot be possessed by anybody else. They know little of the spirit that quickens, but believe blindly in the letter of the dogma. It is not faith in their opinion that saves, but the blindness of faith. They interpret Christ's words and declare that he who has another interpretation must be condemned.

The dogmatic phase in the development of religion is as natural as boyhood in a human life and as immaturity in the growth of fruit; it is natural and necessary, but it is a phase only which will pass as inevitably by as boyhood changes into manhood, and as the prescientific stage in the evolution of civilisation gives way to a better and deeper knowledge of nature.

The dogmatist is in the habit of identifying his dogmatism with religion; and that is the reason why his definitions of religion and morality will unfailingly come in conflict with the common sense of the people. The dogmatist makes religion exclusive. In the attempt of exalting religion he relegates it to supernatural spheres, thus excluding it from the world and creating a contrast between the sacred and the profane, between the divine and the secular, between religion and life. Thus it happens that religion becomes something beyond, something extraneous, something foreign to man's sphere of being. And yet religion has developed for the sake of sanctifying the daily walks of man, of making the secular sacred, of filling life with meaning and consecrating even the most trivial duties of existence.

Secularism is the reaction against dogmatism, but secularism still accepts the views of the dogmatist on religion; for it is upon the dogmatist's valuations and definitions that the secularist rejects religion as worthless.

* * *

The religious movement, of which The Open Court Publishing Co. is an exponent, represents one further step in the evolution of religious aspirations. As alchemy develops into chemistry, and astrology into astronomy, as blind faith changes into seeing face to face, as belief changes into knowledge, so the religion of miracles, the religion of a salvation by magic, the religion of the dogmatist, ripens into the religion of pure and ascertainable truth. The old dogmas, which in their literal acceptance appear as nonsensical errors, are now recognised as allegories which symbolise deeper truths, and the old ideals are preserved not with less, but with more, significance than before.

God is not smaller but greater since we know more about Him, as to what He is and what He is not, just as the universe is not smaller but larger since Copernicus and Kepler opened our eyes and showed us what the relation of our earth in the solar system is and what it is not.

Secularism is one of the signs of the times. It represents the unbelief in a religious alchemy; but its antagonism to the religion of dogmatism does not bode destruction but advance. It represents the transition to a purer conception of religion. It has not the power to abolish the church, but only indicates the need of its reformation.

It is this reformation of religion and of religious institutions which is the sole aim of all the publications of The Open Court Publishing Co., and we see in Secularism one of those agencies that are at work preparing the way for a higher and nobler comprehension of the truth.

Mr. Holyoake's aspirations, in our opinion, go beyond the aims which he himself points out, and thus his Confession of Faith, although nominally purely secular, will finally, even by churchmen, be recognised in its religious importance. It will help to purify the confession of faith of the dogmatist.

In weighing Mr. Holyoake's best and maturest thoughts, we feel convinced that both the secularists and the believers in reli-

gion will by and by learn to understand that Secularism as much as dogmatism is a phase—both are natural and necessary phases—in the religious evolution of mankind. There is no use in scolding either the dogmatist or the secularist, or in denouncing the one on account of his credulity and superstition, and the other on account of his dissent; but there is a use in—nay, there is need of—understanding the aspirations of both.

There is a need of mutual exchange of thought on the basis of mutual esteem and good-will. Above all, there is a need of opening the church doors to the secularist.

The church, if it has any right of existence at all, is for the world, and not for believers alone. Church members can learn from the secularist many things which many believers seem to have forgotten, and, on the other hand, they can teach the unbeliever what he has overlooked in his sincere attempts at finding the truth.

P. C.

THE DOOM OF THE UNITED STATES.

La Revue Blanche is a fortnightly belletristic journal, published in Paris, of broad aims and undoubted critical ability. In one of its recent numbers is an article by Mr. Jacques Saint-Cère, entitled "The Collapse of the United States." Mr. Saint-Cère recently disported himself as the Paris correspondent of certain large American dailies, and seems to have acquired by this means self-accredited competency in France as an infallible oracle in American matters. The "melancholy Jacques" is himself conscious of his lofty position, for he keenly satirises European ignorance of European history, and gravely sets aright certain European prejudices concerning American affairs. The following extracts from his prophecy are of interest, both as showing his intimacy with our politics and ethnology, and as affording a curious insight into the mental workshops of certain European critics of America, who, with all the truths they proclaim, not infrequently display a lamentable ignorance of facts. The occasion of Mr. Saint-Cère's remarks is the present crisis in American politics. He has been speaking of the free coinage of silver, whereupon he offers the following reflexions:

"The war of Secession was caused by the violent contrariety of interests of the South and the North. After the war these interests were more or less consolidated, and, after thirty years, Confederates and Federals stand on a tolerably friendly footing. But now new interests have arisen with quite a different tendency—the interests of the East and the West. And so diametrically are these opposed, so irreconcilable are they, that it is certain they will bring about in time a terrible rupture, long foreseen in thoughtful moments by all Americans who are concerned in their country's future. In the East the sole occupation is manufacturing; the necessity of exporting exists; and here the people are free-traders. In the West the sole occupation is agriculture; the necessity of creating a home-market exists; and here the people are protectionists. How can such interests be reconciled? How can men who live only to work, and work only to make money, possibly make concessions where their work and their money are at stake?"

"In the East all eyes are involuntarily turned towards Europe, which they yet condemn, towards the old civilisation which they yet imitate. Here the inhabitants still recollect that their nation was created and settled by European colonists. In the West the inhabitants are separated from the Atlantic by a vast continent, and their eyes are directed to the Orient and to Australia; they will hear nothing of our civilisation, and do not trouble themselves in the least about Europe, of which they are utterly ignorant. The man of the East, however remote his ancestry, has still European blood flowing in his veins: he is stocky, thick-set. The man of the West has Indian blood in his body, and cannot conceal it: he is tall and lean. In the East they still use

the fist as well as the revolver: in the West they wield the knife as deftly as the rifle. The man of 'Frisco detests the man of New York as heartily as the Western farmer despises the workman of Chicago. In Europe we imagine that Americans are all that homogeneous class of beings who chew tobacco, whittle sticks of wood, and have a flag with stars at the top, an arrangement extremely ludicrous to people whose flags are all of a piece. If we speak English we add with affected superiority that they are Yankees, and if we are extremely well-informed we say 'Stars and Strips' or 'Yankee Deedle Doodle.'

"But we err in this as in many other things. At bottom here there are two nations, two races, which will violently tear themselves asunder some day, after a frightful war, not unforeseen by them at present. We shall see the Republic of the Atlantic, ultimately destined to play a part in Europe—and the Republic of the Pacific, for which we are in the way of opening the Far Orient to what we term civilisation, and which England will be less astonished than is usually supposed at finding, some day, established in Australia.

"There are many things utterly beyond the ken of the festive cocktail!" Yes, and we might add, also of the frolicsome, obfuscating absinthe.

T. J. McC.

NOTES.

The booklet of pretty tales from which the idyl, "On the Dunes of the Baltic," in the present number, is taken, is by Mrs. L. Lindemann-Küssner, the wife of Professor Lindemann, a celebrated German mathematician, formerly of Königsberg, now of Munich, and best known to the public at large by his famous proof of the impossibility of squaring the circle. Mrs. Lindemann's little sketches are marked by simplicity and genuine sentiment, and their perusal will be much enjoyed by students and readers of German. Their title is *Für dich* and they are published by Karl Schüller, of Munich.

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MARTIN LUTHER.¹

BY GUSTAV FREYTAG.

[CONTINUED.]

THE HERO OF THE NATION.

The clouds lower; the storm breaks; the whole nation is agitated by electric flashes. The words of the Augustinian monk of Wittenberg crash and roll like peals of thunder, and every blow means progress, means victory. Even to-day, after a lapse of three centuries and a half, the tremendous commotion of the nation attracts us with irresistible magic. Never, in the course of the German people's life, did its inmost nature reveal itself at once so pathetically and so superbly. All the fine features of the national soul and character burst into bloom during that time; enthusiasm, resignation, a profound moral wrath, searching inquiry within the human mind after the sublime, and serious pleasure in systematic thought. Each individual took part in the controversy. The wayfaring pedlar disputed at the evening hearthfire for or against pardons and indulgences, the countryman in the most remote valley heard with amazement of the new heretic whom his spiritual father cursed in every sermon. The bag of the begging monk remained empty, for the women of the village no longer gave cheese and eggs. The tract literature swelled into an ocean, a hundred printing presses were busy spreading the numerous polemic writings, both learned and popular. At every parish church, in every chapter, the divided parties wrangled. At all points resolute clergymen declared for the new doctrine, weaker ones wrestled in anxious doubt, the gates of monasteries were thrown open and the cells speedily emptied. Every month brought something new, something unheard-of, to the people.

It was no longer a quarrel among priests, as Hutten had at first contemptuously called the controversy of the men of Wittenberg with Tetzl. It had become a war of the nation against Roman domination and its supporters. In ever mightier outlines rises the figure of Luther before the eyes of his contemporaries. Outlawed, cursed, persecuted by Pope and Emperor, by princes and prelates, four years suffice to make him the idolised hero of the people. His journey to

Worms is described in the style of the Scripture, and the over-zealous compare him to the martyrs of the New Testament. But the cultured classes, also, are drawn into the battle in spite of themselves. Even Erasmus smiles approval, and the soul of Hutten is ablaze for the justice of the new gospel. He no longer writes Latin. In forceful German words, wilder and more impetuous than the men of Wittenberg, with a fire that consumes him, the knight fights his last feuds for the son of the peasant.

This portraiture of Luther, the man in whom for half a generation was concentrated the best life of the people, touches us very nearly. But before we try to understand his soul, let us briefly indicate how his nature affected unprejudiced contemporaries, and first, the testimony of a sober and clear mind who never had close personal relations with Luther, and, subsequently, in an intermediate position between the men of Wittenberg and the reformers of Switzerland, had ample cause to be dissatisfied with Luther's stubbornness. He was a friar from the old Benedictine monastery of Alpirsbach, in the wildest part of the Black Forest, Ambrosius Blaurer, born at Constance, of a noble family, and thirty years old at the time under discussion. He had left the monastery July 8, 1522, and taken refuge with his family. Upon the request of his Abbot, the Governor of the principality of Würtemberg demanded of the Mayor and Council of Constance his extradition to the monastery. Blaurer published a defence from which the following is taken. Shortly afterwards he became preacher in Constance and composed religious hymns; after the last restoration of Duke Ulrich he was one of the reformers of Würtemberg and died at a ripe old age and weary of action at Winterthur, an irreproachable, worthy, temperate man. What he commends and condemns in Luther may be taken as the general opinion entertained by serious minds of those years:

"I call upon God and my conscience to witness that it was not wantonness or any other unworthy motive that caused me to leave the monastery, as they are now crying in the streets, that monks and nuns leave their orders to the detriment of monastic peace and discipline in order to live in the license of the flesh and give the reins to their wantonness and

worldly passions. What caused me to escape was honorable, weighty, and great troubles and urgent admonitions of my conscience, based on, and directed by, the Word of God. And I am confident that the occasion and all the circumstances of my escape do not indicate levity, frivolity, or any improper purpose; for I laid off neither hood nor cloak from my person except a few days after my escape, for the sake of safety, until I reached my place of refuge. Nor did I go to the wars nor elope with a pretty woman, but, without delay, as speedily as possible, went to my dear mother and my relatives, who are of undoubted Christian character and stand in such respect of probity in the city of Constance that they would not advise or aid me towards any improper undertaking.

"Moreover, I trust that my past life and conduct will readily turn aside from me any suspicion of improper, wanton purpose. For while I do not presume anything before God, I may justly boast before men, since necessity now demands it, that I have by respectable conduct kept a good reputation and esteem, much love and favor in the monastery, at school, here, and wherever I have been. So did even the message from Würtemberg, in your hearing, give me the praise that there was no complaint or ill report of me in the monastery of Alpirsbach on account of my character or conduct, but that I carried myself well and piously, except that, as they say, I gave too much heed to the seductive and accused doctrine of Martin Luther; that I read and kept his writings and taught accordingly, against the prohibition of the abbot, publicly in the monastery and in my sermons to the laity; and that when I was enjoined not to do so, I poured the doctrine secretly and in corners into the souls of some inmates of the monastery. With such commendation of my fathers and fellow-members I am entirely content and well satisfied, and will answer for this one misdeed as a Christian, and on the strength of the Word of God, and I hope that my excuse will assist not only myself but others also in turning aside a false and groundless suspicion.

"During the last few years, when the writings and books of Martin Luther were issued and became known, they also came to my hands before they were prohibited and condemned by spiritual and temporal authority. And, like other newly printed publications, I looked at and read them. At first such doctrine appeared somewhat strange and curious, even rude and in conflict with long-established theology and wise teachings of the school, also with some ordinances of the papal spiritual law and in contradiction to old, and, as I then deemed, laudable traditions and usages handed down to us by our forefathers. By observing, nevertheless, clearly that this man everywhere in his teachings inserted lucid, plain passages of the Holy

Scripture by which all other human teachings should be judged, accepted, or rejected, I wondered much and was thereby induced to read such teachings not once or twice, but often, with diligence and earnest attention, and to reflect upon and compare them with the Scripture of the Gospels to which they frequently appeal. But the longer and more assiduously I did so, the more I understood how this very learned and enlightened man treated the Holy Scripture with such great dignity, how altogether purely and delicately he handled it, how he cited it at all points wisely and appropriately, how daintily and skilfully he compared it and connected its parts, explaining and making intelligible the obscure and difficult texts by comparing other passages that were clear and transparent, and I saw his treatment of the Scripture showed the greatest mastery and gave the most profitable help for thoroughly understanding it, so that every intelligent layman who looks at his books rightly and reads them diligently can clearly understand that this doctrine has a perfectly true, Christian, and firm foundation. For that reason it struck my soul keenly and went deep into my heart, and gradually the mist of many old misunderstandings has dropped from my eyes. For this doctrine did not become suspicious to me like those of many other scholars and teachers which I had read before, since it aims not at either dominion, fame, or temporal pleasure, but presents to us simply the poor, despised, crucified Christ and teaches a pure, modest, tranquil life agreeable in all things to the teachings of Christ, which is also the reason why it is insufferable and too onerous for the haughty, puffed-up doctors who seek in the Scripture rather their own honor and glory than the spirit of God, and to the priests who covet power and rich benefices. Therefore, I will rather lose my body and life and all my fortune than be moved from my position; not on account of Luther, who is personally strange and unknown to me except by his writings—he, also, is human and therefore subject to mistake and error like other men—but on account of the Divine Word which he carries in him so transparent and clear, and proclaims and elucidates with such victorious and triumphant success and with such candid and untrifled spirit.

"The enemies try to embitter this honey for us by the fact that Luther is so irritable, violent, and harsh, and lays hands with such frivolousness on his adversaries, especially the great princes, and lords temporal and spiritual, that he scolds and blasphemes them and so readily forgets brotherly love and Christian humility. In that respect he has often displeased me also, and I would not lead anybody to do as he does in that regard. Nevertheless, I would not reject his good Christian doctrine on that account, or even con-

demn him personally because I cannot comprehend his mind and the secret judgment of God which perhaps by this one defect will draw many people away from his doctrine. And since he wants to defend not his own cause, but the Word of God, there is room for much indulgence, and this thing may be construed as the zealous wrath of God. Even Christ, the source and mirror of all gentleness, often rudely assailed the stubborn, flinty-hearted Pharisees before all others, cursing them and calling them false hypocrites, whited sepulchres, blind and leaders of the blind, and children of the Devil, as the history of the Gospels shows. Perhaps Luther would be glad to give a great title to many if he could do so with truth. But he may think it inappropriate to call gracious those whose minds are darkened, or good shepherds those who are ravenous wolves, or merciful those who know not mercy. For, without a doubt, had not God been more merciful to him than they, his body would no longer be on earth. But, be that as it may, I will not defend it here. We will reject the scoffing and scolding and gratefully accept the earnestness of his Christian writings for our betterment.

"As I persisted freely in my well-founded purpose and would not be deterred by any human prohibition, being a Christian, the ill-will of the Lord of Alpirsbach and several men of his monastery grew steadily and violently against me, and the sword of the wrath of God began to cut and cause discord among the brothers. Finally I was commanded by the highest authority to desist from my purpose and not to speak on this subject to others in the monastery who were favorable to me and inclined to Christian doctrine. Moreover, I was not to preach or read in the monastery, but be in every respect like all other brethren. I wished not to resist, but was willing gladly to suffer such violence in Christian patience, but with the reservation that for myself I should not be prohibited from reading and keeping what, according to my knowledge and insight, was in accordance with Holy Writ and profitable for my salvation; also, that if others should ask me and need such advice I should afford them teachings, writings, books, and brotherly instruction. For so I was commanded by the Lord, my God, and I would hold His command higher than all human obedience. But this proposition was viewed with much disfavor and called intolerable sin; the daily discord increased, the peace of the monastery was undermined and shaken. One said he would no longer remain in this school of heretics, another that the Lutherans must leave the monastery or he would depart, a third pretended that the house of God suffered ill report and worldly disadvantage for my sake, as there was a belief that they were all of my opinion, a fourth spoke of flogging, a fifth of something else,

so that it was impossible to tolerate the matter longer, or remain in such discord without violating my conscience. Hence I begged of my abbot and monastery earnestly and with greatest assiduity a gracious and free furlough; I would maintain myself for a year or two without expense to the house of God at some school or elsewhere, and see if in the meantime by divine interposition the cause of our dissension should come to a peaceable issue, so that we could come together again united in evangelical doctrine with kind and entirely brotherly love.

"But this being also refused by them, I escaped from the monastery advisedly after having taken counsel with wise, learned, prudent, and pious gentlemen and friends."

Thus far Ambrosius Blaurer.

While Brother Ambrosius was still looking with anxious care from the window of his cell over the pines of the Black Forest, another man entered into the gate of a stately castle in the Thuringian Forest. Beneath lay the gloomy Dragon's Hole, before him the long ridge of the charmed Hørsel mountain in which dwelt Venus, the fair devil, to whom the Pope, through his unwillingness to forgive sins, had once upon a time driven the penitent knight Tannhäuser. But the withered staff which the Pope on that occasion planted in the ground turned green and fresh over night; God Himself had refuted the Pope. Poor, penitent man, relying on his child-like faith, no longer needs the Roman bishop to find pity and mercy with his Heavenly Father, and the bad Pope himself must, according to the legend, go down into the cave of the old dragon.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A CRAZY STORY.

BY HUDOR GENONE.

I WAS A very young man, so young that I looked up to the Reverend Arthur Hale with his twenty-four years, as to one whose experience of life was vastly greater than my own. Mr. Hale had been my tutor, and had only lately left the vocation of teaching (in his case a congenial one), for orders.

I thought him as nearly perfect as a man can be in this world, and I am not ashamed to confess, modelled my conduct to a great extent upon his.

He was extremely rigid in his morality yet lenient in his judgment of others; strict enough in doing his duty, but ready to turn to enjoyment with us boys and girls in a healthy, hearty fashion at once boyish and manly.

He was a fine athlete, and when any of our young friends bragged, as boys will, of some champion of theirs, or of this or that athletic feat, we always responded by bringing forward Arthur as an example of

the best that could be done anywhere. He was our champion, our ideal, our hero.

Well, as I have said, he took orders, was installed in a little parish somewhere far away among the mines in a remote western country, and we saw him no more in the city for upwards of two years. He wrote, however, many times, especially to my mother, with whom he had always been a great favorite. The letters were as sturdy as himself; not disguising the difficulties of his position, he yet wrote cheerfully and hopefully, bearing, it was evident, his cross daily, and bearing, too, others' burdens. In fact, as we discovered afterwards, the whole burden of the parish had fallen upon him. The vestry was—as vestries will be sometimes—inefficient, and his wardens were by no means as helpful as they might have been.

The finances were poorly managed; Arthur's none too bounteous salary was in arrears, and at times he was on very short commons. But there was a class thereabouts, miners from Wales and Cornwall chiefly, who with their families were getting great good done them; so, in and out of season, Arthur wrought for their spiritual welfare, till, overtaken, he fell in the harness, and was advised, if he valued his life, to take time for rest.

It so happened that a college mate just ordained was free to take his place, and Arthur, having no kindred, came, at my mother's urgent request, to our country house. I was graduated that summer, had a long vacation, and was glad enough of his companionship. He had changed greatly, was thin and sallow, the mere shadow of his former stalwart self. He was as cheerful and happy-spirited as ever, yet somehow here there was a change also. I noticed the day after he came a feverish animation when with the family, a listless depression when alone. The third day, of his own accord (a circumstance which of itself was singular), he proposed a run down the river as far as West Point. We had often gone there to witness evening parade, taking the afternoon boat. Now, however, Arthur suggested an all-day outing. Of course I acceded. We spent the morning pleasantly, and about dinner time found ourselves at Cranston's.

With his dinner Arthur ordered a bottle of beer. This, far more than his singular alternations of liveliness and dolor, astonished me. I presume I must have looked my surprise, for he had always been a rigid advocate of total abstinence. For a time Arthur maintained a pensive silence, till at last—the innate moral courage of the man came to the rescue of his debilitated physical nature, and he spoke with nervous energy; telling me of his doctor's orders respecting the stimulant, and of a supposed absolute necessity in his case.

How natures differ! I myself could see nothing

in following a prescription, that need have caused such mental disquietude. But Arthur Hale was conscientious to fanaticism, sensitive in duty even (if that be possible) to a fault. With him it had been a struggle, not between right and wrong; but—sometimes a vastly harder matter—between two conflicting principles. From his youth up he had abhorred all sorts of liquor; wine, spirit, malt liquor were all, not only repugnant to his moral sense, but repellant to his taste. And now that doctor up in the mining regions had told him if he did not build himself up with beer and ale and porter he would die.

I am confident, for so do such staunch souls choose, that in the end his determination had been taken because of the conviction he had gotten that to refrain would be suicide, and further that to drink was harder than to die.

"But Jack," said he, eyes brim full, "I could not drink in your dear mother's house. I know too well what her feelings are to do that. Yes; it was because I felt the need; no, not that exactly, but because I would live to do what good I can in the world."

"And must you have beer every day?" I asked, thoroughly sympathetic.

"The doctor told me I ought," he answered gloomily, "I cannot die, Jack, dear boy," he went on plaintively, "I must not die, and yet what shall I do? I feel that I ought to go away. Never can I bring myself to disturb your mother. She must never know." I understood well how true were the words my friend had uttered. With my mother loathing of drink was not only a principle, it was a passion. Nor is it wonderful. I shudder even now as I recall the reason for her righteous horror of the cup. She had borne three children: one, my sister, many years my senior, had married early in life an inebriate, whose vile appetite had brought her quickly "in sorrow to the grave." A brother, too, I had—older than I by fourteen years. I was only ten when he too died: died in the nameless delirium of the drunkard. Time softening my mother's grief, had only strengthened the might of her resolution, and of her loathing.

I knew well that what Arthur had said was true. My mother must not know. Yet I was unwilling that he should leave us. I besought him to stay. "Why need my mother know?" I asked. "Let me arrange it."

Then I explained my plan.

"Oh! how I hate the merest shadow of duplicity," exclaimed Arthur.

"But," I answered, "concealment is not duplicity. This is a case where the end justifies the means." He yielded with the greatest reluctance; but finally he did yield. I carried out in secret the plan I had devised. From that day in secret he partook of the

beer that I procured for him, and mother did not know. I confess to a guilty feeling in all this; and, though he said nothing, but grappled with his own distress as with his physical infirmity, I am sure Arthur suffered even more than I. Yet he grew but little better.

A month passed, and then, in spite of all the precautions I had taken, the duplicity became known to mother. By some inadvertence the case of bottles was delivered, contrary to instructions, at the house. My mother never had concealments, duplicity of even the most innocent sort was unknown to her. Arthur and I had been upon the lawn at tennis. He came in more than ever wearied by the exertion, and went directly to his room. I was on the way to my own when my mother called to me. I went down at once to the library. She stood there, her fragile form quivering, her face ashy white.

"What is it, mother?" I asked in much alarm. Still standing, fixing her eyes upon mine with an expression almost of despair, speaking with a strange vehemence unnatural to her, she told me all of the discovery she had made.

At first I was for leaving her to the delusion that was hers: that it was for me the beer had been ordered. I say at first; but it was only for a moment. Too well did I know how futile any such attempt would prove. It would be only that much more duplicity, and that much more wretchedness for her. A sense of chivalry towards my friend bade me spare him; but I knew at once that this would be impossible. With many upbraidings of myself, taking, as bound to do, all blame, I told my mother all. She waited motionless, save for the slight trembling, till she understood that no drop of the liquor had passed my lips. Thus, in her gladness she could wait no longer. With a cry of joy she tottered forward, threw her arms about me, and burst into a flood of tears.

The act revealed to me her inmost heart. It needed not that she should tell me all she felt: of the long years of distress till both my sister and brother were laid in graves, one disheartened, one dishonored; nor of the longer years while she had watched lest I, too, should develop the fatal taste, should show the rankling of a virus, the end whereof could only be another death.

It was no wonder she was overjoyed. No wonder that for a while she could only sob a pitiful, "Thank God."

At last when she had grown calmer, I told her all.

"I could not have believed it of Arthur," she said.

"But," I responded, "it is his only hope. If he does not use stimulants, he will die."

"Then he had better die," she said firmly, her lips compressed like iron.

I pleaded with her to say nothing of what she had learned. I told her of the struggle that Arthur had already gone through, and begged her not to torture him further. But my mother's resolution was not as the resolutions of most women. To her to speak was duty; not to be foreborne for sentiment, nor evaded for expediency, or even pity. In the evening she spoke to Arthur. I had told him of what had happened, and he was prepared. He listened calmly, but as my mother grew first very serious, and then terribly in earnest, he bowed his head upon his hands in abject misery.

My mother, usually so calm, so sedate, grew impassioned in the fervor of her pleading. She never once alluded to her own former sufferings, but depicted in words which I am unable to repeat—so eloquent were they—the horror that might have been hers had I, her only son, yielded to the force of the temptation, which, she declared, Arthur had put before me.

"It is not," she said, "the danger of the dram to you,—I believe you to be able to resist the insidious craving,—but it is the awful possibilities of the temptation and the snare for others. Oh Arthur!" she exclaimed, the tears coursing down her aged cheeks, "what would your feelings be if, because of the example of your setting,—you, whom he loves, whom he looks up to,—my boy, my only boy, had imbibed the fatal taste, and had been brought home to me this very night a drunkard?"

Arthur's frame shook convulsively.

"Or," continued my mother, "to bring it close, close home to yourself. No man, not the best of them, can be sure but he himself may fall; temptation is a thing so awful that none who has not felt can realise. You yourself are alone in the world. You have no mother as my boy has to watch, and guard, and warn. Let me, as your own mother might, Arthur, warn you. You are now fancy free, heart whole, Arthur; but there may come a time when some sweet maid may cross your path; when love may come singing to you both to join hands in holy wedlock. Can you, dare you look forward into the future, and ask that innocent one to be forever yours? Yours, when, for aught you can tell, the drams you have taken—calling them by the sham name of medicine—may have clogged your brain and clotted your blood with the vile virus of drink desire; when—"

"Spare me, I beg of you, oh spare me!" Arthur lifted his head; the tears rained down his cheeks: "You little know the effect of your words. Yes, you have spoken truth,—only truth. I feel it, I know it. You have guessed the truth. There is a sweet maid,—yes; away up among the savage mountains dwells a dear girl who has won my heart. Say no more, I

beg of you. I feel all you have said. I know it all to be true. What right have I to lead others into temptation? None. What right have I, for even the sake of life, to pollute the current of my blood? None. Now hear me, dearest mother. Yes, mother, for you have ever been that to me since I lost my own; hear me, my brother, from this hour not a drop of the poison—poison alike to body and to mind—shall even cross these lips. I can die, and I may die; I am told that I must, if I refrain; but—"

"Die!" exclaimed my mother, "no; there is no need to speak of dying."

So long as I live I shall never forget the look upon Arthur Hale's face. He tottered to his feet. His eyes put on an expression that I have never beheld before or since in the eyes of a living man. For one moment he stood like a statue. Then he raised his right hand to heaven, and poured out a declaration (some would have called it an oath) in words of burning eloquence that sooner than resort to drink again he would die; "or—or," he said with the utmost solemnity, "or—"

But my mother interrupted him.

"Say nothing more," she cried, "wait. Here (she turned suddenly to the quaint oaken sideboard and from a recess drew forth a cut glass Bohemian vase), here is your life. Here is the new and better blood. Take it, Arthur, take it, drink and live."

So saying, my mother poured into a glass some of the rich, ruby colored liquid, sparkling as it fell with the iridescent tints of a myriad gems.

Arthur turned his glassy eyes, stretched forth his attenuated fingers, trembling like aspen leaves.

"What is this?" he asked in a hollow, unnatural voice.

"That," exclaimed my mother with the utmost impressiveness, "that is the only known substitute (and it is a most effectual one) for alcohol in every form; that is Higgin's Health Help, and it is universally prescribed by the faculty."

* * *

"As it was written" there was more of the story. I told in some detail how Arthur took the Help regularly, what the dose was, also the price of the bottle, and the reduction for quantities, and if I remember right, some brief but entertaining accounts of the rise of the Higgins works from small beginnings and of the life of Mr. Higgins. I also told, of course, how Arthur was speedily restored to health and married that pretty girl at the mines. No doubt you will say that this was sane enough, and yet may add (as I have known some critics to do) that this was about all there was of sanity to the story. True enough from your point of view,—true enough, and so out of clear civility I call my tale "A Crazy Story."

And yet,—like many other things I could mention,

—it is not as crazy as it looks. The fact is, I wrote that story as an advertisement for Higgins and was paid fifty dollars for it. That is my excuse. The sanity is found, not in the process, but in the result.

Let all those intellectual gentlemen who cannot understand the philosophy of certainty ponder it deeply. Let all who look upon life as a crazy story,—a tale full of sound and fury, or even full of profound thought, noble deeds, fervent emotions, pure morality, still signifying nothing,—let them learn that it has, it must have a key, a reason, a value, not to be discovered in the sequence of events, but to be known (each for himself and not for the other) by all whose life experiences have matured into a religious belief. The process is hidden; the purpose veiled; the means always obscure, often fitful, foolish and fantastic; but the result, different in kind, may be, if we will have it so, all that is clear, all that is wise, all that is beneficial, all that is certain.

We, too, have a religious belief, not because we are credulous, but because we know.

CORRESPONDENCE.

MR. JOHN MADDOCK ON THE FREE WILL.

To the Editor of The Open Court:

Please allow me to reply to your criticism on page 4933 of *The Open Court*. So that there will not be any misunderstanding, I will state that you are defining a religious philosophy while I am contending for positive scientific definitions. The great question of this age is, "What is truth?" not, "What is religious philosophy?" I have no quarrel with the philosophy of any religion, because I know that religious philosophies are necessary factors, for the undeveloped, to assist moral evolution. But I object to the common practice now-a-days of mixing up science with religion so that it is impossible for advanced thinkers to decide which foundation the truth must be based upon. When you say you are a determinist, I understand that you are a scientist (a true scientist cannot logically be anything else), but when you supplement that statement by saying that the free choice of man is not determined by law, I am bewildered, and am obliged to place you partially among the religions. Can you not see where your view of free choice, without natural law as the determining factor, lands you? Your position implies that a Mohammedan can be a Buddhist, a Catholic, a Methodist, a Freethinker, a follower of superstition. Although it is true that all men are what they are from choice, it is also true that their beliefs and unbeliefs were determined by natural law. Our liberty, as we call it, is just as much the result of law as our bondage. By determinism there is nothing without law. If we had no liberty to act, we would sit forever "like Patience on a monument." A fish chooses water because by natural law water is adapted to fish and fish to water. Because a fish chooses water, the law of determinism is not set aside,—it must choose water, and its freedom to do so is a result of natural law. So is it with man; he must do what he does. You admit determinism in the environment, but you deny it in the organism. Your God does not reign supremely in man, man is sovereign, not God. By science it cannot be logically said that God is the saviour, and "man is his own saviour." By determinism man is a part of all things, hence he must be placed under the dominion of law. Man cannot be separated from God, no more than an electric light can from a dynamo. "Of myself

I can do nothing; the Father within me, He doeth the work." This is determinism; this is truth! Determinism is simply another name for fatalism. What a bugbear fatalism has been! Yet determinism is fatalism, and fatalism is truth. The fate of all mankind hangs on the operation of natural law, not upon the freedom of the will,—the false philosophy of Plato and Aristotle transmitted by the Roman Catholic Church. By science this false dogma is slain, never more to revive. Fatalism has stood as a synonym for inactivity, just as if there could really be such a thing under natural law.

"Because I say that nature is the Lord
Of all the forms which dwell upon this sphere;
I do not sit and idly fold my arms,
Thinking there's naught for me to do while here.

Just as the flowers must bloom where fitness is,
And as the sun must shine where there's no shade,
So I must struggle in environments
Which force me to, because things are so made.

Men talk of fate as if a man could sit
Unmoved by action of eternal law;
But this delusion science drives away
And shows it's only a religious saw."

From your standpoint, all men can embrace your religion of science if they will. From the view of pure science, they cannot; this fact is corroborated in that they do not; they do not choose it, because they are not adapted by nature to make such a choice. Every man must believe as he does; a Catholic cannot be a Buddhist, and so on all around the sectarian circle. This is the gospel of pure science, the view which will bring "peace on earth and good-will among men." Condemning one another never can. The only condemnation which comes by science is in the light which it sheds,—this is condemnation that light is come into the world." You stated that "a man need not always do as he does." Will you please give me a practical illustration? You said that "God can become our saviour only if the recognition of the saving truth be incarnated in our souls." The recognition of truth cannot save any one. The criminally inclined are not saved by recognising truth; their only salvation is in moral evolution by the power of God. If mankind wait until they "discover God and walk upon that path," they will never be saved from sin. God must discover Himself to them. I admit that your position "is the main idea of Christianity," but Christianity is not true; it is based upon free will, not determinism. By Christianity man determined to be a sinner. By science sin is determined by law. By Christianity Jesus died for sinners. By science there is no need for any one to die for sin. The true atonement is in free, moral evolution,—God's heaven must work until all is leavened. Why should this not be so? As God determined sin by the law and an impotent organism, why should He not freely work moral evolution? Here science preaches the gospel of the free gift and proclaims against the false doctrine of Theosophy,—the sovereignty of man and his meritorious moral development; and this is the real question which is at issue between science and all of the other religions of the world: Has God determined the destiny of mankind, or has He left it with them to choose? By the light of science, the gospel of the Nazarene decides this question: God is sovereign, and man is an auxiliary. Man is an auxiliary in that he is a thing formed. He is evolved and dissolved by a determinate power. You stated that man is not an auxiliary. Please corroborate your statement; truth is authority, not scholarly assumptions. *The Open Court* must either drop the term science or religion; it cannot consistently use both. Right reason must prevail.

JOHN MADDOCK.

[Mr. Maddock's criticism is based upon a misconstruction of the editorial views, which we suppose to be too well known to need repetition.—Ed.]

I See *The Open Court*, No. 457, the last paragraph on page 4933, and the first on page 4934.

THE DANCING PROCESSION OF ECHTERNACH.

We have received the following communication from Echternach, which we here reproduce without any further remark:

To the Editor of *The Open Court*:

In the 16th of July number of *The Open Court* the writer of "Demonology of the Nineteenth Century" mentions the dancing procession of Echternach in connexion with exorcisms, devils, etc. As an interested reader of your paper and a five years' inhabitant of Echternach, I must confess that I do not grasp the gist of P. C.'s criticism on that point. The expressions he uses of "stupid survival," etc., prove that he has never seen the procession, that he has never investigated into the motives which lead so many thousands to "take part in the performance," that he rejects the Christian idea of penance, freely chosen and accepted, and that he is brutal enough to wantonly wound the feelings of his fellowmen on an out of the way occasion.

DR. N. M. PALGEN.

ECHTERNACH, LUXEMBURG, Aug. 20, 1896.

BOOK NOTICES.

CURRENT SUPERSTITIONS. Collected from the Oral Tradition of English-speaking Folk. Edited by Fanny D. Bergen. With Notes, and an Introduction by William Wells Newell. Boston and New York: Published for The American Folk-Lore Society by Houghton, Mifflin, and Company. 1896. Pages, x, 161. Price, \$3.50.

Students of folk-lore will be thankful to the American Folk-Lore Society for the present work, which is the fourth volume they have issued, and to Mrs. Bergen and Mr. Newell for its preparation. The book is full of curious and interesting information, which appeals almost as much to the general as the special reader, seeing that we all retain traces of the old superstitious feeling which has given rise to the popular sayings brought together within its pages. Mr. Newell offers a new definition of superstition which has much in its favor. He speaks of a superstition as "a belief respecting causal sequence, depending on reasoning proper to an outgrown culture." Thus, although superstitions are properly designated, after Dr. E. B. Tylor, survivals, they often represent "a survival of ratiocination as well as of action." Mr. Newell's introductory remarks form a valuable contribution to the study of folk-lore, and they throw a side light on certain phases of psychology. He says, "folk-lore survives, and popular practices continue, only so long as endures a method of thinking corresponding to that in which these had their origin." The continuance of superstitions through so many ages shows how deep-rooted they are in human nature. We are still able, as Mr. Newell remarks, "to understand the motives in which they had their being; we perceive that the inclination has not disappeared, however checked by mediation through later experience, and however counteracted by the weight of later maxims." It is perhaps not strange that so many superstitious practices are "projects," or connected with the subject of courtship and marriage. In this book they occupy nearly thirty pages. Mrs. Bergen has accumulated a large store of botanical and zoological mythology, and it is to be hoped that the Folk-Lore Society will issue it in the same form as the present handsome volume.

c. s. w.

HUMAN PROGRESS. What Can Man Do to Further It? By Thomas S. Blair, M. A. (Harvard). New York: William R. Jenkins. 1896. Pages, viii, 373.

The question here propounded is answered by Mr. Blair in the last sentence of his book—by the establishment of "a government of the labor-class, by the labor-class, for the labor-class, intelligently administered." This is the *summum bonum*, the best of governments for every class, but whether the author believes that

such a solution of the Problem of Poverty will ever be attempted we cannot say. His reasoning has led him to a position "where never a one among all the generations of men has stood before," and from this Pisgah's height the solution appears easy. It is simply that "the public opinion of some one advanced nation shall be made to comprehend the principle of the solution." The principle itself is crude enough, as it is merely the providing of employment for every one willing and able to work. The difficulty is with the author's scheme, and yet there is little objection to be made to its general principle, which he states as the Law of the Evolution of Human Wants. The author well points out that want never is really satisfied. It "grows by what it feeds on." Wealth-Growth is the essential process and it consists of three movements which constitute a closed circle, "demand creating production, production consumption, and consumption demand." The power to demand must first exist, however, and this depends on the economic condition that every one shall be able to live in "comfort." It is rather disappointing to find that the chief means of ensuring this end is simply the old method of high tariff, combined with "restriction of the inflow of foreign labor." But the real key to the whole question is *character*, and "character-building" forms an important part of Mr. Blair's thesis. The Introduction of one hundred and thirty pages is engaged with a consideration of its basis, which is communion with God. This shows that his scheme is a phase of Christian Socialism. It is only fair to add that in the Preface the author states, that the entire system, "as a whole and in each of its several parts," is purely suggestive.

c. s. w.

VOLTAIRE ET LE VOLTAIRIANISME. By *Nourrisson*, Membre de l'Institut. Paris: P. Lethiellieux, 10 Rue Casette. 1896. Pages, iv, 672. Price, francs 7.50.

The name Voltaire has ceased to be a word to conjure with outside of France, but there his ideas, or those imputed to him, have not ceased to affect the social mind. During his life the influence of Voltaire was great indeed, and it may be measured by the fact of his friendship being sought by two such personages as Frederick, King of Prussia, and Catherine, Empress of Russia. In France he divided with his rival Rousseau the credit of having been a chief instrument in preparing the way for the Great Revolution. It is difficult in this age and country to understand how so mean a character as, by the light thrown on him and his career in the present work, Voltaire must have been, could exercise so extraordinary a power, which was purely destructive. The fact can be explained only on the supposition that he reflected the spirit of his nation, and to some extent that of the age in which he lived. The author of the present work speaks of Voltaireism in France as a quality of the people and a product of the country, and says that Voltaire himself was merely an extreme expression of the special merits and defects common to Frenchmen of all periods. To qualify himself to form a correct opinion, the author has read carefully all Voltaire's works, and also all the most important books that treat of him and his ideas, a list of which will be found at pages 47-49.

The present work is divided into two parts, of which one deals with the life of Voltaire, and the other with his views on various subjects. It is very interesting reading, as will be expected from the reputation of its author, particularly that portion of it which treats of the relations of Voltaire with Frederick and Catherine. Voltaireism is summed up in three words, materialism, egoism, and derision.

c. s. w.

AN ELEMENTARY CHEMISTRY. By *George Rantoul White*, A. M., Instructor in Chemistry at Phillips Exeter Academy. Boston, U. S. A.: Ginn & Co. 1894. Pp., 301.

Mr. White has supplied to his book a preface of twelve pages in which he advances his views on the nature of instruction in

science and presents in the course of his exposition a number of valuable and familiar points which both students and elementary teachers will do well to observe. The little treatise itself, which claims to be nothing more than a reproduction of the course of elementary chemistry given at Exeter Academy, Mass., is designed for two classes of students, those whose instruction is placed in the hands of a teacher who cannot devote his whole time to chemistry, and those who are eager to study chemistry but are unable to employ a teacher.

The development is upon the laboratory method. Part I. familiarises the student "with the methods both mental and practical of the scientific chemist of to-day," teaching him to experiment, to observe, and to reason. Part II. continues the same research upon a higher plane, leading the student by his own independent endeavor to the facts at the basis of chemical reasoning, and so preparing him for the more difficult study, elaborated in Part III., of the history and development of the laws and theory of chemistry. This part is more extended than is usually the case in elementary treatises, but having paved the way inductively for a broad grasp of general principles, the author believes this step warranted both by the preparatory matter he has given and by the necessity of such knowledge for every unprofessional student. He has almost entirely eschewed the use of chemical symbols, deferring their consideration until the facts have been reached and the principles established, and justifies his procedure by the following opinion of Lothar Meyer, that "Chemical symbols and formulae, which a few years ago received such prominence, are now regarded with indifference, since what was formerly expressed symbolically and indistinctly or even without proof or clearness by their aid, can now be expressed in clear words with fixed meaning."

The explanations and working directions are sufficiently ample to justify placing the book in the hands of all intelligent students desirous of studying chemistry without an instructor, and such persons will, we have no doubt, be profitably and pleasantly introduced to the science.

T. J. M.

THE OPEN COURT

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THE OPEN COURT.

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DEVOTED TO THE RELIGION OF SCIENCE.

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THE DUTY OF THE HOUR.

BY EDWARD C. HEGELER.

THE Presidential election is approaching. The main plank of the Democratic party and its allies being one of fraud and dishonor, it is our duty to vote against it, in the most effective manner.

The publisher of this journal, who, since the Presidential contest between Hancock and Garfield has voted the Democratic ticket, has in the present crisis joined in the organisation of the National Democratic Party as a protest against the defilement, and for the continued presentation, of true and sound political principles. In its platform and standard-bearers, Palmer and Buckner, he sees his ideals represented.

Among the issues of the election, beside that of the preservation of morality and the honor of the country, all others sink into insignificance. In this the plank of the National Democratic party agrees with that of the Republican party; and to do one's utmost to help this plank to victory is a plain duty, by fulfilling which the National Democrat also best serves his own party, despite his opposition to other planks of the Republican platform. While voting for our own National Democratic State-ticket, therefore, as an assertion of our principles and as a recognition of the efforts of our candidates, I hold that all National Democrats should unhesitatingly cast their ballots for the Republican Presidential nominees.

I reprint here abstracts from the platform of the National Democratic Party:

"This convention has assembled to uphold the principles upon which depend the honor and welfare of the American people in order that Democrats throughout the Union may unite their patriotic efforts to avert disaster from their country and ruin from their party. The Democratic party is pledged to equal and exact justice to all men of every creed and condition; to the largest freedom of the individual consistent with good government; to the preservation of the Federal Government in its constitutional vigor and the support of the States in all their just rights; to economy in the public expenditures; to the maintenance of the public faith and sound money; and it is opposed to paternalism and all class legislation."

"The National Democracy, here convened, therefore renews its declaration of faith in Democratic principles, especially as applicable to the conditions of the times.

"Taxation, tariff, excise or direct, is rightfully imposed only for public purposes and not for private gain. Its amount is justly measured by public expenditures, which should be limited by scrupulous economy. The sum derived by the Treasury from tariff and excise levies is affected by the state of trade and volume of consumption. The amount required by the Treasury is determined by the appropriations made by Congress.

"We therefore denounce protection and especially free coinage of silver, as schemes for the personal profit of a few at the expense of the masses."

"In fine, we reaffirm the historic Democratic doctrine of tariff for revenue only."

"The experience of mankind has shown that, by reason of its natural qualities, gold is the necessary money of the large affairs of commerce and business, while silver is conveniently adapted to minor transactions, and the most beneficial use of both together can be insured only by the adoption of the former as a standard of monetary measure, and the maintenance of silver at a parity with gold by its limited coinage under suitable safeguards of law."

"Realising these truths, demonstrated by long public inconvenience and loss, the Democratic party, in the interests of the masses and of equal justice to all, practically established by the legislation of 1834 and 1853 the gold standard of monetary measurement, and likewise entirely divorced the Government from banking and currency issues. To this long-established Democratic policy we adhere, and insist upon the maintenance of the gold standard and of the parity therewith of every dollar issued by the Government, and are firmly opposed to the free and unlimited coinage of silver and to the compulsory purchase of silver bullion. But we denounce also the further maintenance of the present costly patchwork system of national paper currency as a constant source of injury and peril.

"We assert the necessity of such intelligent currency reform as will confine the Government to its legitimate functions, completely separated from the banking business, and afford to all sections of our country a uniform, safe, and elastic bank currency under governmental supervision, measured in volume by the needs of business.

"The fidelity, patriotism, and courage with which President Cleveland has fulfilled his great public trust, the high character of his administration, his wisdom and energy in the maintenance of civil order and the enforcement of the laws, its equal regard for the rights of every class and every section, its firm and dignified conduct of foreign affairs and its sturdy persistence in upholding the credit and honor of the nation, are fully recognised by the Democratic party and will secure to him a place in history beside the fathers of the republic.

"We also commend the administration for the great progress made in the reform of the public service, and we indorse its effort

to extend the merit system still further. We demand that no backward step be taken, but that the reform be supported and advanced until the undemocratic spoils system of appointments shall be eradicated.

"We demand strict economy in the appropriations and in the administration of the government.

"We favor arbitration for the settlement of international disputes.

"We favor a liberal policy of pensions to the deserving soldiers and sailors of the United States.

"The Supreme Court of the United States was wisely established by the framers of our Constitution as one of three co-ordinate branches of the government. Its independence and authority to interpret the law of the land without fear or favor must be maintained. We condemn all efforts to degrade that tribunal or impair the confidence and respect which it has deservedly held.

"The Democratic party ever has maintained, and ever will maintain, the supremacy of law, the independence of its judicial administration, the inviolability of contract, and the obligations of all good citizens to resist every illegal trust, combination or attempt against the just rights of property and the good order of society, in which are bound up the peace and happiness of our people.

"Believing these principles to be essential to the well-being of the public, we submit them to the consideration of the American people."

In this connexion the writer here refers to and reaffirms his views of the proper financial policy which the Government must pursue to place our country again on a sound and solid financial basis, founded on the general consent of the whole people. Had these his views as stated in the articles in Nos. 316 and 458 of *The Open Court* been then put into effect, he claims the present crisis would have been avoided.

An object-lesson is needed, and this object-lesson it is the Government's duty to give. The people want to learn by their own experience (this is what is meant by "American"), and the cost to the people of such an object-lesson would be trifling as compared with that of the crisis we are now passing through. I trust that the Republican party, which has jointly with us National Democrats the honest financial plank, and for whose victory I therefore earnestly hope, will, when in power, give us this object-lesson.

I desire to state here that in my youth I witnessed substantially the same state of affairs as my proposed measure, in actual operation. My native city, the old Republic of Bremen (of which I have not learned that she ever repudiated her debts, and which, though small and unfavorably located, is now a proud sovereign member of the new German Empire), had the gold standard, while outside of our little territory all Germany had the silver standard. Nevertheless, gold coins circulated there also to a large extent at their varying market values in the silver standard—at some inconvenience, it is true, owing mainly to the lack of a decimal system, but with the great and significant advantage of having thereby a sound and honest money! Thus flourished side by side, and independ-

ently of each other, two systems of monometallism—the gold monometallism with its unit, the Louis d'or, and the silver monometallism with its unit, the Thaler.

I proposed as the silver money-unit the "Ounce." Having a neutral name, this would make a suitable international money-unit which the other nations might also adopt and facilitate the use of, in some such manner as that proposed by me, by receiving and paying out the same at their treasuries at the varying quotations, daily published by them, as near as possible equal to the market value.

THE DISHONESTY OF THE COINAGE LAW OF 1878.

BY EDWARD C. HEGELER.

THE specific point of dishonesty in the coinage law of 1878, where the pledge of the nation as made in 1873 is broken, is apparent from the following facts:

First, gold dollars had been the standard of value for more than a quarter of a century, when, after several years of deliberation, Congress, in the effort to enhance the credit of the nation and to reduce the interest on the national debt, passed the law of 1873, enacting (Sec. 14): "That the gold coins of the United States shall be a one-dollar piece which, at the standard weight of twenty-five and eight-tenths grains, shall be the unit of value; a quarter-eagle or two-and-a-half dollar piece; a three-dollar piece; a half-eagle, or five-dollar piece; an eagle, or ten-dollar piece; and a double-eagle, or twenty-dollar piece."

Further (Sec. 15): "That the silver coins of the United States shall be a trade-dollar, a half-dollar, or fifty-cent piece, a quarter-dollar, or twenty-five cent piece, a dime, or ten-cent piece; and the weight of the trade-dollar shall be four hundred and twenty grains troy; the weight of the half-dollar shall be twelve grams (grammes) and one-half of a gram (gramme); the quarter-dollar and the dime shall be, respectively, one-half and one-fifth of the weight of said half-dollar; and said coins shall be a legal tender at their nominal value for any amount not exceeding five dollars in any one payment."

Further, and principally, it was enacted (Sec. 17): "That no coins, either of gold, silver, or minor coinage, shall hereafter be issued from the mint other than those of the denominations, standards, and weights herein set forth."

Here the dollar (in Sec. 14) is exactly defined and the pledge of the nation given (in Sec. 17) to its creditors that its value shall be maintained. Now comes the law of 1878, and in the face of the limitation by the law of 1873 of the word "dollar" to the gold coin of twenty-five and eight-tenths grains standard gold, enacts that "there shall be coined at the several mints of the United States silver dollars of the weight of four hundred and twelve and a half grains troy of

standard silver, as provided in the act of January eighteenth, eighteen hundred thirty-seven, on which shall be the devices and superscriptions provided by said act; which coins, together with all silver dollars heretofore coined by the United States, of like weight and fineness, shall be a legal tender at their nominal value for all debts and dues, public and private, except where otherwise expressly stipulated in the contract."

On these coins having four hundred and twelve and one-half grains of standard silver are stamped the words "One Dollar," although the value of the metal in the same under the law of 1873 was less than one dollar. What difference is there between this and the enacting that gold coins containing less than twenty-five and eight-tenths grains standard gold should be minted and stamped with the words "One Dollar"? The attempted deception of making people believe that the value of the metal in the said coins is equal to a dollar, would be in both cases alike.

POLITICS—AS AN APPLIED ART.

BY HUDOR GENONE.

I AM not one of those dreamers of iridescent dreams who believe that purity in politics is procurable at any bargain-counter. Neither do I believe that the same methods of democratic administration which may be made serve more or less well in country neighborhoods or small towns, can be made to apply with equal efficiency to the heterogeneous conglomeration of a great city. In a city like New York a certain amount of despotism is at times essential to the preservation of order. There must be an executive clothed with power to act summarily, and at whose command shall be a force of sufficient strength to compel obedience.

When the principles of love and brotherly kindness which are at the root of anarchism shall prevail, or when the lion shall lie down with the lamb, it will not be needful, but till then we must have authority—the more competent the better. Many times the methods of governing the city of New York have been changed, in every instance chiefly according to the supposed exigencies of the party in power at Albany; but always in some specious shape by a denial of home rule and a tenacious grip of the mailed hand of the State legislature.

It is a modern instance of the tendency of irresponsible and selfish power, ancient as mankind and tenacious as any other form of tyranny.

I have an idea that the best use to which authority can put power is to permit orderly freedom.

Let me illustrate my meaning. Several years ago when Mr. Roche was a candidate for Mayor of Chicago, he acquired a claptrap notoriety and great favor

among a certain class of ultra-conservatives and those who delight in calling themselves Americans.

He announced that in the event of his election he would never permit a red flag to parade in Chicago.

This sort of spread-eagle business seems to have a strong attraction for some minds. For me, I confess, none, although I am in many respects extremely conservative, and as for Americanism, so far as I can trace my ancestry, haven't a tinge of foreign blood not diluted through at least two hundred years. Where the merit of this comes in I fail to see.

However, as to the red flags, about that time, as you may remember, there was considerable agitation here in New York, and a number of people discovered the strongest kind of inclination to talk in public. To this end there was a meeting in Union Square, which resulted, unhappily, in a lot of broken heads, and all because,—not of any outbreak of violence on the part of the proposed talkers,—but solely that the police gathered the sadly erroneous notion that a red flag was wicked.

This incident, together with the Chicago politician's proclamation, aroused the ire of my liberty-loving nature; forthwith I spread the wings of fancy and flew into print in the columns of the *Commercial Advertiser*.

That journal printed my communication, and then editorially denounced me for a sympathiser with sedition. As I had, of course, written nothing to justify these remarks of the editor, they had a tendency to make me madder than ever.

But, indignant as I was, I remembered the adage, that "a shut mouth makes a wise head," and kept silent for a while, knowing well how futile it is for a single citizen to buck against that palladium of our prejudices, the press.

By rare good luck I had not long to wait. Those who had gone to the gathering on purpose to make speeches, feeling themselves despoiled of one of the dearest birthrights of a free citizen of a free republic, appealed to his honor, the Mayor, for the chance to ventilate their sentiments.

Mr. Abram S. Hewitt was then chief magistrate of the city. He happened to be (what is quite rare in Mayors of New York) the right man in the right place. He not only permitted them to reassemble, but assured them that so long as they preserved order and kept strictly within the limits allowed by the statute against riotous assemblages, they might say what they pleased, have whatsoever mottoes and transparencies they pleased, and, as a climax, all the red flags they pleased.

Then the leaders issued an address to all good citizens, inviting them to be present at their meeting, to satisfy them, if for nothing else, that a body of men

might hold and express opinions in regard to the present constitution of society without being scoundrels, brawlers, or lewd fellows.

The meeting was held, and Union Square was thronged. From all parts of the city, but chiefly from the great East side, long lines of men bearing torches, banners, emblems, transparencies emblazoned with the most liberal of mottoes came marching to the strains of freedom's music. As they marched in solid columns and wheeled into the Square from Broadway, Fourth Avenue, and all the side streets and past the reviewing-stand, gaudily decked with flowers and flags, thunderous cheers rose from every lip, and not alone from those who sympathised wholly with the avowed principles of socialism. Labor organisations, and trades unions cheered of course, but many because of the sober, orderly, calm character of the multitude, and that once again in the long and valorous struggle for independence the counsels of peace had prevailed, and the inestimable right of the people "peaceably to assemble and petition for a redress of grievances" was again triumphant.

From booth to booth I picked my way through the throng. I saw the scarlet flag side by side with the banner of the Republic; I read the words on countless transparent squares and heard, in no measured language, but with no hint of insurrection, nor battle, murder or sudden death in them, the able speakers deplore the condition and appeal for the welfare of the toilers, and not alone for them but for the uplifting and ennobling of all mankind. Some intemperate zeal was manifested, but from first to last, nothing worse, nothing but words.

Among all the multitude I saw but one policeman, —a mild, slim blue-coat near the grand-stand, looking little as if in his meagre person he represented all there was of the law's majesty.

In fact the law's majesty would as well have been conserved without even him. The people had been trusted, and—as they always will—had proved worthy of the trust.

The only vengeance a right-minded man wants is to have his enemies proved in the wrong. With a trifle of that "ghoulish glee" we now and then read about, but for all that in a thoroughly amiable mood, I sat down and penned another article for the *Advertiser*. Inasmuch as it was very strong, very truthful, and very much to the point, I doubted if they would choose to print it. But they did. They complimented me (and themselves more than me) in printing it, as it was written, and with no further comments. How could they comment? What was left for them to say?

There was no ill-mannered jeering, but what I had to say was said plainly. I reminded the *Advertiser*

people of the cock-sureness with which they proclaimed the absurd idea that a red flag was a menace to republican institutions. They had advised me "to send my logic-machine to the mender man's for repairs"; I could not forbear asking what they thought of my logic now.

Then I told a story. Even in the most serious of philosophical discussions, social, economical, dialectic or what not, I have a fancy for a story that illustrates my principles.

It was after Lee's surrender at Appomattox, and all the land was ablaze and gleaming and joy was universal. To the White House one evening came a number of the most prominent politicians to congratulate Mr. Lincoln upon the great result. While they conversed the Marine Band (always famous for its fine music) on the lawn in the rear of the mansion played national airs. All hearts thrilled to the inspiring strains of The Star Spangled Banner, Yankee Doodle, and Hail Columbia. But after a time, probably with no thought of its significance, or it may be out of "pure cussedness," the band struck up "Dixie."

"Hello!" cried some of the small-fry politicians; "What do our ears hear, Southern sympathisers, treason?" So, with one accord they denounced the rollicking music and were for directing the band-master to quit directly.

But Lincoln (like Hewitt) happened to be the right man in the right place.

"No," said he promptly, "we captured that tune with the other effects of the Confederacy; let the band play Dixie."

How easily Dixie might have been made a matter of contention, as hateful to the ears of an "unco guid" patriot as the Marseillaise is now to a legitimist Bourbon of France, or the "Battle of the Boyne" to a good papist in Munster.

Lincoln's statesmanship obviated all that. From thenceforth the word went out through all the land that there was to be no proscription and that the insurgent States were not to be treated as a Poland.

And Grant, too, despite his petty faults, how the future will forget his close verging upon worse than financial incompetence, his chums the horse-dealers, his so-called nepotism, his countenance and support of Shepherd and not infrequent self-willed defiance of public sentiment; all will be forgotten and grow dim in the light of that one saying of his,—great enough to grant immortality to any chieftain when he said to the defeated Confederates: "Take back your horses, boys, you'll need them at home for the spring ploughing."

I tell you the heart never leaps up and thrills at words not heroic. Always there is in mankind some-

thing that responds instinctively to the right and true of man.

Something of all this I wrote, and above all of the futility of repression, of the foolishness of trying to do away with a symptom rather than to remedy the disease, and that society can do itself no greater mischief than to attempt stamping out by violence the flames of righteous wrongs.

"The blood of the martyrs is the seed of the Church."

No greater good can be done a cause, right or wrong, than to seek by the high hand of authority—though in the name of law and order—to proscribe its peaceful symbols.

THE ABHIDHARMA OUTLINED.

Abhidharma is the Buddhist philosophy which explains the nature of existence and especially of the soul. Its cardinal tenet has been called "the law of Karma."

Karma.

Karma (Pāli, *kamma*) means deed, and every deed is a definite form of activity.

Mr. Warren¹ says, "the word 'Karma' covers two distinct ideas, namely, the deed itself and the effects of that deed in modifying the subsequent character and fortunes of the doer."

While the doing of a deed is transient, its form is permanent. The sight of an object, the thinking of a thought, the performance of an act, all these things pass away, but they leave traces which endure. The products of a man's work in the outside world are of great importance, but more important still are the traces that remain in his mind. They are called in Sanskrit *samskāras*, in Pāli *sankhāras*, words which mean "memory-structures, dispositions, soul-forms."

The character of a man consists of his *samskāras*, which are the product of his Karma.²

All beings originate through Karma; they are inheritors of a peculiar Karma, belong to the race of their special Karma, and are kin to it. Each being is determined by its own Karma. It is Karma which produces all differences and divisions.³

Huxley expresses the same truth as follows: "Everyday experience familiarises us with the facts which are grouped under 'the name of heredity. Every one of us bears upon him obvious marks of his parentage, perhaps of remoter relationships. More particularly, the sum of tendencies to act in a certain way, which we call 'character,' is often to be traced through a long series of progenitors and collaterals. So we may justly say that this 'Character'—this moral and intellectual essence of a man—does veritably pass over from one fleshly tabernacle to another and does really transmigrate from generation to generation. In the newborn infant, the character of the stock lies latent and the Ego is 'little more than a bundle of potentialities. But, very early, these 'become actualities; from childhood to age they manifest themselves in dulness or brightness, weakness or strength, viciousness or uprightness; and with each feature modified by confluence with another character, if by nothing else, the character passes on to its incarnation in new bodies."

¹Buddhism in Translations, Harvard Oriental Series, Vol. III.

²The same truth in terms of western science is expressed in a brilliant and concise exposition by Prof. E. Hering in his essay "On Memory." (Published by The Open Court Publishing Co., in the Religion of Science Library, No. 16.)

³Questions of King Milinda, Sacred Books of the East, XXXV., p. 101.

"The Indian philosophers called character, as thus defined, 'karma.' It is this karma which passed from life to life and 'linked them in the chain of transmigrations; and they held that 'it is modified in each life, not merely by confluence of parentage, but by its own acts."

"In the theory of evolution, the tendency of a germ to develop according to a certain specific type, e. g., of the kidney-bean seed "to grow into a plant having all the characters of *Phaseolus vulgaris* is its 'Karma.' It is the 'last inheritor and the last result' of all the conditions that have affected a line of ancestry which goes back for many millions of years to the time when life first appeared on the earth . . . The snowdrop is a snowdrop and not an oak, and just that kind of a snowdrop, because it is the outcome of the Karma of an endless series of past existences." (Hibbert Lectures, p. 114.)

Samskāra.

A few quotations will render the term *samskāra* clear.

Prof. Richard Garbe says (*Mondschein der Sāṃkhya Wahrheit*, p. 14): "With the Sāṃkhyas the term *samskāra* means 'disposition,' the existence of which is explained as being due to the impressions which experiences, perceptions, sensations, etc., of the present and of former existences produce in the inner organ. . . . It is that which makes that which exists such as it is."

Professor Oldenberg says (English translation of his *Buddha*, p. 242): "The word *Sankhāra* [Sanskrit *samskāra*] is derived from a verb which signifies to arrange, adorn, prepare. *Sankhāra* is both the act of preparation and that which is prepared; but these two coincide in Buddhist conceptions much more than in ours, for to the Buddhist mind the made has existence only and solely in the process of being made; whatever is, is not so much a something which is, as the process rather of a self-generating and self-again-consuming being."

Considering the fact that *samskāra* is a term which has reference to organised life alone and not to formations of inorganic substances, the Buddhist usage of identifying a function with that which functions is quite legitimate, for the eye is the organ of sight and as such it is the activity of seeing. The eye is a product of the inherited habit of seeing. It consists in sight-dispositions. It is the function of seeing incarnated in the organ of seeing.

Oldenberg translates *samskāra* (*sankhāra*) in German by *Gestaltung*, in English by *confection* or *conformation*. We prefer the translation *forms* or *formations*. If there is any need of rendering the term more distinct, it may be translated by *deed-forms* or *soul-forms*.

Transiency and Permanence.

Nāgārjuna, the Buddhist saint and philosopher, explains the problem of transiency and permanence by the illustration of a man who during the night wants to send a letter. He calls his clerk, has a lamp lit and dictates the letter. That being done, he ceases dictating, the clerk ceases writing, and the lamp is extinguished. Though the lamp is put out, the letter remains. Thus reasoning ceases but wisdom persists. The deeds of life are transient, but the traces which they leave and the forms which they mould are permanent. (*Questions of King Milinda*, p. 67.)

There is a constant change taking place in the world, yet there is a preservation of the character of all the events that happen and of all the deeds that are done. The preservation of the soul-forms of all former Karmas makes rebirth possible and constitutes the immortality of the soul and its evolution to ever higher planes of being.

Continuity and Evolution.

The boy that goes to school is a different person from the young man who has completed his education; and yet in a certain sense we are justified in speaking of him as being one and

the same. For there is a continuity such as obtains between sowing and harvesting. In the same way a criminal who commits a crime is different from and the same as the convict who receives punishment at the hands of the hangman. (*Q. of K. M.*, p. 63.) If a man sitting in a garret carelessly allows an open lamp to blaze up and set fire to the thatch, the fire is different from the flame of the lamp; and yet it is the flame of the lamp which burns down the house. (*ib.*, p. 73.) Every deed has its consequences, and the consequences are called its fruit.

Reincarnations appear as new individuals, yet they are the same as the former incarnations from which they spring, according to the law of Karma. The soul-forms (*samskāras*) originate in a process of evolution (*ib.*, pp. 84, 85). Nothing springs into being without a gradual becoming (*ib.*, p. 84). Deeds, good or evil, are done by a certain person, and another person, inheriting their fruits, is born (*ib.*, p. 73). One comes into being, another passes away (*ib.*, p. 65). There is a continuity of deeds and reincarnations, as milk turns to curds, and curds to butter (*ib.*, p. 64).

The Soul.

By soul-activities (such as seeing, hearing, feeling, tasting, etc.) soul-forms are established; soul-forms constitute soul-groups, such as the senses and the other organs of the body; the interaction of the senses (*viz.*, thinking) produces mind as the organ of thought. The various actions of life harden into habits, and habits into character. Sensations, thoughts, and words are deeds or karma; and deeds immortalise themselves in deed-forms or *samskāras*. They produce man's personality by gradual growth.

The senses are not united indiscriminately one to another; they combine according to cause and effect as the sensations are brought into play. There is not an *ātman*, not a self-in-itself, that sees, but the eye sees. First is sight, then thought. First sensation, then mind. Thought arises from sense-activity by a natural slope, by habit, by association. As rain runs down hill, so all that happens takes its course through natural slope.¹ Thus thought arises where sight is, because of habit. And thought grows by the association that is established, just as a beginner in the art of writing is at first awkward, but with attention and practice in time becomes an expert.²

There is thought, but not a thought-entity; there is soul, but not a soul-substance; there is mind, but no mind-stuff; there is personality, but no *ātman*.

Just as a chariot is not the axle, nor the wheels, nor the framework, nor the ropes, nor the yoke, nor all of these things severally, but a peculiar combination of them, so a person is not the body, nor the sense-organs, nor the thoughts, nor his words, nor his deeds, nor his several soul-forms, but a definite co-operation of all of them (pp. 40-45). As there is no chariot-in-itself, so there is no individual person-in-itself. Nevertheless, persons are not for that reason less real than chariots.

Reincarnation not Soul-Transmigration.

As there is no soul-substance, there can be no soul-transmigration; yet there is rebirth and reincarnation; there is a continuance of soul-forms beyond the dissolution of the individual in death. When a lamp is lit at a burning lamp, there is a kindling of the wick, but no transmigration of the flame. And when a boy learns a verse from his teacher, the verse is incarnated in the boy's mind, but there is no transmigration of the verse in the proper sense of transmigration. The verse is impressed into the boy's mind, but there is no material transfer. Not a single element of being passes over from a previous existence into the present existence.

¹Modern philosophers speak of the path of least resistance in a similar sense.

²This paragraph is condensed from the *Questions of King Milinda*, pp. 86-89. The other quotations are from the same source.

ence, nor hence into the next existence; and yet the soul is reborn. Thus, the features of a face do not pass into the glass, and nevertheless the image of the face reappears (*Vissuddhi Magga*, XIX.). The reappearance of the soul depends upon Karma and is analogous to the repetition of words in an echo and to the impression of seals in sealing wax (*ib.* Chap. XVII.). Thus, the character of a person does not migrate, and yet it is reproduced by impression; it continues by heredity and education, and is reborn (that is to say, it reappears) in new incarnations.

Rebirth (i. e., reincarnation) is the reappearance of the same character, but it is no transmigration, either in the sense of a transfer of any soul-substance or physiological conditions. Always we have a preservation of form impressed through the Karma (or actions) of the prior life according to the law of causation. Says Buddhagosa in the *Vissuddhi Magga*:

"As illustrations of how consciousness does not come over 'from the last existence into the present, and how it springs up by 'means of causes belonging to the former existence, here may 'serve echoes, light, the impression of a seal, and reflexions in a 'mirror. For as echoes, light, the impressions of a seal, and 'shadows have sound etc. for their causes, and exist without having come from elsewhere, just so is it with this mind."

A modern Buddhist can add other illustrations such as the transfer of a speech to a phonograph, the reproduction of pictures on the photographer's plate, the reprint of new editions of books, and so forth. All these similes are illustrations of the way in which the mind of a man is reproduced (i. e., reincarnated) in the minds of others.

Death is dissolution, but the man who dies continues to live and is reincarnated according to his deeds. The same character of deeds reappears wherever his deeds have impressed themselves in other minds. In explanation of death as mere dissolution, and rebirth as the reappearance of the same groups of elements of existence, Buddhagosa says:

"He, then, that has no clear idea of death and does not master 'the fact that death everywhere consists in the dissolution of the 'Groups, he comes to a variety of conclusions, such as, 'A living 'entity dies and transmigrates into another body.'

"He that has no clear idea of rebirth and does not master the 'fact that the appearance of the Groups everywhere constitutes 'rebirth, he comes to a variety of conclusions, such as, 'A living 'entity is born and has obtained a new body.'

Every state of existence is the summarised result of all the various activities of its past, which the present has the power of adding to and modifying, and so it will continue in the future.

Selfhood and Enlightenment.

When the illusion of selfhood is dispelled, the state of Nirvāna is attained; and it can be attained in this life. But the annihilation of selfhood (*sakkāya*) does not imply an annihilation of personality. A follower of the Enlightened One regards his property as property, but not as his; he regards his body as body, but not as his; he regards his sensations as sensations, but not as his; he regards his thoughts as thoughts, but not as his; he regards his sentiments as sentiments, but not as his. For all these things are transient, and he knows there is no truth in the ideas, "This is mine, or I am this and that, or I have all these things." Bearing in mind the fruit of deeds, he abstains from all passions, from hatred, and ill-will, but energetically and untiringly performs all those deeds which tend toward enlightenment. He endeavors to attain the truth and spreads it; and his life is in good deeds. If there is anything that man can call his own, it is not what he possesses, but what he does. What he does constitutes his character, what he does lives after him, what he does is the reality of his existence.

¹See Warren, *ibid.*, p. 239.

²Warren, *ibid.*, p. 241.

istence that endures. This truth was expressed by the Blessed One in these verses:¹

"Not grain, nor wealth, nor store of gold,
Not one amongst his family,
Not wife, nor daughters, nor his sons,
Nor any one that eats his bread,
Can follow him who leaves this life,
For all things must be left behind.

But every deed a man performs,
With body, or with voice, or mind,
'Tis this that he can call his own,
This with him take as he goes hence.
This is what follows after him,
And like a shadow ne'er departs.

Let all, then, noble deeds perform,
A treasure-store for future weal;
For merit gained this life within
Will yield a blessing in the next."

Nirvāṇa.

He who has attained Nirvāṇa, lives no longer a life of selfhood limited to individual purposes, but he becomes one with all good and noble aspirations without discriminating between one individuality and the other. His sympathy is universal, his love goes out for all beings. His selfhood has passed away by that passing-away in which nothing remains which could tend to the formation of another individual selfhood, and yet he continues to exist; he exists as a flame that is united to a great body of blazing fire. He exists in all life, manifesting himself in the sympathy for suffering. As a mother, even at the risk of her own life, protects her son, her only son: so he who has recognised the truth, cultivates good-will without measure among all beings. He cultivates good-will without measure toward the whole world, above, below, around, unstinted, unmixed with any feeling of making distinctions or of showing preferences.

Thus, the Buddha has passed away in that passing-away in which nothing remains that would tend to the formation of another individual selfhood. Nevertheless, the Buddha lives still, although it is impossible to point out that he in his complete individuality is here or there. He can be found in the doctrine which he has revealed (*Questions of King Milinda*, p. 114). And whosoever comprehends the truth of his doctrine, he sees the Blessed One, for the truth was preached by the Blessed One (*ib.*, p. 110).

A MARBLE YEAR.

BY VIOCE.

The wassail cup passed from lass to lad,—
Lassies and laddies all Highland born,—
Tartan and bonnet and snood and plaid,
Kirtle and claymore and brooch o' Lorn.

Hallow's tide e'en, at twelve o' the clock:
Who'll hie to the wood to fetch the good
Or ill perchance our fates to unlock
For all o' the year from Wonderwood?

Then up spake Maggie, the sweetest maid,—
Beautiful, lovely and brave and good,—
'I'll go, I'll go, I am not afraid,
I'll hie to the heart of Wonderwood.

"Now Lochlin, dear, come gie me a kiss,
And spare an hour and quietly wait,
I'll surely be hame in an hour frae this,
I'll see the goblin and know our fate."

Quoted from Watcen, *Buddhism in Translation*, p. 228.

Wonderwood beckons with arms of oak,
Beckons and welcomes the Highland maid,—
She's greeted now by the goblin folk:
'What may be your will, fair lass?' they said.

"I'd ken," quoth she, "o' the year to come,—
Whate'er may happen, or ill or good,—
For ye can tell tho' the world be dumb;
For this I have hied to Wonderwood."

Then drew the king of the goblins near:
'I'll tell you all, but I'll tell you slow;
Better you bide the end o' the year;
Then, goblin or none, belike you'll know."

"Now quit your prattle," quoth Maggie. "Hush,
Tell of the things till next Hallow's tide;
I want them a' to come wi a rush,—
The good or the ill that Fate wad hide."

The king of the goblins waved his wand:
'Tis much to you, but it's naught to me,—
Ye want to ken a' the things beyond,—
Fair maid, your wishes I'll gladly gie."

As the goblin spoke she turned to stone,
Right where she stood in her smock and snood,—
Nothing alive but her thoughts alone,—
A marble image in Wonderwood.

So there she stayed in her robe of white,
Ne'er moving at all the livelong year,
Till full o' the moon at dead o' night
Next Hallow's tide e'en the king drew near:

"Good Mistress Maggie," he snarled and snapped,
You've had your wishes for Hallow's tide,
I wish ye luck o' the things that happened;
I ken 'twere better at hame to bide.

"But never say aught to kin or kith,
Never say aught or evil or good,
But bide ye dumb or 'twill be your death
O' the thing that happened in Wonderwood."

She hies her quick to her ain dear hame,
She lifts the latch with a gentle push;
Alas and alack! then a' things came,—
As she wished them a' to come,—wi a rush.

No Hallow's e'en guest was there the night;
Brother and sister they baith were there;
Her gray-haired mither had died wi' fright,
And Lochlin had gan and none kened where.

Poor Maggie sits like a marble lass;
From year to year, upon Hallow's tide,
She raves till twelve o' the clock shall pass:
'Tis worse to greet than it is to bide;

For I could have made me fate mesel',—
All that I ought by God's ain law;
Alas and alack! what things befel
Wi' Maggie at hame had na happened ata'."

CORRESPONDENCE.

FREE COINAGE OF NICKEL.

To the Editor of *The Open Court*:

DEAR SIR:—This is the greatest campaign we ever had, but there is one trouble about it: it has tended to make money scarcer than ever; apparently the free coinage of silver does not go far enough! and why should the silver mine owner alone have the monopoly of making money?

I am working in a nickel mine, and know how much cheaper it would be to have nickel money. Nickel is now coined at the United States mints in limited quantities only, and twenty nickels (the intrinsic worth of which amounts to about 7 cents) acquire the value of one dollar, or 100 cents, as soon as the government stamp is imprinted on it. Why not remove this obnoxious law which prevents the people from having cheap money? The limitation in the coinage of nickel is a crime against the people which forces the debtor to pay his creditor in dear money.

Let us have free coinage of nickel, and money will be as plenty as blackberries. One nickel mine alone can turn out millions of dollars in a day. Prices will rise to an exorbitant height and wages are bound to follow suit; for under the free coinage of nickel no laborer could afford to work for less than twenty dollars a day. Why, you could scarcely have a decent cup of coffee for less than a dollar!

What glorious times we shall then have! Therefore, please agitate for the free coinage of nickel. Yours, very truly,

NICOLAUS FIAT.

"THE DOOM OF THE UNITED STATES."

To the Editor of *The Open Court*:

I beg to submit to you a reclamation. *The Open Court* of this week (No. 477) contained an item entitled "The Doom of the United States," exposing the ridiculous, pretentious, and impudent ignorance of a pretended French writer, M. Jacques St. Cère, in a pretended French periodical, *La Revue Blanche*. The name "Jacques St. Cère" is a *nom de plume*, and a pun at the same time, for it is pronounced in French just as the word "sincère"; but the rule is that the less sincerity, the more protestation of it. This St. Cère is a foreigner, and his name is "Rosenthal." He became very notorious a few years ago as a *maitre chanteur*, or blackmailer, and spy, in a famous trial and scandal which was reported in American papers. The French press is, to a great extent, owned by foreign sharpers; and it would be as superficial as unjust to attribute to the French character such sharp practices, sensational and impudent disrespect of this country as are exhibited in the article of St. Cère on "The Doom of the United States." In the trial above referred to the writer in question has revealed his unreliable character. He is clever and cunning, but there is nothing French about him, except his *nom de plume*. I am sorry that *The Open Court* has noticed him at all, for since he is naturally taken to be a Frenchman, his blunders might cause some reflexions on the French race.

Very truly yours

F. DE GISSAC.

BOOK NOTICES.

NATURE STUDY AND RELATED SUBJECTS FOR COMMON SCHOOLS. Part I., Charts. Part II., Notes. By Wilbur S. Jackman, A. B. Chicago Normal School: Published by the Author. 1896. Pages 23 and 167.

When one contemplates the multitude of ingenious methods now employed in elementary instruction and the vast amount of material which young scholars are led to absorb, not by way of

routine inculcation but by the self-attraction of the subjects themselves, one has the double feeling of sadness at not having participated in these advantages and of wonderment at how one has really come by one's education at all, deficient though it may be. Mr. Jackman's little books are a splendid example of the reform-work that has been done in the world of American education in the last ten or fifteen years, and they, or similar plans of instruction, should be studied by all elementary teachers. The plan is arranged by the months of the year and the elementary aspects of all the natural sciences, as open even to the intelligent observation of a child, are connected with work in arithmetic, reading, history, literature, and even in morals and æsthetics. One is struck by their broadness and common sense, and although they seem at times to point beyond the powers and opportunities of most children and most schools, this impression may be due to our defective knowledge of the practical possibilities of such a system in the hands of a good teacher. The references to the literature show a catholic taste, and the development of the main interconnections of natural science with the rest of knowledge, evince thorough practical training and experience. As a *vade mecum* for elementary teachers who have not enjoyed a modern pedagogical training, Mr. Jackman's books cannot be too cordially recommended. μκρκ.

Dr. F. Ficavet, professor in the Ecole des Hautes-Etudes, Paris, is an ardent student of Mediæval Philosophy. We have had occasion to remark before upon his work both here and in the related department of education, and have now to call attention to a brochure of his in the history of philosophy entitled *Abélard et Alexandre de Hales*, who are designated the originators of the scholastic method. (Paris: E. Leroux.)

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MARTIN LUTHER.¹

BY GUSTAV FREYTAG.

[CONTINUED.]

THE OUTLAW OF THE WARTBURG.

The Emperor was more concerned than ever that an end be made of the stubborn heretic, for he had just made an alliance with the Pope and taken the obligation to root out the false doctrine of Luther. But most of the German princes, and notably the Archbishop of Treves himself, demanded further negotiations in private circles, where personal influence would count, and a regard for the unconciliatory disposition of the Germans compelled the Emperor to yield a second time.

It was now Luther's task to withstand the shrewd and earnest appeals of those whom he himself esteemed. In those negotiations many concessions were made to him, but he must recognise the supreme judgment of a general council. He insisted upon his assertion that even a council could err, as it did err at Constance. At last Richard of Treves saw that nothing could be gained by negotiation with such a man. Luther himself begged to be dismissed, and the mediators left him with respectful adieus. The hours of these noiseless discussions contributed nothing to the settlement of the dispute, and, in parting, Luther spoke the devout words: "As it pleased the Lord, so has it come about; the name of the Lord be praised!"

Great elation and joy possessed his mind at the wonderful victory of his cause, which he had sustained before the Emperor and the princes of the realm. It was in vain that enemies tried, by finding fault with his appearance and bearing, to detract from the great impression. He had become a hero to the people, who looked up to him with adoration and anxious sympathy. All prudent men saw that this teacher of the people, if he lived, would become a mighty power, not only for the doctrine of the Church but also for the political fortunes of the empire.

The greatest care of his friends was to save him from destruction.

At Worms, Luther was informed that he must disappear for a time. The habits of the Frankish knights, among whom he had loyal admirers, suggested the

idea of having him seized by men-at-arms. Prince-Elector Frederick counselled with his faithful men about the abduction. And it was quite in keeping with the character of that prince that he did not want to know the place where Luther was to be kept, in order to be able to confirm his ignorance by oath in case of necessity. Nor was it easy to win Luther's favor for the plan, for his brave heart had long since overcome worldly fear, and it was with an enthusiastic joy, in which there was much fanaticism and some humor, that he looked upon the attempts of the Romanists to remove from this world him over whom Another was disposing Who only spoke through his mouth.

There are many passages to show how complacently he looked upon death. Here is one written during the Wartburg period in the introduction to the Gospel-Reading of the Ten Lepers (Sept. 17, 1521): "Poor friar that I am, I have once more lighted a fire, I have bitten a great hole in the pockets of the papists, because I assailed the confessional. Where shall I now hide myself, and where will they now get enough sulphur, pitch, fire, and wood to destroy the venomous heretic? They will have to take out the church windows, since some holy fathers and gentlemen of the cloth preach that they must have air to proclaim the Gospel, i. e., to malign Luther, to cry murder and spit fire. What else could they preach to the poor people? Each one must preach as he can. But 'Kill, kill, kill the heretic!' they cry. 'He wants to turn all things upside down and upset the whole clerical profession, on which all Christendom rests.' Now, I hope, if I am worthy of it, they will succeed and kill me and over me fill the measure of their fathers. But it is not yet time, my hour is not yet come, I must first stir the wrath of the viper-brood more fiercely, and honestly deserve death from them, that they may have cause to perform a great service of God upon me."

Reluctantly Luther submitted to the plan of his friends. The secret was not easily kept, however adroitly the abduction to the Wartburg was planned. At first only Melancthon, among the men of Wittenberg, knew of his whereabouts. Now, Luther was not at all the man to submit even to the best-meant intrigues. There soon began a busy running of messengers between the Wartburg and Wittenberg; no mat-

¹ Translated by H. E. O. Heinemann.

ter what care was employed in transmitting the letters, it was difficult to disprove the rumor.

Luther, on the Wartburg, learned sooner than the men of Wittenberg what happened in the great world; he received intelligence of all the new happenings of his university and tried to sustain the courage of his friends and to guide their policy. Truly touching are his efforts to encourage Melancthon who, in his impractical nature, felt painfully the absence of his strong friend. "It will go along without me," wrote Luther, "only have courage, I am no longer necessary to you; if I come forth and cannot again return to Wittenberg, I shall go into the world. You are the man to hold the fortress of the Lord against the Devil, without me."

His letters were addressed "from the air," "from Patmos," "from the desert," "among the birds which sing sweetly from the trees and praise God with all their might day and night."

Once he tried to be crafty. In a missive to Spalatin he enclosed a decoy letter; it was believed, he wrote, without reason, that he was on the Wartburg; he was living among loyal brothers; it was remarkable that no one thought of Bohemia; there was added a thrust—not a malicious one—at Duke George of Saxony, his most zealous enemy. Spalatin was to lose this letter with careful negligence so that it might reach the hands of his adversaries. But in such diplomacy he was not consistent, for as soon as his leonine nature was aroused by a piece of intelligence he would forthwith resolve to depart for Erfurt or Wittenberg.

He bore the idleness of his sojourn hard. He was treated with the greatest attention by the commander of the castle, and this care was shown, as was then the custom, in the first place, by the loyal keeper furnishing his best in the matter of food and drink. The rich life, the lack of exercise, the fresh mountain air into which the theologian was transplanted, had their effects on soul and body. He had brought from Worms a bodily ailment; then there came hours of dark melancholy unfitting him even for work.

Two days in succession he joined in the chase. But his heart was with the few hares and partridges that were being driven into the nets by the throng of men and dogs. "Innocent little beasts! That is the papists' fashion of hunting." To save the life of a little hare he folded it up in the sleeve of his coat, but the dogs came and broke its legs within the folds of the protecting coat. "So does Satan," said he, "chafe against the souls which I try to save."

A CONTEMPORARY'S DESCRIPTION OF LUTHER.

An excellent report of the personality of Luther in the days of his residence on the Wartburg is still extant in Johannes Kessler's *Sabbata*, a chronicle of

the years 1523-1539, edited by E. Götzinger. When travelling with a friend from Switzerland to Saxony, Kessler met Luther, who had left the Wartburg for a short time and was secretly riding towards Wittenberg in the garb of a knight. Their meeting is so vividly described by the young student that it should not be omitted here.

Johannes Kessler, born about 1502, the son of poor burghers of St. Gall, Switzerland, attended the monastery school of that place, studied theology at Basel, and in the early spring of 1522 went with a companion to Wittenberg to continue his studies under the reformers. In the winter of 1523 he returned home, and, since the new doctrine had no abiding place yet in that country and he was very poor, he resolved to learn a trade. He turned saddler. A little congregation soon gathered about him; he taught, preached, worked in his shop, and wrote books, finally became a school teacher, librarian, and member of the board of education. His was a modest, gentle, pure nature, with a heart full of love and mild warmth. He took no active part in the theological controversies of his age. His tale begins:

"While travelling to Wittenberg to study the Holy Scripture we came to Jena, in the Thuringian land, in a thunder-storm which, Heaven knows, raged furiously, and after much inquiry in the city for a night's lodging we failed to secure any, being refused everywhere. For it was Shrove-Tuesday, when little care was taken of pilgrims and strangers. We turned to go out of the city and continue our journey in hope of finding a village where we could be lodged. Under the gate we met a respectable man who accosted us kindly and asked whether we were bound so late, as we could not before night reach any house or shelter where we would be kept. Moreover, the road was easily missed and we might be lost. So he advised us to remain.

"We answered: 'Dear father, we called at all the inns to which we were directed hither and thither, but everywhere we were turned away and denied lodging, hence we must needs go on our way.' Whereupon he asked if we had inquired at the Black Bear. We said: 'We did not see it. Tell us, kind sir, where shall we find it?' He showed it to us, a little outside of the city. And when we saw the Black Bear, lo, while all other inn-keepers had previously denied us lodging, this one came to the door, received us, and kindly offered to lodge us, and led us into the room.

"There we found a man sitting alone at the table, and before him lay a little book. He greeted us kindly, bade us come near and sit at the table with him. For our shoes—if I may be permitted to say so—were so covered with dirt and mud that for shame we did not enter the room merrily, but stealthily sat down on a

bench near the door. He offered us to drink, which we could not refuse. So, seeing his kindness and cordiality, we sat down at his table, as he had bidden, and had a measure of wine served that we might return the compliment and offer him to drink. We thought nothing else than that he was a horseman who sat there according to the custom of the country, with a red leather cap, in hose and doublet, without armor, a sword at his side, the right hand on the pommel, the left grasping the hilt. His eyes were black and deep set, shining and sparkling like stars, so that one might not well bear to look into them.

"But he soon began to ask whence we came, answering himself, however: 'You are Swiss. From what part of Switzerland?' We replied: 'From St. Gall.' Then he said: 'If you go from here to Wittenberg, as I hear is your intention, you will find good countrymen, Dr. Jerome Schurf and his brother, Dr. Augustin.'

"We said: 'We have letters to them.' Then we asked him again: 'Sir, can you inform us if Martin Luther is at present staying in Wittenberg or at what place else he is?'

"Said he: 'I have certain information that Luther is not at Wittenberg just at present, but he is soon to go there. Philippus Melanchthon is there, however; he teaches the Greek language, as others also teach the Hebrew. In good faith, I will counsel you to study both for they are necessary to understand the Holy Scripture.'

"Said we: 'God be praised. For if God gives us life we will not stop till we see and hear this man. For his sake we have undertaken this journey, since we heard that he wants to upset the priesthood and the mass as not being based on a solid foundation. Since we have been educated and destined by our parents from childhood to be priests, we would fain hear what manner of instruction he would give us and by what right he means to carry out his purpose.'

"After such words he asked: 'Where did you study so far?' We answered: 'At Basel.' Then he said: 'How is it at Basel? Is Erasmus Rotterdamus there yet? What does he do?'

"Sir, we said, 'we know nothing else than that all is well there. Erasmus is there, also, but what he does is unknown and hidden from all, since he keeps himself very quiet and secret.'

"These speeches seemed very strange to us in the horseman, that he could speak of the two Schurfs, of Philippus and Erasmus, likewise of the need of both the Greek and the Hebrew tongues. Furthermore, he spoke a few Latin words between, so that it would seem to us he was a different person from a common horseman.

"Dear sirs,' he asked us, 'what do they think of Luther in the Swiss country?'

"Sir, there, as everywhere, there are various opinions. Some cannot extol him enough and thank God that He revealed His truth through him and made known the errors; others, above all the clergy, condemn him as an intolerable heretic.'

"He said: 'I can imagine it well, it is the priests.'

"With such conversation we began to feel at home, so that my companion picked up the book lying before him and opened it. It was a Hebrew psalter. He laid it down again quickly, and the horseman put it away. Then arose still more doubt as to who he was. And my companion said: 'I would give a finger off my hand if I understood that language.' 'You will understand it well enough if you are industrious,' said the stranger; 'I also desire to learn it better, and practise it daily.'

"In the meantime the day went down; it became very dark, and the innkeeper came to the table. When he heard our great desire for Mr. Luther he said: 'Dear boys, if you had been here two days ago you would have been gratified, for here at this table he sat, at that place,' pointing with his finger. We were much vexed and angry that we had been delayed, and vented our ill-humor on the muddy and bad roads which had hindered us. Yet we said: 'We are glad, however, that we sit in the house and at the table where he sat.' The innkeeper laughed and went out.

"After a little while the innkeeper called me out before the door. I was frightened and thought of what I might have done that was improper or might have given offence.

"And the landlord said to me: 'Since I see that you honestly desire to see and hear Luther—it is he that sits with you.'

"I took the words for a jest and said: 'Mine host, you are making sport of me and want to satisfy my desire by an illusion.' He replied: 'It is he, assuredly. But do not act as though you knew or recognised him.' I allowed the landlord to be right, but could not believe it. I returned into the room and sat down at the table. I was anxious to tell my companion what the landlord said. At last I turned to him and whispered secretly: 'The landlord told me that man was Luther.' Like myself, he would not believe it and said: 'Perhaps he said it was Hutten, and you did not understand him aright?' Since the horseman's garb and his manner also reminded me more of Hutten, the knight, than of Luther, the monk, I was easily persuaded that he said: 'It is Hutten,' the beginnings of the two names sounding alike. What I said after that, therefore, was uttered as though I was speaking to Sir Huldreich *ab* Hutten, the knight.

"During all this, there entered two merchants who also wanted to remain over night, and after undressing and laying aside their outer garments and spurs, one of them laid by his side an unbound book. Martinus asked what the book was. He said: 'It is Doctor Luther's explication of some gospels and epistles, only recently printed and issued. Did you never see it?' Martinus replied: 'They will reach me soon.' The landlord said: 'Now sit down at the table, we will eat.' But we spoke and asked the landlord to be indulgent with us and give us something apart. But the landlord said: 'My dear lads, sit at the table with the gentlemen, I will serve you in proper manner.' Martinus, hearing this, said: 'Come with us, I will settle the bill with the landlord.'

"During the meal, Martinus spoke many pious, kindly discourses, so that the merchants and ourselves attended more to his words than to the food. Among other things, he complained with a sigh that just then the princes and lords were assembled at the Diet at Nuremberg on account of the Word of God, the pending controversies, and the burdens of the nation, but were inclined to nothing more than spending their time in costly tournaments, sleigh-rides, immoral practices, and ostentatious pageantries, whereas piety and earnest prayers to God would be of much greater help. 'But such are our Christian princes.' Further, he said he hoped that the truth of the Gospels would bear more fruit among our children and posterity, who would not be poisoned by the errors of popery but would stand upon the clear truth and the Word of God, than among the parents in whom error was so deeply rooted that it could not well be eradicated.

"Afterwards the merchants also stated their own opinions, and the elder one said: 'I am a simple, plain layman, and not expert in these controversies, but this I say: As the matter appears to me, Luther must be either an angel from Heaven or a devil from Hell. I am minded to spend ten florins for his sake that I may confess to him, for I believe he would and could well enlighten my conscience.' In the meantime the landlord came to us and said: 'Have no care for the bill, Martinus settled for the supper for you.' This made us very happy, not for the sake of the money and the pleasure of the meal, but that this man had entertained us as guests. After supper the merchants arose and went into the stable to provide for the horses. Meanwhile Martinus remained alone with us in the room. We thanked him for his kindness and the honor done us, and gave him to understand that we thought he was Ulrich *ab* Hutten. But he said: 'I am not he.'

"The landlord came in and Martinus said: 'I have become a nobleman this night, for these Swiss take me for Ulrich *ab* Hutten.' Said the landlord: 'You are

not he, but you are Martinus Luther.' He smiled and said, jesting: 'They take me for Hutten and you take me for Luther, soon I shall be Marcolfus.'¹ And after such conversation he took a tall beer glass and said, after the fashion of the country: 'My Swiss friends, let us drink one friendly draught for a blessing.' And as I was about to take the glass from him he changed the glass and offering me a glass of wine instead, said: 'You are unaccustomed to beer, drink this wine.' With that he arose, threw the cloak over his arm and took his leave. He offered us his hand and said: 'When you reach Wittenberg, give my love to Dr. Jerome Schurf.' Said we: 'We shall gladly do so, but how shall we name you that he may understand your greeting?' Said he: 'Say nothing more than this: He who is coming sends his greeting, and he will understand the words at once.' So he left us and went to rest.

"The merchants returned to the room and ordered the landlord to bring them another drink, over which they held much conversation with respect to the guest who had sat with them and who he might be. The landlord intimated that he took him to be Luther, and the merchants were soon convinced and regretted that they had spoken awkwardly of him. They said they would rise earlier in the morning before he rode off, and would beg him not to be angry with them nor remember it with ill-feeling that they did not recognise him. So it was done, and they found him in the morning in the stable. But Martinus replied: 'You said last night at the evening meal you would spend ten florins on account of Luther to confess to him. If you ever come to confess to him you will see and be sure whether I am Martinus Luther.' Further than that he did not disclose his identity, but mounted soon after and rode towards Wittenberg.

"The same day we travelled towards Naumburg, and as we came to a village—it lies at the foot of a mountain which is called Orlamunde, and the village is named Nasshausen—there was a stream flowing through the village which had overflowed with excessive rains so that no one could ride across on horseback. We stopped in that village and by accident met the two merchants at the inn, who entertained us as guests for the sake of Luther.

"The following Saturday, the day before the first Sunday in Lent, we entered the house of Dr. Jerome Schurf to deliver our letters. As we were called into the room, lo, we found the horseman Martinus, just as in Jena. And with him were Philippus Melancthon, Justus Jodocus Jonas, Nicolaus Amsdorf, and Dr. Augustin Schurf, who were telling him what had happened at Wittenberg during his absence. He

¹A popular comical figure, not unlike Punch and Judy of modern times. See *Dialogue of Solomon and Saturn* (Marcolfi).

greeted us and laughed, pointed with his finger and said: 'This is Philip Melanchthon, of whom I have told you.'

In the ingenuous story of Kessler nothing is more remarkable than the serene unconcern of the mighty man who rode through Thuringia, outlawed and accursed, his heart filled with passionate anxiety for the greatest danger threatening his doctrine—the fanaticism of his own partisans.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

ADVANTAGES OF SELF-RESIGNATION.

BOTH Buddhism and Christianity inculcate in strong terms an ethics of self-resignation, and the Religion of Science joins them, if not always in the letter, certainly in the spirit of their teachings. It would not be advisable to turn the right cheek to him who smites you on the left cheek, but it is not only moral but also wise to drop in all affairs of life the motive of selfishness.

The surrender of the thought "I am" appears at first sight very impracticable, and we hear much of the importance of personal ambition and even vanity as a spring prompting people to great achievements. But when we inquire into the cause of the success of any man, we find it—whatever be his ultimate motives—invariably based upon direct application to the work to be performed, joined to an utter neglect of all personal preferences, pleasures, or considerations.

NAPOLEON'S CAREER.

Take, for instance, that greatest of all egotists, Napoleon Bonaparte, who would deserve the name the Great if his greatness were not dwarfed by the puniness of his motives. Napoleon pursued his ambitious purpose, which was the acquisition of power, without consulting his personal welfare. He exposed his life courageously to the bullets of the Austrians on the bridge at Lodi, and faced death unflinchingly in many bloody battles. And in establishing his power he looked out for the needs of the people. Whatever wrongs he may have done, his sins are by far outnumbered by the blessings which for the consolidation of his power he conferred upon mankind. The reformation alone of the laws, which was carried out in the *Code Napoléon*, amply atoned for the tyranny which he exercised for a number of years over Europe. He further abolished a number of mediæval institutions which the legitimate rulers would never have dared to touch from fear that the principle of legitimacy thereby be weakened. The biographies of Napoleon are mostly narratives of his life from a partisan standpoint; an objective appreciation of his greatness can only be written by him who is able to trace the services which Napoleon rendered mankind by administering to the demands of the time

and devoting his influence to the practical and correct solution of burning questions without consulting his own self. Napoleon was personally vain, but he suppressed his vanity; he loved women, but he knew it, and watched himself in the presence of beautiful women. He offended the young Queen of Prussia, because he was afraid of her beauty and feared her influence over himself. He grew careless only when he imagined that he had won the world, and the keen-eyed Czar of Russia duped him in the conference at Erfurt by the baldest flattery. Pretending to admire him, the Czar said about the French Emperor, "If I were a woman, I would fall in love with him," and took care that this remark should be reported. The idea that the Czar was dazzled with the brilliancy of his genius blinded Napoleon to the extent that he thought the Czar would never dare to resist his armies, and, when the war with Russia broke out, he expected to overawe him with rapid victories. The vanity in which Napoleon indulged proved fatal to his career. It marks the turning point in the curve of his life with which its descent begins.

The partial success of criminals is mostly, if not always, due to self-control and to a temporary suppression of the thought of self.

OMAR KHAYYAM.

Even he who in this world of sorrow would live for pleasure can do so only by a resolute resignation of his selfhood. He must harden his heart, and be indifferent about his personal fate and the transiency of the pleasures he loves. This is best illustrated in the Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam, the poet of wine and love. He sings:

"There was the Door to which I found no key;
There was the Veil through which I could not see:
Some little talk awhile of ME and THEE
There was,—and then no more of THEE and ME.

And if the wine you drink, the lip you press,
End in what All begins and ends in,—yes;
Think then you are To-day what YESTERDAY
You were,—To-morrow you shall not be less.

Waste not your hour, nor in the vain pursuit
Of this and that endeavor and dispute;
Better be jocund with the fruitful grape
Than sadder after none or bitter fruit.

Ah, make the most of what we yet may spend,
Before we, too, into the dust descend;
Dust into dust, and under dust to lie,
Sans wine, sans song, sans singer, and sans end."

He who identifies himself with his bodily incarnation sees his future in the dust of his remains; but even then in order to enjoy pleasure he must resign himself and take the fleeting moment, laughing to scorn the fate that awaits him.

Omar Khayyam's verses are beautiful in them-

selves as they stand in Fitzgerald's translation, but their philosophical meaning is brought out with great force in the Vedder's illustrations.

GOETHE'S TRUST IN NOTHINGNESS.

A similar idea, only expressed with greater force and showing more manliness, is expressed by Goethe in his *Vanitas Vanitatum Vanitas*. The hero of the poem is an old, one-legged soldier who is the merriest comrade in the jovial circle of carousers. He says:¹

My trust in nothing now is placed,
Hurrah!

So in the world true joy I taste,
Hurrah!

Then he who would be a comrade of mine
Must clink his glass, and in chorus combine
And drink his cup of wine.

I placed my trust in gold and wealth,
Hurrah!

But then I lost all joy and health,
Lack-a-day!

Both here and there the money roll'd,
And when I had it here, behold,
There disappeared the gold!

I placed my trust in women next,
Hurrah!

But there in truth was I sorely vex'd,
Lack-a-day!

The False another lover sought,
The True with tediousness was fraught,
The Best could not be bought.

I trusted in travel and started to roam,
Hurrah!

Cast off the habits of my home,
Lack-a-day!

But not a single thing seem'd good,
The beds were bad, and strange the food,
And I not understood.

In honor trusted I and fame,
Hurrah!

Another put me straight to shame,
Lack-a-day!

And when I had achieved advance
The people looked at me askance,
With none I had a chance.

I placed my trust in war and fight,
Hurrah!

We gain'd full many a victory bright,
Hurrah!

Into the foe's land we cross'd,
Alas, though, at our triumph's cost!
For there a leg I lost.

In nothing now my trust shall be,
Hurrah!

And all the world belongs to me,
Hurrah!

And as we end our feast and strain,
The cup we'll to the bottom drain;
Let nowhere dregs remain!

Goethe's poem appears at first sight frivolous, but its apparent levity conceals a rare moral courage, which was a trait of the poet's own character.

BUDDHIST ETHICS.

Self-resignation is the indispensable condition of success, but as soon as self-resignation becomes complete, when it rests upon a clear conception of the non-existence of a separate self and the utter futility, nay, vanity of selfhood, it therewith ceases to be a resignation, and becomes an exaltation.

It is no longer a submission of one's own personality under a higher authority, but it is the rescission of the limits of one's own being and a vindication of one's own personality as limitless in both time and space. It becomes, to use the language of Tauler and Jacob Böhme, a perfect union with God and makes man feel the thrill of the divine spirit that begot his soul. This state is no more a surrender, it is the acquisition of enlightenment with all its bliss. It is ecstasy; not a fitful rapture but a calm serenity of imperturbable peace. It is no longer an abdication of selfhood, it has become a conquest of death. Says Rhys Davids:

"A man thinks he began to be a few years—twenty, forty, sixty years—ago. There is some truth in that; but in a much larger, deeper, truer sense has he been (in the causes of which he is the result) for countless ages in the past; and those same causes (of which he is the temporary effect) will continue in other like temporary forms through the countless ages yet to come. In that sense alone, according to Buddhism, each of us has after death a continuing life."

As to the non-existence of a separate self, the same author adds:

"There is no such thing as an individuality which is permanent;—even were a permanent individuality to be possible, it would not be desirable, for it is not desirable to be separate. The effort to keep oneself separate may succeed indeed for a time; but so long as it is successful it involves limitation, and therefore ignorance, and therefore pain. 'No! it is not separateness you should hope and long for,' says the Buddhist, 'it is union—the sense of oneness with all that now is, that has ever been, that can ever be—the sense that shall enlarge the horizon of your being to the limits of the universe, to the boundaries of time and space, that shall lift you up into a new plane far beyond, outside all mean and miserable care for self. Why stand shrinking there? Give up the fool's paradise of 'This is I,' and 'This is mine.' It is a real fact—the greatest of realities—that you are asked to grasp. Leap forward without fear! You shall find yourself in the ambrosial waters of Nirvāna, and sport with the Arahats who have conquered birth and death!'"

"This theory of Karma is the doctrine which takes the place in the Buddhist teaching of the very ancient theory of 'souls,' which the Christians have inherited from the savage beliefs of the earliest periods of history."

SELFHOOD AN ILLUSION.

Selfishness would be the right policy in life if we were genuine and true selves, but we are not.

When the awakening consciousness begins to illu-

¹ A revised version of Edgar Alfred Bowring's translation.

mine all those functions of sense and thought activity which are the product of an ancestral karma, which is the pre-natal history that produced us, everything appears so new that the illusion of an *âtman*, a self-individuality, is quite natural, and the thoughtless are fain to join in the declamations of Wagner, the overbearing disciple of Faust, when he says:

"This is Youth's noblest calling and most fit!
The world was not, ere I created it;
The sun I drew from out the Orient sea;
The moon began her changeeful course with me;
The Day put on his shining robes, to greet me;
The Earth grew green, and burst in flower to meet me;
And when I beckoned, from the primal night
The stars unveiled their splendors to my sight,
Who, save myself, to you deliverance brought
From commonplaces of restricted thought?
I, proud and free, even as dictates my mind,
Follow with joy the inward light I find,
And speed along in mine own ecstasy,
Darkness behind, the Glory leading me!"

It is not "the inward light" that gives us reliable information, but the facts of experience. The revelation of truth comes into us from without, and "the light within" is only a reflexion of the All, whose image we are. A man who, like Wagner, imagines in his self-conceit that he only made the sun rise in the world, is not likely to perform useful work. He clings to the separateness of his present embodiment as his true self, and loses sight of the actual constituents of his being. He will try to acquire fame, but will not perform the work that would entitle him to it. He identifies himself with the abstract and empty idea of his being, of himself, and forgets over it the realities of which it consists. He may accomplish his ends, and what would in that case be the result? His name, not his real soul, would continue to live and be linked with the achievements of others. His name! And what is his name? A mere word!

The instance of the preservation of the thought of one man under the name of another is sufficiently instructive to deserve a discussion of one flagrant instance, as which we select the case of Hooke against Newton.

HOOKE OR NEWTON.

We do not intend to decide the priority claims of Hooke *versus* Newton in the formulation of the law of gravitation as expressed by the inverse square of the distance, because an exhaustive presentation of the case is no easy matter and would take more space than we can spare.

Hooke's claim may be considered as well established, but he must probably blame mainly himself for the ill-treatment he met at the hands of his contemporaries. He was a man who "originated much but perfected little," he was at the same time "irritable in his temper," which rendered him among his

acquaintances unpopular. Add to this his penurious appearance, his crooked figure, shrunken limbs, dishevelled hair, his solitary life, and miserly habits! Yet, this unattractive abode harbored the inventiveness of a genius and the keenness of a great discoverer. He was instrumental in inventing the air-pump; it was he who proposed to regulate watch movements by balance springs; he urged the advantage of telescopic sight over plain sight in surveying; he proposed valuable theories about the composition of the air, which "foreshadowed the discoveries of Priestley." Next to Tycho Brahe he has the best claim to being regarded as the inventor of the sextant. He stated the law of tension and force in the terse formula *ut tensio sic vis*, which is still called "Hooke's law." (See *Encyclopædia Britannica*, III., 64; V., 461; VII., 803; XXII., 595; and XVII., 442.)

The *Encyclopædia Britannica* contains a notice of Hooke's claims, from which we extract the following passage:

"Hooke was offended because Sir John did not mention what he had told him of his own discovery. Halley only communicated to Newton the fact 'that Hooke had some pretensions to the invention of the rule for the decrease of gravity being reciprocally as the squares of the distances from the centre,' acknowledging at the same time that, though Newton had the notion from him, 'yet the demonstration of the curves generated thereby belonged wholly to Newton.' 'How much of this,' Halley adds, 'is so, you know best, so likewise what you have to do in this matter; only Mr. Hooke seems to expect you should make some mention of him in the preface, which 'tis possible you may see reason to prefix. I must beg your pardon that 'tis I that send you this ungrateful account; but I thought it my duty to let you know it, so that you might act accordingly, being in myself fully satisfied that nothing but the greatest candour imaginable is to be expected from a person who has of all men the least need to borrow reputation.'

"In thus appealing to Newton's candour, Halley obviously wished that some acknowledgment of Hooke should be made. He knew indeed that before Newton had announced the inverse law, Hooke and Wren and himself had spoken of it and discussed it, and therefore justice demanded that, though none of them had given a demonstration of the law, Hooke especially should receive credit for having maintained it as a truth of which he was seeking the demonstration."

Newton at last consented to insert this concession as an addition to his fourth proposition:

"The inverse law of gravity holds in all celestial motions, as was discovered also independently by my countrymen Wren, Hooke, and Halley."

Newton claims that he had thought of the solution sixteen years before he began to work it out in his *Principia*, but had rejected the idea on account of the objections which were solved only by the discovery of the flattened condition of the poles. Schopenhauer says: "No man who has found a new theory will on account of some slight obstacle reject and forget it for sixteen years. That is not the treatment which we

give to the children of our own thought, but to step-children or foundlings. As to our own theories, we are in the habit of trying them over and over again, until we find some ground on which they can be justified. Poor Hooke," adds Schopenhauer, "he had the same fate as Columbus. America is the name of the continent which he discovered, and we speak of Newton's law of gravitation."

If Newton had been the great thinker and discoverer which he is reputed to be, it would indeed be strange that he was proud of the silly commentary he had written on the Revelation of St. John.

Now, suppose we accept the view of Schopenhauer concerning the priority claims of Hooke, does not Hooke's thought live on, whether or not the honor of priority is attributed to Newton? Is it not simply as though Hooke had written under the *nom de plume* of Isaac Newton? It is, after all, his actual soul that marches down triumphantly with the mark of truth through the ages and is reincarnated in many thousands of scientists. The actual soul of a man, which alone can properly be called his own, is not his name, but consists in the thought-forms, sentiment-forms, and deed-forms which originate in him. They are characteristic of him as the peculiar product of an interaction among those other soul-forms of his which constitute his inheritance from former ages.

He who seeks his self and is anxious to preserve it in its separateness, will surely fail, for his present individuality will at last be dissolved in death. He who attempts to immortalise his name, may or may not succeed. A name, the combination of letters in the mouth of posterity, is in itself an empty thing, and for that reason it is sometimes more lasting than our bodily organisation. But he who endeavors to be an incarnation of the truth, and nothing else besides, is sure to succeed; he will not be hampered by other considerations; he has attained immortality, and his soul in its peculiar personal idiosyncrasy will be, and will forever remain, a most valuable presence, a never-failing blessing, in the advancing and growing spirit of the human race.

THE ELECTION.

Mr. McKinley is to be our next President! Who would have thought it four years ago when the Republican party on account of its high tariff programme was defeated with an overwhelming majority. That Mr. McKinley is now our President-elect, he owes alone to the Democrats whose senators made themselves obnoxious to the people and whose delegates surrendered the principles of their party to populism. It seems to be an established fact that every party comes into power through the blunders of its rival party and not through its own merit.

Mr. McKinley sat quietly at home. There was no need of his making speeches. His rival candidate did all the speech-making of the present campaign. The more Mr. Bryan talked, the more votes Mr. McKinley secured.

Mr. McKinley is indebted to Mr. Hanna for becoming the candidate of the Republican party, but he is indebted to Mr. Bryan for his election as President. It remains to be doubted, however, whether Mr. McKinley will give an expression of his gratitude to Mr. Bryan. Probably he will not even acknowledge it publicly; we may be sure, however, that he knows it.

If the election had taken place right after the Democratic convention at Chicago, the combination of the silver Democrats with the Populists would probably have gained the day. But happily our voters had a chance to think and study the question before they went to the polls; and there can be no question about it that our people got more instruction about the nature and purpose of money within a few weeks than could have been anticipated. There is a great danger in republican institutions such as obtain in this country, but there is a blessing in them too. The mass of the people must become educated or our nation will go to the wall, and it is to the interest of all that every citizen of this country be possessed of sound judgment and good common sense.

Never was there more skill exhibited in any previous presidential campaign of the United States than in the present by the silver party. The issue of free coinage of silver was cleverly forced upon the nation, and the stupidest of issues that cheap money would benefit the people was slyly instilled into the minds of farmers and laborers. Silver was praised as the money of the poor, gold was derided as the instrument by which the toiler is enslaved, and the passions of class hatred were appealed to by unscrupulous demagogues.

What exquisite political skill was wasted for a bad cause! Why! To request that forthwith wages should be paid in cheap money means that the poor, simply to spite the rich, should cut off their noses and shout "Hurrah, it serves you right!"

Who could, if there was at all any gain in it, have profited by cheap money but the rich? The banks would have made millions through the gold they hoarded in their vaults, if they had been allowed to pay back in silver. The labor employer would have profited, not the employee; the landlord, not the tenant; those who possess wealth, not those who live by their labor. And of course, among all trusts, the silver trust would have reaped the main harvest.

That such an issue was possible at all proves not only the great ability with which the campaign was managed but also the enormous extent to which rascality can always rely on stupidity. But after all the propositions of the silver party were too bald and the fallacies too apparent. The good sense of the people was aroused and has swept them off the stage of political issues.

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THE CHURCH AND THE CONVENTICLE IN ENGLAND.

BY M. D. CONWAY.

IT HAS been so long since a Bishop has been buried in Canterbury Cathedral that it has required research to discover the three interments there since the Reformation previous to the splendid sepulture of the late Archbishop. But it would, I believe, be impossible to find since Catholic times any precedent for the pomp and circumstance of this recent burial, the lying-in-state amid high burning candles, the royal wreaths, the vast assemblage of prelates, the display of civic and ecclesiastical robes and emblems, which surrounded the grave of a man of much simplicity and no pretension to personal greatness. The increase of imposing ceremonial in the Church, in which some of us see symptoms of declining faith in spiritual visions, would in any case have found some expression in this latest archiepiscopal sepulture, but it is probable that the Pope has contributed some decorations to the burial of his northern rival. On the day before the Archbishop's death he sent to the Archbishop of York for his criticism a draft of their joint reply to the Pope's Encyclical denying the validity of English clerical orders, and on the very day of his death he wrote to the same Archbishop a letter relating to the draft. These have not yet seen the light, but meanwhile the Anglican reply to the Pope has been forestalled by the English reply as displayed in the apotheosis of the Head of the Church of England. 'Poor Pontiff, out at elbows, from that little patch left you from the Holy Roman Empire, behold this scene at Canterbury, the cradle of northern Christianity; mark those superb offerings deposited by the crowns of Europe; and recognise that the glories of the Shechinah have passed from you to us!'

This is the real English reply. It is a proud national reply, and has nothing to do with religion. As to this, the question as to the regularity of Archbishop Parker's orders in 1559 may possess religious interest for a few antediluvians like Lord Halifax, and it seems to be of some importance to many Episcopalians in America, whose genealogical trees flourish more than in Europe; but the English people and the churchmen generally smile at the "American notion" of apostolic succession; the presence and potency of

the Holy Ghost recognised by them is not such as can be conveyed by the laying on of the most highly connected hands if they are empty as the Pope's, but of hands carrying two hundred million pounds sterling, spiritual peerage, power to legislate for an empire on which the sun never sets. These are the fruits of the Spirit by which the true Vine is known in these Protestant lands and practical times.

I was present in Canterbury Cathedral when Dr. Tait was consecrated, and being then rather fresh in England, turned to a gentleman making notes for a London paper and asked, "What are Dr. Tait's religious opinions?" He turned to a friend beside him and said, "Here's a man who thinks an Archbishop has opinions!" To me he said, "His opinions are those of an Archbishop of Canterbury." And he distinctly winked. Although Archbishop Tait's theology was colorless, he was a just man, as I have personal reason to know. A printed discourse of mine having been misrepresented by the Christian Evidence Society, I sent the discourse and the misrepresentation to their president, the Archbishop, and he wrote me with his own hand a long letter repudiating the attack of his Society, and authorising me to publish it. Among the eulogies of the late Archbishop some have been remarkable, notably one by the Archbishop of Armagh who says that on the Archbishop of Canterbury's recent visit to Ireland, in parting he (Armagh) asked for his benediction. "He laid his hand upon my head and tenderly cheered me with the Aaronic benediction, 'The Lord bless thee and keep thee.' The while he lifted up his eyes and poured out some words of prayer and pleading. As I looked upon his earnest, hushed, and radiant face I instinctively understood a little better that wonderful effect of prayer in the pattern of humanity—'As He prayed the fashion of His countenance was changed.'" Has anybody ever put Christ's Vicar at Rome so near to his Heavenly Master as that? And in Catholic Ireland, too! But in all the eulogies of the late Archbishop, so far as I have read them in the secular press, while his business habits have been dwelt on, his ten thousand letters per week, his charities and kindness, his theological opinions have not been mentioned. But he started on his archiepiscopal career with a very

liberal trend. One of his first functions was to preside at an annual meeting of the Christian Evidence Society already mentioned, and I was much impressed by his address. He reprov'd, consciously or unconsciously, the narrow polemical methods for which that now ignored Society had become rather notorious, and reminded them that the rationalists with whom they had to deal were men of learning and character. He warned them against opposing mere prejudices to scientific statements, and especially maintained that there was nothing in the new generalisation of Darwin that need excite Christian hostility. His address was so liberal and given in such a large spirit, that I remember thinking, "After all, an Archbishop may have opinions." But, alas, I cannot learn that the Canterbury oracle ever spoke again in such a strain. The Broad Churchman who started out so bravely was not easily recognised in the Primate who prohibited any representation of his Church at the Parliament of Religions, but rather the prudent ecclesiastic who feared that the weak points in Anglican armour would be discovered by some of the shining spears that would be darting about in the Chicago Assembly.

By the necessity of his position the Archbishop was compelled to look upon the orders of Nonconformist ministers in the same way that the Pope looks on the orders of his (the Archbishop's) own clergy. And similarly the Nonconformist look on the Unitarian orders as worthless. They all give arguments for these exclusions. (Mr. John M. Robertson, a scholarly freethinker, in one of his recent clever "Papers for the People" expresses himself as quite convinced by all of these sects—in what they say of each other.) But Archbishop Benson is mourned by the Dissenters because he was personally friendly to them; he was as much of a Reconciler as the laws of his church permitted. And that he could not follow the evident impulses of his heart in these matters has excited among the sectarians more animosity against his church than could be allayed by his personal generosity. On the whole the impression he has left on the more intelligent people is that of a man whose essential liberalism was steadily restricted and overlaid by his prelatical functions, and whose spirit was sacrificed on the altar beside which his body is buried.

The natural inquiry arises, "Who will be the next victim?" Before this writing appears the new Archbishop will be announced. (The most competent man, as I think, the Bishop of Ripon, has not been mentioned.) The Holy Spirit, who never fails to alight on the existing Prime Minister for this purpose, will probably not select a victim this time, but a clever Episcopal manager who has no ideals to part with. The recent menace of the church in Wales has

started a new departure in church activity, and indeed that menace partly came from jealousy of the growth of the English Church during the last ten years, and the comparative stationariness of Nonconformity. In the decade between 1881 and 1891 the population of England and Wales increased from about twenty-six to twenty-nine millions; in that time the English clergy increased from 21,663 to 24,232, or 11.86 per cent., while the other sects together increased from 9,734 to 10,957, or 3.3 per cent. The probability is that the English Church will steadily become more harmonious in itself. The rationalistic or Broad Church branch is not renewing itself since the death of Dean Stanley, Professor Jowett, Colenso, and some other leaders; indeed there is now no leader of that school. A *modus vivendi* appears to have been established between the Evangelicals and the High Churchmen under the late Archbishop, who assumed the eastward position when officiating at St. Paul's, and the westward at Westminster Abbey. No longer hampered by internal discords, they see the Nonconformists daily losing strength. These have hitherto been a check corresponding to the opposition in political government, and their decline in influence is a very serious thing indeed.

I speak, of course, of orthodox Nonconformity. These bodies relentlessly refuse to work with Unitarians, and the latter, who possess most of the ability outside the English Church, have good reason not to join in their effort to disestablish the much more tolerant church. The fatal thing, however, is that in their struggle to maintain their hold on the public schools, given them by the Liberal party in Parliament in payment for their solid political support, the Nonconformists have thrown away their ancient principles. Their main and vital principle was—*No State aid of religion*. They fought long against church-rates, and thirty years ago the church surrendered; since then no man has been taxed one penny for the support of the Church of England. But no sooner was that victory achieved than the Nonconformists picked up for themselves what the church had cast off, and insisted that rates should be imposed for the teaching of Nonconformist religion in the schools. Of course they disguise it under the name of "undenominational religion," but it is simply commonplace Calvinism that is thus established and for which people of all creeds and no creeds are heavily taxed. The English Church, being as much left out of the arrangement as the Unitarians and the Freethinkers, has resolved that their own schools shall share in the school funds, and this proposal, adopted by the Salisbury government, has excited a tremendous struggle between the conventicle and the church. It has been pointed out to the Nonconformists by their own best men—not-

bly by Allanson Picton—that they have no logical position but to agree to the complete secularisation of public education, and for this compromise the church has long been prepared. But the Nonconformists—already state-aided by the non-taxation of their sectarian property—insist on rate-aided religion in the schools; and so far as the principle on which they originally separated from the State Church is concerned there is no longer any real Nonconformity. All of these dissenting sects being now as much supported by the State as the Church of England, there is no longer any rallying cry for political liberals in that direction. As it has become a mere choice between a first-class and a second-class compartment on the railway to Heaven, what inducement is there for any one to choose the ugly and comparatively illiterate conventicle rather than the beautiful and learned Church? No principle being any longer involved, Nonconformist enthusiasm has become a thing of the past. The Nonconformist preachers are too dull (there are a few exceptions) to see that their system is driving on the rocks and will be inevitably wrecked. Already there are 4,000 parishes in this country without a single Nonconformist chapel or minister, while there is not one without a church and a clergyman.

There are some dissenting ministers shrewd enough to see this. Dr. Parker of the City Temple, which enjoys a popularity something like that of Talmage's church while in Brooklyn, has been pleading very hard with his co-religionists to abandon their inconsistency and advocate secularisation in the schools, but he was only snubbed by his brethren; and as the Doctor is a sensational kind of man I should not be at all surprised to hear some fine day that he prefers to be a consistent State Churchman rather than by compulsion an inconsistent one. In his sermon of October 19, on the Archbishop's death some of the utterances had the accent of an "insider" rather than of a dissenter. "Who will succeed him we know not, but the choice will no doubt be anxiously and wisely considered. We should all like our (*sic*) own great Bishop, the Bishop of London, to go to the Primacy." After eulogising Sinclair, Welldon, and especially Farrar, making them all giants, Dr. Parker said: "But the Church of England is so embarrassed with mental and spiritual riches that there can be no difficulty in filling up the most important vacancies. At no period has the Church of England been richer in all kinds of power, and certainly she was never more actively engaged in promoting the highest welfare of the country."

I have limited myself in these notes mainly to the quasi-political aspects of the situation. At some future time I may ask your space for comments on the ethical and religious aspects. There are some ten-

dencies in the English Church which, as the checks on them are weakened, can hardly fail to recover some of its long-lost powers. At this moment, if the inner soul of every High Churchman were searched the deepest thing in each would be found a holy anger that Lord Salisbury should have the appointment of the Vicar of Christ at Canterbury. When the Church gets strong enough will its priesthood rest quiet under a subordination of its "divinely anointed" prelacy to the civil authority of which the salient symptom is this recurring farce—the Convocation solemnly announcing that the Holy Ghost has chosen A. B. to be a Bishop after it has already been proclaimed that the Prime Minister has appointed the aforesaid A. B.? But Cardinal Manning's "Memoirs" (now under the papal *Index*) show how many dubious human influences may work under an apparent decision of the Holy Ghost. For a long time in England the ecclesiastical appointments of the State have been free from all suspicion of intrigue.

MARTIN LUTHER.¹

BY GUSTAV FREYTAG.

[CONTINUED.]

PROBLEMS AND TASKS.

Luther had cast aside all the authority of the Church; now he stood alone, shuddering; only one last thing was left to him—the Scripture.

The old Church had represented Christianity in a continuous development. A living tradition of councils and decrees of the Popes, running along beside the Scripture, had kept the faith in constant motion; like a convenient river, it had adapted itself to the sharp angles of national character, of great needs of the times. True, this lofty idea of an eternally living organism was not preserved in its pristine purity, the best part of its life had vanished, the empty shell only was preserved, the ancient democratic Church had been transformed into the irresponsible dominion of a few, soiled with all the vices of a conscienceless aristocracy, in crying opposition to reason and the popular heart. That which Luther could substitute would set man free from a chaos of soulless malformation. But it threatened other dangers.

What was the Bible? Between the oldest and the latest work of the holy book there lay, perhaps, two thousand years. Even the New Testament was not written by Christ Himself, not even in all cases by such as had heard the holy doctrine from His mouth. It was compiled long after His death. Some things in it might have been handed down inaccurately. The whole was written in a strange language difficult to understand. Even the greatest intelligence incurred the liability of misconception unless the grace of

¹ Translated by H. E. O. Heinemann.

God illumined the commentator even as it had illumined the Apostles. The old Church had found a short remedy, the sacrament of the priestly office gave the required illumination, nay, the holy father even claimed the divine power of deciding the right, although his will might be in conflict with the Scriptures. The reformer had nothing but his feeble human knowledge and his prayer.

First, it was inevitable that he must employ his reason; even towards Holy Writ a certain amount of criticism was necessary. It did not remain hidden from Luther that the books of the New Testament were of different value; it is known that he did not esteem The Revelation of St. John very highly, and that the Epistle of James was held by him to be an "epistle of straw." But his opposition to details never made him doubt the whole. Immovable stood his faith that the Holy Scripture, with the exception of a few books, contained divine revelation down to the word and the letter. It was to him the dearest thing on earth, the foundation of all his knowledge; he so completely entered into it that he lived amidst its figures as in the present. The more threatening the feeling of his responsibility, the more ardent the fervor with which he clung to the Scripture. And a strong instinct for the rational and expedient helped him to surmount many dangers, his shrewdness had nothing of the hairsplitting sophistry of the old teachers; he despised unnecessary subtleties, and, with admirable tact, would willingly leave undetermined what appeared unessential. But unless he would become either infidel or insane, nothing was left but to base the new doctrine on words and conditions of civilisation which had life fifteen hundred years before his time. And yet in some cases he became a victim of that which his opponent Eck called the black letter.

Under such compelling influences his method was formed. If he had a question to solve, he collected all those passages of the Scripture which seemed to contain an answer; he tried searchingly to understand each passage in its context, then drew the sum of them. That in which they agreed was placed in advance; where they deviated from one another he modestly tried to find a solution that united even the conflicting things. The result he fixed inwardly among temptations, by fervent prayer.

With such a procedure he was bound, at times, to arrive at results that could be contested even by the ordinary human understanding. When he undertook, in 1522, for instance, to place marriage on a new moral foundation from the Scriptures, the reason and needs of the people were certainly on his side in subjecting to a sharp analysis the eighteen grounds of the spiritual law for preventing or dissolving marriage, and condemning the improper favor shown to the rich

over the poor. But it was, nevertheless, odd if Luther tried to prove from the Bible alone what degrees of relationship were allowed or prohibited, especially as he also referred to the Old Testament in which several peculiar marriages were concluded without contradiction from old Jehovah. Without a doubt, God had permitted his chosen ones repeatedly to have two wives.

It was the same method that in 1529, during the negotiations with the followers of Zwingli, made him so stubborn, at the time when he wrote on the table in front of him "this is my body," and looked with a dark frown upon the tears and the outstretched hands of Zwingli.

Never was he more narrow, yet never more mighty; a terrible man who had wrung his convictions from doubt and the Devil by the most violent inward struggles. It was an imperfect process, and his adversaries directed their attacks upon it not without success. With it his doctrine underwent the fate of all human wisdom. But in this method there was also a strong spiritual process in which his own reason, the culture and popular needs of his time were asserted more powerfully than he himself suspected. And it became the starting-point from which conscientious research has worked up to the highest spiritual liberty.

Together with this great trial there came to the exiled monk on the Wartburg smaller temptations; he had long since, by almost superhuman mental activity, overcome those things which, as impulses of the senses, were looked upon with great suspicion; now nature reasserted itself vigorously, and he repeatedly asks Melancthon to pray for him on that score.

At this particular juncture, fate ordained that the restless mind of Karlstadt at Wittenberg should take up the question of the marriage of priests, and in an essay on celibacy he came to the conclusion that priests and monks were not bound by the vow of celibacy. The men of Wittenberg generally assented, first Melancthon, who was least hampered in regard to this question, never having himself been consecrated and having been married for two years. Thus there were thrown into Luther's soul from without thoughts and moral problems the threads of which were destined to stretch over his entire subsequent life. What of genuine joy and worldly happiness was vouchsafed to him thereafter depended upon the answer he found for this question. What made it possible for him to endure the latter years was the happiness of his home; from that point the flower of his rich heart was destined to unfold. So mercifully did fate at that particular time send to the lonely one the message which was to link him afresh and more closely with his people.

And his treatment of this question again is charac-

teristic. His devout soul and the conservative feature of his entire nature rebelled against the hasty and superficial manner of Karlstadt's argument. It is safe to assume that many of the very things which he felt within himself made him suspicious whether the Devil was not using this delicate question to tempt the children of God. And yet, just at that time during his imprisonment, he felt extreme pity for the poor monks in the restraint of the monastery. He searched the Scriptures: the marriage of priests was easily disposed of. But of the monks there was not a word in the Bible. "The Scripture is silent, man is uncertain."

Then occurred to him the ridiculous notion that his own closest friends might marry, and he wrote to the cautious Spalatin: "Good God, our Wittenberg friends want to give wives to the monks, too! Well, they shall not hang one about my neck," and he warns him ironically: "Take good care that you do not yourself marry." But the problem occupied him continually, nevertheless. A man lives fast in such great times. Gradually, by Melancthon's argument, and, we may assume, after fervent prayer, he arrived at certainty. What turned the scale, though unconsciously to him, was the final conclusion that it had become rational and necessary for a better moral foundation of social life to open the monasteries. Nearly three months he had wrestled with the question; on November 1, 1521, he wrote the above-mentioned letter to his father.

The effect of his words upon the people was beyond measure; everywhere there was a stir in the corridors; from nearly all monastery gates slipped monks and nuns; at first singly, in clandestine flight; soon, whole monasteries disbanded.

In the following spring, when Luther, with greater care in his heart, returned to Wittenberg, the runaway nuns and monks caused him much trouble. Secret letters were forwarded to him from all parts, frequently from excited nuns, who, when children, had been sent to convents by hard-hearted parents, and now, without money or protection, sought the help of the great reformer. It was not unnatural that they crowded to Wittenberg. There came nine nuns from the aristocratic convent of Nimbschen, among them a Staupitz, two Zeschaus, and Catharine of Bora; again there were sixteen nuns to be cared for, and so on. He pitied the poor people very much; he wrote in their behalf, and ran around to place them in respectable families.

At times, there was too much of it for him, the throngs of escaped monks molesting him particularly. He complains: "They want to marry at once and are the most unskilled men for any work." By his bold solution of a difficult question he gave great offence;

he had painful sensations himself, for while among those who were returning to civil society in a tumult there were high-minded men, there were also coarse and bad ones. But all those things did not confuse him for a moment. It was his way that opposition only made him more resolute.

When in 1524 he published the story of the sufferings of a nun, Florentina of Oberweimar, he repeated in the dedication what he had preached so often: "God often proclaims in the Scriptures that he wants no enforced service, and no one shall become His unless he do so willingly and lovingly. God help us! Why should we be so unreasonable? Should we not use our understanding and our ears? I say it again, God wants no enforced service; I say it a third time, I say it a hundred thousand times, God wants no enforced service."

Thus Luther entered the last period of his life. His disappearance in the Thuringian forest had caused tremendous excitement. The adversaries trembled at the wrath which arose in the cities and in the country against those who were called his murderers. But the interruption of his public activity was fatal to him, notwithstanding. As long as he was at Wittenberg, the centre of the fight, his work, his pen had ruled with overshadowing power over the great movement of the spirits in South and North, now the movement worked arbitrarily in different directions, in many heads.

One of the oldest companions of Luther began the confusion, Wittenberg itself became the scene of an adventurous movement, and Luther could tarry no longer in the Wartburg. Once before he had been in Wittenberg secretly, now he returned there publicly, against the wishes of the Prince-Elector. And then he began a heroic struggle against old friends and against the conclusions drawn from his own teachings. His work was more than that of a man. He fulminated unremittently from the pulpit, in the study his pen was flying. But he was unable to bring back every apostate mind, he himself could not prevent the mob in the cities from raging with rude irreverence against institutions of the old Church and against hated persons, the excitement of the people from causing political storms, the knight from rising against the prince, the peasant against the knight. And what was more, he could not prevent the spiritual liberty which he had obtained for himself and others from producing in pious and learned men an independent judgment with regard to faith and life, a judgment conflicting with his own convictions. There came the stormy years of iconoclasm, of anabaptism, of the peasant wars, the miserable quarrel about the sacrament. How often the form of Luther rose during that time, gloomy and mighty, above the quarrelling peo-

ple, how often did the contrariness of men and secret doubts of his own fill him with anxious care for the future of Germany!

For, in a savage age, accustomed to kill with fire and sword, this man conceived those spiritual battles loftier and purer than all else. Any employment of physical force was hateful to him, even during the time of his greatest personal danger; he would not be protected by his sovereign, nay, he wanted no human protection for his doctrine. He fought with a sharp quill against his enemies, but the only pyre which he lighted was for a paper; he hated the Pope as he did the Devil, but he always preached peace and Christian tolerance towards papists; he suspected many of being in secret league with the Devil, but he never burned a witch. In all Catholic countries the fires blazed over those who professed the new faith, even Hutten was strongly suspected of having cut off the ears of some monks; Luther had hearty compassion for the humiliated Tetzl and wrote him a letter of consolation. So humane was his sentiment.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE MISSIONARY PROBLEM.

THE reason why Christian missions are, upon the whole, a lamentable failure, is due mainly to the haughtiness with which Christ's religion is offered to the pagans. Christians are so deeply impressed with Christ's humility that they are not aware of the pride which they themselves exhibit. There is, for instance, a missionary hymn whose melodious rhymes are frequently heard in Christian churches. The verses are beautiful, but they are marred by an undisguised contempt for the heathen; yet no missionary seems aware of it. The first stanza is grand and full of inspiration; it reads:

"From Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand,
Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sand;
From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain,
They call us to deliver
Their land from error's chain."

That is genuine poetry, and how praiseworthy in spirit! But the poet continues:

"What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle,
Though every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile;
In vain with lavish kindness
The gifts of God are strown,
The heathen in his blindness
Bows down to wood and stone."

The Singhalese people are neither vile nor idolatrous; they are famed as the gentlest race on earth, and their religion is Buddhism. Their worship con-

sists in flower offerings at Buddha-shrines, but even the most ignorant of them are aware of the fact that a Buddha statue is not the Buddha himself. Protestants make similar accusations against the Roman Catholics, when they ought to distinguish between practices resembling idolatry and idolatry itself.

If Buddhists sent missionaries to our country who sang such stanzas to us, how should we like it? It is certain that missionary hymns which denounce the people of Ceylon as "vile" do not help Christians to make converts among them.

The hymn continues:

"Can we, whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high,
Can we to men benighted
The lamp of life deny?"

The poet intends to glorify "the light from on high," but he exalts himself as belonging to those "whose souls are enlightened with wisdom from on high"—which makes a great difference! His noble zeal for spreading the truth appears as pharisaical self-conceit, and can only give offence to those whom he wishes to convert. Thus it is natural that when Christian missionaries speak of love, Buddhists accuse them of haughtiness and pride.

Missionaries do not only unnecessarily offend the pagans by showing a contempt for their persons, their religion, their morals and their nationality, but also require of their converts a surrender of habits and customs which they cannot give up without cutting themselves loose from their traditions, which necessarily and naturally have become most sacred to them. It should be as little necessary for a Chinaman to sever himself from the noble traditions of his nation if he becomes a Christian, as it would be for a Jew to look upon his race as the outcasts of God. Jew-Christians might continue to abstain from pork, and Buddhist vegetarians who become Christians might remain vegetarians after their conversion.

In the Russian Church it is customary for converts to curse the faith to which they formerly belonged, and we are informed that the present Empress was the first instance in which an exception of this un-Christian ordinance had been made. She was permitted to become a Greek Catholic without cursing the Lutheran denomination, in which she was educated.

There are customs in China expressive of the sacredness of family traditions which a convert is expected to renounce on account of the religious character of family reunions.

In a book on China entitled *The Dragon, Image and Demon*, by the Rev. Hampton C. Du Bose, which contains much valuable information, but is written in a spirit that does not become a Christian missionary,

we find the following statement on Ancestral Halls in China. The Rev. Mr. Du Bose says:

"These buildings are not so conspicuous as the idol temples, but they are very numerous, as any family or clan may have its temple, generally marked by the funeral cedar. Here the 'spirit tablets' of departed forefathers are kept, 'containing the simple legend of the two ancestral names carved on a board,' and 'to the child the family tablet is a reality, the abode of a personal being who exerts an influence over him that cannot be evaded, and is far more to him as an individual than any of the popular gods. The gods are to be feared and their wrath deprecated, but ancestors represent love, care, and kindly interest.' If the clan do not own an ancestral hall, there is 'in every household a shrine, a tablet, an oratory or a domestic temple, according to the position of the family.' It is a grand and solemn occasion when all the males of a tribe in their dress robes gather at the temple, perhaps a great 'country seat,' of the dead, and the patriarch of the line, as a chief priest of the family, offers sacrifice.

"Much property is entailed upon these ancestral halls to keep up the worship, but as this expense is not great, all the family have shares in the joint capital, and the head of the clan sometimes comes in for a good living. At baptism converts to the Christian faith renounce their claim to a share in this family estate because of its idolatrous connections.

"In these halls the genealogical tables are kept, and many of the Chinese can trace their ancestry to ten, twenty, thirty, and sometimes even to sixty generations. These registers are kept with great care, and may be considered reliable.

"Should a man become a Christian and repudiate ancestral worship, all his ancestors would by that act be consigned to a state of perpetual beggary. Imagine, too, the moral courage required for an only or the eldest son to become a Christian, and call down upon himself the anathemas not only of his own family and friends, but of the spirits of all his ancestors."

"When we preach against this form of paganism it seems as heathenish to the Chinese, as if at home we taught a child to disobey his father and despise his mother. 'It forms one of the subtlest phases of idolatry—essentially evil with the guise of goodness—ever established among men.'"

Du Bose is well-meaning, but a partisan. His book is an instance of the wrong spirit that prevails among many Christian missionaries. It is full of illustrations, but of the poorest kind, so as to discredit Chinese art. Nor is it free from misrepresentations, but lacks all consideration, not to mention reverence, for the accomplishments of great men that are of another creed and another race. Of the founder of Taoism, Du Bose says, p. 345:

"His name [*sic*] is Laotze, which means literally 'old boy,' or, judging from some things that are said about him, the wild Western appellation 'old coon' is not inappropriate."

Du Bose calls Buddha "the Night of Asia," as if Asia would have been better off without Buddhism. As for Buddhistic superstitions, which every Buddhist will grant prevail among all uneducated classes, we would say that Buddha can be made as little responsible for them as Christ is responsible for Christian

crusades, witch prosecutions, and heresy trials, which were once quite common over all Christendom.

Christian missionaries ought to be bent on preserving all that is good in the Chinese character. They must not ruthlessly break down those features which are characteristic of the Chinese. If missionaries cannot find a *modus vivendi* for converts by which they can preserve their hallowed family relations and continue to hold their ancestors dear, we cannot blame the Chinese Government for regarding Christian missionaries as a public nuisance. We respect the Saxon chief who, on hearing that all his ancestors were in Hell, withdrew from the baptismal font and preferred eternal damnation with his fathers to the bliss of the Christian Heaven in the company of Christian saints and martyrs.

Missionarising should not cease, but should be raised to a higher level. It should be done in brotherly love, not with contempt or in a spirit of pharisaic self-conceit. The rules which ought to be observed by all of us are well set forth by the Rev. George T. Candlin, of Tien-tsin, a Christian missionary to China, who personally and in friendliness met the Buddhist and Confucian delegates from Eastern Asia on the platform of the Religious Parliament. He writes:

"We must begin by giving one another credit for good intentions. I do not see why we may not commence at once by the leading representatives of the various faiths who were present at Chicago, including all the distinguished representatives of Christianity, with Mr. Mozoomdar, Mr. Dharmapala, Mr. Vivekananda, Mr. Ghandi, the Buddhists of Japan, the high priest of Shintoism, and our friend Mr. Pung entering into direct covenant with each other:

"1. Personally never to speak slightly of the religious faith of one another. This I understand does not debar the kindly and reverential discussion of differences which exist, or the frank utterance of individual belief.

"2. Officially to promote among their partisans, by all means in their power, by oral teaching through the press, and by whatever opportunity God may give them, a like spirit of brotherly regard and honest respect for the beliefs of others.

"3. To discourage amongst the various peoples they serve as religious guides, all such practices and ceremonies as not constituting an essential part of their faith, are inimical to its purity and are the strongest barriers to union.

"4. To promote all such measures as will advance reform, progress and enlightenment, political liberty and social improvement among the people of their own faith and nationality.

"5. To regard it as part of their holiest work on earth to enlist all men of ability and influence with whom they are brought into contact in the same noble cause.

"To these articles I can heartily subscribe myself. I do not see why others may not."

P. C.

F. DE GISSAC, OBITUARY.

We have received the sad news of the untimely death of Monsieur F. de Gissac, a French nobleman, who, on account of his political views was exiled from his native country, and latterly made a precarious living as an artist in Cairo, Illinois. He was

1 Laotze, which means "the old philosopher," is not a name, but an appellation. His proper name is *Lt*, his family name *Li*. *Tze* means child and philosopher or sage at the same time.

educated as a Roman Catholic, and although he had broadened in his religious convictions, he always continued to cherish a reverent respect for his teachers, especially an old Jesuit professor with whom he had studied philosophy. Although his inheritance had been confiscated, he loved France dearly—as dearly as art, which was his goddess. It was a habit of his to seize the pen at once whenever he thought that his country needed a defender. It appears that he, like many other of his countrymen, never felt at home in this country, and it is even doubtful whether he ever became naturalized. Nevertheless, he took a great, albeit a passive interest in American politics, except, perhaps, the late election, embracing always the cause which he deemed to be the people's cause. He was a regular reader of *The Open Court* and a staunch supporter of its main tenets, for which he sometimes rushed into print, be it in the *Independent Pulpit*, in local papers, or in French journals. The local papers state that he had few friends in Cairo, whither he had moved about a year ago from Waco, Texas, but those who knew him respected him highly as a thorough gentleman and a man of a rare literary and artistic education. He was found dead in the morning and none had been near him to witness his last struggle save his faithful dog, who showed signs of intense grief and had to be coaxed away by the landlady because he "at first refused to allow strangers to approach the bed." Two friends of his at Cairo, M. Louis de Montcourt and Mr. George E. Ohara, took charge of his affairs, and the county court appointed the latter gentleman administrator of the property of the deceased stranger, consisting mainly of artist's materials, pictures, and a hunting gun. The sympathy shown to M. de Gissac at the funeral was more extended than could be expected considering the small circle of his acquaintances. There were plenty of flowers; religious services were conducted by the Rev. de Rossett, and a quartette added to the last honors of the deceased artist the transfiguration that art gives.

NOTES.

The current number of the *Philosophical Portrait Series* is the portrait of Benedict Spinoza. This series, which now contains the portraits of Kant, Darwin, Romanes, Spencer, Haeckel, Lloyd Morgan, Mach, Le Conte, Harris, is issued for gratuitous distribution, and will be supplied to any one on request. Several of the portraits have been taken from copies found in the Chicago Public Library, by whose kind permission we are enabled to offer them to the readers of *The Open Court* and *The Monist*. On this occasion we desire to express our indebtedness to the Chicago Public Library and its officers, especially the librarian, Mr. Frederick H. Hild, who have ever given us valuable assistance, not only in this work, but in all our literary and scientific labors.

The Brooklyn Ethical Association, 345 Clinton Avenue, offers for the present season, ending March 28, 1897, a notable series of lectures. The series began with the "Origin of Ethical Ideas," by Minot J. Savage, and will discuss the moral notions of the principal nations and schools of antiquity and of modern times as follows: "The Ethical Ideas of the Hindus," by Swami Saradánanda; "Ethics of Zoroaster and the Parsis," by Jehanghier Dossabhoj; "Ethics of Buddhism," by Kwanchu Shaku Soen; "Ethics of the Chinese Sages," by F. Huberty James; "Ethics of the Greek Philosophers," by James H. Hyslop; "Ethics of the Stoics and Epicureans," by Merle St. Croix Wright; "Ethics of the Hebrews," by Gustav Gottheil; "Ethics of the Mohammedans," by Z. Sidney Sampson; "Ethics of the New Testament," by Crawford Howell Toy; "Ethics of the German Schools," by Anna Boynton Thompson; "Utilitarian Ethics," by Robert G. Eccles; and "Ethics of Evolution," by Lewis G. Janes. The same course will be repeated before the Philosophical Conference of Cambridge, Mass.

To his many other graceful contributions to current literature Mr. Henry Van Dyke has recently added a collection of antiphonal readings from Scripture, prepared with the view of giving a wider range to Church service, and impressing upon devotional exercises a more intellectual and æsthetic character. The title is *Responsive Readings: Selected from the Bible and arranged under Subjects for Common Worship*. (Boston: Ginn & Co.) The imprecatory Psalms have been omitted; each selection is made complete in itself and disposed about a central thought; and the verses have been arranged upon a rational, intelligible plan. The whole idea is a sensible and salutary one, and in consonance with the enlightened bent of modern religious thought. Originally intended for use in the Harvard Chapel, it is much to be wished that Dr. Van Dyke's *Readings* should find adoption in other institutions, both orthodox and liberal.

M. Hyacinthe Loyson, the noted liberal divine of Paris, having visited the French dependency of Algiers in 1895, gives his impressions of the political and religious problems involved in the French government of its African colony, in two lectures delivered at Paris in May of the same year, entitled *France et Algérie. Christianisme et Islamisme*. The lectures which are now published in pamphlet form (Paris: E. Dentu, 3 et 5 Place de Valois) treat (1) of the law of Islam; and (2) of the religion of Islam. Père Hyacinthe recognises Mohammed as the prophet of the Arabs and believes that in a manner he was divinely inspired when he founded the great religion of Islam. He seeks a reconciliation of the two religions on the ground of the common elements of truth they contain, and believes that both countries will become more powerful and more religious by each accepting what is good in the other. It is not improbable that at some future time we may publish the lecture on "The Religion of Islam" in *The Open Court*.

Devotees of the mystic art of chiromancy will find able treatment of this subject in a tasteful little volume published by Georges Carré, 3 rue Racine, Paris, entitled *Premiers Eléments de Chiromancie*, by Papus, Doctor of Medicine and of the Caballa. The illustrations are numerous and well executed, and the appendix contains a brief vocabulary of chiromancy and a valuable bibliography.

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MARTIN LUTHER.¹

BY GUSTAV FREYTAG.

(CONTINUED.)

POLITICAL AND SOCIAL COMPLICATIONS.

Obedience to the authorities as being instituted by God was Luther's main political principle; only when the service of his God demanded it did contradiction blaze up. On his departure from Worms he was ordered not to preach, he who had just been outlawed. But while he did not allow his preaching to lag, the honest man was still filled with fear that it might be construed as disobedience. His conception of the constitution of the empire was still quite ancient and quite popular. As the subject must obey the authorities, so the princes and electors must obey the Emperor according to the law of the empire.

In the person of Charles V. he took a human interest throughout his life, not alone during that early time when he greeted him as the "dear sweet youth," even later, when he knew well that the Spanish Burgundian allowed to the German Reformation no more than political toleration. "He is pious and quiet"; said he of the Emperor, "he speaks in a year not so much as I do in a day; he is a child of fortune." He readily praised the Emperor's moderation, modesty, and forbearance. When he had begun to condemn the policy of the Emperor, and in secret mistrusted his character, he took care that among the guests of his table the ruler of the empire was spoken of reverentially, and said to the younger ones apologetically: "A politician cannot be so candid as we clergymen."

As late as 1530 it was his opinion that it was wrong on the part of the Prince-Elector to resist the Emperor with armed force; it was 1537 before he reluctantly submitted to the freer view of his friends,—but still the endangered prince must not begin the attack. So vivid remained in the man of the people the time-honored tradition of a firm, well-organized, federated State at a time when the proud structure of the old Saxon and Frankish emperors was crumbling so fast.

Yet in such loyalty to the empire there was not a trace of a slavish disposition; when his sovereign once induced him to write a letter intended for publication, his veracity rebelled against the address to the Em-

peror, "most gracious lord," saying the Emperor was not graciously disposed towards him. And in his frequent intercourse with the nobility he showed a reckless candor which more than once became terrible to the courtiers. He told his own sovereign the truth, in all humility, in such a manner as only a great character dared and only a good-hearted one could listen to.

On the whole, he thought little of the German princes, however much he esteemed some individually. Frequent and just are his complaints of their incapacity, their licentiousness, their vices. He also liked to speak of the nobility with irony; the awkwardness of most of them displeased him exceedingly. And he felt a democratic aversion for the hard and selfish lawyers who carried on the business of the princes, striving for favor and tormenting the poor people; he opened to the best of them only a very doubtful prospect of the grace of God.

On the other hand, his whole heart was with the oppressed; he sometimes scolded the peasants, their stubbornness, their greed in selling grain, but he also often praised their class, looked with hearty compassion on their burdens and remembered that he originally was one of them.

But all these things were of the temporal government; he was in the service of the spiritual. The popular view was firmly entrenched in his mind that two governing powers must rule the people side by side, the power of the Church and the force of the princes. And he was amply justified in proudly contrasting his province of duties and rights with temporal politics. In his spiritual domain there was public spirit, self-sacrifice, a wealth of ideal life; in the temporal government he found everywhere narrow self-seeking, robbery, fraud, and weakness. He angrily contended that the authorities should not presume to direct what belonged to the minister and the autonomy of his congregation. He judged all politics from the interest of his creed according to the law of the Bible. Where the word of the Scripture seemed to him to be endangered by temporal politics, he raised his voice, recking not whom it hurt.

It was not his fault that he was strong and the princes were weak, and no reproach can attach to him, the monk, the professor, the minister, if the league

¹Translated by H. E. O. Heinemann.

of Protestant princes stood as helpless in the face of the shrewd diplomacy of the Emperor as a herd of deer. He was clearly conscious that Italian politics were not his affair; if the active Landgrave of Hesse on one occasion did not follow his spiritual advice, Luther esteemed him all the more for it in secret. "He has a head of his own, he is successful, he has an understanding of worldly affairs."

Since Luther's return to Wittenberg a flood of a democracy was roaring among the people. Luther had opened the monasteries, now there was a demand for the adjustment of other social evils, the distress of the peasants, the church tithes, the traffic in benefices, the bad administration of the law. Luther's honest heart sympathised with this movement. He admonished and scolded the landlords and princes. But when the wild floods of the peasant wars began to deluge his work, when their bloody violence outraged his soul and he felt that visionaries and rioters exercised sway over the peasant bands and threatened extinction to his teachings, he hurled himself against the rude masses in the highest wrath. Fierce and warlike sounded his appeal to the princes, the thing most horrible to him had happened, the gospel of love was disgraced by the arbitrary insolence of those who called themselves his adherents.

His policy was the true one in this point also; there was in Germany, unfortunately, no better power than that of the princes; on them rested, in spite of all, the future of the fatherland. Neither the serfpeasantry, nor the robber knights, nor the disunited imperial cities standing like islands in the roaring billows, afforded any guaranty. He was quite right in the matter, but the same hard-headed, inflexible nature which up to that time had made his fights against the hierarchy so popular, was now turned against the people itself. A cry of amazement and horror ran through the masses. He was a traitor. He who for eight years had been the favorite and hero of the people became suddenly the faithless, most hated man. Again his safety and his life were threatened; even five years later it was dangerous for him, on account of the peasants, to travel to Mansfeld to his sick father. The fury of the masses also worked against his doctrine, the hedge-preachers and the new apostles treated him as a lost, depraved man. He was excommunicated, he was outlawed, he was cursed by the people.

LUTHER'S MARRIAGE.

Many well-meaning men had disapproved his assault on celibacy and convent life. The country noblemen threatened to seize the outlaw in the highway because he had destroyed the nunneries into which, as in foundlings' homes, the legitimate children of the

poor nobility were thrown in early youth. The Roman party triumphed, the new heresy was deprived of that which had made it powerful up to that time. Luther's life and doctrine seemed to be doomed to destruction.

At this juncture Luther decided to marry.

For two years Catharine von Bora had lived in the house of the city clerk, afterwards Mayor Reichenbach of Wittenberg, a strong, stately girl; like many others, the forsaken daughter of a family belonging to the country nobility of Meissen. Twice Luther had endeavored to secure a husband for her, as he had, with paternal care, done for several of her associates. At last Catharine declared she would marry no man unless it were Luther himself or his friend Amsdorf.

Luther was astonished, but he decided quickly. Accompanied by Lucas Cranach, he asked for her hand and was married on the spot. Then he invited his friends to the wedding dinner, asked at court for the venison which the sovereign was wont to present to his professors at weddings, and received the table wine as a wedding present from the city of Wittenberg.

Luther's mind at that time is a curious study. His entire being was at the highest tension, the wild primitive power of his nature worked in all directions; he was shaken to his inmost depths by the misery of burned villages and the bodies of the slain which he saw all about him. Had he been a fanatic in his ideas he might have ended his life then in despair. But above the stormy unrest which is perceptible in him up to his marriage, there shone to him like a pure light, just at that time, the conviction that he was the guardian of divine right, and in order to defend civil order and morals it was for him to lead the opinions of men, not to follow them.

However violently he declaimed in special things, he appears particularly conservative at this particular time, more firmly resolved within himself than ever. Besides, it is true, he was of opinion that he was not destined to live much longer, and during many hours he longingly awaited martyrdom. Thus he was in perfect accord with himself when he concluded his marriage. He had convinced himself completely of the necessity and scriptural propriety of marriage; for the last few years he had urged all his acquaintances to marry, finally even an old opponent, the Archbishop of Mayence.

He gives two reasons himself that influenced him in his determination to marry. He had deprived his father of his son for many years; it was to him like an atonement to leave to old Hans a grandson when he should die. There was also defiance; the adversaries triumphed in the supposed humiliation of Luther,

and all the world was offended at him; he wanted to give them still more offence in his good cause.

His was a vigorous nature, but there was in him not a trace of coarse sensuality. And we may assume that the best reason, which he confesses to no friend, was, after all, the decisive one. For a long time the talk of the people had known more than himself; now he knew himself that Catharine regarded him with favor. "I am not in love nor in passion, but I like her," he writes to one of his dearest friends.

And this marriage, concluded in opposition to the opinion of his contemporaries and the scornful howls of his adversaries, became an alliance to which we owe as much as to the years when he, a clergyman of the old Church, had borne arms for his theological convictions. For, from that time a husband, father, and citizen, he became also the reformer of the domestic life of his nation, and those very blessings emanating from his days on earth, in which Protestants and Catholics to-day have an equal share, came from the marriage between an excommunicated monk and a runaway nun.

For he was destined to work twenty-one laborious years more in developing his nation, and his greatest work, the translation of the Bible, was finished during that time; in this work, which he completed in company with his Wittenberg friends, he acquired the fullest control over the language of the people, which by this work, for the first time, developed its wealth and power.

We know with what grand purpose he undertook that work, he wanted to create a book for the people, he industriously studied forms of speech, proverbs, and technical terms living in the mouth of the people. The Humanists often wrote an awkward, involved style with unwieldy sentences, a degenerate reminiscence of the Latin style. Now, the nation received for daily reading a work expressing in simple words the most profound wisdom and the best spiritual treasures of the time.

Together with the other works of Luther, the Bible became the foundation of the New-German language. And this language, in which our whole literature and spiritual life found its expression, has become an indestructible possession which even in the saddest times, and, though disfigured and defaced, has yet served to remind the several German tribes that they are one. And even at the present time the language of culture, poetry, and science which Luther created is the bond that holds together all German minds in union.

Nor did Luther render less important services for the civil life of the Germans. Domestic devotion, marriage, and education of children, municipal life

and school affairs, manners, recreations, all sentiments of the heart, all social pleasures were consecrated by his teachings and writings. Everywhere he strove to set new goals and to lay deeper foundations. Not a department of human duty about which he did not compel the people to reflect. His influence spread far and wide among the people by his numerous sermons and short writings, and also by countless letters in which he gave advice and consolation to special inquirers.

If he urged his contemporaries unremittently to examine whether a desire of the heart was justified or not, what the father owed to the child, the subject to the authorities, the councilman to the citizens; the progress made through him was so great for the reason that here also he emancipated the conscience of the individual and substituted everywhere spiritual self-control in place of external compulsion against which selfishness had previously defiantly rebelled. How finely he comprehended the necessity of developing children by school education, especially in the dead languages, how warmly he recommended his beloved music for introduction in the schools, how great his foresight became when he admonished the councilmen to found public libraries. And again, how conscientiously he sought to secure rights for the hearts of lovers in engagements and marriages, as against hard parental authority. His horizon, it is true, was bounded by the words of the Scripture, but ever through his preaching, action, scolding, there sounds the beautiful keynote of his broadly human nature, the need of liberty and courtesy, of love and morality. He overthrew the old sacrament of marriage but he shaped more highly, nobly, freely the spiritual relations between husband and wife. He attacked the clumsy convent schools, and everywhere in village and city, wherever his influence reached, better institutions of culture for the youth grew up. He abolished the mass and Latin church hymns; in return, he gave the regular sermon and the church hymn to both admirers and opponents.

The great importance which Luther's teaching acquired not only in the heart of the people but in the political affairs of the empire became apparent in Luther's life as early as nine years after the days of Worms. At Worms he was looked upon as a solitary, damnable heretic with whose death the dangerous, false doctrine would cease. In 1530 at the Diet of Augsburg the princes and estates of the Empire who had renounced their adherence to the old Church, submitted to the Emperor a confession of faith which became the basis of a secure political position for Protestantism. In spite of all the clauses appended, it was in fact the first treaty of peace which the vic-

torious new doctrine concluded with the Holy Roman Empire.

It was a strange dispensation that honest Luther, as he had done at the Wartburg in years gone by, should once more await the result in hiding at another fortified place of his sovereign, the fortress of Coburg, in the dress and with the beard of a knight, and once more he dated his letters mysteriously from the wilderness, or from the kingdom of the birds, encouraging Melancthon to remain steadfast. For, while his friends and fellow-laborers were engaged in composing the Confession of Augsburg, he who was still an outlaw could not be led into the hands of Catholic lords or under the eyes of the Emperor who had outlawed him.

This sentence of outlawry of 1521 had, however, lost its force. A few months after it had been pronounced, the growing excitement of the people and the immoderate zeal of other malcontents forced the enemies of Luther to admit that it would be very fortunate if Luther, who had disappeared, were still alive. Since that time he had risen against the socialistic agitation among the people with equal might as against popery; and by the magic of his strong character as well as the wealth of his soulful sentiment he had done so much for law and order among the people that even his adversaries felt some of the good effects.

He had met with great successes, but at the same time he found the limits of his influence. At Worms he was the only one, the true representative of the popular conscience and the spiritual leader of the whole powerful movement which was rising in the people. In 1530 he was the head and leader of a great party, but only a party, beside which other factions and parties were arising. Even within the old Church the respect for public opinion had become greater, and faith was more sincere and heartfelt. Beside Luther's, the teachings of Zwingli had also gained ground, and among the lower classes the ideas of the Anabaptist worked against him as against the structure of the old Church.

Nor did Luther himself escape change. He was no longer the martyr longing for death, but the prudent adviser of princes and a zealous, severe architect of his new Church. And the man who at the Wartburg wrestled in scruples of conscience over the celibacy of monks, was writing not only explanations of Biblical texts but loving letters, full of good humor, to his own home, to the companions of his table, and to his little son, about the diet of jackdaws that crowded around the towers of the fortress of Coburg, and about a beautiful heavenly garden in which pious children sing and play, ride horses with golden reins, and shoot with the crossbow. The apostle of the new gospel became a great spiritual paterfamilias to the people.

LUTHER'S PRIVATE LIFE.

As the years advanced, Luther felt ever more keenly the divine nature of all that the world offered which was sweet, good, and hearty. In that sense he was always pious and always wise, both out in nature and in his innocent pleasantries with his companions, while teasing his wife, or holding his children in his arms. Full of joy at its splendor he stood before a tree hanging full of fruit: "If Adam had not fallen, we should always have admired all trees." Astonished, he took a big pear in his hand: "Lo, six months ago it was lower under the ground than it is long and big now, and was hidden in the extreme end of the root. These minute and least observed creatures are the greatest wonders. God is in the smallest creature, as in the leaf of a tree or a blade of grass."

Two little birds made a nest in Dr. Luther's garden and flew home in the evening, often frightened by passers-by; he called to them: "Oh, you dear little birds, do not fly away, I love you with all my heart if you could only believe me. But thus we also lack faith in our God."

He took great pleasure in the company of honest men; he then drank wine merrily, and the conversation coursed lively over big things and small. He judged with splendid humor his enemies and acquaintances, laughed and told merry stories, and when he got into discussions would rub his hands over his knee, which gesture was peculiar to him. Often he would sing to himself, play the lute, or direct a chorus. Whatever made men honorably merry was pleasing to him, his favorite art was music; he judged leniently of dancing and—fifty years before Shakespeare—spoke benevolently of comedy, for he said that it teaches like a mirror how each should conduct himself.

When he sat together with Melancthon, it was Master Philip, the mild, the scholar, who would add a wise qualification to the too daring assertions of his strong friend. If there was talk of rich people and Frau Catharine could not refrain from observing longingly: "Had my lord been so inclined he could have become very rich," Melancthon answered gravely: "That is impossible, for those who work for the general good cannot follow their own advantage."

There was one subject, however, about which the two men were apt to get into disputes. Melancthon was very fond of astrology, while Luther looked upon that science with sovereign contempt. On the other hand, by his method of Biblical exegesis—and also, by secret political cares—Luther had reached the conviction that the end of the world was near at hand, which, again, appeared very doubtful to the learned Melancthon. So, when Melancthon began to speak about celestial signs and aspects and explained Luther's successes by the fact that he was born under

the sign of the sun, Luther exclaimed: "I care not so much about your *SOL*. I am a peasant's son. My father, grandfather, and great-grandfather were honest peasants."—"Yes," replied Melanchthon, "in the village, too, you would have been a leader, either chief officer of the village or head farm-hand over the others."—"But," exclaimed Luther triumphantly, "I have become a bachelor of arts, a master, a monk,—that was not written in the stars; then I pulled the Pope's hair and he pulled mine, I took a nun to wife and begat children with her. Who saw those things in the stars?" And again Melanchthon continued in his astrological interpretations, beginning about Emperor Charles and declared it was ordained that he should die in 1584. Then Luther burst out violently: "The world will not endure as long as that. For if we beat back the Turk, the prophecy of Daniel will be fulfilled and the end at hand. Then the day of judgment is surely at our doors."

When Melanchthon fell dangerously ill, Luther visited him. On seeing the signs of approaching death in the face of his dear friend and co-worker, Luther turned toward the window and prayed that the Lord should spare his faithful servant's life. Then he addressed the patient, saying: "Be of good cheer, Philip, thou shalt not die!" Melanchthon recovered and Luther wrote triumphantly that "with God's help he would have brought the Master Philip back from the grave."

How amiable he is as the father of his family! When his little children stood at the table and looked longingly at the fruit and peaches he said: "Who wants to see the image of one that is happy in hope, he has here the true counterfeit. Oh, that we might behold the day of doom thus merrily! Adam and Eve no doubt had much better fruit, ours are mere crab-apples by comparison. The serpent, too, I think, was then a most beautiful creature, kindly and charming; it still wears its little crown, but after the curse it lost its feet and its handsome body." So he watched his little son of three years playing and talking to himself: "This child is like a drunken man, it knows not that it lives, and yet it lives securely and merrily on, skipping and jumping. Such children like to be in large wide apartments where they have room." And he drew the child to him: "You are our Lord's little fool, under his grace and forgiveness of sins, not under the law; you are not afraid, you are secure and care about nothing; as you act, is the uncorrupted way. Parents are always fondest of the youngest children; my little Martin is my dearest treasure, such little children require most the care and love of the parents. Hence, the love of parents always descends in the simplest way. How must Abraham have felt when he was about to sacrifice his youngest and dearest son?

He could not have said anything about it to Sarah. That errand must have been hard to him."

His beloved daughter Magdalen lay at the point of death, and he complained: "I love her very dearly, but, dear Lord, since it is Thy will, that Thou wilt take her hence, I will gladly know her to be with Thee. Magdalen, my little daughter, you would gladly remain here with your father and you will also gladly go to the Father beyond?" And the child said: "Yes, dear father, as God wills."

And when she died, the father knelt by the bedside weeping bitterly, and prayed that God might save her. And she went to her last sleep in her father's arms.

And when the people came to help bury the body, and spoke to the Doctor according to the custom, he said: "I am happy in the spirit, but the flesh is not satisfied; this parting vexes one above all measure. It is strange to know that she is in peace and happiness, and yet to be so sad."

His *dominus* or lord Catharine, as he was fond of calling his wife in letters to friends, speedily developed into an efficient housewife. And she had no little trouble. Little children, the husband often ailing, a number of boarders, teachers and poor students, an ever open house, from which scholarly or noble guests were seldom absent; and with all that, a scanty household and a husband who would rather give than receive and who, in his zeal, on one occasion, when she was lying in childbed, even took the silverware given to the children by their god-parents in order to give alms. In 1527, Luther was unable to advance eight florins to his former prior and friend Briesger. Sadly he wrote to him: "Three little silver cups (wedding presents) are in pawn for fifty florins, the fourth has been sold, the year has brought debts of one hundred florins. Lucas Cranach refuses to take my bail any longer so that I may not ruin myself completely."

Sometimes Luther declined presents, even such as were offered by his sovereign; but it appears that his regard for wife and children instilled in him some practical ideas in later years. When he died his estate amounted, approximately, to eight or nine thousand florins, comprising a little country place, a big garden, and two houses. It was surely the merit of Frau Catharine principally.

From the way in which Luther treated her we see how happy his domestic life was. If he made allusions to the profuse talk of women he had little cause, for he was not a man himself by any means that could be called chary of words. If she is heartily glad to be able to serve up all kinds of fish from the little lake in their garden, the doctor in turn is happy at her joy and does not fail to append to it a pleasing reflexion on the happiness of modest wants. Or, if reading the

psalter becomes too tedious for her and she replies that she hears enough of sanctification, that she reads much every day and can also speak about it, but that God only wants her to act accordingly, the doctor at this sensible answer sighs: "So does dissatisfaction with the Word of God begin; there will come many new books, and the Scriptures will be thrown into the corner again."

But this firm relationship of two good persons was, for a long time, not without secret suffering. We can only surmise at what was gnawing at the heart of the wife if, as late as 1527, in a dangerous illness, Luther took a last farewell of her with the words: "You are my honored and legitimate wife, so you shall assuredly esteem yourself."

Similarly as with those dear to him, Luther also conversed with the high powers of his faith. All the good figures from the Bible were to him like true friends, his vivid imagination had shaped their natures familiarly and he loved to picture to himself their circumstances with the ingenuousness of a child. When Veit Dietrich asked him what kind of a person the Apostle Paul might have been, Luther quickly replied: "He was an insignificant, slim little man like Philippus Melancthon." The Virgin Mary was to him a graceful picture. "She was a fine girl," he said admiringly, "she must have had a good voice." And the Saviour he loved best to imagine as a child in the house of his parents, carrying the meal to the father in the wood-yard, and Mary asking as he staid too long: "Where have you been so long, my little one?" The Saviour should not be imagined on the rainbow with a halo, not as the executor of the law—that conception is too lofty and terrible for man—only as the poor sufferer living among sinners and dying for them.

His God, also, was to him, at all times, master of the house and father. He loved to delve into the economy of nature. He indulges in astonished reflexion how much wood God must create. "No one can calculate what God needs only to feed the sparrows and useless birds; they cost Him more in a year than the income of the King of France. And then, think of all the other things."

"God understands all trades. In his tailoring he makes for the stag a coat that lasts a hundred years. As a shoemaker he gives him shoes for his feet, and in the sun he is a cook."

"He could well get rich if he desired, if he stopped the sun, enclosed the air, if he threatened death to the Pope, the Emperor, the bishops, and doctors, unless they paid him a hundred thousand florins at once. But he does not do so, and we are ungrateful beasts."

And he seriously reflects where the food for so many people comes from. Old Hans Luther had as-

serted there were more men than sheaves of grain; the doctor, on the contrary, believed that more sheaves grew than men, but more men than shocks of grain; a shock yields scarcely a bushel and a man cannot live on that for a year.

Even a heap of manure invited cordial reflexion: "God has to clear away as much as he has to create. If he did not continually clean up, men would long since have filled up the world with refuse."

And if God often punishes the pious more severely than the impious, he acts like a serious master of the house who thrashes his son more frequently than the hired servant. But while he silently gathers a treasure as an inheritance for the son, the hired man is at last discharged. And cheerfully he draws the conclusion: "If our Lord and Master can pardon me for having vexed Him for well nigh twenty years by reading masses, He can also put to my credit that at times I have quaffed a good drink in His honor. May the world construe it as it pleases."

He also wondered a great deal that God was so angry with the Jews. "For fifteen hundred years they have been praying violently, with earnestness and great zeal, as their little books of prayer show, and all through that time He does not answer them with a little word. If I could pray as they pray I would give two hundred florins' worth of books. It must be a great, unutterable wrath. O dear Lord, rather punish with pestilence than keep so silent."

Like a child, Luther prayed every morning and evening, often in the day, even during meals. Prayers which he knew by heart he repeated again and again with fervent devotion, preferring the Lord's Prayer; then again he recited to God the little catechism; he always carried the psalter with him, which served him as his book of prayer. When he was in passionate anxiety his prayer became a storm, a wrestling with God, the power, greatness, and holy simplicity of which it is difficult to compare with other human emotions. At such times he was the son lying in despair at the feet of his father, or the faithful servant imploring his sovereign. For his conviction was unchangeable that it was impossible to influence the resolutions of God by prayers and admonitions. And thus in his prayer there is an alternate outpouring of emotion and complaint, nay, serious exhortations.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE HEART OF OAK BOOKS.¹

It is related of Alexander von Humboldt, whose fame in his time was second only to that of Napoleon, that an ingenuous

¹ *The Heart of Oak Books.* A Collection of Traditional Rhymes and Stories for Children, and of Masterpieces of Poetry and Prose for Use at Home and at School, Chosen with Special Reference to the Cultivation of the Imagination and the Development of a Taste for Good Reading. Edited by Charles Eliot Norton. Boston: D. C. Heath & Co. 1895. Book I., 96 pp., 25 cents; Book II., 268 pp., 45 cents; Book III., 308 pp., 55 cents; Book IV., 370 pp., 60 cents; Book V., 378 pp., 65 cents.

Asiatic wishing once to communicate with the celebrated *savant* but not knowing his place of abode, addressed his letter simply to "Alexander von Humboldt, Europe," and that the letter safely reached its destination. Among a list of names which Prof. Max Müller sent to The Open Court Publishing Co. some eight or nine years ago, as the prospective recipients of complimentary copies of his *Three Introductory Lectures on the Science of Thought*, was that of Charles Eliot Norton, unaccompanied by address. The gentleman who then discharged the onerous functions of chief of our distributing department, at that time wrestling with its first and only publication, and to whom the laurels of Mr. Sullivan, of Boston, were doubtless more familiar than those of the gentle academician of Harvard, applied for further details. Prof. Max Müller answered, with the frankness which characterises him, and which debarred the least suspicion of geographical foreshortening, that he thought "Prof. Charles Eliot Norton, United States of America," would be quite sufficient.

The incident is characteristic. Professor Norton's name may not be one to conjure with in Texan ranches or Colorado mining camps, and its influence may also not be paramount in more aspiring and more pretentious centres of æstheticism, such as our own endeared Chicago; yet Professor Norton is a scholar who by universal acknowledgment is the type and representative of the best that American culture has produced—a culture that, seeing it could not well be Indian or aboriginal unless we had started where the Aztecs left off, is still essentially European in its foundations and largely drawing from Europe. The choice of Professor Norton, therefore, as the editor of *The Heart of Oak Books* (and of his assistants, Miss Kate Stephens and Mr. George H. Browne), is significant. It has gained for the enterprise the sanction of high scholarship and taste, and placed upon it from the start the imprint of acknowledged competency. It has given to the series its dominant note of classicism and purity, of naturalness and freedom, as distinguished from the mechanical elocutionism and narrow pedantry of the old-time readers, and it has determined its aim and ideal, which is the culture of the imagination pure and simple through literature. "The imagination," says Professor Norton, "is the supreme intellectual faculty . . . Upon its healthy development depend not only the sound exercise of the faculties of observation and judgment, but also the command of the reason, the control of the will, and the quickening and growth of the moral sympathies. The means for its culture which good reading affords is the most generally available and one of the most efficient."

Going upon the assumption that there are few children in whom a taste for good reading cannot be developed by careful and judicious training, Professor Norton is of opinion that this training should begin early and be made easy. The child's first reading "should mainly consist in what may cultivate his ear for the music of verse, and may rouse his fancy. And to this end nothing is better than the rhymes and jingles which have sung themselves, generation after generation, in the nursery or on the playground. 'Mother Goose' is the best primer. No matter if the rhymes be nonsense verses; many a poet might learn the lesson of good versification from them, and the child in repeating them is acquiring the accent of emphasis and of rhythmical form. Moreover, the mere art of reading is the more readily learned if the words first presented to the eye of the child are those which are already familiar to the ear." Book I. is the embodiment of this view.

The next step is to "the short stories which have been told since the world was young; old fables in which the teachings of long experience are embodied, legends, fairy tales, which form the traditional common stock of the fancies and sentiment of the race." Book II, and in part Book III, are devoted to this object. In the remainder of the Series our attention is directed to

literature proper, and particularly to poetry. "Poetry," says Professor Norton, "is one of the most efficient means of education of the moral sentiment, as well as of the intelligence. It is the source of the best culture. A man may know all science and yet remain uneducated. But let him truly possess himself of the work of any one of the great poets, and no matter what else he may fail to know, he is not without education."

Such is the editor's purpose, and we at once see the scope and availability of the series. The selections run the entire course of English classical literature and exhibit many unique features. Besides the neglected songs of Shakespeare and the poetical gems of the literature at large, the Fables of Æsop and the foreign tales of Grimm, Andersen, Niebuhr, etc., are longer pieces like Lamb's *Adventures of Ulysses*, extracts from Scott's *Tales of a Grandfather*, etc., which form rounded wholes and sustain the interest aroused to the end. The usual bulky paraphernalia of elocutionism are missing, and in their place are substituted merely a pronouncing vocabulary of proper names, an index of writers with the dates of their births and deaths, and brief notes as to the sources. The series constitutes thus "a body of reading, adapted to the progressive needs of childhood and youth," culled from the best master-works of English literature. It is not only adapted to school use, but is also designed for the home, where it can readily be made to exert a fruitful influence on domestic taste and culture. We cannot too cordially recommend these books, as a needed and opportune means of popular enlightenment.

To this series which is * * * literature pure and simple, we could imagine, at least for the middle and upper classes, a companion-book made up of selections from the scientific classics. Professor Norton does not exclude other means of cultivating the imagination. The recognition of law in nature, most classically expressed by Kant, has stirred philosopher and poet from time immemorial and underlies the productions of literature and science alike. The ultimate source of both, in fact, is much the same. The boy who solves an original problem in geometry experiences the same flush of emotional delight as does the *blasé* professor of literature, who follows with light, elastic sympathy Falstaff's unerring interpretations of life. It is true, Euler's *Treatise on Spherical Trigonometry* may not be as exciting reading, nor fraught with the same breathless human interest, as the story of Aladdin's Lamp. Nor can every one call with Hamilton the *Mécanique Analytique* of Lagrange a magnificent poem. Nevertheless, it is certain that the masterpieces of science contain a mine of material which could well be used as supplementary readings collaterally with instruction in science, and which would introduce into the same a poetical and human interest. Even in the readers proper, beautiful passages could be introduced from writers of the stamp of Tyndall; and extracts from the biographies of Galileo, Kepler, the Bernoullis, Herschel, Sir Thomas Young, Davy, Faraday, and Mayer, might rival in cultured interest the famous Trafalgar scene from Southey's *Life of Nelson*.

A partial beginning has been made in this direction. Just recently Dr. Friedrich Dannemann, a German scholar, has published a book¹ purporting to be an elementary history of the physical sciences but giving that history in the form of unmodified extracts from the great and classical works of the original inquirers themselves. The selections embrace the whole succession of great investigators from Aristotle to Kirchhoff. The greater part of this book is not literature and is not intended to take the place of literature. But to the student of science it is a delightful book nev-

¹ *Grundriss einer Geschichte der Naturwissenschaften, zugleich eine Einführung in das Studium der naturwissenschaftlichen Literatur*. Von Dr. Friedrich Dannemann. 1. Band: erläuterte Abschnitte aus den Werken hervorragender Naturforscher. Mit 44 Abbildungen in Wiedergabe nach den Originalwerken. Leipzig: Wilhelm Engelmann, 1896. Pages, 575. Price, M. 6

ertheless, and it shows that something similar to it embodying the suggestions made above might profitably be made use of in that cultivation of the heart and understanding which Professor Norton lays so much just stress upon.

T. J. McCORMACK.

NOTES.

Louis Prang & Co. are again in the field with their valuable and interesting Christmas publications and calendars. Their art publications are distinguished throughout from analogous European productions by bearing the stamp of American life and American taste. In place of the smooth but cold elegance of the Continental art of Europe, we find here a peculiar warmth of sentiment. Mr. Prang's style of art is famous all over the country for its technical perfection, a fact which is scarcely doubted by anybody, but we would find the importance of his work rather in the attention which he devotes to the choice of subjects and the tinge of thought with which his artists are ensouled. In addition to the flowers which naturally remain always fashionable, he decks the Christmas market of the present year with designs that appeal to special classes of people and timely events. We notice among the new things "The Songs of the Birthdays," an illustration of nursery rhymes. One of the calendars celebrates the Horse Show for 1897, representing scenes from horse-life, including some tragic events—a horse lamenting a fallen soldier, a runaway, etc., and we must add that the execution of the various horses-pictures is exquisite. Another calendar is devoted to the Christian Endeavor movement. It bears the picture of the Rev. Francis E. Clarke and is illustrated throughout with pansies, the chosen emblem of the Christian Endeavorers yet also the flower which the French free thinkers long ago selected as the symbol of free thought because *panes* means not only "bear in mind," but also "think." Col. Ingersoll has now a chance to send to the friends who so fervently prayed for the salvation of his soul an appropriate New Year's greeting whose Bible quotations would please the men of Christian Endeavor while its artistic adornment would express the Colonel's own sentiments.

Borderland Studies has not been inaptly chosen by Dr. George M. Gould as the title of his collection of "miscellaneous addresses and essays pertaining to medicine and the medical profession and their relations to general science and thought." (Philadelphia: P. Blakiston, Son & Co. 380 Pages. Price, \$2.00.) His best thought and expression have been employed upon the problems relating to that aerial region which lies between life and death, and from the atmosphere of this domain his work has taken a marked and characteristic coloring. The titles of the essays are such as the following: "Vivisection," "Life and Its Physical Basis," "The Epidemic of Quackery," "Football," "The Power of Will in Disease," "The Modern Frankenstein," "Dreams, Sleep, and Consciousness," and "Immortality." Four of the essays comprising this book appeared in early numbers of *The Open Court* and *Monist*, and some of our readers may still remember their irresistible momentum and spirit. We wish the limits of space permitted us to reproduce some of the passages of Dr. Gould's book. Its author is a hard bitter. His impetuous ardor, drastic diction, kaleidoscopic imagery impart to his book an undeniable fascination, which few readers can withstand. On many practical questions of the day his judgments are courageous and sound, and illumined by broad knowledge. That on the main fundamental problems of science and philosophy we differ from him, does not lessen our appreciation of the merits of his book.

The exploration of the pre-historic ruins of Copan, Honduras, conducted by the Peabody Museum of Archaeology and Ethnology of Harvard, have been made the subject of an elegant *Preliminary*

Report published in a memoir of quarto size, and provided with a large number of excellent plates and photographic illustrations, showing the site, character of the ruins, and the monuments and works of art exhumed. The Museum explorations have extended over a period of four years—from 1891 to 1895—and the present report has been compiled from the field notes of the various leaders of these explorations. The undertaking has been a costly one and the results fruitful, although little satisfactory progress has yet been made in the interpretation of the monolithic monuments found. The ruins of Copan have been the object of curiosity for four centuries, and the present memoir contains the newest and most exact information which can be had concerning them. (Cambridge, Mass.: Published by the Museum.)

The *Old South Leaflets* are a series of tiny brochures published at cost price by the Directors of the Old South Work, Old South Meeting-house, Boston, Mass., and treating of the early periods of American history. Their aim, which is purely educational is to disseminate a thorough knowledge of the beginnings and development of American history, mainly by publishing reprints of original documents and extracts from classical histories of this period. Among the latest issues are: "Winthrop's 'Little Speech' on Liberty"; "The Destruction of the Tea"; "Debate on the Suffrage in Congress"; "The Dutch Declaration of Independence." The last which has come into our hands is "Hamilton's Report on the Coinage," communicated to the House of Representatives January 28, 1791. This report concisely and classically defines the financial policy which with brief intervals the United States have followed ever since.

Mr. Kakichi Ohara of Otsu, Omi, Japan, has finished his translation of *The Gospel of Buddha* into Chinese, and we are in receipt of a number of copies which he has kindly sent us. At the same time we are informed through the *Journal of the Maha-Bodhi Society* that Laucheng Chey, a Buddhist priest of Perak in the Malayan Peninsula, desires to translate *The Gospel of Buddha* into Romanised Malay, the language of his people.

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THE HUMANITY OF STONES.

BY ABEL ANDREW.

"And this our life, exempt from public haunt,
Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brook,
Sermons in stones, and good in everything."

TAKE up a common pebble from the seashore and examine it. *There is Man here. There is God here.* Here is the In-dwelling! Here is the In-Breathing! It is still damp with the breath of the Great Spirit. This stone is on the road with thee. It is going the same journey thou art going. It forms part of the procession,—the grand procession of life! Why dost thou lag so far behind, my brother? Listen! "The first shall be last, and the last first." This is a law of nature.

We have long held our peace like cowards, as we are. Be assured, O man, in the next age—the age of knowledge—the very "stones will cry out" and claim relationship. Even now we hear them whisper: "We are also his offspring." There are "sermons in stones." Listen to them preach! The ideal Christ saw man in the stone. "I say unto thee that thou art Peter." In the Greek *πέτρος*—a rock. In the next age we shall begin to inquire "what manner of stones" or rather, "what buildings are these?"

Observe that ravine filled with huge boulders. Nature is able from these stones to raise up children every whit "as good as Abraham." When thou treadest on the common pavement, tread softly, my brother, thou art treading upon men, upon angels, yea, upon gods. What manner of stones, indeed! Yea, what buildings are these. The Master hints more than he says. All things "enter into life" when their turn comes. There are no outsiders. All things are equally holy. "The earth is the Lord's."

The stone is a temple, a veritable "building of God," with altar already raised. Here burns the sacred fire, and the flame never dies out.

The common stone you kick with your foot is "a throne of the all pervading deity." Think of that, profane man, and weep. All things are holy. "Nothing is common." "The earth is the Lords."

✓ Examine the stones. Pick out your ancestors. Here is our hard-headed father, our cruel stepmother, our rough brothers, and our chaste sisters—cold and

smooth! Here are our uncles, our aunts, and our cousins, far removed. Here are our daughters, sweet-hearts, and wives, like the polished corners of the temple. Here is Mrs. Grundy, respectable but somewhat hard. Here is the granite-faced British matron. Here is the skin-flint sea-side landlady who waters our milk and purloins our tea, and then lays the blame on the poor lodging-house cat. Here is the wife of our bosom, like pure, white marble. Even our mother-in-law is here, a stone of stumbling, a rock of offence, hard as the nether mill-stone.

✕ Common stones are plentiful. So are common people. Common stones are useful. We could dispense with diamonds, but not with paving stones.

Freestone is a highly respectable middle-class stone. It is somewhat dull but no worse for that. With this we build our houses or erect our tombs. Middle-class folks make good, cheerful tomb-stones.

High-class stones we find west of the Griffin,—Temple Bar. What a difference 'twixt patrician marble and plebeian granite! Mrs. Marble is blue-veined and full-blooded. She is the race-horse amongst stones, yet the granite is the most useful.

Stones have a language—stone language. Stones think—stone thought. All things think. My house shall be called the house of thought. Thought made the worlds. Stones have souls—stone souls. The stone is an impassive creature and does not worry about his poor soul. Stones show character like men. How like the flint to a flinty-hearted old miser! How like the diamond to a court beauty! . . . Stones are the ancient witnesses of our race. They are the eye-witnesses of our secret actions. Note the contract 'twixt Jacob and Esau. A heap of stones were raised and appointed Judge. Some say, "Walls have ears," yes, and walls have eyes. They are "full of eyes, within and without." Think of that Mr. Vivisector! In the "outer darkness of a London brothel" God hath not left himself without witness. Your secret chamber is full of eyes, within as well as without. Think of that, licentious man! "There is nothing covered that shall not be revealed, and hid that shall not be known."

The marble, the granite, the slate, these are our big brothers. In the jeweller's shop we see glittering

stones,—the diamond, the ruby, and the emerald,—these are our pretty sisters.

In common stones lies the talent, in precious stones the genius of the race. Observe the precious stones. Let each pick out his ancestors. A certain noted American authoress always maintained that she was once a male carbuncle. What were you, dear reader? Did you belong to the aristocracy of stone? Were you hewn from patrician marble, or made of common clay? Can you claim kin with the useful slate, or was the hard-featured granite your awful dad? Did you sparkle in the diamond, or lie hid in the humble pebble? To the outward eye we appear only flesh and blood, but the stone is still within. Evolution shall take away the stony heart and give us back the "heart of flesh." Then all will be well. We find the copper, the silver, and the gold amongst precious stones. We mean there are three classes. First you see the least valuable,—fishy looking stones worn in big pattern rings. They are large and shiny like young tombstones. They are usually worn by brisk young men, butchers, bakers, and candlestick-makers. Nothing is more sickening than a weak decoction of genius. Like weak brandy and water, the taste thereof is nauseous in the extreme. Observe the pearl, the emerald, and the ruby. They are precious stones of middle-class genius. Remember, the visible world is an exact picture of the invisible.

The diamond is *par excellence* the aristocrat amongst stones. See how it glitters and scintillates! In these hidden fires lies enshrined the soul of genius. "And the city was pure gold, like unto clear glass." "And the foundations of the wall of the city were garnished with all manner of precious stones." These are the stones of the future, these are the men of the future, the women of the future—firm and full of fire—who make the earth—the New Earth. A certain noted French chemist says: "A new world is in process of creation, from out the old." Yes, and a New Man. "Behold, I make all things new."

God is in the stone. He sits in the Urim! He flames in the Thummim! "Our God is a consuming fire." Strike flint with steel, and thou shalt see His fire! His holy spirit permeates all things. Yea, the smooth stones of the brook are full of Him!

LAO-TSZE'S TAO-TEH-KING.

I. THE AUTHOR OF THE TAO-TEH-KING.

LAO-TSZE, or "the old philosopher," is the designation of one of the most remarkable thinkers of mankind. He was a Chinaman who lived in the sixth century B.C., and left to the world the Tao-Te-King, a booklet on Reason and Virtue, which not only exercised a powerful influence upon his countrymen but is also worthy to be compared with the sacred scrip-

tures of the Buddhists and the New Testament. It is on account of the similarities which, in spite of many differences, obtain between the teachings of Lao-Tsze and those of Buddha and Christ that the Tao-Te-King is an indispensable book; and no one who is interested in religion can afford to leave it unread.

* * *

The date of Lao-Tsze's birth is the third year of the Emperor Ting-wang of the Cheu dynasty, which corresponds to the year 604 B. C.¹

Lao-Tsze's family name, Li, means Plum-tree. His proper name, Rhì, means Ear.

Besides the designation Lao-Tsze, the old philosopher, he is also not unfrequently called Lao Kiün, i. e., the old gentleman, the old sire, and Lao Rhì (other pronunciation Lao-ölly), i. e., the old fellow.

Lao-Tsze was born in K'üeh-Zhín, a village in Li-county belonging to the K'ü province of the state Ch'ü.

Stanislaus Julien informs us on the authority of Rénusat (*Mémoire*, p. 4) that:

"The county K'ü is situated in the vicinity of the present city of Lu-i, a town of the third order, belonging to Kwei-te-foo of the province Ho-nan (lat. 34° north, long. 54° east of Peking)."

Robert K. Douglas, the well-known professor of sinology at Oxford, England, calls attention to the strange coincidence that the name of the hamlet K'üeh-Zhín, Lao-Tsze's place of birth, means "oppressed benevolence"; Li, the parish to which it belongs, means "cruelty"; K'ü, the name of the district, means "bitterness," Ch'ü the philosopher's native state, means "suffering."² He adds:

"If these places were as mythical as John Bunyan's 'City of Destruction' and 'Vanity Fair,' their names could not have been more appropriately chosen to designate the birthplace of a sage who was driven from office and from friends by the disorders of the time." *Society in China*, p. 403.

Considering the denunciations which Lao-Tsze hurled against both "oppression" and "false benevolence"; and the "bitterness" and "sufferings" which he had to endure, the meaning of these names seems startling enough, and were these places not actually in existence they would suggest that Lao-Tsze's birth and life were a myth. But Professor Douglas might have added that the coincidence, interesting though it is, is not as remarkable as it appears to Europeans who are unacquainted with the peculiarities of the Chinese language which make such a play of words possible and quite common, for any kind of pun is easier in Chinese than even in French.

Let us look at each name more closely.

K'üeh means "crooked" or, as a noun, "a bend," then "scheming," "false," "forced," and finally, in the sense of the German phrase *gebundene Rede*,

¹ Mart. Martin's *Hist. Sinica* 133 and Duhalde I., p. 248.

² Professor Douglas's method of transcription is *Chüñ, Li, K'ü, and Ts'ü*.

it denotes "verses," especially "songs, ditties, and ballads."¹

Zhin means "human; humane; benevolent," or, as a noun, "benevolence"; and it means "the humane or good man" as much as the virtue of the humane man. Should the name K'ü-Zhin be translated according to its proper meaning, it probably ought to be "Good Man's Bend," that is to say, a bend in a valley named after a person whose epithet was "the good man."

Li means "whetstone; grinding; oppression; danger; disorder". As a verb, it means "to grind; to oppress; to chide." The name might be translated in English as "Grinding," and *Li Hudng* would be "grinding county." It may have been called so on account of being a place where whetstones were found, or made, or sold.

K'ü is the name of the "sow-thistle." In addition, the word means "bitter; unpleasant; mortifying." As a noun it means "affliction."² *K'ü Hiên*, accordingly, might be translated "the thistle province."

Ch'ü means "a bramble bush" or "a clump of trees." As an adjective it means "full of spines, full of thorns," denoting at the same time "distress" and "pain." If we can translate the name *Ch'ü* at all we might call it "the state of the bramble-bush" or "the state of briars." In addition to all these meanings, the word *Ch'ü* means "orderly; well done"; "properly finished." What a choice of allusions cannot be had in Chinese names!³

As to the authenticity of the Tao-Teh-King and the historical reality of Lao-Tsze's life, there can be no doubt. Before Sze-ma-Ts'ien⁴ (about 136-85 B.C.) the Herodotus of Chinese history who completed his great work *Historical Records* in 91 B. C., Lao-Tsze has been mentioned, commented upon, and largely quoted by a number of his disciples, among whom Lieh-Tsze⁵ is the oldest, and Chwang-Tsze⁶ the most ingenious and most famous. Literal quotations from the Tao-Teh-King in the writings of Lieh-Tsze, Han Fi Tsze,⁷ Chwang-Tsze, Liü An, the King of Hwâi Nan, and best known as Hwâi Nan Tsze, who died 122 B. C., the historian Sse-Ma-Ts'ien, and other authors are so frequent and at the same time so accurate that they verify more than two-thirds of the whole Tao-Teh-King. Professor Legge says:

"I do not know of any other book of so ancient a date as the

¹ See *Williams's Syllabic Dictionary*, p. 458; ² *Ibid.*, p. 436; ³ *Ibid.*, p. 94.

⁴ See *Mayer's Chinese Readers' Manual*, I, No. 660.

⁵ *Mayer's Chinese Readers' Manual*, I, 387. His works were edited in the fourth century by Chwang-Tse.

⁶ 330 B. C. See *Mayer's Chinese Readers' Manual*, I, No. 92.

⁷ Schott mentions him as a contemporary of the Emperor Ngan-Wang (401-374 B. C.), while according to Legge he died 230 B. C.

Tao-Teh-King of which the authenticity of the origin and the genuineness of the text can claim to be so well substantiated."¹

While the Tao-Teh-King as a genuine production of the age, and Lao-Tsze's authorship of the book are beyond dispute, its very existence is a historical problem which has not as yet found its solution. Were Lao-Tsze not six hundred years older than Christ, and a hundred years older than Buddha, we would be inclined to believe that he had borrowed his main ideas from either Buddhism or Christianity; but that is a theory which is impossible. Nevertheless, Professor Douglas believes he finds traces of Brahmanical influence in the Tao-Teh-King, and argues that Lao-Tsze was a descendant of one of the Western nations of the Chinese Empire, which may have been in connexion with India since olden times. Lao-Tsze's proper name Rhi, i. e. Ear, and his posthumous appellation Tan, i. e. Long-Ear, suggest that he had unusually large ears. Professor Douglas says:

"It is remarkable that the description of his large ears and general appearance tallies accurately with those of the non-Chinese tribes on the western frontiers of the empire. His surname, Li, also reminds one of the large and important tribe of that name which was dispossessed by the invading Chinese, and was driven to seek refuge in what is now South-Western China. But however that may be, it is impossible to overlook the fact that he imported into his teachings a decided flavor of Indian philosophy." (*Ibid.*, p. 403.)

Eitel goes so far as to find a strong resemblance between Lao-Tsze's Tao and the pre-Buddhistic Brahmanism of the Indian sages, which, however, I am unable to discover. However, this much must be granted, that when Lao-Tsze resigned his position as custodian of the archives of Chen, he went West, which seems to indicate that his sympathies were bound up with those Western people whom his parents may have praised to him as models of simplicity and virtue.

We cannot say that the Brahmanical origin of Lao-Tsze's philosophy has been proved. The whole proposition remains a vague hypothesis whose main right of existence consists in the fact that we know too little either to substantiate or to refute it.

II. LAO-TSZE'S PHILOSOPHY.

The idea that constitutes the corner-stone of Lao-Tsze's philosophy is contained in the word Tao, which, however, is so general and comprehensive a term, that his propositions naturally would appear to have existed in a vague form long before him. The universal use of the word gives to his thoughts the appearance of an old doctrine, yet it seems improbable that such an original and extraordinary thinker, as was Lao-Tsze, could, like Confucius, have been a mere transmitter of traditions.

¹ *Sacred Books of the East*, XXXIX., p. 9.

The term *Tao* is a remarkable word.¹ It means "path, way, method, or mode of doing a thing," then also, the mode of expressing a thing, or "word;" and thus finally it acquires its main meaning, which is "reason." As a verb, it means "to walk, or to tread; to speak or to declare; to argue or to reason." Considering the religious reverence in which the term is held, the expression *Tao*, meaning "word" and "logical thought" at the same time, presents a close analogy to the Neo-Platonic term *lóyos*. The Buddhists use the word *Tao* to translate the Sanskrit *bóddhi*, wisdom or enlightenment, and the Christians employ it in the version of the New Testament for "the word that was in the beginning," and "became flesh" in Jesus Christ.

The same difficulty which translators encounter in their attempts to find a proper rendering of the term *lóyos*, exists for the term *Tao*. We might translate it "word," or (as did Stanislaus Julien) "path," or (as does Gablentz) "logos;" or we might (as did Chalmers, Legge, and Victor von Strauss) retain the Chinese word *Tao*.

Lao-Tsze distinguishes two kinds of *Tao* or Reason: (1) the *Tao* that was in the beginning, that is eternal and immutable, the divine presence, which can be on the right hand and at the same time on the left hand, which is bodiless, immaterial, and not sense-perceptible; and (2) the *Tao* that is individualised in living creatures, especially in man. The latter is the logical mode of thinking of which mortals are possessed; it is human reason.

The difference between the eternal Reason, *Chang Tao*, and the Reason individualised in man, *Shin Tao*, is emphasised again and again in the *Tao-Teh-King*; and Chwang-Tsze says² (Book XI, last paragraph):

"There is the *Tao*, or Way of Heaven; and there is the *Tao*, or Way of Man. Practising non-assertion³ and yet attracting all honor is the Way of Heaven; doing and being embarrassed thereby is the Way of Man. It is the Way of Heaven that plays the part of the Lord; it is the Way of Man that plays the part of the Servant. The Way of Heaven and the Way of Man are far apart. They should be clearly distinguished from each other."

The highest laws of reason are universal and intrinsically necessary; they have not been fashioned or ordained, they have not been made either by God or man, they are as they are; they are eternal and immutable. We cannot even imagine that they ever had been or ever could be non-existent or invalid. Lao-Tsze says: "I know not whose son Reason (i. e., the eternal Reason) can be. It seems to be prior to God" (chapter 4); and, following the precedence of the fourth Gospel, we feel inclined to add: "*καὶ θεὸς ἦν ὁ λόγος*," that is to say, "this *Tao* is uncreated, and it is part and parcel of God's being."

Says Chwang-Tsze:

"The *Tao* is always one, and yet it requires change,"

which means, the *Tao* is sameness in difference. The same law produces under different conditions different results, and all variety in the world is due to the variety of circumstances resulting from the very same law. The *Tao* is the world-former, not the world-creator; it is not action but law. Yet it is not merely immanent, it is supernatural and prenatal. It is omnipresent in the world but would exist even though the world did not exist. Says Chwang-Tsze (Book VI.):

"If you could hide the world in the world, so that there was nowhere to which it could be removed, this [*Tao*] would be the grand reality of the ever-enduring Thing." (*Sacred Books of the East*, XXXIX., p. 242.)

The philosophy of Lao-Tsze, which places the *Tao* (the principle of logical method and speech) at the beginning of the world, is the echo of a thinker who was engaged in the same problems as the author of the Fourth Gospel. We read in the *Tao-Teh-King* that the *Tao*, far from being made by God, must be prior even to God, for God could never have existed without it, and that, therefore, the *Tao* may claim the right of priority.

The eternal Reason manifests itself in the laws of nature. Chwang-Tsze says:

"When the body of man comes from its special mould [the ever-enduring thing], there is even then occasion for joy; but this body undergoes a myriad transformations, and does not immediately reach its perfection;—does it not thus afford occasion for joys incalculable? Therefore the sagely man enjoys himself in that from which there is no possibility of separation [from the *Tao*], and by which all things are preserved. He considers early death or old age, his beginning and his ending, all to be good, and in this other men imitate him;—how much more will they do so in regard to that *Itself* on which all things depend, and from which every transformation arises!" (*Ibid.*, p. 243.)

Human reason, *shin-tao*, or the reason that can be reasoned, *táo-k'ò-táo*, which is contrasted to the *cháng-táo* or the eternal Reason, shows itself in man's interference with the natural course of things. Chwang-Tsze says (Book XVII.):

"Oxen and horses have four feet. That is what is called the heaven-ordained. When horses' heads are haltered, and the noses of oxen are pierced, that is called the man-ordained. Therefore it is said: Do not by the man-ordained obliterate the heaven-ordained; do not for your purposes obliterate the decrees of heaven; do not bury your fame in such a pursuit. Carefully persevere in and do not lose it (the *Tao*). This is what I call reverting to your true (Nature)." (*Ibid.*, p. 384.)

Lao-Tsze's whole philosophy can be condensed in these words: "Men, as a rule, attempt for personal ends to change the *Tao* that is eternal; they endeavor to create or make a *Tao* of their own. But when they make, they mar; all they should do is to let the eternal *Tao* have its way, and otherwise be heedless of

¹ See Williams's *Syllabic Dictionary*, p. 867.

² *Sacred Books of the East*, Vol. XXXIX., p. 306.

³ We replace "Doing nothing," which is a misleading translation, by "Practising non-assertion."

⁴ See Chapter 4 and compare the footnotes to the transliteration of the same chapter.

consequences, for then all will be well." This is the same spirit which breathes in the words of Christ: "Seek ye first the Kingdom of God and His righteousness; and all these things (the satisfaction of the needs of life) shall be added unto you."

The Tao is not merely a logical principle, it is not "reason" as we commonly use the term; it is clothed with all the awe and reverence of the highest religious idea. Says Chwang-Tsze:

"This is the Tao;—there is in it emotion and sincerity, but it does nothing and has no bodily form. It may be handed down (by the teacher), but may not be received (by his scholars). It may be apprehended (by the mind), but it cannot be perceived (by the senses). It has its root and ground in itself. Before there were heaven and earth, from of old, there it was, securely existing. From it came the mysterious existences of spirits, from it the mysterious existence of God. It produced heaven; it produced earth. It was before the *T'ai K'i* [the primordial ether or the vital principle], and yet could not be considered high; it was below all space, and yet could not be considered deep. It was produced before heaven and earth, and yet could not be considered to have existed long; it was older than the highest antiquity, and yet could not be considered old." (*Ibid.*, pp. 243-244.)

As an explanation of these sentences Professor Legge, the translator, adds in a footnote: "The Tao is independent both of space and Time."

The Tao is a principle, not a personal being; it is an omnipresent feature of reality, a condition or law fashioning things and events, and not an essence or world-substance.

While there can be no doubt about the Tao being a law or principle (that is to say, those eternal and intrinsically necessary relations which underlie all cosmic order and especially also the harmony of rational thought), Taoists frequently personify it and use the term as if it were a synonym of God. Thus Lao-Tsze himself personifies the Tao as "the mother of the universe" (Chap. 52). Chwang-Tsze speaks of the Tao as "the author of all transformations in whom there is no element of falsehood" (Book V.). Besides he calls the Tao "the great and most honored Master," which is the title of his Sixth Book. While Lao-Tsze mentions the word God, *Ti*, only once (Chapter 4), his disciples speak frequently of God and have coined a special designation, which is *Chân-Tsai*,¹ i. e., True Ruler, and is the common appellation of God among Taoists even to-day.

THE LIBERAL CONGRESS.

The American Congress of Liberal Religious Societies held its third annual meeting on November 17, 18, and 19, at Indianapolis, in Plymouth Church. The Rev. F. E. Dewhurst, pastor of the church, welcomed the delegates and introduced Dr. W. H. Thomas, its President. The opening sermon was preached by

¹ *Chân* means "true, pure, real" (see Williams, p. 15), and *Tsai*, ruler, responsible master" (see Williams, p. 91). The character *Chân* is composed of the signs "upright" and "man," the character *Tsai* shows the sign "bitter," and the sign "roof," which indicate that it means him who bears the burden and cares of the house; its ruler, master, and owner.

the Rev. Philip S. Moxom, of Springfield, Mass., and consisted in a message to the churchless, whom he distinguished from the unchurched, the latter being those who are deprived of a church, while the former, the churchless, constitute that large body of people who for some reason or other live without the church. He emphasized that religion was the socialising force of mankind, and that church life endeavors to overcome the self-isolation of the egotist. God reveals himself not merely in the individual soul, but in mankind, and for that reason the church is and will remain the organ of the Divine Spirit.

The Rev. Mr. Moxom was followed by Dr. Jordan, President of the Leland Stanford University, California, a member of the Bering Sea Commission, who spoke on "The Stability of Truth." He criticised the idea which is widely spread and at present entertained by such antagonistic thinkers as Balfour and Haeckel, that the conclusions of science may be subject to additions and revision in accordance with the demands of belief, and he urged the necessity of guiding our lives by science. Knowledge has no other purpose than serving as a guide to action.

On Wednesday morning the Rev. L. J. Duncan, of Streator, Illinois, complained of the lack of zeal among the members of the Congress in not fostering the missionary spirit, and proposed to pledge the Congress to undertake the foundation of Liberal churches in the spirit in which this work was being done by Mr. George Brayton Penney in La Salle County. His criticism was characterised as impatience by Rabbi Joseph Stolz, of Chicago, who told him that an oak could not be of mushroom growth. Jonah's gourd grew in one day and withered the next; therefore, he should not expect fruit too soon.

A discussion followed, in which the Rev. J. H. Crooker, of Helena, Montana, the Rev. R. E. White and others took an active part.

The afternoon session was opened by Dr. E. L. Rexford, of Columbus, Ohio, who believed in a rational Christianity which would do good things not with conscious purpose, but because goodness was natural. We ought to have a bookless religion. We ought to destroy all "isms" and dogmas and get at the heart of religion. When we feel our stomach, it is sure to be out of order, and so when we have a religion that is always making us conscious of its presence, it is certainly a religion with which there is something wrong. Miss Helen R. Lang, a Jewess, made a simple but very earnest plea for a warmer sympathy between Christian and Jew. Mr. Dharmapala spoke of the religion of Buddha, and the Brahmacharya Bodhi-bhikshu dwelt on the divinity of Christ, advising Christians to seek to become Christ-like and to study the early life of Christ.

While the audience awaited the arrival of the Rev. B. R. Bulkeley, of Chicago, who had been announced as a speaker, two clergymen of the town, the Rev. C. E. W. Dobbs, a Baptist, and the Rev. Joseph A. Milburn, a Presbyterian, were invited to make some remarks on the Congress. The former said that the speakers had not denied Christ as the medium through which the Almighty might be found, and the latter declared that he did not enjoy the quarrels among denominations; nevertheless, he believed that each of the denominations represented some idea, all of which constituted a harmonious whole. He therefore favored denominationalism, but added, with special reference to the Liberal Congress, in which the tendency prevailed to wipe out all distinctions: "Why would you not open your eyes wider and view the different denominations as parts of a great and integral church?"

The evening session began with a paper on "The Foundations of Religion," by E. P. Powell, of Clinton, New York. He found the foundation of religion in the family idea, saying: "We are born with *Ma* and *Pa* in our mouths and in our hearts. Religion is *Ma* and *Pa* expanded or expanding to the larger limits of

our growing conceptions." The germs of all religions were to him "headship, obedience, and the hope of the future." God in higher terms is Father, worship in higher terms is love, creed in higher terms is immortality. "Our Father, which art in Heaven," is a sentence in biology. We may believe a thousand things about this life. It is what we believe about the other life that determines our religious faithfulness to the family. Upon the whole there was little in Mr. Powell's paper at which the dogmatist might have taken offence, except his denunciations of the Athanasian, the Calvinistic, and the Mosaic God, who was God as understood by our savage ancestors. The Apache, Mr. Powell said, tortures by substitution, and will kill any white man for the sin of another; and thus the doctrine of vicarious atonement by blood is a survival of the cave man. Goethe has the Devil suggest that man looks very much like his God, and it was frightful to see how much it was a case of similarity between father and son. Calvin's God was like Calvin, and the old Jehovah like the Jews. He concluded: "We need a Godlier God, a diviner mission, and a worthier immortality. This is the task of the Christianity of the twentieth century."

Paul R. Frothingham, of New Bedford, Massachusetts, spoke of the sources of religion, and found them in human dependence, in the sense of the mysterious, in the eternal aspiration of humanity.

Rabbi David Philipson spoke on the religion of the Prophets of Israel, who had spoken to the people under the passion of righteousness, because they conceived their God to be a God of righteousness. The burden of their message, it is true, was not the announcement of a life beyond the grave, but social salvation in this world. Their work should for that reason not be deprecated, but should be recognised in its greatness. If the religious movements of to-day go back to the methods of the Prophets of the Old Testament it was not that the religious world is turning backward, but that the prophets who taught the great doctrines of humanity were so many centuries ahead of the times. The Rev. O. H. P. Smith, of St. Charles, Minnesota, spoke on "The Basis of Sympathy," which he found in our common needs and the common aim of our aspirations, which is the attainment of truth, the holiest thing that man possesses.

On Thursday, November 19, the report of the Committee was read and unanimously accepted according to which the name of the Congress is changed from "The American Congress of Liberal Religious Societies" to "The Liberal Congress of Religion." The transposition of the word "Liberal" from "Religious Societies" to "Congress" indicates that not religion is to be regarded as Liberal, but the Congress. The Congress does not intend to be limited to liberal sects, but is to be open to all, whether or not they call themselves Liberal. The Business Committee made several motions, among which a motion of the Rev. L. J. Duncan on the establishment of missions caused a lively debate. Here, as well as in the discussion of the name of the Congress, the fact became apparent that there were two parties among the members of the Congress. Some wanted to make the Congress a continuation of the Religious Parliament, while others wished to have it limited to a kind of Liberal Sectarianism. After some struggle and modification of the phraseology, Mr. Duncan's motion was carried.

Thursday afternoon was devoted to the discussion of the sociological problems of the church, the speakers being Edwin D. Mead of Boston, Caroline J. Bartlett of Kalamazoo, and R. A. White of Chicago. All of them spoke of their own experiences, and had thoughtful suggestions to make concerning plans which in their own field of labor they had tried and found satisfactory. The concluding session in the afternoon was almost throughout of a devotional character. The speakers were the Rev. W. C. Gannett of Rochester, New York, the Rev. W. A. College of

Aurora, Illinois, and others. The business for the next year was entrusted to a committee who will publish their report in due time. There were a great number of invitations for the Congress of 1897, but the probability is that the invitation of the city of Nashville, Tenn., which was extraordinarily cordial and sympathetic, and at the same time officially endorsed by the Governor of the State and the Mayor of the City, will be accepted.

CORRESPONDENCE.

HAPPINESS AND ETHICS.

To the Editor of The Open Court:

I may say that Dr. Carus, in his luminous treatment of the fundamental problems that interest us all so deeply, has given fully that joy of which I am about to make mention, and with that assurance and the due deference to him of whom that can be justly told, I should like to submit the following remarks upon what I take to be an unsatisfactory statement in the side question of morality. I shall divide them into two aspects:

1. To satisfy a want is a pleasure, and the pleasure ceases with the want satisfied. Physical wants are limited, and though the pleasure in supplying them may be keen, they do not last. To intellectual want, however, we can conceive no limit; the intellectual pleasure in fulfilling a want can never cease. Moreover the spiritual pleasure of assimilating the truth and the contemplation of it is a pleasure the very memory of which is a happiness, whereas the memory of a material pleasure procures barely an appreciable happiness. Hence spiritual happiness is at once lasting and deep, contrasted with material happiness, which is transient and superficial.

2. That health is the most favorable condition for happiness will readily be admitted. I take the word health in its universal meaning of bodily and mental. Morality is, broadly speaking, the preservation of health, and is a part of the truth which the mind, in evolving, must master. In thus preserving health we must put a wholesome restraint upon our desires, be they spiritual or material (for the spiritual can, like the material, run riot), thus foregoing a small pleasure in securing a lasting happiness. Objectively, also, our duty towards our fellow-beings can be reduced to these terms—enlightenment, and to give happiness that is in accordance with that enlightenment. Morality is not the immediate pursuit of happiness. Happiness is truly a shadow, the color of our consciousness; morality is the means towards obtaining the substance, whose color is happiness, or spiritualisation.

This latter aspect of the case has, in my belief, a vital importance from the point of view of the spread of morality. For what does the transcendental phrase "to live the truth" mean to the ignorant and unreflective? To understand such a life presupposes culture. And to these, whom, it may be said in general, knowledge and thought do not attract, what were the inducement to reach a nobler plane of living?

A. L. JERROLD.

[I find no fault with M. Jerrold's remarks on "Happiness and Ethics," for I am not prepared to deny that happiness would be a result of morality. What I object to is the Hedonism as formulated by the representatives of the Utilitarian School of Ethics, who define morality to be that which conduces to the largest amount of happiness, in which phase happiness is explained as "pleasurable feelings." Mr. Spencer introduces an altruistic element into the utilitarian hedonism of Bentham by requesting that we should aim at "the greatest happiness of the greatest number." The fault of the Utilitarians is not so much that they utilise the happiness-motive for ethical aspirations—which for a certain class of people is perhaps the most effective method of influencing them—but that without any reference to the quality of happiness, they make "the amount of happiness" the test-stone of ethics.

However, it is the kind and not the mass of joy and satisfaction that has to be taken into consideration for ethical purposes, and it is the recognition of quality in place of quantity which marks the difference between the so-called Utilitarian school of ethics and that system of morals which is represented in *The Open Court*.—E.D.]

NOTES.

Mr. Abel Andrew, the author of "Vegetarianism and Evolution," "The Bible of the Future," "Books and Men," "The Monkeyhood of Man; or, Thoughts for Simians," and similar publications, is deemed by his friends as very original, and by his critics as very eccentric. He is an enthusiastic vegetarian, and the nature of his writings is very well characterised in the article "The Humanity of Stones," which is published in the present number of *The Open Court*.

We learn from the *Hanici Zasshi*, a Japanese monthly devoted to Reform-Buddhism, teetotalism, and the recognition of scientific critique in the domain of religion, that there is a movement spreading over Japan to call together a general synod of representatives of various religions, especially Buddhists and Christians, which proves that the idea of the Religious Parliament has taken root also in Japan. The same periodical announces that Mr. Fujii published the second volume of his *Bukkyō Shōshi* or "Brief History of Buddhism," which, in spite of its modest title, it is said is so far the most complete and detailed book on the subject in existence. Mr. Murakami, another Buddhist scholar, is also bringing out a book on the "Development of the various Buddhist Sects" which will appear in the *Bukkyō Shirin*. Further we read of a project to send Buddhist scholars to Tibet to study Thibetan Buddhism and make a thorough search for Sanskrit manuscripts. All these items are evidences of the awakening spirit of research in the Flowery Kingdom, and whatever the result will be, we hail it as a symptom of progress that cannot be underrated.

The Open Court Publishing Co. recently ordered from T. Hasegawa of Tokyo, Japan, a Buddha picture, which has been announced to the trade for the price of twenty-five cents, which price for an artistic work, and considering the cost of transportation, import duties, etc., is comparatively small. But having received the Buddha picture, we must say we are disappointed in it, and would not have those who would order it disappointed. The Buddha figure does not possess that dignity which we should expect of the great moral teacher of mankind, but possesses in a marked degree the self-sufficiency which is frequently found in the Buddha pictures of Northern Asia, intended to denote the calmness of bliss which the attainment of Nirvāna procures. Hasegawa's picture is nevertheless interesting, because it is the reproduction of an old painting, famous in its time and as well known among Buddhists as a Lucas Crauch's Christ might be among Christians. We do not always admire the hard lines of the old masters, but considering their struggle with technicalities, we are apt to find a greater beauty in their lines than in the smoother products of modern art where the strength of originality is sometimes entirely crowded out by the elegance of modern technique. We shall be glad to receive orders for the picture, subject to the above reservation of our opinion as to its being an ideal representation of Buddha.

The picture shows Buddha in the centre, standing upon the lotus and in the attitude of a teacher. The colors of his dress are not historically correct. The undergarment is dark green, the upper garment is a seal brown, lined with white. Angels appear above him, and the variegated colors of the rainbow-light appear

in tinted cloudlets of blue, red, and green, which is not quite in keeping with the common tradition. To the right and left we have green bamboo reeds and in front a lotus pond. The whole background is, without other details, tinted in gray. The Buddha is surrounded by an audience of eight disciples, dressed in blue, yellow, red, and green. Three auditors at his right hand are apparently intended to represent the brotherhood of those who have taken the vows, for their shaven heads indicate that they are priests, while the others represent lay disciples of the Buddha.

Two open letters, the first to Emperor William II. and Col. Moritz von Egidy, the second to Archbishop Ireland of St. Paul, have recently come into our hands, bearing the imprint of far-off Santiago du Chili. They are written in the French language and are by a zealous apostle of the religion of humanity, Mr. Juan Enrique Lagarrigue. In the interests of universal peace and progress, the author entreates Emperor William to restore the provinces of Alsace and Lorraine to France, and seeks to gain the co-operation of Colonel von Egidy in the same cause. The letter to Archbishop Ireland corrects certain wrong impressions which the Catholic prelate seems to have entertained with regard to Positivism, and invites the latter on the ground of recent liberal utterances to espouse the religion of humanity, in which it is said he cannot fail to accomplish the noble ends which he has set himself. (Santiago de Chili, Av. Negrete, 7.)

English Visible Speech in Twelve Lessons, by Alexander Melville Bell, is an extension of the method of teaching the deaf to understand spoken words by watching the motions of the vocal organs. The author presents an alphabet which can be directly translated into motor actions of the tongue, the vocal chords, etc., and claims that children and others who master these twelve lessons will read with accuracy and certainty any English composition printed in the same alphabet. Here is the germ of a new Universal Phonic Character by which we could speak a language we were utterly ignorant of. It has at present the disadvantage of cumbersomeness in print, but if it is as readily learned as contended, it will certainly "offer unquestionable advantages" at least "in laying a foundation for excellence in native speaking and in the utterance of foreign tongues." (Volta Bureau, Washington, D. C. Pages, 80. Price, 50 cents.)

Among the many commendable enterprises which Mr. W. T. Stead, of the *Review of Reviews*, has set on foot, the most notable, in an educational regard, is his cheap *Masterpiece Library*, consisting of the *Penny Poets*, the *Penny Prose Classics*, the *Penny Novels*, and *Penny Books for the Bazaar*. Some numbers of these series have met with phenomenal success, several hundred thousand copies of them having been sold in a single year in England alone. Naturally the print is fine. Further information may be obtained from the office of the *Review of Reviews*, London and New York.

There are a number of sound reflexions presented in *Some Prolegomena to a Philosophy of Medicine*, by Dr. Giles F. Goldsborough, President of the British Homeopathic Society, and the general reader unacquainted with homeopathy will find its meaning compendiously explained here. (London: John Bale & Sons. Pages, 66. Price, 3s. 6d. net.)

Professor William James's beautiful address, *Is Life Worth Living?* which attracted widespread notice on its appearance in the *International Journal of Ethics* last year, has been reprinted in neat pocket form, and may be obtained from S. Burns Weston, 1305 Arch St., Philadelphia.

An English translation of Dr. Adolf Brodbeck's *Ideal of Universities* has appeared and may be profitably consulted in matters pertaining to the history of education. (New York: Metaphysical Publishing Co.)

THE HISTORY OF ORATORY FROM THE AGE OF PERICLES TO THE PRESENT TIME. By *Lorenzo Sears, L. H. D.*, Professor in Brown University. Chicago: S. C. Griggs & Co. 1896. Pp., 440.

Feeling the absolute lack of a connected history of the subject of oratory covering the entire period of its existence, Professor Sears has sought in the present volume to give "a brief account of each typical orator's place in the long succession, to note the rhetorical principles that he exemplified, and to observe the trend of eloquence" in the various ancient and modern periods. Necessarily his work has been something more than history, touching upon the philosophy of public discourse and establishing certain criteria for a just appreciation of its higher achievements.

The narrative, which is largely critical, takes us through ancient Greece and Rome, the Middle Ages, Italy of the Renaissance, and Germany of the Reformation, the oratory of Louis XIV., the French Revolution and the Restoration, British parliamentary oratory, our own colonial oratory, congressional and occasional oratory, ending with appreciations of Daniel Webster, Charles Sumner, Wendell Phillips, and George William Curtis.

Of American orators Professor Sears' opinion is high. He says of Daniel Webster: "If impartial judgment could be secured, as it may be in the far future, it is possible that, estimated by absolute standards, he will be considered, all in all, to be the perfected fruit of twenty-four centuries of oratorical culture;" and of the occasional orations of Edward Everett: "As literature they approach nearer the Hellenic standard in form and body than any collection from the days of the Famous Ten to our own." But his estimate of forensic eloquence is discriminative if not equally laudatory, and sufficiently emphasises the solid intellectual and finished aspects of the art to make his work a valuable handbook to Americans aspiring to forensic fame and an adequate offset to the dominant trend of American oratory. Professor Sears' exposition is free and rapid, and his diction not without pleasing rhetorical qualities.

THE MYTHS OF THE NEW WORLD, A Treatise on the Symbolism and Mythology of the Red Race of America. By *Daniel G. Brinton, A. M., M. D., LL. D., D. Sc.*, Professor of American Archaeology and Linguistics in the University of Pennsylvania. Philadelphia: David McKay. 1896. Pp. 360. Price, \$2.00.

Dr. Brinton is one of the foremost of American ethnologists, and particularly has he gained an enviable reputation in the study of aboriginal American languages. All his expositions in the department of American archaeology may therefore be regarded *a priori* as authoritative and competent. His present work, which is now in its third edition, thoroughly revised and brought down to date, is "written more for the thoughtful general reader than the antiquary." It is just such a handbook as one could wish for obtaining a compendious survey of the wonderful work which has been done in recent years towards deciphering the obscure records of the red races of America from the most northern regions to the uttermost extremity of the South American continent. The book is divided into eleven chapters, the first being concerned with "General Considerations of the Red Race." The second, third, and fourth treat of "The Idea of God," "The Sacred Number," and "The Symbols of the Bird and the Serpent." Chapters five, six, and seven deal with the supreme gods of the red race and with the myths of water, fire, and the thunder-storm of the crea-

tion, the Deluge, the epochs of nature, and the Last Day; the eighth, ninth and tenth chapters, of the origin of man, of the soul and its destiny, and of the native priesthood. The concluding chapter deals with the influence of the native religion on the moral and social life of the race. The religion of the red races is particularly emphasised by Dr. Brinton, and on several other points also he has grasped the heart of many questions which are of cardinal importance and generally overlooked.

STUDIES IN THE THOUGHT WORLD, OR PRACTICAL MIND ART. By *Henry Wood*. Boston: Lee & Shepard. 1896. Pp. 269. Price, \$1.25.

Despite the many undoubted and familiar truths which this book contains, its foundations are philosophically lopsided and its logical development mystical and confused. The author's statement that the essays constituting the book are "metaphysical, psychological, and evolutionary in character," is to be interpreted in the light of the fact that they were originally published in such journals as the *Metaphysical Magazine*, *The Arena*, *Universal Truth*, *The Christian Metaphysician*, etc., and their metaphysics, psychology, and evolution bear corresponding earmarks of severity and profundity. Their products are such propositions as the following: "Reality can only be predicated of the unseen and material." "If life and mind are the supreme realities, they, instead of matter, constitute the substance of things." "All truth which is above the plane of the intellect should be accepted, in the measure that it receives the full sanction of the inner 'Guide,' or spiritual intuition of the individual. To aid in and point out the law of the development of the supernal faculty is the writer's earnest desire and effort." The author constantly stultifies his position by appealing to the intellect which he subordinates to mystical intuition, and to the science which he rejects when it is adverse to his spiritistic conclusions. On the basis of the truth involved in philosophical idealism or philosophical spiritualism, he erects a system of the mind and universe which, while antagonising materialism as the source and essence of all evil, is yet tainted to the core by materialism and carries within it attenuated form all the obsolete mechanism of materialism. "Supernal spiritual chemistry," "dynamics of the mind," "conservation of spiritual energy," "the tracing of forces back to the one primal energy, infinite mind," are not a dropping of "crude, childish materialism," and it is self-deception to believe that they are—a self-deception which, so long as it lasts, can only retard the comprehension of the truth.

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WHY CHAMBORD WAS NOT MADE KING OF FRANCE.

BY THEODORE STANTON.

THE National Assembly, which met at Bordeaux in February, 1871, was chosen solely to decide whether the war with Germany should continue or a peace be negotiated. But when the Monarchists found, much to their surprise, that they had some two hundred majority in the body, they then announced that the Assembly enjoyed constituent powers, and that it should not dissolve till they had foisted on France a monarchy in the place of the nondescript republic which then existed.

But these "resurrected" Royalists soon discovered that serious difficulties lay in the way of the accomplishment of their object. In the first place Thiers, the idol of a day, whom they had almost unanimously placed at the head of the state and clothed with well-nigh unlimited powers, began to turn against them, to lean towards the definitive establishment of a conservative republic, and, what was even more alarming, to take over with him to the enemy's camp no mean following from their own.

A second, and not less serious obstacle, was the divided state of the anti-republican majority. Led by three rival princes, all of whom were trying to sit on one throne, as Thiers happily put it, the hostile Orleanist, Legitimist, and Bonapartist contingents presented a very broken front to the common republican enemy. And scrutinising more closely the two grand divisions of the Royalists, still further disunion was apparent. Towards the middle of 1873 four distinct "groups" or factions could be differentiated among them.

On the Royalists' left wing was the Right Centre, which, while conserving its affection for, and fidelity to, the Orleans princes felt that the monarchy could not be and perhaps ought not to be re-established except in the person of the Count of Chambord. But while thus going over to the ultra-conservative grandson of Charles X., these liberal heirs of the July monarchy required of him in return certain constitutional guarantees and the maintenance of the tricolored flag as the national standard. This group was about one hundred and twenty strong.

On the other wing was the Extreme Right, com-

posed of some four score antiquated Ultramontanes, clinging to the old régime of divine right, the hereditary enemies of the French revolution, and the blind followers of the Count of Chambord, ready to go wherever and however he should lead—in a word, more Royalist than the King.

Between these two extremes stood the Moderate Right, who were convinced that a monarchical restoration could be brought about only through mutual concessions on the part of the Extreme Right and the Right Centre, and the union of all Royalists on a common platform. There were about a hundred of these measured and conciliatory deputies who acted as a mollient link between the two rather distrustful and repellent wings of the party.

And lastly there were some forty Monarchists who, for one reason or another, did not care to "train" with any one of the other groups, and so gradually united in a little body known as the Changarnier Reunion, named from the venerable general and deputy who presided over it. Their political views do not seem to have differed from those held by the generality of their congeners of the majority.

When the insurrection of the Paris Commune had been suppressed and the final arrangements been made for the last fragment of the Prussian war indemnity and the removal of the remnant of the German army still quartered on French territory—this had all been accomplished by the autumn of 1873, thanks to Thiers's energy—the majority breathed more freely and felt that they could now turn their serious attention to the object nearest their heart,—the restoration of the monarchy. So it was decided to remove forthwith the two chief barriers in the way,—Thiers in the presidency and the divisions among themselves.

Thiers, who had now declared openly for the Republic, was consequently pushed from power on May 24, 1873, and a tool of the Right, Marshal MacMahon, was put in his place, while the Duke of Broglie, a Monarchist of the Orleanist stripe, became Prime Minister and confidential adviser of the new President.

A few weeks later—in August—a veritable *coup de théâtre* occurred in the direction of the union of the

Royalists,—the Count of Paris, head of the Orleanist branch, went to Frohsdorff, near Vienna, the residence of the Count of Chambord, and acknowledged him as "the sole representative in France of the monarchical principle." The Government, the majority in the Assembly, and the pretenders themselves, were now at one in so far at least as regards the principle of a monarchical restoration and who the monarch should be.

But, as after events showed, the most formidable obstacle—the bringing of the Count of Chambord into line with his supporters—remained to be removed, if removed it could be. And to the history of this part of the enterprise M. Chesnelong's new book¹ is an important and interesting, though a little too tautological, contribution. The author, who is now a distinguished life Senator, was then a Deputy to the National Assembly, where he sat among the members of the Moderate Right. He it was whom the Committee of Nine, of which he was one, made up of representatives from the four Royalist groups and charged with the whole management of the preliminaries of the Restoration, sent to explain to "the future King" the political situation in France, and especially in the Assembly, and to try to bring about an accord between him and his parliamentary supporters. And when the campaign came to an ignominious end a few weeks later because of the absence of such a harmonious understanding, M. Chesnelong was made the scapegoat thereof in many quarters. For nearly a quarter of a century he has borne in silence what he pronounces to be unjust imputations, "a silence," he tells us, "which seemed imposed by respect and duty." But to-day, now that the two chief royal actors in the scene are dead, that "the flag question," which was then such a burning one, has ceased to exist, and, in a word, that monarchy in France appears buried for many years, if not definitely, and the Republic, to use a most expressive slang phrase, "come to stay,"—M. Chesnelong has concluded to speak, and has extracted from his memoirs, written in 1885, all that part which has to do with the monarchical campaign of the summer and autumn of 1873, and published it in the present volume. Although this is evidently an apology *pro domo sua*, still it carries with it such an air of truthfulness, honorability, and exactness that the author wins the sympathy and confidence of the reader, who feels that the book possesses real historical value.

After much careful consideration and more than one compromise, the Committee of Nine finally authorised M. Chesnelong to convey to the pretender a series of propositions. In the first place he was to

be informed that the Assembly would call him to the throne by virtue of his hereditary right, as the only legitimate representative of the national, hereditary, and constitutional monarchy. In the second place, the Assembly, at least the Committee of Nine said so, did not wish to impose on the King, as a condition of his elevation to the throne, a constitution made without his co-operation, but, on the contrary, the future constitutional bills would be laid before the Assembly by the King's Government. The Committee of Nine did not feel any anxiety as to how these two propositions would be received. But they were not so assured concerning the next one.

In order to anticipate the falsehoods which the Committee felt sure would be put in circulation the moment the coming restoration was announced, it was proposed to the Count that a general statement be made concerning the nature of the new monarchy. The public was to be given to understand that the authority would be exercised conjointly by the King and the Chambers; that the former would be charged with the executive power, that his person would be inviolable, and that, as a consequence of royal inviolability and the co-operation of the Chambers in the government, ministerial responsibility would be recognised. The future constitution, it was still further to be declared, would acknowledge the civil and religious liberties of the nation, the equality before the law of all classes of citizens and their free access to every civil and military employment; would stipulate that all taxes should be voted annually by the representatives of the nation, and, in a word, that the guarantees which constitute the public law of France should not be attacked.

These three requests seemed to meet with the Prince's approval; and then M. Chesnelong took up the more difficult part of his mission. The question as to whether the future standard of France under the Restoration should be the tricolor of the Revolution and Empire or the white flag of the old monarchy had nearly wrecked the enterprise in committee before it ever got squarely before the Count of Chambord. The Right Centre at first made it the *sine qua non* of their participation in the campaign that the text of the law of the Assembly calling the Count of Chambord to the throne should stipulate in advance that the then national ensign should be changed in no respect and at no time. And they seemed justified—if justification were needed—in taking this stand by Marshal MacMahon's private communication to the Committee, that he would have nothing to do with the venture if the tricolor were repudiated; and with the President even lukewarm, the most sanguine Royalist knew that a restoration was at that time impossible.

¹ *Un Témoignage sur un Point d'Histoire: La Campagne Monarchique d'Octobre, 1873.*

The Extreme Right, on the other hand, if not so positive in their advocacy of the claims of the white flag as were the Orléanists for the tricolor, shared the antipathy of their Prince against "the banner of the Revolution." A compromise, therefore, was absolutely necessary, and the following resolution was unanimously agreed to by the Committee of Nine: "The tricolored flag is preserved, and it cannot be changed except through the accord of King and Assembly." The first clause satisfied the Right Centre and the last portion the Legitimists; or, rather, as is always the case with compromises, each party was only partially contented, though the former got more—this being an instance of Bismarck's *beati possidentes*—than the latter.

The ingenious advocate of the Committee, in his delicately-worded glossary on the text of the resolution, admitted to the Prince that, while it was true that he would be first greeted, on his entrance into France, by the tricolor, the second clause of the resolution reserved to him the right of presenting to the country, at the hour he should think fit, his own solution of the difficulty. But—and here came the rub—M. Chesnelong trusted the Prince shared the view of the Committee, that the matter once laid before the Assembly by the King both parties would come to a common understanding; otherwise, he pointed out, this flag difference might give rise to a conflict between the executive and legislative branches of the government with all the grave dangers that such a clash would be sure to bring upon a country like France.

On quitting the Prince, after a vigorous presentation of the case, M. Chesnelong flattered himself that the Count of Chambord fully acquiesced in the views of the Committee. But scarcely had the latter reached his private apartments, when he sent word to the former that, while he consented to the two first propositions—the tricolor being left untouched, provisionally at least, and his laying before the nation, when once on the throne, his own solution—he could not accept the third proposition, the King and Assembly agreeing as to what the solution should be—"which," he declared, "would place me, so to speak, at the mercy of the Assembly."

When this message was conveyed to him, M. Chesnelong admits that he was "thunderstruck." "It was plain to me," he continues, "that the Prince, after having at first consented to the third declaration, regretted having done so, changed his mind, and, in a word, would no longer stand by our first understanding. This was a symptom that alarmed me, and I began to ask myself, if, after our departure and when no longer influenced by contact with us, the Prince, left to the workings of his own mind, would

not return to his position of absolute resistance to the whole flag matter and reject the two first declarations as he had just done the third." And this is just what did happen, as the sequel will show.

But if he could prevent it, M. Chesnelong did not mean to let the obstinate Prince blast in this way his own political future and that of his friends. "So after much reflection," he says, "I thought I had discovered a way of restoring the situation." A third interview occurred in the night, just before the Prince started for the Salzburg station where he took the midnight train for Frohsdorff. Although the Count of Chambord could not be moved in his determination not to accept the third declaration, he did consent, at M. Chesnelong's earnest solicitation, not to forbid his followers of the Extreme Right in the Assembly voting for the article of the Committee—"the tricolored flag is preserved and it cannot be changed, except through the accord of King and Assembly,"—it being understood that they could afterwards support the solution proposed by the King.

This modicum was the only concession which M. Chesnelong could obtain, and on parting with the Prince he felt forced to say to him: "I trust that the monarchical campaign can be entered upon, although the ground on which we can manœuvre in common is very narrow, much reduced from what I had hoped it would be, and whose limits it will be difficult not to overstep."

It must strike a cool, foreign observer that the situation was even worse than appeared to this optimistic advocate of a cause dear to his heart; and this on his own showing. The Prince evidently made more than one mental reservation. Throughout the interview there was a continual straining, on the part of M. Chesnelong, of the meaning of the adage "Silence gives consent."

Thus, after having laid before the Prince the constitutional portion of the Committee's programme, M. Chesnelong makes such comments as these: "His assent, though silent, seemed to me so manifest that I made a note of it." "The Prince, without pronouncing a single word of reservation, made me a sign of acquiescence." "The plan of the Committee of Nine was accepted without restriction and even without the least observation. The Prince approved all, or at least opposed nothing." Even M. Chesnelong himself was surprised at the easiness of his task. He says: "The result corresponded with my hopes. I may say it even surpassed them. So when later I had to give my colleagues an account of this part of my negotiation, I could truthfully say: *Je n'avais eu qu'à enfoncer une porte ouverte.*"

When the flag portion of the mission was entered upon, this "policy of silence" was naturally empha-

sised. Thus: "The Prince made no answer, and no sign from him could enable me to make out his impression. From the moment I took up this new line of ideas, his physiognomy was as if enveloped by an impenetrable impassibility." When the direct question was put to him, whether he and the Committee were at one as to the modification of the flag being the joint work of King and Assembly, this was all M. Chesnelong got for an answer: "The Prince remained impassible and did not abandon his silent attitude." And when it was suggested that the solution "should be found in the fusion or in the co-existence of the two flags," "a smile, somewhat veiled with sadness, greeted these words. However, he did not interrupt me." Even not being interrupted carried with it a sort of affirmative significance to the eager ears of M. Chesnelong. One more example: "After a short silence, where I would have welcomed a reply, but which was not forthcoming, I continued my unpleasant *exposé*." And finally, when the second and last interview had been held and M. Chesnelong had returned to some of his impatiently waiting colleagues, he describes himself as "radiant as after an unexpected success. . . . They expressed astonishment that the assent of the Prince had been so complete, and that no reservations were mingled with it. I answered that after the first conversation I indeed did not look for such a good ending, and that I was surprised at it."

And yet, the Count of Chambord could speak out, and very plainly, when he wanted to. But when he did so, M. Chesnelong would not accept his words. Thus, when the scheme of the fusion of the two flags was being developed, M. Chesnelong "noticed a visible expression of discontent spread over the Prince's face," and when the proposal was pressed home, "the Prince interrupted with an accent of gentle firmness, as if speaking to himself: 'I will never accept the tricolor flag.' But I immediately replied with respectful emotion: 'Monseigneur will permit me to consider that I did not hear those words. At least he does not charge me, I think, to convey them to Paris; for if I were to do so, the monarchical campaign would be given over forthwith. I shall forget, therefore, what Monseigneur has just said. He will be kind enough, at the end of our conversation, to convey to me the final reply that I shall have to take back. Whatever it may be, I will faithfully transmit it. But that is the only one I shall feel bound to carry.'" The Prince's answer was: "Very well; but you see what are my real feelings on the subject."

And yet, notwithstanding their vulnerable and rather slippery candidate, the United Right hopefully began to build up its new throne on this bed of sand, and the more optimistic believe that they would have

completed it and the second restoration would have been an accomplished fact in the autumn of 1873, if it had not been for the famous letter of October 27 in which the indignant but narrow Prince put a brusque end to all the quibbling, hair-splitting, and tweezerizing which had been in progress in Parliament and in the press since the campaign began, and which he felt placed him in a wrong light. With one sweep of the pen the Count of Chambord cut the ground from under the feet of his political henchmen and once more firmly placed himself on his native heath,—the old régime, absolutism, the counter-revolution, the white standard of the Bourbons. In a word, the Prince had simply repeated what he had said a few days before to M. Chesnelong at Salzburg: "I will never accept the tricolor flag."

LAO-TSZE'S TAO-TEH-KING.

III. LAO-TSZE'S ETHICS.

UPON his faith in the seasonableness, goodness, and unflinching rightness of the Tao, Lao-Tsze builds his ethical system, trusting that through the Tao the crooked shall be straightened, the imperfect shall be made complete, the lowly shall receive abundance as sure as valleys naturally and without any effort of their own fill themselves with water. But he demands the surrender of personal ambitions and personal strivings. His aim is not to fashion, not to make, not to push or force things, but to let them develop according to their own nature. He who acts a part in the world, as a player does on the stage; he who endeavors to bring about artificial conditions; he who meddles with the natural growth of society, will fail in the end. This is what Lao-Tsze calls *wu-wéi*,¹ or "not acting, not making, not doing," and he assures us that for him who accepts the principle of not acting, "there will be nothing that he will not be able to accomplish."

Lao-Tsze's proposition appears paradoxical, but it is simple enough. He who attempts to alter the nature of things will implicate himself in a struggle in which even the most powerful creature must finally succumb. But he who uses things according to their nature, directing their course, not altering their nature, can do with them whatever he pleases. Build strong walls and heavy dams to prevent the landslide caused by the waters that sink into the ground, and the waters will break through and carry your dam down into the valley; but provide the under-ground water with outlets in the places where it naturally endeavors to flow, and there will be no danger of a catastrophe.

The same is true of the social conditions of man-

¹ See *Williams's Syllabic Dictionary*, pp. 1059 and 1047.

kind. Lao-Tsze requests the government not to govern, but simply to administer. Rulers should not interfere with the natural development of their people. They should practise not-acting, not-meddling, non-interference, or, as the French call it, *laissez faire*,¹ so that the people shall scarcely know that they have rulers. Thus they will make the nation great. The less laws and prohibitions there are, the less crime will there be. The less the welfare of the people is forced by artificial methods, the greater will be their wealth and prosperity.

Lao-Tsze's principle of "not-acting" is obviously not inactivity; it is simply not acting a part; not doing things in an artificial way; it is not forcing the nature of things. It is the utter omission of the peculiar and particular Tao of oneself (i. e., of man's Tao, *zhin tao*) and following the course prescribed by the eternal Tao, *ch'ang tao*. It is, briefly, not "non-action," but "non-assertion."

Chwang-Tsze, Lao-Tsze's most accomplished disciple, characterises non-action as follows:

"Non-action makes one the lord of all glory; non-action makes one the treasury of all plans; non-action makes one the burden of all offices; non-action makes one the lord of all wisdom. The range of the true man's action is inexhaustible, but there is nowhere any trace of his presence. He fulfils all that he has received from Heaven, but he does not see that he was the recipient of anything. A pure vacancy (of his own and private affairs) characterises him. When the perfect man employs his mind, it is a mirror. It conducts nothing and anticipates nothing; it responds, but does not retain. Thus he is able to deal successfully with all things, and injures none."

The ideal of non-action as the basis of ethics in the sense in which Lao-Tsze understands it, is very different from the expressions and moral preachings that the Western people, the energetic children of the North, are accustomed to. Nevertheless, there are remarkable coincidences with Lao-Tsze's ethics not only in Buddhism but also in the Bible and the literature of the Western sages.

The virtue of the Taoist, which is "tranquillity," "quietude," "rest" corresponds to the Biblical injunction: "Rest in the Lord!" (Psalm, 37, 7) and "In quietude shall be your strength!" (Isaiah, 30, 15), or, as the Apostle has it: "We beseech you, brethren, that ye study to be quiet."

This tranquillity, if acquired by all, becomes peace on earth to the men of good-will, and in this sense the ideal of Lao-Tsze's virtuous men is equivalent to the peacemakers to whom Christ promises the inheritance of the earth. The Bible characterises God in words that would have been very congenial to Lao-Tsze. We read:

"He maketh wars to cease unto the end of the earth; he

breaketh the bow and cutteth the spear in sunder; he burneth the chariot in the fire." (Ps. 46, 9.)

And the ethics of this God, who is the ideal of peace on earth, is stillness. The Psalmist continues:

"Be still and know that I am God."

That God should be conceived as non-action was a favorite idea of Philo, the Neo-Platonist, the same who for the first time used the term Logos in the sense in which it was adopted by the author of the Fourth Gospel. Philo calls God *ἀποιος*, the non-actor, not in the sense of being passive but as absolute existence, as the *ὄντως ὄν*. Indeed, "activity is as natural to God as burning is to fire" (*Leg. all.*, I, 3), but God's activity is of a peculiar kind; it is efficiency, not exertion; it is not a particular work that he performs, but an omnipresent effectiveness which Philo finds difficult to characterise without falling a prey to mysticism. Philo was a mystic, and God to him is the Unnamable, the Unspeakable, *ἀκατονόμαστος καὶ ἄρρητος*, which again reminds us of Lao-Tsze's doctrine that the eternal Tao is *wu ming*, "the Nameless."

Stillness, that is to say, self-possessed tranquillity, or quietude of soul is the condition of purity. Anything that agitates the mind disturbs it, for troubled waters cannot be limpid. Chwang-Tsze says:

"Sadness and pleasure show a depraving element in virtue; joy and anger show some error in their course; love and hatred show a failure of their virtue. . . . It is the nature of water, when free from admixture, to be clear; and, when not agitated, to be level; while, if obstructed and not allowed to flow, it cannot preserve its clearness;—being an image of the virtue of Heaven. Hence it is said to be guileless and pure, and free from all admixture; to be still and uniform, without undergoing any change; to be indifferent and not self-asserting; to move and yet to act like Heaven:—this is the way to nourish the spirit."

It is a remarkable coincidence that Tolstoi, who in many respects is similar to Lao-Tsze uses literally the very term *le non-agir*, which in Chinese could only be called *wu wei*. And Tolstoi's conception of non-acting is not passivity, not a total cessation of work, not indolence, but a tranquilisation, *ein sich besinnen*, the attainment of that peace of soul which is the condition of all well directed and properly guided work in life. Tolstoi actually indicts labor not as being activity, but in so far as labor is restlessness. Labor, in his opinion, is no virtue; labor is useless, nay, pernicious, for labor, such as keeps men too busy to leave them time for thought, is the curse of the world. Most of us, says Tolstoi, have not time for the consideration of truth and goodness, because we are rushed. An editor must arrange his journal, the general organises his troops, the engineer constructs an Eiffel tower, men of affairs arrange the World's Fair, the naturalist investigates heredity, philologists must count the frequency of various phrases in certain authors, and no one has leisure enough for a moment of rest; no one

¹The term *laissez faire* has its exact counterpart in the Chinese *wu wei*.

has time for finding that peace of soul which the world cannot give. They do anything except that which they ought to do first.

Yet it is thinking that reforms the world, not working, not laboring. Thought is the rudder that changes the course of the ship of toiling mankind; the energy of the steam that labors in turning the wheels is useful only so long as it is controlled by thought in the right way. For acquiring the right ideal that will guide us in the right direction, says Tolstoi, we need not labor, nor need we exert ourselves, on the contrary, we must abandon all exertion and become calm; if all men would only employ the tenth part of the energy that is wasted on the acquisition of purely material advantages, to settling the questions of their conscience, the world would soon be reformed.

Virtue, according to Lao-Tsze, is simply the imitation of the Tao. The Tao acts, but does not claim; it begets and quickens, but does not own; it directs and arranges, but does not lord.¹ The sage will not make a show of virtue, of benevolence, of justice, of propriety; he will make no pretense of being virtuous, but simply imitate in all things Heaven's Tao.²

The Tao's movement is "homeward or returning" (chapter 16, 40 *et passim*), which reminds us of Isaiah, who says:

"For thus saith the Lord God, the Holy One of Israel; in returning and rest shall ye be saved; in quietness and in confidence shall be your strength: and ye would not.

And the Psalmist says:

"Return unto thy rest, O my soul," 116, 7.

The agreement between the New Testament and Lao-Tsze becomes more surprising still when both insist on the paradox that weakness is strength. Lao-Tsze says:

"The softest overcomes the world's hardest." (Chapter 43.)

"The weak conquer the strong, the tender conquer the rigid." (Chapter 78.)

St. Paul uses the same expression:

"God hath chosen the weak things of the world to confound the things which are mighty." (1 Cor., 1, 27.)

"When I am weak then I am strong." (2 Cor., 12, 10.)

"My (i. e., God's) strength is made perfect in weakness." (1 Th., v. 9.)

As the Tao is the same to all people, so the sage will be the same to all people. He will make no discrimination. He will not repay badness with badness and cunning with cunning. The good he will meet with goodness, and the bad he will meet with goodness. The faithful he will meet with faith, and the faithless he will meet with faith. For the Tao is good, the Tao is faithful. (Chapter 49.)

Since genuine merit can be accomplished only

through non-assertion, the condition of greatness is modesty or lowliness. As the water that benefits all the world seeks always the lowest places, so the sage abhors self-exaltation. As Christ says, "Whosoever shall exalt himself shall be abased," and "he that shall humble himself shall be exalted," so Lao-Tsze compares the Tao of Heaven to a bow (Chapter 77); he says: "It brings down the high and exalts the lowly." Lao-Tsze says that the imperfect will be restored, the crooked shall be straightened, the valleys shall be filled (Chapter 20), which reminds one of the words of Isaiah (40, 4).

Christianity and Buddhism are classified by Schopenhauer as the religions of pessimism, because they recognise the existence of evil in the world from which we must seek salvation, and it is remarkable that in addition to several other similarities the Taoist philosophy would fall under the same category. Chwang-Tsze lets the robber K'í express his view on happiness in these words which apparently voice the author's opinion:

"The greatest longevity man can reach is a hundred years; a medium longevity is eighty years; the lowest longevity is sixty. Take away sickness, pining, bereavement, mourning, anxieties, and calamities, the times when, in any of these, one can open his mouth and laugh, are only four or five days in a month. Heaven and earth have no limit of duration, but the death of man has its (appointed) time."

The world is full of anxiety and misery; and the salvation consists solely in a surrender of that craving for happiness and enjoyment which is in common people the main spring of action. This surrender is attained in *wú-wéi*, or non-assertion, leading to *chên*, truth; to simplicity, *p'òh* or *p'u*; to sincerity, *chih*; to *shùn*, purity. The natural result of Lao-Tsze's philosophy is the ethical ideal of the sage, the saintly man, *shing shün*, or, as later Taoists have it, the true man, *chên shün*.¹ Chwang-Tsze says (Book XV.):

"The human spirit goes forth in all directions, flowing on without limit, reaching to heaven above, and wreathing round the earth beneath. It transforms and nourishes all things, and cannot be represented by any form. Its name is 'Divinity (in man)'. It is only the path of pure simplicity which guards and preserves the Spirit. When this path is preserved and not lost, it becomes one with the Spirit; and in this ethereal amalgamation it acts in harmony with the orderly operation of Heaven.

"There is the vulgar saying, 'The multitude of men consider gain to be the most important thing; pure scholars, fame; those who are wise and able value their ambition; the sage prizes essential purity.' Therefore simplicity is the denomination of that in which there is no admixture; purity of that in which the spirit is not impaired. It is he who can embody simplicity and purity whom we call the True Man." *Sacred Books of the East*, XXXIX., p. 367.

¹ For *Chên*, see p. 13; for *shün*, p. 783; for *shing*, p. 773, and for *chih*, sin cere, p. 68, in *Williams's Syllabic Dictionary*. For *p'u*, plain, see p. 710; its contracted form, *p'òh*, p. 711.—The pronunciation *shing shün*, "the holy man," is old; the modern pronunciation according to Williams is *shing shün*.

An exhaustive description of the true man is given by Chwang-Tsze in Book VI., where we read:

"What is meant by 'the True Man'?"

"The True men of old did not reject (the views of) the few; they did not seek to accomplish (their ends) like heroes (before others); they did not lay plans to attain those ends. Being such, though they might make mistakes, they had no occasion for repentance; though they might succeed, they had no self-complacency. Being such, they could ascend the loftiest heights without fear; they could pass through water without being made wet by it; they could go into fire without being burnt; so it was that by their knowledge they ascended to and reached the Tao.

"The True men of old did not dream when they slept, had no anxiety when they awoke, and did not care that their food should be pleasant. Their breathing came deep and silently.

"When men are defeated in argument, their words come from their gullets as if they were vomiting. Where lusts and desires are deep, the springs of the Heavenly are shallow.

"The True men of old knew nothing of the love of life or of the hatred of death. Entrance into life occasioned them no joy; the exit from it awakened no resistance. Composedly they went and came. They did not forget what their beginning had been, and they did not inquire into what their end would be. They accepted their lot and rejoiced in it; they forgot fear of death and returned to their state before life. Thus there was in them what is called the want of any mind to resist the Tao, and of all attempts by means of the Human to assist the Heavenly. Such were they who are called the True men.

"The True men of old presented the aspect of judging others aright, but without being partisans; of feeling their own insufficiency, but being without flattery or cringing. Their peculiarities were natural to them, but they were not obstinately attached to them; their humility was evident, but there was nothing of unreality or display about it." *Ibid.*, p. 237, 238, 240.

Lao-Tsze declares that the true man is not hurt by fire or water, and that he need not fear either the rhinoceros or tiger, which is explained by Chwang-Tsze in Book XVII.:

"Fire cannot burn him who is perfect in virtue, nor water drown him; neither cold nor heat can affect him injuriously; neither bird nor beast can hurt him. This does not mean that he is indifferent to these things; it means that he discriminates between where he may safely rest and where he will be in peril; that he is tranquil equally in calamity and happiness; that he is careful what he avoids and what he approaches;—so that nothing can injure him. Hence it is said: 'What is heavenly is internal; what is human is external.'

"Virtue is in what is heavenly. If you know the operation of what is heavenly and what is human, you will have your root in what is heavenly and your position in virtue." *Ibid.*, p. 383.

The sage is above death; he is one with the Tao:

"Death and life are great considerations, but they could work no change in him. Though heaven and earth were to be overturned and fall, they would occasion him no loss. His judgment is fixed on that in which there is no element of falsehood; and, while other things change, he changes not. The transformations of things are to him the developments prescribed for them, and he keeps fast hold of the author of them."

It was natural that in the course of the further development of the Taoist movement the old philosopher was more and more regarded as *the* true man, beside whom all the others were mere aspirants for saintli-

ness. His life was adorned with tales which are strong imitations of Buddhist legends, and he became the central figure of a triune deity called the Three Pure Ones, which are even in appearance very similar to the Buddhist Trinity of the Buddha, the Dharma, and the Sangha.

MARTIN LUTHER.¹

BY GUSTAV FREYTAG.

[CONTINUED.]

A LETTER OF LUTHER TO THE PRINCE-ELECTOR OF SAXONY.

To let Luther speak for himself we publish here a letter to the Prince-Elector Frederick the Wise, written in those days in which Luther had his whole strength most powerfully concentrated. The prudent Prince had ordered him to remain at the Wartburg, as he could not protect him at Wittenberg, for the angry Duke of Saxony, his cousin, would at once insist upon executing the sentence against the outlawed Luther. Luther wrote thus to his sovereign:

"Most serene and august Prince-Elector, most gracious Lord:—Your Princely Grace's writing and gracious warning reached me Friday evening, when I meant to ride away Sunday morning. That your Princely Grace has the very best intentions, requires neither proof nor witness for me, for I hold myself convinced thereof as far as human knowledge goes.

"But in my affair, most gracious lord, I answer thus: Your Princely Grace knows, or, if you do not know, I herewith make known to you, that I have the Gospel, not from men, but alone from Heaven, through our Lord Jesus Christ, so that I could well have praised and written myself a servant and evangelist, which I mean to do from this time forward. That I offered myself for hearing and judgment, however, was done not because I doubted the truth, but from excessive humility, to win over the others. I have done enough for your Princely Grace by having vacated my place this year to please your Princely Grace. For the Devil knows very well that I did it through no fear. He saw my heart well when I arrived at Worms, for had I known that as many devils were in wait for me as there are tiles on the roofs, I should still have leaped among them with joy.

"Now, Duke George is very unlike even to a single devil. And since the Father of inscrutable mercy has by the Gospel made us joyful masters over all devils and death and has given us the wealth of confidence that we may say to him, 'Dearly beloved Father,' your Princely Grace may yourself conjecture that it would be the highest disgrace to such a Father if we did not have confidence in Him that we are also masters of Duke George's wrath. As for myself, I know well I would ride right into his Leipsic—your Princely Grace

¹ Translated by H. E. O. Heinemann.

will pardon my foolish speech—though it should, for nine days, rain only Dukes George, and each one was nine times as furious as this one. He thinks my Master Christ a man wadded together of straw, which this my master and myself may well suffer for a while. But I will not conceal from your Princely Grace that I have prayed and wept for Duke George not once but very often that God might enlighten him. I will pray and weep once more, afterwards nevermore. And I beg your Princely Grace will also help and have prayers said that we may turn from him the misfortune which, O Lord God! is moving upon him without intermission. I might strangle Duke George quickly with a word if that would end the matter.

"This is written to your Princely Grace in the thought that you know that I am coming to Wittenberg under much higher protection than that of the Prince-Elector. Nor is it in my mind to require protection from your Princely Grace. Nay, I deem I could protect your Princely Grace more than you could protect me. Even if I knew your Princely Grace could and would protect me, I should not come; in this matter no sword can either counsel or help; God must here work alone without any human assistance. Hence, he who believes best will here protect best.

"Since, then, I feel that your Princely Grace is still very weak in the faith, I can nowise regard your Princely Grace as the man who could protect or save me.

"Since your Princely Grace desires to know what to do in this matter, particularly as you think you have done far too little, I answer most humbly your Princely Grace has already done entirely too much and ought to do nothing. For God will not and cannot suffer your care and action or mine. He wants it left to Himself and none other. Your Princely Grace may govern yourself accordingly.

"If your Princely Grace believe this, you will be secure and have peace; if you do not believe, still I believe and must allow the lack of faith of your Princely Grace to torment itself with that care which all who lack faith justly suffer. Since, then, I will not follow your Princely Grace, you will be excused before God should I be captured or killed. Before men your Princely Grace should conduct yourself in this wise. As a prince-electors you should be obedient to authority and allow imperial majesty to do in your cities and lands in regard to life and property as is proper according to the laws of the empire, and must not defend yourself or resist, nor seek opposition or any obstacle against that power should it want to take or kill me. For no one shall break that power but He alone that instituted it, otherwise it is rebellious and is against God. I hope, however, they will use reason and understand that your Princely Grace was

born in too lofty a cradle to become my jailor. If your Princely Grace leave the gate open and observe the safe-conduct of the Prince-Elector, if the enemies themselves come to fetch me, or their emissaries, your Princely Grace will have done enough to satisfy obedience. They cannot require more of your Princely Grace than that they want to learn of the whereabouts of Luther from your Princely Grace. And that they shall have without care, labor, or danger to your Princely Grace. For Christ did not teach me to be a Christian to the injury of another. Should they be so unreasonable, however, as to order that your Princely Grace yourself lay hands on me, I shall then tell you what is to be done. I will secure your Princely Grace from injury and danger of body, goods, and soul in my cause, whether your Princely Grace believe this or not.

"So I commend your Princely Grace to the mercy of God; we will discuss further measures when it becomes necessary. For I have made this writing ready hurriedly that your Princely Grace may not be seized with sadness at the rumor of my arrival, for I must and shall become a solace to all and not an injury if I would be a true Christian. He is another than Duke George with Whom I am treating; He knows me quite well, and I know Him not ill. If your Princely Grace had faith you would see the glory of God. But because you do not yet believe, you have not yet seen anything. God be loved and praised forevermore. Amen.

"Given at Borna, in presence of the guide on Ash Wednesday, A. D. 1522.

"Your Princely Grace's humble servant

"MARTIN LUTHER."

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

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NIRVANA.¹

A Story of Buddhist Psychology.

PREAMBLE.

WHEN Buddha, the Blessed One, the Tathâgata, the great sage of the Sâkyâ tribe, was still walking on earth, the news spread over all the valley of the holy Ganga, and every man greeted his friend joyfully and said: "Hast thou heard the good tidings that the Enlightened One, the Perfect One, the holy teacher of gods and men, has appeared in the flesh and is walking among us? I have seen him and have taken refuge in his doctrine; go thou also and see him in his glory. His countenance is beautiful like the rising sun; he is tall and strong like the young lion who has left his den; and when he openeth his mouth to preach, his words are like music, and all those who listen to his sermon believe in him. The kings of Magadha, of Kôsala, and of many other countries have heard his voice, have received him, and confess themselves his disciples. And the Blessed Buddha teaches that life is suffering, but he knows both the cause of, and the escape from, suffering, and points out to his disciples that Nirvâna can be obtained by walking in the noble path of righteousness."

SUDATTA, THE BRAHMAN YOUTH, AT THE PLOW.

Avanti was a village near Kuduraghara, in the south of Magadha, situated on a hill; and in the fields of Avanti there was a tall Brahman youth, by name Sudatta, plowing the grounds of Subhûti, called by the people Mahâ-Subhûti because he was wealthy and the king had appointed him chief of the village, to be a judge in all cases of law, both for the decision of litigations and the punishment of crimes.

Sudatta, while driving the draught-oxen, was merrily singing. He had good reason to be full of joy, for Mahâ-Subhûti, the chief, had chosen him as son-in-law, and when, according to an old custom, the youth offered four clods to the maiden, one containing seeds, one ingredients from the cow-stable, one dust

from an altar, and one earth taken from the cemetery, she had not touched the clod taken from a cemetery, which would have been an evil omen, but chose the clod containing dust from an altar, indicating thereby that her descendants would be distinguished priests and sacrificers. This was in Sudatta's opinion the noblest and most desirable fate. Rich harvests and prosperity in the raising of cattle was a great blessing, but what are all worldly possessions in comparison to the bliss of religion! It was this idea that made Sudatta sing, and he was happy, so very happy,—like Indra, the strong god, when intoxicated with the sweet juices of sôma.

Suddenly the plow struck the lair of a hare, and the hare jumped up to flee, but turned anxiously back to look after her brood. Sudatta raised the stick with which he goaded his oxen, chased the hare and sought to kill her, and would have accomplished his purpose had he not been interrupted by the voice of a man that passed by on the highroad, calling out: "Hello, friend! What wrong has that poor creature done?" Sudatta stopped in his pursuit and said: "The hare has done no wrong, except that she lives in the fields of my master."

The stranger was a man of serene appearance, and his shaven head indicated that he was a samana, a monk, who had gone into homelessness for the sake of salvation. It was Anuruddha, a disciple of the Blessed One. Seeing the plowman's noble frankness and the beauty of his appearance, he saluted him, and, as if trying to excuse the lad's conduct, the samana began: "You probably need the hare's flesh for meat."

"O, no!" replied the boy, "the flesh is not fit to eat in the breeding season. I chased the hare for sheer sport. Hares are quick, and there are but few boys who can outrun them."

"My dear friend," continued Anuruddha, "how would you like it, if some big giant deprived you of your children and hunted you to death, as you intended to do unto this poor hare?"

"I would fight him," replied Sudatta eagerly, "I would fight him, though he might kill me."

"You are a brave boy," rejoined the samana, "but suppose the giant killed all your beloved ones,

¹The names and terms which occur in this little tale are as a rule transcriptions from the Pâli, exceptions being made only with such words as have in their Sanskrit forms become naturalised in the English language, for instance, Nirvâna, Dharma, Karma, etc., which are better known than their analogous Pâli forms Nibbâna, Dhamma, Kamma.

your father and mother, your wife and children, and left you alive, mocking at your misery."

The youth stood abashed. He had never troubled his mind with such thoughts. He had never considered that there was misery in the world. He had never cared for creatures weaker than himself, and would not have hesitated, for the sake of mere amusement, to inflict pain on others. He was noble-minded and ambitious, and eager to dare and to do, and to excel, yet in one thing he was wanting.

Anuruddha thought to himself: "This youth is noble-minded, but ill-advised. Should he remain uninstructed, his uncontrolled energy would do great harm. Would that he understood the religion of the Tathâgata, which is glorious in the letter and glorious in the spirit, true in its foundations, radiant as sunlight in its doctrines, and lofty in its practical applications. His manliness and courage, that otherwise would go to waste, might be turned to accomplish great things." And he addressed Sudatta and said: "Do you not know, friend, the words of the Tathâgata on behavior toward animals? The Tathâgata said:

"Suffuse the world with friendliness.
Let creatures all, both strong and weak,
See nothing that will bode them harm,
And they will learn the ways of peace."¹

"This hare, like all other creatures in the world, is possessed of sentiments such as you have. They are subject to pain, old age, and death. We are all kin and in the same predicament. You were not always strong and healthy. Years ago you were a tiny and helpless baby, and would not have lived but for the tender care of your loving mother and the protection of your dear father. You think of the present and forget both your past and your future. As you no longer remember the time of your suckling days, and know nothing about your fate when you were safely sheltered in the womb of your mother, so you do not remember your former existences in which your soul developed in a gradual evolution to its present condition."

"Venerable man," said the youth, you are a good teacher and I am willing to learn."

The samana continued: "Even the Tathâgata, our Lord, passed through all the stages of life in regular succession. By thoughts of truth, by self-control, and deeds of kindness he so fashioned his heart that he rose in the scale of beings until he became the Enlightened One, the perfect and Holy Buddha, when he attained to Nirvâna. Æons ago he was a worm crawling in the soil of the earth. As a fish he swam in the ocean, as a bird he lived in the branches of

trees and according to his deeds he passed from one form of existence to another; and it is said that he was a hare, too, eking out a precarious existence in the fields. Did you never hear the tale?"

"No, never!" replied the youth, "tell me the story."

THE STORY OF THE HARE.

Anuruddha began:

"So I have heard: Bôdhisatta once lived as a hare in the fields of a great and plain country, and the hares waxed so numerous that food became scarce and they became a plague to the country.

"Then the thought occurred to Bôdhisatta while he was a hare: the times are hard and the people suffer from want of rice and wheat. They will rise in anger and slay all the hares that live in this country, and I, too, will have to die. Could I not do a noble deed lest in this present incarnation of mine I live in vain? I am a weak creature and my life is useless unless I can contribute something, be it ever so little, toward the advance of enlightenment, for through enlightenment alone the bliss of the deathless Nirvâna is attained. Let me seek Nirvâna. There is in this world such a thing as efficacy of virtue; there is efficacy of truth. Buddhahood is possible, and those who have attained Buddhahood by the wisdom of earnest thought and good deeds will show to others the path of salvation. The Buddhas' hearts are full of truth and compassion, of mercy and long suffering. Their hearts reach out in equal love to all beings that live. I will imitate them, and I will more and more become like them. The truth is one and there is but one eternal and true faith. It behooves me, therefore, in my meditation on the Buddhas, and relying on the faith that is in me, to perform an act of truth that will advance goodness and alleviate suffering.

"And Bôdhisatta approached his brother hares and preached to them; but they would not listen to his words. They said: 'Go, thou, Brother Bôdhisatta, and perform a noble deed; go thou, and sacrifice thyself for the truth; die that others may live and take your chance of being reborn in a higher and better incarnation. But do not inconvenience us with your sermons. We love life and prefer the happiness which we enjoy, and which is real, to the spread of truth, the bliss of which is a mere assumption. There is plenty of maize and wheat and rice and all kinds of sweet fruits in the fields left for us to eat. You need not worry about us. Everybody must look out for himself.'

"Now, there was a Brahman who had retired into the woods for the sake of meditating on the attainment of Nirvâna. And the Brahman suffered severely

¹See *Chutta Vagga*, V., 6; compare C. H. Warren, *Buddhism in Translations*, pp. 302-303.

from hunger and cold. He had lit a fire to keep himself warm after a chilly shower; and stretching his hands over the fire he bewailed his lot, saying: "I shall die before I have finished my meditation, for I must starve for lack of food."

"Bôdhisatta, seeing the worthy man in need, said to himself: 'This Brahman shall not die, for his wisdom may still be as a lamp to many others who grope in darkness. I will offer myself as food to him.'

"With these thoughts in his heart, Bôdhisatta jumped into the fire and rescued the Brahman from starvation.

"Soon afterwards the people of the country, in fear of a famine, prepared a great hunt. They set out all of them, on one and the same day, and drove the hares into a narrow enclosure. There they killed them, and in one day more than a hundred thousand died under the clubs of the hunters."

* * *

When Anuruddha had finished the story of the hare he said to Sudatta: "To live means to die. No creature that breathes the breath of life can escape death. All things that are compound will be dissolved again, and nothing can escape dissolution. But good deeds do not die. They abide forever. This is the gist of the Abidharma. He who dares to surrender to death that which belongs to death, will live on and will finally attain to the blessed state of Nirvâna."

"Venerable man," said Sudatta, "the noble Sâkyamuni of whom you learned the doctrine that you proclaim seems to be a great master; yet he will not be honored in our village Avanti, for we are all good orthodox Brahmans, and there is not one follower of the Buddha among us. Nevertheless, I must not conceal from you that there is one man in Avanti who speaks highly of Sâkyamuni. It is Mahâ-Subhûti, a friend of King Bimbisâra, the judge and chief of Avanti. If you enter the village go to him and he will receive you. Not that he is a follower of the Buddha, but a friend of his by personal attachment, for he has met Gotama at the King's court and he says: 'Should Brahma, the god, ever descend upon earth he would appear like Gotama; for surely Brahma could not look more majestic, nor more divine than the noble Sâkyamuni.' When you meet Subhûti, the chief, greet him in my name, in the name of Sudatta, the son of Rôja, and he will invite you to witness the marriage of his daughter, which shall take place to-morrow. Go then to the house of Mahâ-Subhûti, and there I shall meet you, for I am the man to whom his daughter is betrothed."

BEGGING FOR ALMS.

When Anuruddha entered Avanti, the Brahman village on the precipice near Kûduraghara, he hesitated a moment and thought to himself: "What shall

I do? Shall I go to Mahâ-Subhûti, or shall I go from house to house according to the rules of the order of samanas?" And he decided: "The rule must be followed. I will not go to Mahâ-Subhûti, but will go from house to house."

With gait erect and eyes cast down, holding his bowl in his left hand, the samana placed himself in front of the first house, patiently waiting for alms. As no one appeared at the door, the slender figure moved on. Many refused to give him anything, sending him away with angry words. Even those who offered him a small portion of rice called him a heretic; but as he was free from desire as to his personal concerns, he blessed the donors; and, when seeing that he had enough to satisfy the needs of the body, he turned back to eat his modest meal under the green trees of the forest. While crossing the square of the village, a dignified Brahman appeared in the door of the town hall, who, after a searching glance at the stranger stopped him and asked: "Art thou a disciple of the Blessed One, the Holy Buddha?"

"I am Anuruddha, a disciple of the Blessed One," replied the samana.

"Well, well," said the Brahman, "I should know you, for I have met the Blessed One at Râjagaha, and he spoke with admiration of Anuruddha as a master in metaphysics and a philosopher who has grasped the doctrine of the Tathâgata. If you are Anuruddha indeed, the same Anuruddha whose wisdom the Blessed One has praised, I welcome you to my house. Do me the honor, O venerable samana, of staying with me at my house; deign to take your meal at my residence. And I shall be glad if you will grace with your presence the marriage of my daughter, which will take place to-morrow."

"Allow me, O chief of Avanti," replied the samana, "to eat my meal in the forest, and to-morrow I shall come and witness the marriage of your daughter."

"Be it so!" said Subhûti. "You will be welcome whenever you come."

THE WEDDING.

Subhûti's mansion was decorated with flags and garlands, and a bridal reception-hut was built of bamboo in the courtyard over the fireplace. The inhabitants of Avanti were waiting at the door to watch the procession.

Sudatta, the groom, appeared in festive parade with his friends and approached reverently the father of the bride. The venerable Brahman chief received the young man cordially and led him to the family altar in the presence of his wife, the bride's mother, and his only son Kâchâyana. There he offered to the groom the honey drink, and presented to his daughter the bridal gown with a costly head ornament and a

necklace of jewels. Addressing the groom he said: "It behooves a Brahman father to select as husband for his daughter, a Brahman maiden of pure caste, a Brahman youth, the legitimate son of Brahman parents, and to marry the couple according to the Brahma-rite. I have chosen thee, O Sudatta, for thou art worthy of the bride. Thou art of Brahman caste, thy bones, thy knees, thy neck, thy shoulders are strong. The hair of thy head is full, thy skin is white, thy gait is erect, and thy voice is clear. Thou art well versed in the Vêda and of good conduct. Thy parents are respected in the village, and I am confident that you will fulfil all the duties of a good husband. My daughter shall be thy lawful wife, loyal in adversity as well as in good fortune, and may thy children and thy children's children that shall be born to you be worthy of their ancestors in the line of either parent. The bride is ready in her bridal garments. Receive her and perform the duties of life in unison."

The sacrifices were properly performed according to the traditions of the country, and while the highest priest of the village recited the Mantra, the father of the bride poured out the water libation. The groom seized the maiden's hand, and she stepped upon the stone of firmness. Then the young couple performed the ceremony of the circumambulation of the altar in seven steps, indicating that they would forthwith be partners in life and meet all changes of fate, be they good or evil, in unison.

Thereupon the married couple, preceded by the best man of the groom, Kâchâyana, the bride's brother, the bridesmaids, and all the guests, started for the groom's house, the future home of the bride. Fire from the altar on which the burnt-offerings had been made was carried in an iron pan by a priest who followed the bridal carriage.

While the bridal procession was passing through the street, the people hailed the bride and threw hands full of rice over her with invocations and blessings. At Sudatta's residence, the groom carried the bride over the threshold. The new hearth fire was lit with the flames of the bridal altar, and when the prescribed sacrifice was made, the young couple circumambulated the holy fire of Agni three times. Then they sat down on the red cowhide spread out before them, and a little boy, a relative of the family, was placed in the bride's lap, while the brother of the groom's deceased father, a venerable old priest, prayed over her: "May Agni, who blazes forth with hallowed flame upon the hearth of the house, protect you! May thy children prosper and see the fulness of their days! Be thou blessed, O worthy maiden, in thy bridal beauty as a mother of healthy children, and mayest thou behold the happy faces of vigorous sons!"

Then the groom gave a handful of roasted barley to the bride and said: "May Agni bestow blessings upon the union of our hands and hearts!" P. C.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

MARTIN LUTHER.¹

BY GUSTAV FREYTAG.

[CONTINUED.]

STRUGGLES WITH THE DEVIL.

As God was the source of all that was good, so to Luther the Devil was the cause of all that was noxious and evil. Luther came from a cottage in which there was still felt, as in the ancient times, the awful presence of the spirits of the pine forests and the sombre cleft of the earth which was held to give access to the veins of metal in the mountains. Surely the imagination of the boy was often engaged with obscure traditions of ancient heathen beliefs. He was accustomed to feel supernatural powers in the terrors of nature as in the lives of men. When he turned monk these recollections of childhood darkened into the Biblical idea of the Devil, but the busy tempter who lurked everywhere in the life of man always retained, in Luther's belief, somewhat of the nature of the spirits of ancient Teutonic heathendom.

In Luther's Table Talks, which were taken down by his companions, the Devil causes the dangerous storms, while an angel produces the pleasant winds, even as in ancient Teutonic belief a giant eagle sat at the boundary of the world and caused the winds by flapping his wings. Or, he sits under a bridge in the form of a nixie and draws girls into the water whom he forces into marriage. He serves in the convent as a domestic sprite, blows the fire into a blaze as a goblin, as a dwarf he puts his changelings into the cradles of man, as a nightmare he misleads the sleepers to climb the roof, and as a noisy hobgoblin tumbles things around in the rooms. By this last thing he particularly disturbed Luther several times.

The ink spot in the Wartburg is not sufficiently authenticated, but Luther did tell of a disagreeable noise which Satan made at that place by night with a bag of hazel nuts.

In the monastery at Wittenberg, also, when Luther studied in the refectory at night the Devil kept up a noise in the church hall below him until Luther packed up his books and went to bed. Afterwards he was vexed because he did not defy the "buffoon."

He did not care much about this kind of devilry. He called those which manifested themselves in such a way bad devils. He held that there were innumerable devils. "Not all of them little devils, but there are land devils and devil princes who are experienced and have practised for a very long time, over five

¹ Translated by H. E. O. Heinemann.

thousand years, and have become most shrewd and cunning." "We," he said, "have the big devils, who are doctors of divinity; the Turks and papists have bad and petty devils, who are not theological but juridical devils." Everything bad on earth, all diseases, came from them.

Luther had a strong suspicion that the dizziness which troubled him for a long time was not natural. As to fires, "wherever a fire blazes up, there is always a little devil who blows into the flame. Failure of crops and war—"and if God had not given us the dear holy angels for guardians and arquebusiers who are drawn up about us like a bulwark of waggons, it would soon be all over with us."

Being quick to picture characteristic things in detail, he knew that the Devil was haughty and could not bear to be treated with contempt. He therefore often gave the advice to drive him off by ridicule and mocking questions. Satan was also a mournful spirit and could not tolerate cheerful music.

The most terrible work of the Devil, according to Luther, was that which he did within the human soul. There he inspired not only impure thoughts, but also doubt, melancholy, and sadness. All that he uttered so firmly and cheerfully first weighed with fearful force on Luther's sensitive conscience. At night, especially, when he awoke, the Devil stood sneering at his couch and whispered terrifying things to him, and his mind struggled for liberty, often in vain, for a long time. And it is remarkable how this son of the sixteenth century proceeded in such internal struggles. Sometimes a certain gesture by which in those days both prince and peasant expressed sovereign contempt helped where nothing else would help. But his rising good humor did not always set him free. Every new research into the Scripture, every important sermon on a new subject threw him into fresh struggles of conscience. At such times he would become so excited that his mind was incapable of methodical thought, and he would live in fear for days at a time. While the question of monks and nuns occupied him, he found a passage in the Bible which, as he thought in his excitement, proved him in the wrong. His heart sank in his bosom; he was almost strangled by the Devil. Bugenhagen happening to visit him, Luther led him out into the hallway and showed him the threatening passage. And Bugenhagen, probably himself infected by the hasty manner of his friend, also began to doubt, without suspecting the torments which Luther suffered. Then, for the first time, Luther became frightened. A terrible night passed. Next morning Bugenhagen entered once more. "I am very angry," he said, "I have just examined the text carefully, and find the passage has altogether a different meaning." "And it is true," Luther related

later, "it was a ridiculous argument. Yes, ridiculous for him who is in possession of his senses and not in temptation."

He often complained to his friends of the terrors of these struggles which the Devil caused him. "He never was so fearful and angry from the beginning as he is now at the end of the world. I feel him very plainly. He sleeps closer to me than my Katie—that is, he gives me more unrest than she does joy."

Luther did not weary of calling the Pope the Antichrist, and the papal practices devilish. But upon closer examination there will be discovered, even back of this hatred of the Devil, that indelible piety in which the loyal soul of the man was bound to the old Church. What became scruples to him were often only pious recollections from the time of his youth, which stood in violent opposition to the changes he had undergone as a man.

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

TAOISM.

TAOISM is at present a religion of China, but it is not the only religion; it is one of the three great religions that are officially recognised. Besides Taoism, there is Buddhism and Confucianism. There is a rivalry between Buddhism and Taoism, for Buddhism and Taoism present many similarities; but between Taoism and Confucianism there has obtained since olden times an outspoken antagonism, for Lao-Tsze's philosophy stands in strong contrast to the Confucian view of life. We do not speak now of the objections which educated Chinese scholars who hold high offices in the State have to the superstitions that obtain among the less educated Taoist priesthood and also against the religious frauds that are frequently practised in the name of Taoism. We simply speak of the antagonism that obtains between the two sages and their moral maxims.

While Lao-Tsze endeavored to reform the heart of the people without moralising or fussing, and leave all externalities to fate, Confucius proposed to teach propriety. If the people would only observe the necessary rules and ceremonies prescribed by piety and good manners, he expected that all human relations would adjust themselves, and the heart would be reformed by a reform of the habits of life. While Lao-Tsze was self-reliant and almost solitary in his way of thinking,¹ Confucius sought the favor of kings and princes. While Lao-Tsze stood up for natural spontaneity and independence, Confucius represented paternalism. While Lao-Tsze was an anarchist, not in the sense of being against kings, but against governing, Confucius was a monarchist and a regulator of affairs in their details. The Confucian panacea con-

¹ Chapter 20 is a pathetic description of Lao-Tsze's isolation.

sisted in extending the government into the very heart of families and the private affairs of the people. Lao-Tsze with all his clearness of thought had a mystic inclination. He wanted wisdom, not scholarship; Confucius wanted scholarship first and intended to gain wisdom by learning; Lao-Tsze wanted simplicity of heart, not decorum; Confucius expected to affect the heart by the proper decorum; Lao-Tsze wanted goodness raised in freedom; Confucius preferred conscious deportment, the product of artificial schooling.

Under such conditions it was natural that there could be but little sympathy between these two men, the two greatest leaders of Chinese civilisation, who happened to be contemporaries.

The Taoist writings are full of ridicule of Confucius and of Confucian scholars who down to the present day fill the offices of the Chinese government; for China is a country ruled by literati. As the best instances of Taoistic satires we mention the stories of the madman of Ch'u who rebukes Confucius for his ostentatious manners, of an old fisherman who lectures him on simplicity, and of the robber Chih who criticises his views of ethics.¹ The last-mentioned story seems of sufficient interest to deserve a few further remarks. To be brave and courageous and to be a leader of men in battle is, according to Confucius, the lowest virtue, while offering sacrifices to one's ancestors is the greatest merit one can accomplish. The robber Chih rejects the views of Confucius as the arbitrary opinion of an arrogant hypocrite whose lack of success in life proves his inability; and he explains to him that neither he, Confucius himself, nor any one of the old heroes admired by him, were truly virtuous men.

Chwang-Tsze claims that the proper method or manner of procedure in life cannot be laid down in general rules, such as Confucius propounds, but that every creature has its own nature, and every business has its own principles. He only who applies them as suits the peculiar conditions of each case can be successful. He looks upon the virtuous and unvirtuous man of Confucian ethics as an artificial distinction which has no value and is rather a hindrance in real life; at least one prince who followed his maxims lost throne and life. As to principles, however, even robbers must adopt them in order to be successful. Says Chwang-Tsze:

"What profession is there which has not its principles? That the robber in his recklessness comes to the conclusion that there are valuable deposits in an apartment shows his sagacity; that he is the first to enter it shows his bravery; that he is the last to quit it shows his righteousness; that he knows whether (the robbery) may be attempted or not shows his wisdom; and that he makes a division of the plunder shows his benevolence. Without all these five qualities no one in the world has ever succeeded in becoming

a great robber. Looking at the subject in this way, we see that good men do not arise without having the principles of sages, and that Chih could not have pursued his course without the same principles. But the good men in the world are few, and those who are not good are many;—it follows that the scholars (viz., the Confucian literati) benefit the world in a few instances and injure it in many."

* * *

LAO-TSZE is commonly called the founder of Taoism, but this is a very doubtful statement, for on the one hand, there appears to have been Taoism before Lao-Tsze, and, on the other hand, Lao-Tsze's philosophy is too lofty to be identified with the Taoism which at the present day is practised in the innumerable temples of modern Taoism. The Taoists claim Lao-Tsze as the revealer of the Tao, the divine Reason, but apparently there are few Taoist priests who are at all able to grasp the significance of the Tao-Teh-King. Lao-Tsze is to the Taoists what Christ is to the Christians and Buddha to the Buddhists; but if he came unto his own, there can be no question about it that many of those who are in charge of his temples would not know him, neither would they receive him.

There is no place in China but has one or more Taoist temples, and at the head of all of them stands the Taoist pope, the vicegerent of God on earth. Professor Legge says:

"Taoism came into prominence under the government of the Han dynasty, and it is recorded that the Emperor Ching (156-143 B. C.) issued an imperial decree that Lao-Tsze's book on the Tao and the Teh, on Reason and Virtue, should be respected as a canonical book or *King*, hence its title *Tao-Teh-King*."

Among the Taoist literature, the books of Chwang-Tsze are the most philosophical, while the Book of Rewards and Punishments (*Kan-Ying-Peen*) and the Book of Secret Blessings (*Yin-Chih-Wan*) are the most popular. Chwang-Tsze's writings are a noteworthy monument of deep thought in elegant form, and the two other works are stories which bring home to the reader the moral maxims of charitableness, piety, universal kindness, and other virtues.

When Buddhism was introduced into China, the Taoists invented legends to prove that Lao-Tsze had been the teacher of Buddha, and the Buddhists reciprocated by inventing other legends to prove that Buddha had been the teacher of Lao-Tsze. In order to make these claims good they had, however, to alter their chronology, and this is the reason why Buddha's life dates considerably further back according to the Northern traditions than is warranted by the original historical records.

Later Taoists became engaged in the search for the elixir of life, the transmutation of baser metals into gold, and similar aberrations. They were sometimes persecuted by the government, sometimes protected, but they always remained a great power in

¹ *Sacred Books of the East*, XXXIX., p. 221 ff.; XL., pp. 166 ff., and 192 ff.

China on account of the belief of the common people, who never failed to employ and support Taoist priests as soothsayers and astrologers.

When in 208 B. C. the founder of the Han dynasty, Lin Pang, then still the Duke of Pei, took possession of the Empire, he was greatly aided by Chang Liang, who opposed the last successors of the Ts'in dynasty; but when peace was restored Chang-Liang refused to accept any rewards and withdrew, devoting himself to the study of Taoism. A descendant of this hero in the eighth generation became the patron of the Taoist sect. Mayer (in his *Chinese Reader's Manual*, I., No. 35) says about him:

"He is reputed as having been born at T'ien Muh Shan, in the modern province of Chekiang, and is said at the age of seven to have already mastered the writings of Lao-Tsze and the most recondite treatises relating to the philosophy of divination. Devoting himself wholly to study and meditation, he steadfastly declined the offers made him by the Emperors Ho Ti and Chang Ti, who wished to attract him into the service of the State. The latter sovereign ennobled him, from respect for his attainments. Retiring to seclusion in the mountain fastnesses of Western China, he devoted himself there to the study of alchemy and to cultivating the virtues of purity and mental abstraction. His search for the elixir of life was successful, thanks to the instruction conveyed in a mystic treatise supernaturally received from the hands of Lao-Tsze himself. The later years of the mystic's earthly experience were spent at the mountain called Lung Hu Shan in Kiangsi, and it was here that, at the age of 123, after compounding and swallowing the grand elixir, he ascended to the heavens to enjoy the bliss of immortality. Before taking leave of earth, he bequeathed his secrets to his son, Chang-Hêng, and the tradition of his attainments continued to linger about the place of his abode until, in A. D. 423, one of his sectaries, named K'ow K'ien-che, was proclaimed as his successor in the headship of the Taoist fraternity and invested with the title of T'ien-She, which was reputed as having been conferred upon Chang Tao-ling. In A. D. 748, T'ang Hsuan Tsung confirmed the hereditary privileges of the sage's descendants with the above title, and in 1016, Sung Chên Tsung enfeoffed the existing representative with large tracts of land near Lung Hu Shan.¹ The Mongol emperors were also liberal patrons of the family, who have continued until the present day to claim the headship of the Taoist sect. In imitation, probably, of the Tibetan doctrine of heirship by metempsychosis, the succession is perpetuated, it is said, by the transmigration of the soul of each successor of Chang Tao-ling, on his decease, to the body of some infant or youthful member of the family, whose heirship is supernaturally revealed as soon as the miracle is effected."

The Rev. Hampden C. Du Bose says about the Taoist Pope, pages 373, 374:²

"The name of Chang, the Heavenly Teacher, is on every lip in China; he is on earth the Vicegerent of the Pearly Emperor in Heaven, and the Commander-in-chief of the hosts of Taoism. Whatever doubts there may be about Peter's apostolic successors, the present Pope, Chang L.X., boasts of an unbroken line for three-score generations. He, the chief of the wizards, the "true man" (i. e., "the ideal man"), as he is called, wields an immense spiritual power throughout the land."

The present emperor respects the rights of the

hereditary Taoist Pope and makes all his appointments of new deities or new titles conferred upon Gods or any other changes in the spiritual world through this head of the Taoist sect, whose power is based not only upon wealth, nor upon his priestly army of 100,000 men, but also and mainly on the reverence of the masses who are convinced of his magical accomplishments and spiritual superiority.

When the reader has finished reading the Tao-Teh-King, so as to have in his mind a clear impression of its grand old author, let him think of the official representative of Lao-Tsze's philosophy of the present day. Bose informs us that the scenery of his rural palace is most enchanting; he lives in pomp and luxury, has courtiers and officers, assumes a state whose splendor is scarcely less than that of the Emperor, he confers honors like an emperor, and controls the appointments and promotions to the various positions of the Taoist priesthood, many of which are very remunerative, investments being made by written document with official seals. What a contrast between Lao-Tsze and the "vicegerent on earth of the Pearly Emperor in Heaven"! And yet, is it not quite natural? Should we expect it different? It is the world's way of paying its tribute to greatness.

RECONCILIATION.

BY F. BONNEY.

God came in Jesus Christ,
As soul within,
In flesh made manifest
To save from sin.

To lowest need of man
He humbly came
To raise to highest use
Each noble aim.

To reconcile the world
To heavenly gleam,
To lift the daily life
To highest dream.

As He o'ercame all wrong
To teach the way,
Through Him our strength grows great
When we obey.

God's law of human life,
Harmonious, whole,
His every law divine,
Its blessing full.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE BUDDHA PICTURE.

To the Editor of *The Open Court*:

Having obtained a copy of the Japanese Buddha picture which you announced in *The Open Court* of November 20, I must confess that my impression of it is quite at variance with your criticisms which seem to have been born of a supersensitive conscience, and to be supported by a personal, preconceived notion

¹The Dragon and Tiger Mountains.

²Bose, *The Dragon Image and Demon*. New York. 1887.

of the picture of Buddha as it ought to be, and as it has taken idealistic shape in your mind. To me the central Buddha figure, with its physiognomic rotundity and absolute nullity of expression, is characteristic and representative of Japanese art; it is simply what we should expect, as a matter of artistic symmetry and harmony, and its very blankness constitutes precisely its pleasing and most attractive quality. Considering the limitations of its style and period, it would jar upon us were the picture otherwise. Artistically, and as a Japanese product, it is not inferior to the early Christian efforts, with their eternal hidebound conventionalisms, and I can imagine no cheaper nor odder Christmas gift than this quaint reproduction of a time-honored piece of Japanese religious art. But for such a purpose, as for adornment generally, it should be mounted upon a handsome broad matted or wicker frame. This would lend to it a proper setting, harmonising with its spirit and origin. JOHN WILLOUGHBY.

NOTES.

Miss Fanny Bonney, the author of the poem "Reconciliation," in this number, is the daughter of the Hon. C. C. Bonney, originator and president of the Chicago Parliament of Religions.

The religious meeting of Buddhists and Christians which had been planned in Japan was actually held on the 26th of September at Shiba, Tokyo, at Viscount Matsudaira's residence. The *Hansei Zasshi*, a monthly Japanese paper, publishes a picture of the delegates, among whom were twenty-one Buddhists, sixteen Christians, and five of other denominations. Of the delegates who attended the Religious Parliament at Chicago the Revs. Shaku Soyen, a Buddhist, and Shibata, the Shintoist, were present. We are informed that the spirit of the meeting was very cordial, and all of them were ready to investigate the claims of other religions. All of them agreed that the religion of Japan should not antagonise the Japanese nationality, a sentiment which was emphasised even by the representatives of Christianity, among whom the Rev. Matsumura expressed his conviction that Japan, which had Japanised Buddhism and Confucianism, might also Japanise Christianity, and he hoped to see the day of a happy union between Christians and Buddhists. There were many sceptics who had doubted the feasibility of an imitation of the plan of a religious parliament in Japan, but the first meeting surpassed all expectations, and has brought about good results. The plan is now proposed to repeat the meeting twice a year, in the spring and in the autumn.

The Christmas number of *Scrivener's* comes to us in a new and beautiful holiday dress. There are two notable features, the leading article on Sir John Millais, and the colored: illustrated setting of "The Magic Ring," which is quite unique. The standard set by American illustrated monthlies is quite high, but it is rare to see it so splendidly satisfied as in the present case.

The Perfect Whole, an Essay on the Conduct and Meaning of Life, by Horatio W. Dresser, is a contribution to practical ethics. Its keynote is contained in the following sentences: "Life is wonderfully simple. One efficient energy or Spirit permeates all that exists. A few universal habits or laws characterise this energy in all phases of its infinitely varied manifestation. To feel this Spirit [God] as a living reality within, to understand these simple laws and reduce life to wise obedience to them without, this it is to possess such peace, such happiness, and such power of doing good as the world in general knows not of," but which it would be its highest consummation to reach. Man is the individualised manifestation of this Spirit, the Perfect Life, and is thus an organic, integral part of the "Perfect Whole." Consequently, everything he finds in himself is in a measure a repre-

sentative and authoritative expression of the Whole, and all his faculties, particularly his intuitional and mystical faculties, are a source of knowledge of the Whole. The connotations of the word "Whole" constitute the bulk of the expositions of the book, which are reverent and, in the main, harmless. The ethical tendency of the book is individualistic, the pronounced *penchant* of the author being to rate ecstatic vision and intuition above reason. (Boston: Geo. H. Ellis. Pages, 254. Price, \$1.50.)

JUST PUBLISHED.

English Secularism. A Confession of Belief. By George Jacob Holyoake.

Pages, 146. Buckram, 50 cents. Frontispiece, Portrait of Author. "Mr. Holyoake has left his mark in the history of thought, and the influence which he exercised will remain an indelible heirloom of the future."

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MARTIN LUTHER.¹

BY GUSTAV FREYTAG.

[CONCLUDED.]

THE TRAGIC ELEMENT IN LUTHER'S LIFE.

No man is transformed entirely by the great thoughts and acts of his later life as a man. We are not made quite new by new activity; our inner life is made up of the sum of all the thoughts and emotions that we have ever had. He who is chosen by fate to create the greatest new things by destroying great things that are old, will destroy and ruin, at the same time, part of his own life. He must violate duties to fulfil greater duties. The more conscientious he is, the more deeply will he feel in his inmost nature the incision he has made into the order of the world. That is the secret pain, nay, the repentance, of every great historical character. There have been few mortals who felt this pain so deeply as Luther. And the great thing in him is just this, that he was never prevented by such pain from doing the boldest acts. To us, however, this appears as a tragic element in his inner life.

And another tragic element, the most fateful for him, lay in the attitude which he was compelled himself to occupy with reference to his own teachings. He had left to his people only the authority of the Scripture; with fervor he clutched its words as the only safe anchor for the human race. Before him, the Pope and his hierarchy had interpreted, misconstrued, supplemented the words of the Scripture; now he was placed in a similar position. Together with a circle of dependent friends, he was compelled to assume the prerogative of rightly understanding the words of the Scripture and applying them properly to the life of his time. It was a superhuman task, and he who took it upon himself must of necessity become the victim of some of the evils against which he had himself made such a grand fight in the Catholic Church.

Firmly linked and brazen was the structure of his mind; he was created a ruler if ever mortal man was, but the very gigantic and demon-like quality of his will must at times make him a tyrant. If, nevertheless, on several important occasions, he practised tol-

eration, either by self-restraint or with inward freedom, it was but the happy influence of his good nature that made itself felt. But not infrequently he became the pope of the Protestants. There was no choice for him or for his people.

In recent times, he has been blamed for having done so little to invite the co-operation of the laity by a Presbyterian constitution. Never was reproach more unjust. What was possible in Switzerland with vigorous, free communities of peasants, was entirely impracticable in Germany. The citizens of the bigger cities alone possessed the intelligence and strength to control the Protestant clergy; but almost nine-tenths of the Evangelical denomination consisted of downtrodden farming people, who were, as a rule, indifferent and obstinate and had become savage since the peasant wars. The new Church was obliged to force its discipline upon them as upon neglected children.

Whoever doubts these assertions, may look at the report of inspections and observe the incessant complaints of the various reformers at the rudeness of their poor congregations.

But still other things pressed upon the great man. The ruler of the souls of the German people sat in a little town among poor university professors and students, among feeble citizens of whom he often had occasion to complain. He was not spared the inconveniences of life in a little provincial town, the distasteful disputes with petty scholars and clumsy neighbors; and there was much in his nature that made him particularly irritable at such things. No man carries in himself with impunity the consciousness of being a preferred instrument of God; he who lives thus no longer fits into the narrow and small structure of civil society.

Had not Luther been, at the bottom of his heart, modest, and in intercourse with others infinitely good-natured, he must have seemed insufferable to the sober people of common sense who stood cool beside him. Thus it happened only occasionally that he had a violent conflict with the citizens, the municipal authorities, the legal faculty of his university, the councilors of his sovereign. He was not always right, but he almost invariably carried his point against them, for seldom did any one dare defy his ponderous wrath.

¹ Translated by H. E. O. Heinemann.

In addition, he was a victim of severe bodily ailments. During the last years of his life their frequent recurrence had exhausted even his immense vitality; he felt it most painfully and prayed incessantly to his God to take him unto himself. He was not yet an old man in years, but he appeared old to himself, old and hoary, and not at home in a strange terrestrial world. These particular years, not rich in great events, made difficult by political and municipal quarrels, filled with bitterness and hours of mourning, should fill with sympathy all who contemplate the life of the great man without prejudice. The blaze of his life had warmed his entire people, called forth in millions the beginnings of a higher human development, and the blessings remained to millions. He felt at last little else himself than the torments. Once he had hoped joyfully to die as a martyr, now he desired the repose of the grave like a persistent, weary workman of many years. That, also, is a tragic fate.

But his greatest pain lay in the attitude which he himself was forced to take toward his own doctrine. He had founded a new church on his pure gospel, had given incomparably greater worth to the mind and conscience of the people. About him blossomed a new life, increased prosperity, many valuable arts, painting and music, comfortable enjoyment of life, finer culture among the citizen classes. And yet there was something in the air, weird and boding destruction. The rulers were in fierce discord, foreign powers on the march against the people, the Emperor from Spain, the Pope from Rome, the Turk from the Mediterranean; the visionaries and rioters powerful, the hierarchy not yet fallen. His very gospel, had it cemented the nation together for greater unity and power? Greater was the discord become, upon the worldly interests of certain princes would the future of his church depend. And he knew even the best ones among them. Something horrible was approaching, the Scripture was about to be fulfilled, the day of doom was at hand. After that, however, God will build a new world, more beautiful, splendid, and pure, full of peace and bliss, a world in which there would no more be a Devil, where every human soul would find more pleasure in the flowers and fruit of the new trees of Heaven than the present generation takes in gold and silver, where the finest of the arts, music, would sound in tones much more enchanting than the most magnificent song of good chanters in this world. There the good would find all their dear ones again whom they had lost here below.

The yearning of the human heart for ideal purity of existence grew ever more irresistible in him. If he expected the end of the world it was a faint recollection of the people from its remotest antiquity still hanging in the mental sky of the new reformer. And

yet it was, at the same time, a prophetic foreboding of the near future. It was not the end of the world that was preparing, but the Thirty Years' War.

Thus Luther died.

When the hearse with Luther's body drove through the Thuringian lands all the bells tolled in village and city, and people crowded sobbing around his coffin. It was a good part of the strength of the people that was buried with this man. And Philip Melancthon said in the church of the castle at Wittenberg over the body: "Every one who understood him aright must witness that he was a very kind man, in all speech gracious, kind, and lovable, and not at all forward, stormy, self-willed, or quarrelsome. And yet there was an earnestness and bravery in his words and actions, as should be in such a man. His heart was true and free of guile. The severity which he used in his writings against enemies of the doctrine came not from a quarrelsome or spiteful mind, but from great earnestness and zeal for the truth. He showed great courage and manliness and was not frightened by a little rushing sound. He was not intimidated by threats, danger, or terror. He was also of such high and keen understanding that he alone could, in confused, obscure, and difficult disputes, see quickly what was to be advised and done. Nor was he, as some perhaps have thought, so inattentive as not to have learned how it stood everywhere about the government. He knew right well how the government was constituted, and paid attention with special diligence to the minds and wishes of the people with whom he had to do. But we should keep this, our dear father, in our memories steadily and forever and never leave him from our hearts."

Such was Luther. A titanic nature, his mind hard to move and sharply limited, his will powerful and well tempered, his morality pure, his heart full of love. Because after him no other man arose strong enough to be a leader of the nation, the German people lost their dominion on the earth for centuries. But the spiritual supremacy of the German race rests upon him. But Luther's influence is not limited to the history of his own people; he is the central figure of the age of the Reformation, and his spirit is still moving in the life of all the Protestant nations.

NIRVANA.

A Story of Buddhist Psychology.

[CONTINUED.]

ANURUDDHA'S SERMON ON HAPPINESS.

After the completion of the wedding ceremonies, Subhûti invited his guests to partake of a meal, and, seeing among the people Anuruddha, the philosopher, he called him to sit at his side. The guests were merry and enjoyed the feast, and when the evening

grew cooler and the moon rose in mild brightness the company sat down under the branches of a large banyan tree and began to speak of the blessings of the gods and the glory of their country. Then Subhūti, the judge, addressed Anuruddha and said:

"Venerable Anuruddha, I cherish a high regard for the Blessed One, the sage of the Sākyas, whom the people call the Tathāgata, the Holy Buddha. But it seems to me that his doctrine will not suit our people. It is a philosophy for those who are oppressed by the evils of life; it affords a refuge to the weary, the sick, the sorrowing; but if you consider the happy, the powerful, the healthy, it is a failure. It may be a balm for those that are wounded in the battle, but it is distasteful and like unto poison to the victor."

Said Anuruddha: "The doctrine of the Blessed One is indeed for those who are oppressed by the evils of life. It affords a refuge to the weary, for it makes them hale, healthy, and happy. The happy, the powerful, the hale, need no comfort, no assistance, no medicine. But who are hale, happy, and healthy? Is there any one among you free from the liabilities of sorrow, disease, old age, and death? If so, he might truly be called a victor, and he would not be in need of salvation."

"Now, indeed, I see much happiness around me. But is your happiness well grounded? Will your minds remain serene and calm in the time of affliction and in the hour of death? He only has attained genuine happiness who has entered the deathless Nirvāna, which is that state of heart which lifts you above the petty temptations of the world and liberates you from the illusion of self. Happiness on account of worldly prosperity is a dangerous situation; for all things change, and he only is truly happy who has surrendered his attachment to things changeable. There is no genuine happiness except it be grounded upon religion, the religion of the Tathāgata."

"The Tathāgata opens the eyes of those who deem themselves happy that they may see the danger of life and its snares. When the fish apprehends the bait he believes he is happy, but he feels his misery as soon as the sharp hook pierces his jaws."

"He who is anxious about his personal happiness must always be full of fear. He may be indifferent to the misery of his fellow-beings, but he cannot be blind to the fact that the same end awaits us all. Happy he who resigns to death that which belongs to death. He has conquered death. Whatever be his fate, he will be calm and self-possessed; he has surrendered the illusion of self and has entered the realm of the immortal. He has attained to Nirvāna."

Sudatta looked at the bride and said: "I shall never embrace Gotama's doctrine, for it would not

behoove a groom to leave his bride for the sake of the attainment of Nirvāna."

Anuruddha overheard Sudatta's remark and continued: "My young friend fears that the doctrine of the Tathāgata would tear him away from the bride to whom to-day he has pledged his troth. That is not so. The Blessed One left his wife and child and went into homelessness because error prevails and the world lies in darkness. Having reached the deathless Nirvāna, he is now bent alone on that one aim of pointing out the path to others, and we, his disciples, who like him have left the world, devote ourselves to a religious life, not for our own sake, for we have surrendered all attachment to self, but for the sake of the salvation of the world."

"It is not the severing of the ties of life that constitutes liberation, but the utter surrender of self. The hermit who has cut himself off from the world but still cherishes in his heart the least inkling of attachment, be it for happiness in this life or in a life to come, is not yet free, while a humble householder, if he has surrendered all craving, may attain that glorious condition of soul, the fruit of which is Nirvāna."

"He who longs for a religious life should leave worldly considerations behind and apply himself with all his energy to obtain enlightenment. But he who has duties to perform at home should not shirk his responsibility. The Tathāgata says:

"The succoring of mother and father,
The cherishing of child and wife,
The following of a peaceful calling,
This is the greatest blessing."

"Acts of charity, a pious life,
Aid rendered to your kin,
And actions that are blameless,
This is the greatest blessing."

"Self discipline and purity,
The recognition of the four noble truths,
And the attainment of Nirvāna,
This is the greatest blessing."

THE CONTROVERSY.

Anuruddha saw that Sudatta was wincing with indignation. So he ceased to speak and looked expectantly at the young man. Sudatta rose to his feet and said:

"Utter surrender of self, is that the liberation which Gotama preaches? My father called him a heretic and an infidel, and truly he was not mistaken, for Gotama's liberation is a destruction: it annihilates man's self. Gotama rejects the authority of the sacred Scriptures. He does not believe in Isvara, the Lord of Creation, and he holds that there is no soul. Yea, he is so irreligious that he condemns sacrifices as impious, ridicules prayer as useless, and would fain destroy our sacred institution of castes on which the

social order of our civilisation rests. His religion is the negation of all religion, it is not divine but purely human, for it claims that enlightenment is sufficient to illumine the path of life."

Anuruddha listened to Sudatta's vehement denunciations, and observing the heightened color in his cheeks, thought to himself: "How beautiful is this lad and how noble does he appear in his pious zeal for the religion of his father!" Then he asked: "Who is your father that he speaks contemptuously of Gotama, as of an infidel and a heretic, and does not accord him the honor of calling him the Tathâgata, the Bhagavat, the holy Buddha?"

Sudatta replied: "My father is now dead, but his memory is still sacred to me and to all the inhabitants of Avanti. His name is Rôja, and he was one of the village priests. It was his office to provide for the sacrifices the sacred herbs from which we press out the sweet juice of the sôma, the delight of Indra and all the other gods. There was in our village no one superior to him in wisdom, for he was deeply religious and well versed in the Vêdas."

"You say that your father is dead," said the samana; "but though he died he still liveth in your heart. No word nor any deed of a man can be lost, and lo! it is he who speaks out of your mouth. The thoughts which you uttered were his, and in his thoughts he is now present among us."

"His thoughts are here, indeed!" rejoined the youth, "but his self, I am confident, lives in Brahma's heaven. If salvation consisted in the utter surrender of self, where would my father now be? He would be annihilated! But he knew the self; and it is knowledge of self that renders one immortal."

These words were spoken slowly and with emphasis; they indicated the deep difference that obtains between the Brahman who believes in a self-soul, and the Buddhist who finds salvation in the utter surrender of the idea of self with all its vain hopes.

"My young friend," asked the samana, "what do you mean by self?"

Sudatta replied: "My self is the immutable, eternal ego that directs my thoughts. It is that which says 'I.' It is the immortal deity that ensouls me; it is that which remains the same after you have taken away all that which is changeable. Neither my body, nor my mind, nor the emotions of my heart are my self. My self is the lord of them all. My self is the enjoyer of all enjoyments. My self is my soul."

Anuruddha replied: "You preach the metaphysics of the Brahmans, who practice the Yoga. But their view is based on a wrong conception of the unity of compound things. Tell me, please, where is that Self? Where is the Self of a house? If you take

away the walls, the roof, and also the foundation stones, do you have the Self of the house left? The house is the combination of all its parts, and so the soul is that peculiar interaction that originates by a union of organs of sense and thoughts and volitions."

Sudatta interrupted the samana: "If there were no Self, there would be no salvation, there would be no bliss, no enjoyment of bliss, for the self is the enjoyer! Who otherwise shall be the Lord that is in possession of bliss, but the Ego or Self, that which says 'I,' the soul."

"Pause a moment to give me an explanation!" exclaimed Anuruddha. "What is the Ego or that which says 'I'? There is unquestionably something which says 'I' in me, and you, and in everybody present. But that something which says 'I' is a mode of speech, as much as all the other words and ideas that people our minds. The word 'I,' it is true, remains the same throughout life, but its significance changes. It originates in the child with the development of self-consciousness, and denotes first a boy, then a youth, after that a man, and at last a dotard. The word may remain the same, but the substance of its meaning changes. Accordingly, that something which says 'I,' is neither eternal, nor immutable, nor divine, nor what Yoga philosophers call "the real Self." It is a word which signifies the whole personality of the speaker with all his sensations, sentiments, thoughts, and purposes. You may as well speak of the kernel of a water bubble as of the Self which is supposed to be the Lord of your mind, of your character, of your body. The truth is that the idea of an independent Self is an unfounded assumption which cannot be proved."

The Brahman replied: "If it cannot be proved, it has to be taken on faith; but Gotama is an infidel who denies the existence of the soul and yet is so inconsistent as to talk about the transmigration of the soul and immortality."

"Let us not haggle about words, friend Sudatta," said the samana, "but understand the doctrine aright. The Tathâgata looks upon that self of which you speak as an error, an illusion, a dream; and attachment to it will produce egotism, and egotism is a craving for happiness here on earth and then beyond in heaven. He who believes that the discernment of self is the condition of liberation is like the leader of a caravan in the desert who sees a mirage and declares, 'That, friends, is our goal; there is the oasis with living water wells and palms; thither be our march!' Unless that leader of a caravan surrender the illusion, he will go astray in the desert and die in the agonies of thirst that cannot be quenched. But while that illusory self is an error of your philosophy, there is a real self, and a real personality, and a real soul. There

is not a person who is in possession of character, thoughts, and deeds; but character, thoughts, and deeds themselves are the person. There is not a soul in you, O Sudatta, that thinks your thoughts and shapes your character, but your thoughts themselves are thinking, and your character itself is the nature of your very self. The ego-idea is not a Lord who owns your body and mind, directing the emotions and impulses of your soul, but those of your emotions which are the strongest, they are the Lord, they govern you. If evil passions grow in your heart, you will be like a ship which is at the mercy of the winds and currents of the sea; but if the aspiration for enlightenment takes possession of the rudder, it will steer thee to the haven of Nirvāna where all illusions cease and the heart will be tranquil like a still, smooth lake. Deeds are done; and the doing of deeds passes away; but that which is accomplished by deeds abides; just as a man who writes a letter ceases writing, but the letter remains. Considering the permanence that is in deeds, what can be better than shaping our future existence wisely. Lay up a treasure of charity, purity, and sober thoughts. He who lives in noble thoughts and good deeds will live forever, though the body may die. He will be reborn in a higher existence and will at last attain the bliss of Nirvāna. There is no transmigration of a self-substance, but there is a re-incarnation of soul-forms which takes place according to the deeds that are done."

Sudatta's belief in the doctrine of the Self was not shaken. No, he felt more assured than ever of the truth, for his whole soul hung on it, and he exclaimed: "What are my deeds without my Self? What is enjoyment if I am not the enjoyer?"

Anuruddha's pensive countenance grew more serious than ever: "Dismiss the craving for enjoyment and all thought of Self and live in your deeds for they are the reality of life. All creatures are such as they are through their deeds in former existences, and when they die they will be reincarnated according to their deeds. Deeds shape in the slow process of growth the soul-structures which build up our personality, and that which you call the person, the enjoyer, the Self, is the living memory of past deeds. Former deeds done in past existences stamp upon every creature the character of their present existence. Thus the past has borne the present, and the present is the womb of the future. This is the law of Karma, the law of deeds, the law of cause and effect."

The samana's words were weighty and serious. Nevertheless, his auditor remained unconvinced, and Kāchāyana, the son of Māha-Subhuti, murmured to himself: "Gotama's doctrine cannot be the truth. It would be a sad truth, indeed, if it were true after all.

I shall hold fast to the dearest hope of the religion of my father."

The samana replied: "Choose not the dearest but the truest; for the truest is the best."

THE KATHA UPANISHAD.

Sudatta was too happy to give himself trouble about the doctrines of a heretical teacher. He would have dismissed all thought of his controversy with Anuruddha, had he not been reminded of it from time to time by his father-in-law and by Kāchāyana, his brother-in-law, who continued to discuss the religious innovations of the Tathāgata. They granted that caste distinctions were hard on the lower castes, but declared that they could not be relaxed without injury to the community, and there was no question about its being a divine institution. Yet it was right to extend our sympathy to all sentient beings that suffer, and the lowest creatures should not be excepted. Certainly we must not by negligence of worship provoke the wrath of the gods, but were the gods truly in need of the bloody sacrifices offered at their altars?

Such were the questions that moved the minds of Subhūti and Kāchāyana; and they began to doubt while they investigated; yet they remained good Brahmans.

One day Subhūti, the chief of Amanti, came to his son with a joyful countenance and said: "Kāchāyana, my boy, I trust that I have found the solution of the problem. It came to me while I was reading the Yagur Vēda on the institution of the Nāchiketas fire-sacrifice. I have it clearly in my mind, and I shall teach it to you. Let Sudatta take leaves from the big palm-tree in our garden, let him bleach them, cut off their pointed ends and prepare them for writing. I am eager to give a definite shape to my thoughts before I forget them."

Said Kāchāyana expectantly: "And what in brief is the solution you have obtained?"

The Brahman chief replied: "Listen, I will tell you. Death is the great teacher of the deepest problems of life. He who wants to know the immortal must enter the house of Death and learn from death the secret of life. There is no child born in this world but is destined to be an offering to Death. Yet Death is not Brahma, he is not the ruler and lord; he bodes dissolution but cannot annihilate the soul, and the man who fears him not is granted three boons. Death allows those who enter his house to return and be reborn; he further grants that the deeds of men be imperishable; and lastly he reveals to the courageous inquirer the mystery of life."

Said Kāchāyana: "Profound, O father, are these thoughts; but the main thing is, What is the lesson Death teaches?"

Subhūti collected his thoughts, and after a pause said: "The doctrine of the Blessed One has deeply affected my mind, but I am not as yet convinced that the fundamental notions of our sacred religion are baseless. Is the great fire sacrifice indeed an empty ceremony that bears no fruit? If it were, our sages would truly be blind leaders of the blind. Sacrifices are without fruit only to him who has not conquered the desires of his heart and has not severed the ties which bind him to that which is transient."

After a brief pause Subhūti continued: "And the idea of an immutable self cannot be mere fiction. I understand now that the self is the uncreated and the sole ruler within all things, yet it cannot be seen by the eye, reached by the speech or apprehended by the mind; the self must be imagined by the heart. The self is briefly expressed in the exclamation 'Om,' and is the absolute being which is neither born nor dies."

"Your solution, then," continued Kachayāma, "is a defence of the old Brahmanism?"

"Indeed it is," enjoined Subhūti, "but my attitude is considerably modified by the suggestions of our friend Anuruddha. I grant that that which is good is one thing and that which is dear to our hearts is another thing; and it is well to cling to the good and abandon for the sake of the better that which is dear to our hearts. I cannot deny the truth which the Tathagata impresses upon the minds of his followers that all component things will be dissolved, but I feel in my inmost heart that there is something which death cannot destroy; and it is that which our sages call the self. I am anxious to know what it is, for only he who knows it will find peace of soul. Let Anuruddha explain to me the problem of the self, but he must not say that there is nothing that I can call my own, that life is empty, and that the eternal has no existence."

During the rainy season Subhūti could be seen writing under the roof of his veranda, and when the sun broke through the clouds and the blue sky reappeared in its former beauty he had his composition finished, which he called the *Katha Upanishad*, a discussion of the great Why? that confronts us all, the all absorbing problem of life.

It was in these days of the return of good weather that the disciples of the Blessed Buddha used to start again on their pilgrimages through the country preaching the glorious doctrine of salvation, and Anuruddha passed again through the village of Avanti while Subhūti sat before his house in the shade of a sala tree reading and reconsidering what he had written. The two men exchanged greetings, and when Anuruddha saw the manuscript, they at once began to discuss the great problem of the Hereafter.

Subhūti read to Anuruddha the *Katha Upanishad*, and the venerable monk was greatly pleased with its literary beauty and thoughtfulness, but he shook his head and said: "Truly there is the immortal, but the immortal is not a self, the immortal is not a being, it is not an entity, nor is it the ego that appears in our perception of consciousness. All things, all beings, all entities, all shapes of substances are compounds, and compounds are subject to dissolution. The immortal is not as you have it—smaller than small and greater than great; it is neither small nor great; it is unsubstantial and without bodily shape. The immortal consists in the eternal verities by which existence is swayed, and the cognition of which constitutes enlightenment. The highest verities are the four noble truths, of misery, the origin of misery, the escape from misery, and the eightfold path of righteousness, which leads to the escape from misery."

Said Subhūti: "I grant that the eternal cannot be a material thing; the eternal cannot be a compound; it must be immaterial; it is spiritual. The self is not the body, not the senses, not the mind, not the intellect; it is that by which man perceives all objects in sleep or in waking. The consciousness 'I am' is the great omnipresent Self, which is bodiless within the body, as agni, the fire, lies hidden in the two fire sticks."

Anuruddha paid close attention to Subhūti's explanations, and replied in quick repartee: "Agni, the fire, does not lie hidden in the two fire sticks. The two fire sticks are wood, nothing but wood; and there is no fire hidden in either stick. The fire originates through the friction produced by your hands. In the same way consciousness originates as a product of conditions and disappears when the conditions cease. When the wood is burnt, whither does the fire go? And when the conditions of consciousness cease, where does consciousness abide? We are in the habit of saying 'the wind blows,' as if there were the wind performing the action of blowing; but there are not two things: first, the wind, and then the act of blowing; there is only one thing, which is the motion of the air, called wind, or, by a license of speech, the blowing of the wind. In the same way there is not a person that remembers deeds, but the memories of the deeds themselves are the person."

Said Subhūti: "When a man is dead, some say he is, and others he is not. I understand that the Blessed One teaches that he is not, which means, to put it squarely, that there is no hereafter."

"No, sir," Anuruddha replied almost sharply. "No, sir. Your dilemma rests upon a wrong premise. That self of yours does not now exist, how can it continue to exist after you have gone? That, however, which you are now, will persist after the disso-

solution of your bodily existence. Truly you are right when you compare man in your Katha Upanishad to that ancient tree whose roots grow upward and whose branches grow downward. As the tree reappears with all the characteristics of its kind, so man is reincarnated, and his peculiar karma is reborn in new individuals. There is no self in the fig-tree that migrates from the parent stem to the new shoots, but the type in all its individual features is preserved in the further growth and in the evolution of new trees."

Said Subhūti: "There is one eternal thinker thinking non-eternal thoughts, and the eternal thinker is the self."

Said Anuruddha: "Would not your statement be truer if turned round: there are eternal thoughts which are thought by non-eternal thinkers? or, in other words, what we call a thinker is but the thinking of the thought; and the thinking of true thoughts is the attainment of the eternal. The truth is the Immortal, the truth is Nirvāna."

The Brahman chief felt that his most sacred convictions were omitted in his statement, and he asked, not without a tremble of uneasiness in his voice: "If there is nothing in me that is immutable, nothing that is eternal and immortal, what is that which I can call my own? What am I and what shall I be after the dissolution of my body in death?"

"Let my reply," rejoined Anuruddha, "be in the words of the Blessed One, who said:

"Not grain, nor wealth, nor store of gold;
Not wife, not daughters, neither sons;
Nor any one that eats his bread
Can follow him who leaves this life,
For all things must be left behind.

"But every deed a man performs,
With body, or with voice, or mind,
'Tis this that he can call his own,
This with him take as he goes hence.
This is what follows after him,
And like a shadow ne'er departs.

"Let all, then, noble deeds perform,
A treasure-store for future weal;
For merit gained this life within,
Will yield a blessing in the next."

THE EPIDEMIC.

Three children were born to the young couple, and all three were boys full of future promise. Sudatta's prospects seemed brighter than he had ever dared to hope. But times change and misfortunes overcome men sometimes when they are least expected. A drought set in, which dried up all the wells of the country, spreading famine and contagious disease. The people prayed to the gods, they fasted and expiated their sins, the priests offered sacrifices and recited in-

cantations, but the rain did not fall. More sacrifices were offered, and the blood of the slaughtered animals reeked to heaven; yet the drought continued; the gods remained deaf to the prayers of the priests; the famine became worse, and the disease caused more ravage than before.

And it happened that during the time of the drought Sudatta's wife bore another child, but she grew sick and both mother and babe died in one day. Sudatta fainted at her deathbed and took the disease. While he lay for several days in a delirious trance his boys were infected also, and were nursed by Kāchāyana, their uncle, but no medicine availed and the patients, with the exception of Sudatta, died, one by one.

Subhūti, the chief, was bowed down with grief, but he bore his lot bravely. He attended to the funeral and took care that the rites of cremation were properly observed. And when Sudatta alone was left of the patients, Kāchāyana concentrated upon him his entire attention, watched eagerly his breath. There was some hope still left, and at last Sudatta's breath became quiet and his stupor changed into a restful sleep. His condition improved little by little and he succeeded in saving his life.

But what a terrible awakening for Sudatta! He was deprived of the love of his youth and of the dearest hopes of his life. How gladly would he have given his own life for the lives of his beloved ones. He showed no gratitude to his brother-in-law for having saved him from death, for life had become desolate to him and he became apathetic. He tried in vain to find comfort in the idea of self. He thought that his sorrow was external to his self, that his self was the immutable in him and that thus his self was the same as in the happy days gone by. But he no longer believed in his former views. Then again he thought of his beloved ones as having their own everlasting selves who were now migrating to the heaven of Brahma. There he would find them again. Yet those selves were not his wife and children. They were unreal shadows like metaphysical abstractions, they were mere ego-ghosts, and he felt more and more that he cared as little for them as he would for dreams.

While the epidemic lasted Kāchāyana did not tire of succoring the sick and ministering to their wants wherever he could, and he was always serene and self-possessed.

One day Kāchāyana came to Sudatta and said to him: "Brother, will you not prepare for me a drink that is good for relieving fever?"

Sudatta roused himself from his lethargy and asked: "For whom do you need the drink?"

And Kāchāyana informed him that all the children

of his neighbor, the former playfellows of his own boys, lay sick, but that they might be saved if they were properly attended to. Sudatta went at once to the neighboring house, and, having ascertained the condition of the little patients, betook himself to the woods, gathered the herbs and brewed the drink. He administered the medicine himself and did not rest until the children were out of danger. The recovery was slow, but when, for the first time, they left their beds and sat among the flowers in the garden, he watched the little ones and tears of gladness ran down his cheeks.

That was the first ray of light that illumined the darkness of his sorrowing heart; it was the first joy he experienced since his bereavement. And how sacred was that joy! Truly the Tathagata was right when he said: "Love that is egotism will come to grief, and the source of our grief is selfishness." Sudatta's religion had been a belief in the self and his happiness consisted in the unchecked success of his self-seeking instincts. But now he no longer thought of his self; he had no other aim than to save that which without his help would be lost. That was the sole satisfaction he had; and it contained no admixture whatever of self or selfhood.

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

CORRESPONDENCE.

IN DEFENCE OF HIMSELF.

À M. le directeur de *Open Court*, Chicago.
MONSIEUR,

On me communique un extrait de votre numéro du 29 octobre courant où a paru une lettre signée F. de Gissac où il est parlé de moi à propos d'un article paru dans la *Revue Blanche* et signalé par *l'Open Court* (No. 477).

M. de Gissac a menti en disant que je ne suis pas français. Je suis né à Paris le 9 novembre 1855 et ai fait mon service militaire au 26ième de ligne.

M. de Gissac a menti en disant que je suis *a spy*. L'accusation a été déclarée fautive par la justice de mon pays. (Audience du 20 mars 1896.)

M. de Gissac a menti en disant que je suis un "maître-chanteur." J'ai été acquitté par la justice de mon pays le 25 mars 1896. J'ai pour moi l'estime de tous les gens de bien de France qui savent de quelle infame machination j'ai été victime, et je souhaite à M. de Gissac—s'il est français—d'être acquitté d'une prévention quelconque après soixante-dix jours de prison préventive.

M. de Gissac ne pouvait pas supposer que ses accusations me tomberaient sous les yeux, car si comme son nom l'indique, il est français, il n'aurait pas sciemment menti par trois fois. Je dis sciemment car s'il a lu le procès auquel il fait allusion, il ne peut ignorer qu'il a menti.

J'espère, Monsieur, que je n'ai pas besoin de faire appel à mon droit de réponse à une attaque pareille—qu'il me suffira d'en appeler à votre courtoisie. Agréez l'assurance de mes sentiments distingués.

JACQUES ST. CÈRE.

PARIS, 30 Nov. 1896, 26 Rue Joffroy.

[We publish M. St. Cère's letter and have only to add that M. de Gissac's untimely death renders a reply on his part impos-

sible. We are not sufficiently informed about the facts in the case to make an authoritative statement concerning the points which M. de Gissac raised. This much, however, is sure, that M. de Gissac was a gentleman—a thorough aristocrat, with all the aristocratic sense of honor, yet without the haughtiness of family pride. We have known him for years and have met him personally, and whatever errors he might have been guilty of we know that he was incapable of consciously uttering a falsehood. M. de Gissac may have meant that M. St. Cère (or as M. de Gissac claims, M. Rosenthal) was a foreigner in the sense of being of foreign extraction. Whatever mistake M. de Gissac may have made, it was an error, and not, as M. St. Cère claims, a knowing lie.—Ed.]

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THE DOCTRINE OF NIRVANA.

BY THE RT. REV. SHAKU SOYEN.

SOME time ago the question "What is Nirvāna?" was asked by the Western scholars, but unfortunately for our Japanese Buddhists, it was not correctly answered. Some said, Nirvāna is unknowable; Nirvāna means the communion of human souls with God; still others said, it is extinction like that of a flame. Thus it has been interpreted in various ways, and yet it seems to me that the interpreters may be justly likened to the ridiculous blind men who wrangled as to which was the true elephant. Their failure, I think, may be ascribed to their ignorance of the true and genuine doctrine of Buddhism. Let us therefore, before proceeding to answer the question "What is the real nature of Nirvāna?" first try to explain Buddha's teachings as they are understood by Japanese Buddhists.

The characteristic feature of Buddhism is that it does not demand of its followers any blind faith in so-called creeds. But it frankly proclaims that truth ought to be recognised without any medium and any spurious ingredients. In a word, the sole object of Buddhism is to extinguish all our egoistic desires and to live the holy life of righteousness.

Now we ask: What were the motives which induced Sakyamuni, our Great Teacher, to abandon the royal throne, which is considered the greatest material happiness attainable in this world? What were the mental struggles that defied even his unique powers of intellect and uncommon attainments in science and literature? Why had he to disdain all earthly pleasures as a disused sandal and to retire into an unfrequented dell? We answer: because Sakyamuni bowed down under an almost unendurable burden—the transmigration of life and death; because he was fettered by an unbroken chain of evil karmas and egoistic desires. And how to get rid of them? To solve this grand problem was his greatest purpose, which he resolved to accomplish even at the risk of his life.

As he wished, so it happened. The mysterious problem of human existence was completely solved by him after unspeakable spiritual struggles. It was December 8, just as he saw the brightly shining star of dawn, that he completely broke off the iron chain of *Avidya* (ignorance), and attained *Amittara samyak*

sambōdhi (which means supreme, perfect knowledge of the truth). He then explained that wonderful though it was, all beings had Buddha's wisdom and virtue, although obscured by their ignorance and impure cravings. This utterance of Buddha furnishes the corner-stone of his whole religious system. Thus Buddhism endeavors to make all beings without exception reveal their natural wisdom and to reach the recognised truth.

Looking around us with eyes thus enlightened, we perceive no inequality among things, no distinction between you and me. Its mist disappears and the sun shines brightly, for as ice melts and waters become one stream, so the veil of *Mâyā* being completely destroyed, the truth reveals itself everywhere, and we find no karma which is to be extinguished, no curse of existence which is to be annihilated. All is real, all is holy, all is beautiful. Only when we can attain this perfect wisdom of Buddha, can we claim that the *Triloka* is our own possession, and all beings living therein are our beloved children. There are no parents who would not hasten to save their children from sinking into the sea, and there is no Buddha who does not feel boundless compassion for every creature wandering in the labyrinth of *Avidya*.

Thus the perfect wisdom of Buddha gives rise to his perfect love, and his perfect love works out several ways of salvation, which are called the three virtues of Buddha. He who is lacking even one of these is incapable of attaining Buddhahood.

To search after *Bōdhi* (the truth) is perfect wisdom; to release all suffering beings from *Avidya* is perfect love. Wisdom and love are like the two wheels of a vehicle, and the oil which makes them roll on smoothly is the working out of the ways of salvation for various kinds of being.

In the Buddhist doctrine, salvation may be effected in several ways, because human character shows many grades. So Buddha proclaimed sundry doctrines to sanctify every class of sentient being, according to its nature and conditions, though the spirit of his preachings is ever one and the same. Buddha may be compared to a great physician who is sure to heal all diseases by prescribing medicine particularly suitable for each of them. The Five *Sila* and Ten *Sila* are taught

for the salvation of *Deva-manuṣya*; the Four *Arya-satyāni* for *S'ṛdvaka*; the Twelve *Samutpāda* for *Nidda-buddha*; the Six *Pāramitā* for *Bodhisatva*.

Now it is remarkable that the philosophy on which Buddha's religious system is based is not at variance with those scientific truths which have been discovered by the indefatigable labor of modern thinkers in the West. But let us always bear in mind that Buddhism has many angles inclining in different ways. There is in Buddhism *Abhidharma-kōśha-sūtra*, which may be said to be an exposition of materialism; *Vidyamātra-siddhi-sūtra*, which seems to proclaim idealism in some sense; and *Saddharma-pundarika-sūtra* and *Buddhavaṁśa-mahā-vaipulya-sūtra*, which tend to favor the followers of realism, though their philosophy is so deep that even the specialists can hardly comprehend its true meaning. Thus five thousand and forty-eight volumes of sutras preached by Buddha during forty-nine years of his missionary work are so filled with deep and lofty thoughts that it would be impossible to explain them here in our limited space. We divide Japanese Buddhism into two great divisions, viz.: the doctrine of the Holy Path, and the doctrine of the Pure Land.

The doctrine of the Holy Path teaches that we can attain Buddhahood in this world by practising the three disciplines of *Sila*, *Dhyāna*, and *Prajñā*. That of the Pure Land, on the other hand, preaches that we can be reborn in the Pure Land after death by virtue of reciting the name of *Amitābha Buddha*. These two doctrines appear at first glance to be contradictory, but a careful examination of them shows that their fundamental principles are in perfect accord. The gap which seems to divide them so widely is only superficial. The doctrine of the Pure Land has developed truth on the sentimental side, while that of the Holy Path has revealed it on its intellectual side. The former may be properly called religious, while the latter contains more philosophical elements. Nevertheless both of them aim at the recognition of truth and deliverance from sin.

The doctrine of the Holy Path may be further divided into two different systems. One is usually called the *Hīnayāna* and the other the *Mahāyāna*. The difference between them is this: the *Mahāyāna* is the *mahādharma* to be observed by those who are capable of comprehending the universality of love; while the *Hīnayāna* is the *hinādharma* for those who can satisfy themselves only, or who cannot walk out of their narrow individuality.

A great Buddhist scholar said in his famous commentary on *Saddharma-pundarika-sūtra*: "The so-called three seals (or principles) of all *Hīnayāna* doctrines, which distinguish them from all other paganism, are Impermanence, Anatman, and Nirvāṇa.

Any doctrine teaching these three seals may rightly claim to be Buddhism and is sure to lead us to the true path, but that which does not, is a kind of heathenism. The *Mahāyāna* has only one seal of reality, by which one can attain the great and perfect path. That which does not sign this seal of reality, is not a *Mahāyāna*, but a heathenism."

It seems to me, however, that the so-called three seals of the *Hīnayāna* are not only the essential qualities of it, but also of the *Mahāyāna*. They should be considered as the common feature of both systems of Buddhism, by which they are recognised as different from all other religious doctrines. But in the *Mahāyāna* the seal of reality must be added, for it is the very essence of the *Mahāyāna* and is the source of its preference to the former.

What then is the meaning of the three seals? The first seal of Impermanence signifies that all the phenomena of the universe are transient and impermanent. They are constructed in the morning and destroyed in the evening. Mutability is the nature of our world, the material and the immaterial both included. Therefore it is written in the Diamond sutra that everything being mutable is like a dream, an illusion, a water-bubble, a shadow, a dew, or lightning, for such is the real nature of existence.

Secondly it is meant by the seal of Anatman that all *dharma*s (things) have no transcendent ego-entity, or *Ding-an-sich* in the Kantian terminology which is eternal, unconditioned, and has authoritative power. The word *Ātman* is Sanskrit and means the possession of a power free from all restraints. If there existed an *Ātman* in reality therefore, it would be able to make dying trees bloom, to change bricks into gold, to enrich the poor suddenly, and to cure the sick without applying medicine. But our experience contradicts all these absurdities, which could be realised if the assumed magical power of the ego-entity really existed. Flying clouds cannot be caught; a running stream cannot be pursued; the old man rapidly decays; the dead are gone forever.

The law of causality is omnipotent and everything has to bow down before it. Even if the existence of the ego-entity be admitted, it cannot be exempt from it. The ignorant however do not appreciate the true feature of the universe, and constantly groan under their worldly cravings. Buddha who is full of love detected the cause of their misery and taught the doctrine of Anatman for their deliverance.

Thirdly, what is the true sense of Nirvāṇa? To answer this question is the chief object of this paper.

Before proceeding to explain the meaning of Nirvāṇa as we Japanese Buddhists understand it, we think it better to state the view held by European scholars. As far as we are informed, there seem to

be two different views of Nirvāna among them. One of them thinks it is that state in which the human soul is perfectly absorbed in Absolute Being or God, as the Veda philosophy of the Brahmans, or the Persian theology, or Christian mysticism understands this state.

The other view regards Nirvāna as the annihilation of all activities, and likens it to the extinction of a flame; it destroys love, life, and all.

Let us now weigh the merits of these two views of Nirvāna. As for the former it is radically different from our conception of Nirvāna, for how could Buddhism, which rose against Brahman theism, teach communion with, or absorption in such a mysterious being as God? The latter view, it is true, quite agrees with the literary meaning of Nirvāna, but it by no means exhausts its real signification. According to Buddha's own teachings, Nirvāna signifies not only annihilation, but also perfection. It is the annihilation of all worldly cravings on one side and the perfection of all human virtues on the other. Annihilation is only the negative phase of Nirvāna, and we should not forget that it has also a positive side. We, the followers of the Mahāyāna Buddhism, understand Nirvāna as signifying negatively the complete rooting out of all impure passions aroused by being entangled in evil karmas, and as signifying positively the complete attainment of Buddha's eternal and perfect virtues.

In the Hīnayāna, however, Buddha's eternal nature or the truth is not clearly and wholly recognised, and its followers take Nirvāna as the complete annihilation of mind and body. That is a view of Nirvāna also held by some Western scholars.

Our Japanese Buddhists distinguish four sorts of Nirvāna: (1) *Honrai jishō shōjō* Nirvāna, (2) *Uyo* Nirvāna, (3) *Muyo* Nirvāna, and lastly *Mujūsho* Nirvāna. The first Nirvāna is the original nature of all beings, which is pure and free, unbounded by the necessary relations of time, space, and causality. It is always pure, even though mingled with filthy things. It is permanent in change. It is like a mirror which never loses its original purity, though reflecting on its surface anything ugly, dirty, or profane. But this Nirvāna must not be considered transcendent and supernatural as Christianity conceives ego-entity or the personal existence of God.

The second Nirvāna is called *Saopaddisesanibbāna* in the Hīnayāna, which means "having a remnant," and which corresponds to *Uyo* in Japanese. It is a condition in which all evil karmas and impure desires are entirely destroyed, in which there is indifference to joy and pain, to good and evil; and though all the causes which tend to awaken many impure passions are completely extinct, yet there is in it a remnant of

Upaddi. That remnant is existence itself, the result accumulated by our previous karmas.

The total extinction of all the karmas both in the present and previous existences constitutes what is called *Muyo* in Japanese and *Anupaddisesanibbāna* in Pāli. *Upaddi* itself being entirely annihilated, there remains only nothingness; the body lies dead as a cold stone, the soul vanishes as an extinguished flame. These two Nirvānas, second and third, are taught only in the Hīnayāna, which is the reason why European scholars who are usually familiar with the latter Buddhism only, are very apt to acquire an erroneous view of Nirvāna. Hence our insistence that its true nature must be sought in the fourth Nirvāna of the Mahāyāna.

That which is called *par excellence* the Nirvāna or Mahānirvāna, is a state of absolute perfection completely embodying all the moral and intellectual virtues attainable in human life. It is not one-sided, but all-sided; it is not triangular, but circular. Where the conditions are fully prepared for, there it unflinchingly appears of itself, sets every being free from worldly sufferings and causes them to enjoy all the blessings of Heaven. It is called *Mujūsho* in Japanese which signifies "having no dwelling," because Nirvāna has no locality, and yet is everywhere.

Mahānirvāna is not hypothetical, but based upon the solid foundation of facts. It can neither be called nihilistic nor pessimistic, but positive and rather optimistic (though the word does not sufficiently convey what we really wish to say). We read in the *Mahāparinirvāna sutra* the following phrase: "*Mahāparinirvāna* has eight excellent qualities, which are: (1) eternal, (2) immutable, (3) tranquil, (4) cool and clean, (5) not subject to decay, (6) immortal, (7) free from impurity, (8) content.

The truth is one and the same forever, but as its manifestations are various, it has many shades of meaning and therefore many different names. "Suchness," "Substance," "Reality," "Bōdhi," and "Nirvāna" are nothing but different names for one truth. The sole object of Buddhism being to recognise truth in its entirety, it is a very idle thing to quarrel about names and definitions which are but poor human inventions to express the truth. And we humbly entreat all those who intend to criticise the teachings of Buddha to be more thoughtful and deliberate, lest they be led astray by deeply-rooted prejudices.

NIRVANA.

A Story of Buddhist Psychology.

[CONCLUDED.]

ONE MORE BEREAVEMENT.

A new life began for Sudatta. His apathy was gone and his heart was full of energy. The sufferings

of his neighbors were his own sufferings, and he was always ready to assist them in their troubles. He was as healthy as ever, and although he was no longer the boisterous youth he had been years ago, he was yet always serene and full of cheer.

And it came to pass that Subhūti, the chief, died, and when he took leave from Kāchayāna and Sudatta he said: "Weep not for me, for I have understood the four noble truths and my soul has found peace. Life is suffering because of the waywardness of our hearts, and there is no escape from suffering except by a radical surrender of all selfish cravings. I had a foretaste of the bliss of Nirvāna, and therefore death has lost its terrors for me. Life is transient, but our life-work remains and our life-work is our true being. He who seeks happiness in pleasure will be disappointed, for happiness consists in the accomplishment of deeds. My day draws to its close and my body is worn out. I quit it without regret. My wish is that my funeral be without ostentation or pomp, as might be thought befitting to a Brahman chief, but simple, as it is the habit of Buddhists. Remember my words when I am dead—no, no! not 'when I am dead'; I mean to say when my present incarnation has gone to rest, when this compound which we call body begins to be dissolved, when it returns to its elements. Wherever my character may be reborn in new incarnations, I am sure that it will be on a higher plane and I shall be a step nearer the holy goal, which is Nirvāna."

Then Subhūti said:

"I take my refuge in the Buddha,
I take my refuge in the Dharma,
I take my refuge in the Sangha."

Said Kāchayāna: "Blessed art thou, father, for after a long life spent in doing good, thou wilt enter upon the sweet and blissful rest of Nirvāna."

Subhūti shook his head.

"Surely, father," rejoined Kāchayāna, "thou deserve a high reward, and the best that I can think of would be the bliss of Brahma's heaven."

Rallying all his strength once more, Subhūti replied: "Speak not of rewards while there are duties to be performed. Brahma's heaven is made for those who cling to the thought of Self. I am confident that this present incarnation of mine shall have peace; but not my soul, not my love for mankind; not my sympathy with those who suffer; not my truth-seeking mind. So long as there is suffering in the world I shall never enter upon a state of rest; I shall never think of ascending into a heaven of bliss; I want to be reborn in the deepest depths of hell. There the misery is greatest and salvation most needed. That is the best place to enlighten those in darkness, to

rescue what was lost, and to point out the path to those who went astray."

With these words Subhūti fell back exhausted. His eyes, which had just now been sparkling with noble enthusiasm, grew dim, and he passed away peacefully.

A holy stillness pervaded the room.

And it happened that very evening that Anuruddha passed through Avantī, and when he came to the mansion of Subhūti he found his friend the chief no longer among the living. He saluted Kāchayāna and Sudatta and sat down with them in silence.

The sun sank down and Kāchayāna lit a candle, but no one spoke a word.

When the night advanced Anuruddha raised his sonorous voice and sang:

"How transient are component things;
Their fate is to be born and die;
Coming, they go; they do their work,
And then they cease and go to rest.

"As rivers, when they fill must flow,
To reach in time the distant main,
So the good deeds we now perform
Will surely bless the life to come.

"The husbandman has tilled and sown;
Wearied of work, he sinks to rest;
He slumbers, but his seeds grow up
A harvest rich of golden grain."

COPYING THE MANUSCRIPT.

Kāchayāna joined the order of bhikshus and became known on account of his wisdom. The people called him Māha-Kāchayāna, for he was one of the great disciples of the Blessed One, well versed in the scriptures, one who had attained the highest degree of scholarship and sanctity.

Sudatta was indefatigable in active work. He collected plants and prepared them for medical uses, and the children of the village loved him, for he helped them in their games and taught them howsoever he could. When they met him they came to him and confided to him all their little sorrows; and they called him Father Sudatta, and he called them his children. The older he grew the more assured was he that there is a balm for the sorest wounds and there is a comfort for the direst affliction.

One evening Sudatta walked through the village with his brother-in-law thinking of the epidemic through which they had suffered their great bereavement, and Kāchayāna said: "It is hard to lose one's children, but has not your loss been recovered in the children that you have saved? Are not all these youths and maidens as though they were your own children? They love you and you love them."

"Indeed," replied Sudatta, "they love me and I love them, and yet it is not the same as if they were

my own children. Truly I love these children, and I cannot imagine that I could love my own children more than these, but there is a difference which is indescribable. My life has entered into their souls, my thoughts mould their thought, my sentiments influence their character. There is no ambition in me, and no desire. Whatever interest I take in life has nothing to do either with my name or with this bodily individuality of mine. Whatever should happen to my present incarnation is a matter of small concern to me. There is no fear in me for myself, no fear of misfortunes, no fear of sickness, no fear of death. I have conquered all passions and my mind is at rest. Should I die, I am ready to leave life and shake off this body of flesh. I am happy in the lives of those who have grown up under my care. All that is good in me has been inscribed in their souls, and there it lives and will conduce to purity, righteousness, and charity."

Replied Kāchāyana: "It is with men as with books. You can write vile things or you can write good and noble thoughts upon their leaves. The leaves are mere material for the scribe, and there are thousands of leaves on the palms that will never be turned into books, for books consist in the writing. When our father, the venerable Subhūti, pondered over the problem of death, he composed the Katha-Upanishad which appeared to me more valuable than any one I had ever heard or read. He wrote it down upon the leaves of the big palm tree under whose foliage I looked for the first time into the gentle face of his beloved daughter. When the leaves were bleached and prepared for writing your venerable father scratched the words of the Upanishad into the leaves, and when he died left them to me as my most precious inheritance, for they are not treasures of worldly goods, but a monument of his meditations which contains his immortal soul. Formerly I held them dear because they were the only copy in existence, but during the great drought the leaves became worm-eaten, and they are now breaking to pieces. I know the whole Upanishad by heart, but considering that when I die the thoughts of the book would be lost forever, I have begun to transcribe them, line by line, carefully, from the rotten leaves of the old manuscript. I shall lend the new copy to other scribes, and the Katha-Upanishad will be preserved and become known in other parts of the country. The old copy has become illegible and has partly crumbled into dust, but the thoughts will not die, for they are reincarnated in the new copy. It is in this same way that the human soul is preserved. The character of the present generation is impressed into the coming generation by their acts, their words, and their sentiments, and when we die we pass away and continue according to our deeds.

All that which is compounded must be dissolved again; the palm leaves wither, but the Katha-Upanishad lives still. And do you remember the night of your wedding? The beautiful words which Anuruddha uttered of the Blessed One found an echo in that same Upanishad. He said: 'Choose not the dearer, choose the truer, for the truer is the better.' At that time we chose the dearer, but life has taught us a lesson, and we have now chosen the truer; and the truer has become the dearer to us. Would that we had comprehended the truth sooner!"

THE BLESSED ONE.

Sudatta began to grow old. His hair and beard had turned white, but his heart was still young, for he was always kept busy, partly by teaching the youths of the village, partly by advising the old ones, who knew no better counsellor than him or his brother-in-law, Kāchāyana.

One day a stranger passed through Avanti, and, meeting Sudatta in the street, asked him for the road to Rājagaha. The old Brahman pointed out the direction to the capital of the country, and said: "I should like to go to Rājagaha myself, for there the Blessed One lives, the Holy Buddha, who is the teacher of gods and men. He is the master whose doctrine I profess."

"Why not join me?" said the stranger. "I am Chandra, the gambler. Having heard of the wisdom of the Blessed Buddha, I made up my mind to go to Rājagaha and to reap the benefits of his instruction."

Sudatta took leave of his friends and joined Chandra, the gambler, on his way to Rājagaha, and, remembering the wish once uttered by his father-in-law, he took with him the palm-leaf manuscript of the Katha-Upanishad.

While they were travelling together on the high-road, Chandra said: "Deep is the wisdom of the Perfect One. He teaches that existence is suffering, and my experience confirms the doctrine. Pessimism is indeed the true theory of life. The world is like a lottery in which there are few prizes and innumerable blanks. We can see at once how true it is that life is not worth living by supposing a wealthy man buying all the chances in a lottery in order to make sure of winning all the prizes. He would certainly be a loser. Life is bankrupt throughout; it is like a business enterprise which does not pay its expenses."

"My friend," said the Brahman, "I perceive that you are a man of experience. Am I right in assuming that, being a gambler, you had for a time an easy life until you met another gambler better versed in trickery than yourself, who cheated you out of all your possessions?"

"Indeed, sir," said the gambler, "that is my case exactly; and now I travel to the Blessed One, who has recognised the great truth that life is like a lost game in which the prizes are only baits for the giddy. Whenever I met a man unacquainted with gambling I always made him win in the beginning to make him bold. I, too, was successful for a time in the game of life, but now I know that those who win at first are going to lose more in the end than those who are frightened away by losing their first stake. Life uses the same tricks we use. I have been caught in the snare which I thought I had invented."

Turning to the Brahman, bent down with old age and care, he continued: "The whiteness of your beard and the wrinkles in your face indicate that you, too, have found the sweets of life bitter. I suppose you are not less pessimistic than myself."

A beam of sunshine appeared in the Brahman's eyes and his gait became erect like that of a king. "No, sir," he replied, "I have no experience like yours. I tasted the sweets of life when I was young, many, many years ago. I have sported in the fields with my playmates. I have loved and was beloved, but I loved with a pure heart and there was no bitterness in the sweets which I tasted. My experience came when I saw the sufferings of life. Would that I had been more serious when surrounded with worldly happiness. I was married and in the midst of prosperity; my children were full of promise; but my wife fell sick and died, and her baby died too. Then all of my children, three bright boys, who were dearer to me than my own life, fell a prey to death. O how I complained of man's fate who sins in his ignorance and is unable to escape from the curses that follow his errors! That was a bitter experience. So far I had been living as in dreams, enjoying myself, thoughtless as the birds of the air or the deer upon the plain. But when misfortune had awakened me to the full consciousness of the conditions of existence my eyes were opened and I saw suffering among my fellow-beings which I had never seen before. Thinking to myself that much misery could be removed, I began to study the causes of disease and to seek for medicines by which ailments might be cured or at least pains assuaged. O the misery I have seen in the cottages of my native village will never be effaced from my memory! The world is full of sorrow and there is no life without pain. I have been sad at heart ever since, but when I think of the Buddha who has come into the world and teaches us how to escape from suffering I rejoice; I know now that the bitterness of life is sweet to him whose soul has found rest in Nirvāna."

When the two men came to the Vihāra at Rājagaha they approached the Blessed Buddha with clasped

hands, saying: "Receive us, O Lord, among thy disciples; permit us to be hearers of thy doctrines; and let us take refuge in the Buddha, the truth, and the community of Buddha's followers."

And the Holy One, who reads the secret thoughts of men's minds, addressed Chandra, the gambler, asking him: "Knowest thou, O Chandra, the doctrine of the Blessed One?"

Chandra said: "I do. The Blessed One teaches that life is misery."

And the Lord replied: "Life is misery indeed, but the Tathāgata has come into the world to point out the way of salvation. His aim is to teach men how to rescue themselves from misery. If thou art anxious for deliverance from evil, enter the path with a resolute mind, surrender selfishness, practise self-discipline, and work out thy salvation with diligence."

Said the gambler: "I came to the Blessed One to find peace, not to undertake work."

Said the Blessed One: "Only by energetic work can peace be found; death can be conquered only by the resignation of self, and only by strenuous effort is eternal bliss attained. Thou regardest the world as evil because he who deceives will eventually be ruined by his own devices. The happiness that thou seekest is the pleasure of sin without sin's evil consequences. Men who have not observed proper discipline, and have not gained treasure in their youth, lie sighing for the past. There is evil,—but the evil of which thou complainest is but the justice of the law of karma. What a man has sown that shall he reap."

Then the Blessed One turned to the Brahman, and, recognising the sterling worth of his character, he addressed him: "Verily, O Brahman, thou understandest the doctrines of the Tathāgata better than thy fellow-traveller. He who makes the distress of others his own, quickly understands the illusion of self. He is like the lotus flower that grows in the water, yet does the water not wet its petals. The pleasures of this world allure him not, and he will have no cause for regret. Thou art walking in the noble path of righteousness and thou delightest in the purity of thy work. If thou wishest to cure the diseases of the heart, as thou understandest how to heal the sores of the body, let people see the fruits that grow from the seeds of unselfishness. When they but know the bliss of a right mind they will soon enter the path and reach that state of steadiness and tranquillity in which they are above pleasure and pain, above the petty petulance of worldly desires, above sin and temptation. Go, then, back to your home and announce to your friends, who are subject to suffering, that he whose mind is free from the illusions of sin-

ful desires will overcome the miseries of life. Spread goodness in words and deeds everywhere. In a spirit of universal kindness be ready to serve others with help and instruction; live happily, then, among the ailing; among men who are greedy, remain free from greed; among men who hate, dwell free from hatred; and those who witness the blessings of a holy life will follow you in the path of deliverance."

The eyes of Chandra, the gambler, were opened, and his pessimism melted away in the sun of Buddha's doctrines. "O Lord," said he, "I long for that higher life to which the noble path of righteousness leads. Wilt thou persuade the Brahman, my fellow-traveller, to take me to his home, where I am willing to enter his service so that I may learn from him and attain to the same bliss?"

The Blessed One said: "Let Sudatta, the Brahman, do as he sees fit"; and Sudatta, the Brahman, was willing to receive Chandra in his house as a help-mate in his work. And Buddha said: "Let evil deeds be covered by good deeds. He who formerly was reckless and afterwards became sober, will brighten up the world like the moon when freed from clouds."

DHARMAPALA, THE BUDDHIST.

A FEW YEARS AGO there came to a large, old mansion in the suburbs of Madras, where I was then abiding, a slender, young Singhalese. His name, a local familiarity, but now printed around the globe, was "Dhammapala."

He came as a friend, a student, and a pilgrim; an observing student, as he is to-day, and ever will be; a religious pilgrim, as he is more emphatically to-day, and has vowed to himself that he ever will remain. Moreover, he had already been a successful editor, and that means a brightened man.

He made a prolonged visit, enjoying the stately quiet, one might say—the vast alone-ness—of the large establishment and its convenient library of Oriental, hand-written palm-leaf books, their leaves handily tied together with a string, also the Occidental, printed and well-bound tomes, and the abundant periodical literature, from both East and West. It is the main feature in what the Madras newspapers term "our most fashionable suburb, Adyar."

Dhamma-pala is strict Pali, the classic, sacred language of all the South Buddhistic countries. But when, emerging from Ceylon, he established himself in India, where Sanskrit, as the language of lore, prevails—and every educated Indian has more or less idea of it, and most of the middle and North Indian languages are in large degree, dribblings from Sanskrit—then adapting his name to the quickest recognition of the country, he used "Dharma-pala," which means the same as Dhamma-pala, viz., a doer of duty; one who observes "the Dhamma."

Dhamma-pala appeared five or six years ago, to be just above the age of youth. This was partly by his peculiarly unsophisticated seeming. He was really a little way along in the twenties. He had conducted a newspaper, *The Sarasavi-Sandaresa*, three years, from 1886 to 1889. It had far the largest circulation of all the Ceylon newspapers, whether English or Singhalese; so stated by the publishers of the statistical Ceylon Directory and editors of the leading English newspapers, the Messrs. Ferguson of Colombo. It was launched in 1880, is Theosophic and Secular, and

it succeeded from the start. At one time, and perhaps now, it was one of eight cotemporary newspapers, in the Singhalese language, and owned by Singhalese, in that little island, which has so long been our typical "heathen land!"

Sarasavi is the Singhalese of Sarasvati, the Indian Minerva, the goddess of wisdom, music, science, and art.

The youthful editor Dhamma-pala, in 1888, initiated a movement for the nationalisation of the Singhalese. In the several years previous to 1890, he had travelled all over Ceylon; much of the time to stir up an educational movement among his own people. Their religion obligated the priests of Buddhism to teach gratuitously; and to keep up popular education. But they had fallen far below duty. All Dhamma-pala's travelling was for either education or Buddhism; of which primary education is only an item.

He travelled through the jungle forest in a cart covered like an old-time "Pennsylvania waggon." The cart was drawn by oxen; but not the great beasts which in America illustrate the adage—"large bodies move slowly." The Ceylon oxen are small comparatively, and they trot like horses. They are called "bull-locks." They are the old popular carriage-animal of Ceylon; and very much of India, too. Nevertheless, they are not the natural trotting, swift vehicle-pulling creature; and it makes one feel like a poem of lamentation to see their bony frames, almost fleshless. Still the bullocks and their song-singing drivers do not appear to feel as miserable as they ought to.

The scene is a cosy one starting off at nine o'clock at night to ride till daylight, prostrate upon soft hay in the small cart, which is made for and is occupied by—only one person—who has ample spreading-room. The travelling companions are each vehicled in the same way, and there is a cart beside, for the luggage and lunches. The starting-place was Dambulla, generally called Dambull, of pious history. The night's long ride is like a poem actualised through the great, dense tropic forest all the way to Trincomalee; Dambull in the middle of the island, and Trincomalee on the eastern shore. The moon is right up overhead, the forest is what heat and moisture can make when they do their best, the unmolested menagerie of the deep woodland is happy, the great snakes are out on tours of exploration, but no harm comes, although everything is exuberant and wild, and strange and dreamy; and Trincomalee, our destination, is one of the best finding places of all ocean harbors for beautiful sea-shells.

Dhamma-pala is the eldest son of a good parentage. His grandfather founded the Buddhist College in Colombo. His father is D. C. Hevavitarana, Mohandiram. The Mohandiram was conferred upon him last year by the British Government, of which he is a civil servant. It is a title of honor that was used in the long past days of the Singhalese kings, before the time of Portuguese, Dutch, or English invasions and conquests.

Dhamma-pala's mother is President of the Women's Education Society of Ceylon, which is an organisation of Singhalese women. She was one of its pioneers. One of them immediately developed a talent for public speaking, and the Society soon enrolled eighteen hundred members. They instituted the Sanghamitta girls school in Colombo, which gives both primary and higher education. His mother and a company of Singhalese women last year accomplished a foreign tour, the pilgrimage to Buddh-Gaya. This involved a voyage from Ceylon to Calcutta; whence by railroad twenty-four hours to Buddh-Gaya, which is six miles from the town of Gaya; all this on the south side of the Ganges, and quite a journey from that famous river. The railroad to Gaya branches off from the direct road from Calcutta to Benares. Buddh-Gaya is the legendary spot where the Sakya Muni became a Buddha by the sudden unfolding, saintly illumination, and every personal attribute to correspond.

The name of Dhamma-pala's mother is Mallika, which is the

name of a tropical flower. Or if you choose, her name is Mrs. Hevavitarana. But in the Orient a woman has her own name, and she is called by her own name. The original, ancient organisation of society there gave her a more individual place, made her a more unquenchable, distinct, and everlasting somebody, than civilisation has made her in the West.

Dhamma-pala has one sister and three brothers; two of whom are working at the desk of his father; and the youngest boy has been sent to London, England, to study medicine.

Dhamma-pala had a varied education. The different activities and responsibilities of his life began early and have been a constant teacher. He was also a pupil and a well-behaved boy at the several sectarian institutions, Roman Catholic, Protestant, Secular, and Liberal; but has "found that the noble life, taught by Buddha, the life of compassionate duty, has no equal."

Many a man has greater logic, and greater learning, but his characteristics are deep, devout sincerity, and unusual perseverance. He has had plenty of difficulty, plenty of puzzling situations, and periods of constant hardship.

To maintain and make a success of the Maha-Bodhi Society and the publication of the Calcutta monthly *Maha-Bodhi Journal*, in India where Buddhism had been supplanted by Hinduism, and where all of it had faded out but the precepts inscribed on imperial Dhamm-Asoka's old monuments of stone and the everywhere scattered ruins and the rebuildings of name-changed shrines—has been the cheerful and resolutely undertaken work of this gaunt, slender, earnest individual. In discouraging, and lonely situations, his note has ever been unfaltering, as personal epistles testify. If all would fail he would willingly have retired to a hermit's home in the jungle, and given himself up to an Eastern hermit's worshipful system of thought.

For Buddhists to be comfortable and respectfully quartered at the Mecca and the Jerusalem of their history, and to have the place under their own chief care, if they could, is fair. Localities, edifices, statues, are not deep, absolute Buddhism, which is a doctrine the least material and most spiritual and super-physical, except as all that is related to practical life. Yet natural it is that Buddh-Gaya should evoke the reverence which makes Jerusalem a venerated city and Palestine a "Holy Land." Legendary Buddhism and legendary Christianity are parallel in their minor importance to the doctrinal pith. And likewise their legendary details preserve an alluring charm.

A law-suit to keep for Buddhists a respected footing at their most inspiring retreat, has occupied the past year; and Hindus themselves declared that fairness demanded protection for those who most dearly love the memory of the Sage who here began his illuminated career under a Pipal-tree! (Pronounce it Peepul.) Only the Hindu High Priest who practically owns the soil, by long lease, and has great revenues from the Indian pilgrims, has been the vigorous opposer of the Buddhistic presence at Buddh-Gaya.

In the shadow of a peculiar and beautiful lattice that encloses the lofty veranda hall, where I first saw Dhamma-pala, and in other places I have met him every year since, as he was starting away for Calcutta before the long voyages of which he then only dreamed, and before the heavy undertakings not then imagined, which have occupied him ever since and ever more absorbingly, he told with diffident gentleness of his enthusiastic regard for travel; how he thought it to be a delight-giving instructor; how he would like to see America and the round world, and to be in contact with its peoples of various hue and condition. It has all been fulfilled.

He is on his second tour around the earth. He has met, and, in a privileged manner, has conferred with leading men and women, addressed audiences on the very border of reclusive Tibet, and in China, Japan, Siam, Burma, Arakan, Chittagong, India, Ceylon, great English London, and, last but not least, he is for

the second time a welcome, fully-appreciated guest in pulpits and halls and social assemblies in the cordial city which I have heard intelligent and polished persons in India sincerely and soberly pronounce as—Chicker-go.

To any person who has become a real devotee from the heart and can be persistent, even utter failure of mundane can produce only temporary sadness; it cannot bring despair. Dhamma-pala is now on the high wave of encouragement. An American Maha-Bodhi Society has been organised, with hopeful auspices.

But if the very opposite were the case the absolutely determined student after the Maha-Bodhi (great wisdom) would consider it a personal blessing, a privilege, to retire out of sight, and with character disciplined and tempered by human intercourse and human knowledge, go all alone into the grander breadth and height and depth of that knowledge which is to be gained by the steady meditation which the Orientals term—Samadhi.

ANNA BALLARD.

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